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CONSTITUTION OF MAN

CONSIDERED IN

RELATION TO EXTERNAL OBJECTS.

BY

GEORGE COMBE.

^a Vain is the ridicule with which one foresees some persons will divert themselves, upon finding lesser pains considered as instances of divine punishment. There is no possibility of answering or evading the general thing here intended, without denying all final causes."—Butlen's Analogy.

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HENDERSON BEQUEST.

On 27th May 1829, the late W. R. Henderson, Esq., younger of Warriston and Eildon Hall, executed a deed of settlement, by which he conveyed to certain Trustees such funds as he should die possessed of; and in the event of his dying without leaving children, he appointed them to pay certain legacies and annuities to individual friends, and gave the following instructions regarding the application of the residue of his funds:

"And, lastly, the whole residue of my means and estate shall, after answering the purposes above written, be applied by my said Trustees in whatever manner they may judge best for the advancement and diffusion of the science of Phrenology, and the practical application thereof in particular; giving hereby and committing to my said Trustees the most full and unlimited power to manage and dispose of the said residue, in whatever manner shall appear to them best suited to promote the ends in view: Declaring, that if I had less confidence in my Trustees, I would make it imperative on them to print and publish one or more editions of an 'Essay on the Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External Objects, by George Combe,'-in a cheap form, so as to be easily purchased by the more intelligent individuals of the poorer classes, and Mechanics' Institutions, &c.; but that I consider it better only to request their particular attention to this suggestion, and leave them guite at liberty to act as circumstances may seem to them to render expedient; seeing that the state of the country, and things impossible to foresee, may make what would be of unquestionable advantage now, not advisable at some future period of time. But if my decease shall happen before any material change affecting this subject, I request them to act agreeably to my suggestion. And I think it proper here to declare, that I dispose of the residue of my property in the above manner, not from my being carried away by a transient fit of enthusiasm, but from a deliberate, calm, and deep-rooted conviction, that nothing whatever hitherto known can operate so powerfully to the improvement and happiness of mankind, as the knowledge and practical adoption of the principles disclosed by Phrenology, and particularly of those which are developed in the Essay on the Constitution of Man, above mentioned."

Mr Henderson having died on the 29th of May 1832, his trustees carried his instructions in regard to the present work into effect, and the impressions of it have been as follows:—

esent work into effect, and the impressions of it have been as follows:—										
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PREFACE.

This Work would not have been presented to the Public, had I not believed that it contains views of the constitution, condition, and prospects of Man, which deserve attention. But these, I trust, are not ushered forth with anything approaching to a presumptuous spirit. I lay no claim to originality of conception. My first notions of the natural laws were derived from a manuscript work of Dr Spurzheim, with the perusal of which I was honoured in 1824, and which was afterwards published under the title of "A Sketch of the Natural Laws of Man, by G. Spurzheim, M.D." A comparison of the text of it with that of the following pages, will shew to what extent I am indebted to my late excellent and lamented master and friend for my ideas on the subject. All my inquiries and meditations since have impressed me more and more with a conviction of their importance. materials employed lie open to all. Taken separately, I would hardly say that a new truth has been presented in the following work. The parts have nearly all been admitted and employed again and again, by writers on morals, from the time of Socrates down to the present day. In this respect, there is nothing new under the sun. The only novelty in this work respects the relations which acknowledged truths hold to each other. Physical laws of nature, affecting our physical condition, as well as regulating the whole material system of the universe, are universally acknowledged to exist, and constitute the elements of natural philosophy and chemical science: Physiologists, medical practitioners, and all who take medical aid, admit the existence of organic laws: And the sciences of government, legislation, education, indeed our whole train of conduct through life, proceed upon the admission of laws in morals. Accordingly, the laws of nature have formed an interesting subject o. inquiry to philosophers of all ages; but, so far as I am aware, no author has hitherto attempted to point out, in a systematic form, the relations between those laws and the constitution of Man; which must, nevertheless, be done, before our knowledge of them can be beneficially applied. Dr Spurzheim, in his "Philosophical Principles of Phrenology," adverted to the independent operation of the several classes of natural laws, and pointed out some of the consequences of this doctrine, but without entering into detailed elucidations. The great object of the following treatise is to exhibit the constitution of Man, and its relations to several of the most important natural laws, with a view to the improvement of education, and the regulation of individual and national conduct.

But although my purpose is practical, a theory of Mind forms an essential element in the execution of the plan. Without it, no comparison can be instituted between the natural constitution of man and external objects. Phrenology appears to me to be the clearest, most complete, and best supported system of mental philosophy which has hitherto been taught; and I have assumed it as the basis of this work. But the practical value of the views to be unfolded does not depend entirely on Phrenology. The latter as a theory of Mind, is itself valuable only in so far as it is a just exposition of what previously existed in human nature. We are physical, organic, and moral beings, acting under general laws, whether the connection of different mental qualities with particular portions of the brain, as taught by Phrenology, be admitted or denied. Individuals, under the impulse of passion, or by the direction of intellect, will hope, fear, wonder, perceive, and act, whether the degree in which they habitually do so be ascertainable by the means which it points out or not. In so far, therefore, as this work treats of the known qualities of Man, it may be instructive even to those who contemn Phrenology as unfounded; while it can prove useful to none, if the doctrines which it unfolds shall be found not to be in accordance with the principles of human nature, by whatever system these may be expounded.

Some individuals object to all mental philosophy as useless, and argue, that, as Mathematics, Chemistry, and Botany, have become great sciences without the least reference to the faculties by means of which they are cultivated; so Morals, Religion, Legislation, and Political Economy, have existed, have been improved, and may continue to advance, with equal success, without any help from the sophy of mind. Such objectors, however, should consider that lines, circles, and triangles—is, alkalis, and acids—and also corollas, stamens, pistils, and stigmas,—are objects which exist pendently of the mind, and may be investigated by the application of the mental powers, in prance of the constitution of the faculties themselves—just as we may practise archery without

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studying the anatomy of the hand; whereas the objects of moral and political philosophy are the qualities and actions of the mind itself:—These objects have no existence independently of mind; and they can no more be systematically or scientifically understood without the knowledge of mental philosophy, than optics can be cultivated as a science in ignorance of the structure and modes of the action of the eye.

I have endeavoured to avoid religious controversy. "The object of Moral Philosophy," says Mr Stewart, "is to ascertain the general rules of a wise and virtuous conduct in life, in so far as these rules may be discovered by the unassisted light of nature; that is, by an examination of the principles of the human constitution, and of the circumstances in which man is placed."* By following this method of inquiry, Dr Hutcheson, Dr Adam Smith, Dr Reid, Mr Stewart, and Dr Thomas Brown, have, in succession, produced highly interesting and instructive works on Moral Science; and the present Treatise is an humble attempt to pursue the same plan, with the aid of the new lights afforded by Phrenology. I confine my observations exclusively to Man as he exists in the present world, and beg that, in perusing the subsequent pages, this explanation may be constantly kept in view. In consequence of forgetting it, my language has occasionally been misapprehended, and my objects misrepresented. When I speak of man's highest interest, for example, I uniformly refer to man as he exists in this world; but as the same God presides over both the temporal and the eternal interests of the human race, it seems to me demonstrably certain, that what is conducive to the one will in no instance impede the other, but will in general be favourable to it also. This work, however, does not directly embrace the interests of eternity. These belong to the department of theology, and demand a different line of investigation: I confine myself exclusively to philosophy.

Since the first edition of this work appeared, on 9th June 1828, additional attention has been paid to the study of the laws of nature, and their importance has been more generally recognised. In "A Discourse on the Studies of the University, by Adam Sedgwick, M. A., &c.," of which a third edition was published at Cambridge in 1834, the author remarks, that "we are justified in saying, that, in the moral as in the physical world, God seems to govern by general laws." "I am not now," says he, "contending for the doctrine of moral necessity; but I do affirm, that the moral government of God is by general laws, and that it is our bounden duty to study these laws, and, as far as we can, to turn them to account." "If there be a superintending Providence, and if his will be manifested by general laws operating both on the physical and moral world, then must a violation of these laws be a violation of his will, and be pregnant with inevitable misery." "Nothing can, in the end, be expedient for man, except it be subordinate to those laws the Author of Nature has thought fit to impress on his moral and physical creation." "In the end, high principle and sound policy will be found in the strictest harmony with each other."

These are precisely the views which it is the object of the present work to enforce; and it is gratifying to me to see them so ably and eloquently recommended to the attention of the students of the University of Cambridge.

* Outlines of Moral Philosophy, p. 1.

45 MELVILLE STREET, EDINBURGH, 16th June 1851.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION OF HUMAN NA-TURE, AND ITS RELATIONS TO EXTERNAL OBJECTS.

Man compared with the lower animals-Opposite phases of his character-The world seems constituted on the principle of slow and progressive improvement-Light thrown by geology on the physical history of the globe before the creation of man-Death and reproduction appear to have existed before his creation-The world arranged so as to afford him every inducement to cultivate and exercise his understanding-Power of man to control and turn to account the capabilities of the physical world-Barbarism and civilization compared-Progressive improvement of man apparent from history-Reasons for anticipating a future increase of the happiness and intelligence of the race -Mental philosophy hitherto very imperfect-Do the physical and moral worlds contain the elements of amelioration?-The capabilities of physical and human nature have hitherto been ignorantly undervalued-Errors of theologians on this subject-Light thrown upon the question by phrenology-Constitution of the human mind, and its adaptation to the external world, not expounded in the Bridgewater Treatises-Natural laws, physical, organic, and moral -The independent operation of these, very important in relation to the moral government of the world-The present work not hostile to religion-Philosophy and Scripture cannot be at variance-Physiological preliminaries of moral and religious conduct must exist before preaching can produce its full effects.

In surveying the external world, we discover that every creature and every physical object has received a definite constitution, and been placed in certain relations to other objects. The natural evidence of a Deity and his attributes is drawn from contemplating these arrangements. Intelligence, wisdom, benevolence, and power, characterize the works of creation; and the human mind ascends by a chain of correct and rigid induction to a great First Cause, in whom these qualities must reside. But hitherto this great truth has excited a barren though sublime admiration, rather than led to beneficial practical results.

Man obviously stands pre-eminent among sublunary objects, and is distinguished by remarkable endowments above all other terrestrial beings. Nevertheless no creature presents such anomalous appearances as man. Viewed in one aspect he almost resembles a demon; in another he still bears the impress of the image of God. Seen in his crimes, his wars, and his devastations, he might be mistaken for the incarnation of an evil spirit; contemplated in his schemes of charity, his discoveries in science, and his vast combinations for the benefit of his race, he seems a bright intelligence from Heaven. The lower animals exhibit a more simple and regulated constitution. The lion is sly and ferocious, but he is regularly so; and, besides, is placed in circumstances suited to his nature, in which at once scope is given, and limits are set, to the gratification of his instincts. The sheep, on the other hand, is mild, feeble, and inoffensive; but its external condition also is suited to its constitution, and it apparently lives and flourishes in as great enjoyment as the lion. The same remark applies to other inferior creatures. Their bodily organs, faculties, instincts, and external circumstances, form parts of a system in which adaptation and harmony are discoverable; and the enjoyment of the animals depends on the adaptation of their constitution to their external condition. If we saw the lion one day tearing in pieces every animal that crossed his path, and the next oppressed with remorse for the death of his victims, or compassionately healing those whom he had mangled, we should exclaim, What an inconsistent creature! and conclude that he could not by possibility be happy, on account of this opposition between the principles of his nature. Two conditions are essential to enjoyment: first, the different instincts of an animal must be in harmony with each other; and, secondly, its constitution must be in accordance with its external condition.

When, keeping these principles in view, we direct our attention to Man, very formidable anomalies present themselves. The most opposite instincts or impulses exist in his mind: actuated by Combativeness, Destructiveness, Acquisitiveness, and Self-Esteem, the moral sentiments being in abeyance, he is almost a fiend; on the contrary, when inspired by Benevolence, Veneration, Hope, Conscientiousness, Ideality, and Intellect, the benignity, serenity, and splendour of a highly-elevated nature beam from his countenance, and radiate from his eye. He is then lovely, noble, and gigantically But how shall these conflicting tendencies be reconciled, and how can external circumstances be devised that shall accord with such heterogeneous elements? Here again a conviction of the power and goodness of the Deity comes to our assistance. Man is obviously an essential and most important part of the present system of creation; and, without doubting of his future destinies, we ought not, so long as our knowledge of his nature is incomplete, to consider his condition here as inexplicable. The nature of man has hitherto, to all philosophical purposes, been unknown, and both the designs of the Creator and the situation of man have been judged of ignorantly and rashly. The sceptic has advanced arguments against religion, and in different ages, ignorant or interested men have founded systems of superstition, on the disorder and inconsistency which are too readily admitted to be inseparable attributes of human existence on earth. But I venture to hope that man may yet be found in harmony with himself and with the condition in which he is placed.

I am aware that some individuals, whose piety is entitled to respect, conceive, that, as the great revolutions of human society, as well as all events in the lives of individuals, take place under the guidance of the Deity, it is presumptuous, if not impious, to endeavour to scan their causes and effects. But as the Creator has bestowed faculties on man, it is presumable that He governs him in accordance with them, and their constitution implies that he should investigate creation. The young swallow, when it migrates on the approach of the first winter of its life, is impelled by an instinct implanted by the Deity, and it neither knows the causes that prompt it to fly, nor the end to be attained by its flight. It has no powers exciting it to reflect on itself and external objects, and to inquire whence came its desires, or to what object they tend. Man, however. has been differently framed. The Creator has bestowed on him faculties to observe phenomena, and to trace causes and effects; and he has constituted the external world to afford scope to these powers. We are entitled, therefore, to say, that the Creator himself has commanded us to observe and inquire into the causes that operate in us and around us, and into the results that natu rally follow, and to modify our conduct according to the discoveries which we shall make.

To enable us to form a just estimate of our duty and

interest as the rational occupants of this world, we may inquire briefly into the constitution of our own and of external natures.

The constitution of this world does not look like a system of optimism. It appears to be arranged, to some extent, on the principle of slow and progressive improvement. Physical nature has undergone many revolutions; and, according to some geologists, it has been gradually prepared for successive orders of living beings, rising higher and higher in the scale of intelli-

gence and organization, until man appeared.

The globe, in the first state in which the imagination can venture to consider it, says Sir H. Davy,* appears to have been a fluid mass, with an immense atmosphere revolving in space around the sun. By its cooling, a portion of its atmosphere was probably condensed into water, which occupied a part of its surface. In this state no forms of life, such as now belong to our system, could have inhabited it. The crystalline rocks, or, as they are called by geologists, the primary rocks, which contain no vestiges of a former order of things, were the result of the first consolidation on its surface. Upon the farther cooling, the water, which, more or less, had covered it, contracted; depositions took place; shell-fish and coral insects were created, and began their labours. Islands appeared in the midst of the ocean, raised from the deep by the productive energies of millions of zoophytes. These islands became covered with vegetables fitted to bear a high temperature, such as palms, and various species of plants similar to those which now exist in the hottest parts of the world. The submarine rocks of these new formations of land became covered with aquatic vegetables, on which various species of shell-fish, and common fishes, found their nourishment. As the temperature of the globe became lower, species of the oviparous reptiles appear to have been created to inhabit it, and the turtle, crocodile, and various gigantic animals of the Saurian (lizard) kind, seem to have haunted the bays and waters of the primitive lands. But in this state of things, there appears to have been no order of events similar to the present. Immense volcanic explosions seem to have taken place, accompanied by elevations and depressions of the surface of the globe, producing mountains, and causing new and extensive depositions from the primitive ocean. The remains of living beings, plants, fishes, birds, and oviparous reptiles, are found in the strata of rocks which are the monuments and evidence of these changes. When these revolutions became less frequent, and the globe became still more cooled, and inequalities of temperature were established by means of the mountainchains, more perfect animals became its inhabitants, such as the mammoth, megalonix, megatherium, and gigantic hyena, many of which have become extinct. Five successive races of plants, and four successive races of animals, appear to have been created and swept away by the physical revolutions of the globe, before the system of things became so permanent as to fit the world for man. In none of these formations, whether called secondary, tertiary, or diluvial, have the fossil remains of man, or any of his works, been discovered. At last,

• The description in the text is extracted chiefly from "The Last Days of a Philosopher," by Sir Humphrey Davy, 1831, p. 134, on account of its popular style; but similar representations may be found in several recent works on Geology, particularly "A Geological Manual, by H. T. De La Beche;" the Penny Magazine of 1833, in a very instructive popular form; and Sedgwick's Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge, third edition. Mr Lyell, however, in his Principles of Geology, vol. i. ch. ix. controverts the doctrine of a progressive development of plants and animals, and its view is probably the more strictly philosophic of the two. I have introduced the theory of Sir Humphrey Davy merely as a remote analogy, on which I lay no particular stress; and whether it be correct or not, is a point of no essential importance to the views advanced in this work touching the progress of mankind.

man was created, and since that period there has been little alteration in the physical circumstances of the globe.

"In all these various formations," says Dr Buckland, "the coprolites" (or the dung of the Saurian reptiles in a fossil state, exhibiting scales of fishes and other traces of the prey which they had devoured) "form records of warfare waged by successive generations of inhabitants of our planet on one another; and the general law of nature, which bids all to eat and be eaten in their turn, is shewn to have been co-extensive with animal existence upon our globe, the carnivora in each period of the world's history fulfilling their destined office to check excess in the progress of life, and maintain the balance of creation."

This brief summary of the physical changes of the Globe, is not irrelevant to our present object. The more we discover of creation, the more conspicuously does uniformity of design appear to pervade it. According to this theory, the physical world seems to have been gradually improved and prepared for man.

Let us now contemplate Man himself, and his adaptation to the external creation. The world, apparently, was inhabited by living beings, and death and reproduction prevailed before Man occupied its soil. order of creation seems not to have been changed at his introduction, but he appears to have been adapted to it. He received from his Creator an organized structure, and animal instincts. The brain is unquestionably the workmanship of God, and there exist in it organs of faculties impelling man to kill that he may eat, to oppose aggression, and to shun danger,-impulses related to a constitution of nature similar to that which is conjectured to have existed prior to his introduction. Man, then, apparently took his station among, yet at the head of, the beings that inhabited the earth at his creation. He is to a certain extent an animal in his structure, powers, feelings, and desires, and is adapted to a world in which death reigns, and generation succeeds generation. This fact, although so trite and obvious as to appear scarcely worthy of being noticed, is of importance in treating of Man; because the human being, in so far as he resembles the inferior creatures, is capable of enjoying a life like theirs: he has pleasure in eating, drinking, sleeping, and exercising his limbs; and one of the greatest obstacles to improvement is, that many of the race are contented with these enjoyments, and consider it painful to be compelled to seek higher sources of gratification. But to the animal nature of man have been added, by a bountiful Creator, moral sentiments and reflecting faculties, which not only place him above all other creatures on earth, but constitute him a different being from any of them, a rational and accountable These faculties are his best and highest gifts, and the sources of his purest and intensest pleasures. They lead him directly to the great objects of his existence,-obedience to God, and love towards his fellowmen. But this peculiarity attends them, that while his animal faculties act powerfully of themselves, his rational faculties require to be cultivated, exercised, and instructed, before they will yield their full harvest of enjoyment.

The Creator has so arranged the material world as to hold forth strong inducements to man to cultivate his higher powers. The philosophic mind, in surveying it, perceives in external nature, a vast assemblage of stupendous powers, too great for the feeble hand of man entirely to control, but kindly subjected, within certain limits, to the influence of his will. Man is introduced on earth apparently helpless and unprovided for, as a homeless stranger; but the soil on which he treads is endowed with a thousand capabilities of production, which require only to be excited by his intelligence to yield him the most ample returns. The impetuous torrent rolls its waters to the main; but as it dashes o'er the mountain-cliff, he is capable of withdrawing

it from its course, and rendering its powers subservient to his will. Ocean extends o'er half the globe her liquid plain, in which no path appears, and the rude winds oft lift her waters to the sky; but there the skill of man may launch the strong-knit bark, spread forth the canvass to the gale, and make the trackless deep a highway through the world. In such a state of things, knowledge is truly power; and it is highly important to human beings to become acquainted with the constitution and relations of every object around them, that they may discover its capabilities of ministering to their advantage. Farther, where these physical energies are too great to be controlled, man has received intelligence by which he may observe their courses, and accommodate his conduct to their influence. This capacity of adaptation is a valuable substitute for the power of regulating them by his will. He cannot arrest the sun in its course, so as to avert the wintry storms, and cause perpetual spring to bloom around him; but, by the proper exercise of his intelligence and corporeal energies, he is able to foresee the approach of bleak skies and rude winds, and to place himself in safety from their injurious effects. These powers of applying nature, and of accommodating his conduct to her course, are the direct results of his rational faculties; and in proportion to their cultivation is his sway extended. Man, while ignorant, is a helpless creature; but every step in knowledge is accompanied by an augmentation of his power.

Again: We are surrounded by countless beings, inferior and equal to ourselves, whose qualities yield us the greatest happiness, or bring upon us the bitterest evil, according as we affect them agreeably or disagreeably by our conduct. To draw forth all their excellencies, and cause them to diffuse joy around us—to avoid touching the harsher springs of their constitution, and bringing painful discord to our feelings—it is necessary that we should know their nature, and act with a habitual regard to the relations established by the Creator

between ourselves and them.

Man, ignorant and uncivilized, is a ferocious, sensual, and superstitious savage. The world affords some enjoyments to his animal feelings, but it confounds his moral and intellectual faculties. External nature exhibits to his mind a mighty chaos of events, and a dread display of power. The chain of causation appears too intricate to be unravelled, and the power too stupendous to be controlled. Order and beauty, indeed, occasionally gleam forth to his eye from detached portions of creation, and seem to promise happiness and joy; but more frequently, clouds and darkness brood over the scene, and disappoint his fondest expectations. Evil seems so mixed up with good, that he regards it as either its direct product, or its inseparable accompaniment. Nature is never contemplated with a clear perception of its adaptation to promote the enjoyment of the human race, or with a well founded confidence in the wisdom and benevolence of its Author. Man, when civilized and illuminated by knowledge, on the other hand, discovers, in the objects and occurrences around him, a scheme beautifully arranged for the gratification of his whole powers, animal, moral, and intellectual; he recognises in himself the intelligent and accountable subject of an all-bountiful Creator, and in joy and gladness desires to study the Creator's works, to ascertain his laws, and to yield to them a steady and a willing obedience. Without undervaluing the pleasures of his animal nature, he tastes the higher, more refined, and more enduring delights of his moral and intellectual capacities; and he then calls aloud for education as indispensable to the full enjoyment of his powers.

If this representation be correct, we perceive the advantage of gaining knowledge of our own constitution and of that of external nature, with a view to regulating our conduct according to rules drawn from such in-

formation. Our constitution and our position equally imply, that we should not remain contented with the pleasures of mere animal life, but that we should take the dignified and far more delightful station of moral and rational occupants of this lower world.

If, according to some philosophers, the physical history of the globe indicate progression in an advancing series of changes, the civil history of man also proclaims the march, although often vacillating and slow, of moral and intellectual improvement. To avoid too extensive an inquiry, unsuitable to an introductory discourse, let us confine our attention to the aspects presented by so-

ciety in our native country. At the time of the Roman invasion, the inhabitants of Britain lived as savages, and appeared in painted skins. After the Norman conquest, one part of the nation was placed in the condition of serfs, condemned to labour like beasts of burden, while the other devoted itself to war. The nobles fought battles during the day, and in the night probably dreamed of bloodshed and broils. Next came the age of chivalry. These generations severally believed their own condition to be the highest, or at least the permanent and inevitable lot of man. Now, however, have come the present arrangements of society, in which millions of men are shut up in cotton and other manufactories for ten or twelve hours a-day; others labour under ground in mines; others plough the fields; while thousands of higher rank pass their whole lives in frivolous amusements. The elementary principles, both bodily and mental, were the same in our painted ancestors, in their chivalrous descendants, and in us, their shopkeeping, manufacturing, and money-gathering children. Yet how different the external circumstances of the individuals of these several generations! If, in the savage state, the internal faculties of man were in harmony among themselves, and his external condition was in accordance with them, he must then have enjoyed all the happiness of which his nature was capable, and must have erred when he changed it ;-if the institutions and customs of the age of chivalry were calculated to gratify his whole nature harmoniously, he must have been unhappy as a savage, and must be miserable now ;-if his present condition be the perfection of his nature, he must have been far from enjoyment, both as a savage and as a feudal warrior ;-and if none of these conditions have been in accordance with his constitution, he must still have his happiness to seek. Every age, accordingly, has testified that it was not in possession of contentment; and the question presents itself,-If human nature has received a definite constitution, and if one arrangement of external circumstances be more suited to yield it gratification than another, what are that constitution and that arrangement? No one among the philosophers has succeeded in informing us .- If we in Britain have not reached the limits of attainable perfection, what are we next to attempt? Are we and our posterity to spin and weave, build ships, and speculate in commerce, as the highest occupations to which human nature can aspire, and persevere in these labours till the end of time? If not, who shall guide the helm in our future voyage on the ocean of existence? and by what chart of philosophy shall our steersman be directed? The British are here cited as a type of mankind at large; for in every age and every clime, similar races have been run, with similar conclusions. Only one answer can be returned to these inquiries. Man is, apparently, a progressive being; and the Creator, having designed a higher path for him than for the lower creatures, has given him intellect to discover his own nature and that of external objects, and left him, by the exercise of that intellect, to find out for himself the method of placing his faculties in harmony among themselves, and in accordance with the external world. Time and experience are necessary to accomplish these ends; and history exhibite the human race only in a state of progress towards the

rational enjoyment.

As long as man remained ignorant of his own nature, he could not, of design, form his institutions in accordance with it. Until his own faculties and their relations became the subjects of his observation and reflection, they operated as mere blind impulses. He adopted savage habits, because, at first, his animal propensities were not directed by the moral sentiments, or enlightened by reflection. He next assumed the condition of the barbarian, because his higher powers had made some advance, but had not yet attained supremacy; and he now devotes himself, in Britain, to commerce and manufactures, because his constructive faculties and intellect have given him power over physical nature, while his love of property and ambition are predominant, and are gratified by such avocations. Not one of these conditions, however, has been adopted from design, or from perception of its suitableness to the nature of man. been ill at ease in them all; but it does not follow that he must continue for ever equally ignorant of his nature, and equally incapable of framing institutions in harmony with it. The simple facts, that the Creator has bestowed on man reason, capable of discovering his own nature, and its relations to external objects; that He has left him to apply it in framing suitable institutions to ensure his happiness; that, nevertheless, man has hitherto been ignorant of his nature and of its relations; and that, in consequence, his modes of life have never been adopted from enlightened riews of his whole qualities and capacities, but have sprung up from the impulsive ascendency of one blind propensity or another,-warrant us in saying, that a new era will begin, when man shall study his constitution and its relations with success; and that the future may exhibit him assuming his station as a rational creature, pursuing his own happiness with intelligence and design, and at length attaining to higher gratification than any which he has hitherto enjoyed.

In the next place, the inquiry naturally occurs, What has been the cause of the human race remaining for so many ages unacquainted with their own nature and its relations? The answer is, that, before the discovery of the functions of the brain, it was impossible to reach a practical philosophy of mind. The philosophy of man was cultivated as a speculative and not as an inductive science; and even when attempts were made at induction, the manner in which they were conducted was at variance with the fundamental requisites of a sound phi-Consequently, even the most enlightened nations have never possessed any true philosophy of mind, but have been bewildered amidst innumerable

contradictory theories.

This deplorable condition of the philosophy of human nature is strikingly and eloquently described by Mons. de Bonald, in a sentence translated by Mr Dugald Stewart, in his Preliminary Dissertation to the Encyclopædia Britannica: "Diversity of doctrine," says he, "has increased from age to age, with the number of masters, and with the progress of knowledge; and Europe, which at present possesses libraries filled with philosophical works, and which reckons up almost as many philosophers as writers; poor in the midst of so much wealth, and uncertain, with the aid of all its guides, which road it should follow; Europe, the centre and focus of all the lights of the world, has yet its philosophy only in expectation."

In our own country two views of the constitution of the world and of human nature have long been prevalent, differing widely from each other, and which, if legitimately followed out, would lead to different practical results. The one is, that the world including both the physical and moral departments, is, in itself, well and wisely constituted, on the principle of a progressive system, and, therefore, capable of improvement. This hypothesis ascribes to the power and wisdom of the Divine Being the whole phenomena which nature, ani-

See System of Phrenology, Fourth Edition, p. 51.

full development of its powers, and the attainment of mate and inanimate, exhibits; occause, in conferring on each part the specific qualities and constitution which belong to it, and in placing it in the circumstances in which it is found, He is assumed to have designed, from the first, the whole results which these qualities, constitution, and circumstances, are capable of exhibiting. No countenance is given by this theory to atheism. On the contrary, it affords the richest and most comprehensive field imaginable, for tracing the evidence of Divine power, wisdom, and goodness in creation.

The other hypothesis is, that the world was perfect at first, but fell into derangement, continues in disorder, and can be rectified only by supernatural means.

If the former view be sound, an important object of man, as an intelligent being in quest of happiness, must be to study the elements of external nature and their capabilities; the elementary qualities of his own nature, and their applications; and the relationship between these. His second object will be to discover and earry into effect the conditions,-physical, moral, and intellectual,-which, in virtue of this constitution, require to be realized before the fullest enjoyment of which he is capable can be attained.

According to the second view, little good can be expected from the merely natural action of creation's elements, especially the mental ones, these being all essentially disordered; and human improvement and enjoyment must be derived chiefly from spiritual influences. If the one hypothesis be sound, man must fulfil the natural conditions requisite to the existence of religion, morality, and happiness, before he can reap full benefit from religious truth: according to the other, he must believe aright in religion, and be the subject of spiritual influences to rectify the disorders of nature, before he can become capable of virtue or enjoyment: in short, according to it, science, philosophy, and all arrangements of the physical, moral, and intellectual elements of nature, are subordinate, in their effects on human happiness on earth, to religious faith.

It appears to me extremely difficult to reconcile these conflicting views.

The theologians who condemned the natural world, lived in an age when there was no sound philosophy, and almost no knowledge of physical science; they were unavoidably ignorant of the elementary qualities of human nature, and of the influence of organization on the mental powers-the great link which connects the moral and physical worlds. They were unacquainted with the relations subsisting between the mind and external nature; and could not by possibility divine, to what extent individuals and society were capable of being improved by natural means. In the history of man, they had read chiefly of misery and crime, and had in their own age beheld much of both. They were, therefore, naturally led to form a low estimate of human nature, and to expect little good from the development of its inherent capabilities. These views appear to me to have influenced their interpretations of Scripture: and these, having once been entwined with religious sentiments, have descended from generation to generation :- Consequently, persons of sincere piety have, for several centuries, been induced to look down on this world as a wilderness abounding with briars, weeds, and noxious things,-and to direct their chief attention, not to the study of its elements and their relations, in the hope of reducing them to order, but to enduring the disorder with patience and resignation, and to securing, by faith and penitence, salvation in a future life. It has never been with them a practical principle, that human nature itself may be vastly improved in its moral and intellectual capacities, by those means which Physiology and Phrenology have recently opened up; or that human nature and the external world are adapted to each other with the view of favouring the development of the higher powers of the mind; or that this world and its professions and pursuits may be rendered favourable to virtue by searching out

the natural qualities and relations of its the moral plan on which God has constituted and governs it. Some philosophers and divines, having failed to discover a consistent order or plan in the moral world, have rashly concluded that none such exists, or that it is inscrutable. It appears never to have occurred to them that it is impossible to comprehend a whole system without becoming acquainted with its parts:-Although ignorant of the physiology of man, of mental philosophy, of the philosophy of external nature, and of their relations, these authors have not perceived that this extensive ignorance of the details, rendered it impossible for them to comprehend the plan of the whole. Hence they have involved themselves in contradictions; for, while it has been a leading principle with them, that enjoyment in a future state is to be the consequence of the believer's attaining to a holy and pious frame of mind in this life, they have represented the constitution of the world to be so unfavourable to piety and virtue, that men in general, who continue attached to it, cannot attain to this right frame of spirit, or act habitually in consistency with it. They have not perceived that man must live in society to be either virtuous, useful, or happy; that the social atmosphere is to the mind what air is to the lungs; and that if an individual cannot exist to virtuous ends out of society, neither can he exist in a right frame of mind in it, if the moral atmosphere with which he is surrounded be deeply contaminated with vice and error. Individual merchants, for example, cannot act habitually on Christian principles, if the operations of trade be necessarily inconsistent with Christianity; and if the constitution of the world do not admit of the rules of trade becoming Christian, then active life and practical religion must be naturally opposed to each other. Divines have laboriously recommended spiritual exercises as means of improvement in this life, and of salvation in the next; but have rarely dealt with the philosophy of this world, or attempted its rectification, so as to render these exercises truly efficacious. Their minds have been occupied with the idea that this world is irremediably defective in its constitution, and that human hope must be concentrated chiefly on the next. This may be attributed to the premature formation of a system of theology in the dawn of civilization, before the qualities of the physical world, and the elements of the moral world, and their relationships, were known; and to erroneous interpretations of Scripture, formed in consequence, partly, of that ignorance.

If the discovery of the philosophy of mind, founded on the physiology of the brain, be destined to operate at all in favour of human improvement, one of its most striking effects will be the lifting up of the veil which has so long concealed the natural world and its capabilities from the eyes of divines. To all practical ends connected with theology, the philosophy of nature might as well not exist: With few exceptions, the sermons preached a century ago are equal, if not superior, in sense and suitableness to human nature, to those delivered yesterday; and yet, in the interval, the human mind has made vast advances in knowledge of the works of creation. Divines have frequently applied scientific discoveries in proving the existence and developing the attributes of the Deity; but they have failed in applying either the discoveries themselves, or the knowledge of the Divine character obtained by means of them, to the formation of any system of mental philosophy, capable of combining harmoniously with religion, and promoting the improvement of the human

This, however, Phrenology will enable them one day to do. In surveying the world itself, the phrenologist perceives that the Creator has bestowed definite qualities on the human mind, and on external objects, and established certain relations between them; that the mental faculties have been incessantly operating according to their inherent tendencies, generally aiming

at good, always desiring it, but often missing it through ignorance and blindness, yet capable of attaining it when enlightened and properly directed. The baneful effects of ignorance are every where apparent. Threefourths of the mental faculties have direct reference to this world, and in their functions appear to have no intelligible relation to another-such are Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Constructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and others; while the remaining fourth appear calculated to act both in this life and in a higher state of existence—such are Benevolence, Ideality, Wonder, Veneration. Hope. Conscientiousness, and Intellect. While the philosophy of mind continued a purely abstract theory, moralists and divines enjoyed an unlimited privilege (of which they largely availed themselves) of ascribing or denying to human nature whatever qualities best suited their several systems; but now the case is different. Organs cannot be added to, or displaced from, the brain. by the fancy or the logic of contending disputants or sects; and philosophers and divines must hereafter study human nature as it exists, and accommodate their views to its actual qualities and relations. To guide and successfully apply the former class of faculties to the promotion of human happiness, it appears indispensable that the faculties themselves,-the physical conditions on which their strength and weakness, inertness and vivacity, depend,-the relations established between them and the external world, which is the grand theatre of their action,-and, finally, the relation between them and the superior faculties, which are destined to direct them, should be known; and yet, scarcely any thing is known, in a philosophical and practical sense, on these points, by the people at large.

If I am correct in saying that these faculties, by their constitution, appear to have reference to this world alone, then knowledge useful for their guidance may be obtained from the philosophy of this world; and the wisdom which is to reduce them to order may receive important aids from studying the constitution which it has pleased the Creator to bestow on them, and the relations which he has instituted between them and the other departments of his works. His wisdom and goodness will be found to pervade them. He has bestowed on us intellect to discover his will, and sentiments disposing us to obey it, in whatever record its mandates are inceptions.

Knowledge of the constitution, capabilities, and relations, of sublunary things and beings, is indispensable also to the proper exercise and direction of the superior powers of the mind. In all ages, practical men have dedicated three-fourths of their time to pursuits calculated to gratify the faculties that bear reference to this world alone; but, unfortunately, the remaining fourth has not been devoted to objects related to their higher powers. A defective intellectual education has rendered them incapable of deriving pleasure from the study of nature; while, owing to the barbarism which has pervaded society in general, there has been only an imperfect moral atmosphere in which their superior sentiments could play. Ambition, that powerful stimulant of the mind in social life, has not been directed exclusively to moral objects, but generally the reverse. The hours which should have been dedicated to the improvement of their higher faculties, have been either devoted to the pursuit of gain, sensual pleasure, or the objects of a vulgar ambition, or spent in mere trifling amusements and relaxation. There has been little onward purpose of moral and intellectual advancement in the secular occupations of society; and the divines who formed public opinion, so far from discovering that this disorder is not inherent in the constitution of nature,-and that Christianity, in teaching the doctrine of the supremacy of the moral faculties, necessarily implies the adaptation of the human mind to a state of society accordant with that principle,-fell into the opposite error, and represented the world not only as deranged in all its parts, but as consisting of elements incapable of natural rectification; and they thereby added strength and permanence to the evils originating in ignorance and unguided passion.

I am far from easting blame on the excellent individuals who fell into these mistakes: such errors were inevitable at the time when they lived, and with the lights which they possessed; but I point them out as

imperfections which ought to be removed.

The late Earl of Bridgewater died in February 1829, and left the sum of L.8000, which, by his will, he directed the President of the Royal Society of London to apply in paying any person or persons to be selected by him, " to write, print, and publish one thousand copies of a work 'On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation;' illustrating such work by all reasonable arguments, as, for instance, the variety and formation of God's creatures in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; the effect of digestion, and thereby of conversion; the construction of the hand of man, and an infinite variety of other arguments; as also by discoveries, ancient and modern, in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature." The President of the Royal Society called in the aid of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of the Bishop of London, and with their advice nominated eight gentlemen to write eight treatises on different branches of this great subject.

One of the objects of the Earl of Bridgewater appears to have been to ascertain what the character of external nature and the capacities of the human mind really are, and what is the adaptation of the one to the other; questions of vast importance in themselves, and which can be solved only by direct, bold, and unbiassed appeals to Nature. This subject was committed to Dr

Chalmers.

In the execution of this object, the first inquiry should have been, "What is the constitution of the human mind?" because, before we can successfully trace the adaptation of two objects to each other, we must be acquainted with each separately. But Dr Chalmers and all the other authors of the Bridgewater Treatises have neglected this branch of inquiry. They disdained to acknowledge Phrenology as the philosophy of mind, yet they have not brought forward any other. Indeed they have not attempted to assign to human nature any definite or intelligible constitution. In consequence, they appear to me to have thrown extremely little new light on the moral government of the world.

In the following work, the first edition of which was published in 1828, before the Earl of Bridgewater's death, I have endeavoured to avoid this inconsistency. Having been convinced, after minute and long-continued observation, that Phrenology is the true philosophy of mind, I have assumed it as the basis of my reasoning. In this inquiry, it is indispensably necessary to adopt some system of mental philosophy, in order to obtain one of the elements of the comparison; but the reader, if he choose, may regard the phrenological views as hypothetical, and judge of them by the result. Or he may attempt to substitute in their place any better system with which he is acquainted, and try how far it will enable him successfully to proceed in the investigation.

In the next place, in instituting the comparison in question, I have brought into view, and endeavoured to substantiate and apply, a doctrine, which, so far as I have yet been able to discover, is the key to the true theory of the divine government of the world, but which has not hitherto been duly appreciated,—namely, the independent existence and operation of the natural Laws of Cheation. The natural laws may be divided into three great classes,—Physical, Organic, and Moral; and the peculiarity of the new doctrine is, its inculcating that thest verate independently of each other; that each

requires obedience to itself; that each, in its own specific way, rewards obedience and punishes disobedience; and that human beings are happy in proportion to the extent to which they place themselves in accordance with all of the divine institutions. For example, the most pious and oenevolent missionaries sailing to civilize and Christianize the heathen, may, if they embark in an unsound ship, be drowned by disobeying a physical law, without their destruction being averted by their morality. On the other hand, if the greatest monsters of iniquity were embarked in a staunch and strong ship, and managed it well, they might, and, on the general principles of the government of the world, they would, escape drowning in circumstances exactly similar to those which would send the missionaries to the bottom. There appears something inscrutable in these results, if only the moral qualities of the men be contemplated; but if the principle be recognised that ships float in virtue of a purely physical law,-and that the physical and moral laws operate independently, each in its own sphere,-the consequences appear in a totally different light.

In like manner, the organic laws operate independently; and hence, one individual who has inherited a sound bodily constitution from his parents, and observed the rules of temperance and exercise, will enjoy robust health, although he may cheat, lie, blaspheme, and destroy his fellow-men; while another, if he have inherited a feeble constitution, and disregarded the laws of diet and exercise, will suffer pain and sickness, although he may be a paragon of every Christian virtue. These results are frequently observed; and on such occasions the darkness and inscrutable perplexity of the ways of Providence are generally moralized upon; or a future life is called in as the scene in which these crooked paths are to be rendered straight. But if my views be correct, Divine wisdom and goodness are abundantly conspicuous in these events; for by this distinct operation of the organic and moral laws, order is preserved in creation, and, as will afterwards be shewn, the means of discipline and improvement are afforded to all the human faculties.

The moral and intellectual laws also have an independent operation. The man who cultivates his intellect and higher sentiments, and who habitually obeys the precepts of Christianity, will enjoy within himself a fountain of moral and intellectual happiness, which is the appropriate reward of that obedience. He will also become more capable of studying, comprehending, and obeying, the physical and organic laws:—of placing himself in harmony with the whole order of creation;—and of attaining to the highest degree of perfection, and reaping the greatest extent of happiness, of which human nature in this world is susceptible. In short, whenever we apply the principle of the independent operation of the natural laws, the apparent confusion of the

moral government of the world is greatly diminished.

These views will be better understood and appreciated after perusing the subsequent chapters, the object of which is to unfold and apply them; the aim of these introductory remarks being merely to prepare the reader for travelling over the more abstruse portions of the work with a clearer perception of their scope and tendency. The work itself has now been before the public for thirteen years, and I have seen no criticism which has shaken my conviction of the substantial truth of the principles maintained in it. Of its value as a contribution to the philosophy of human nature, the public are the only legitimate judges.

Some well-meaning individuals have imagined that this work is hostile to religion, because it is confined to principles which can be discovered by observation and reflection, and to human conduct in this life without direct reference to a future state; but such ideas are entirely unfounded. Human nature and the external world have both proceeded from the Creator, and it is

impossible, in interpreting their constitution aright, to arrive at any conclusions at variance with true religion. It is argued, indeed, by some theologians, that the human faculties are no longer in the condition in which they were created, and that hence no sound philosophy can be deduced from studying their manifestations. (Christian Ethics, by Ralph Wardlaw, D. D., p. 40.) I have considered this topic in my lectures on Moral Philosophy, and here only remark, that man did not make the cerebral organs which he now possesses, nor bestow on them their functions. Both organs and functions are as assuredly the direct gifts of the Creator, as is the eye, the ear, or the stomach. The science of optics is never questioned by any person who understands it, on the ground that the eye (on the structure, properties, and relations of which it depends) is not now in the condition in which it was created. Yet to do this would be as reasonable as to deny the truth and authority of a philosophy of mind derived from correct observations on the constitution and relations of the mental faculties and organs. It is presumable that the same Divine power, wisdom, and goodness, which instituted the eye, and adapted its structure to light, presided also over the institution and adaptations of the internal organs of the mind. If a theologian were to maintain that these organs, or several of them, were bestowed on man in consequence of sin, or from any other cause, philosophers would remain silent to such a proposition; because they do not inquire into the motives which induced the Creator to confer on man the organs and faculties which he possesses. They limit their investigations to objects that exist, and their relations and uses. But, on the ground that organs and faculties have been given by the Creator, they are entitled to maintain, that a philosophy of morals correctly deduced from their constitution must accord with all sound religion. As, then, all real philosophy and all true religion must harmonize, there will be a manifest advantage in cultivating each by itself, till its full dimensions, limits, and applications, shall be brought clearly to light. We may then advantageously compare them, and use the one as a means of elucidating or correcting our views of the other.

To the best of my knowledge, there is not one practical result of the natural laws expounded in the subsequent pages, which does not harmonize precisely with the moral precepts of the New Testament. Indeed, this work has been characterized by some individuals as the philosophy of Christian morality, because they regard it as exhibiting the natural foundations of the admirable precepts which in the New Testament are taught only dogmatically. It is objected, however, that, by omitting the sanction of future reward and punishment, this treatise leaves out the highest, best, and most efficacious class of motives to virtuous conduct. This objection is founded on a misapprehension of the object of the book. It is my purpose to shew, that the rewards and punishments of human actions are more complete, certain, and efficacious, in this life, than is generally believed; but, by no means to interfere with the sanctions to virtue afforded by the prospect of future retribution. It appears to me that every action which is morally wrong in reference to a future life, is equally wrong and inexpedient with relation to this world; and that it is of essential advantage to virtue to prove this to be the case. Having observed a great tendency in many religious men to overlook the importance of understanding the moral administration of this world, and to turn their attention too exclusively to the next, I have endeavoured to present the administration of the present world in a clear light, calculated to arrest attention, and to draw towards it that degree of consideration to which it is justly entitled. This proceeding will be recognised as the more necessary, if one principle, largely insisted on in the following pages, shall be admitted to be sound, viz. that religion operates on the

tion, to its natural constitution. If this view be well founded, it will be indispensable that all the natural conditions required by the human constitution as preliminaries to moral and religious conduct be complied with, before any purely religious teaching can produce its full effects. If, for example, an ill-constituted brain be unfavourable to the appreciation and practice of religious truth, it is not an unimportant inquiry, whether any, and what, influence can be exercised by human means in improving the size and proportions of the mental organs. If certain physical circumstances and occupations,-such as insufficient food and clothing, unwholesome workshops, dwelling-places, and diet, and severe and long-protracted labour,-have a natural tendency, in consequence of their influence on the nervous system in general, and the brain in particular, to blunt all the higher feelings and faculties of the mind, and if religious emotions cannot be experienced with full effect by individuals so situate, the ascertainment, with a view to removal, of the nature, causes, and effects of these impediments to holiness, is not a matter of indifference. This view has not been systematically adopted and pursued by the religious instructors of mankind in any age, or any country; and, in my humble opinion, for this sole reason, that the state of moral and physical science did not enable them either to appreciate its importance, or to carry it into effect. By presenting Nature in her simplicity and strength, a new impulse and direction may perhaps be given to their understandings; and they may be induced to consider whether their universally confessed failure to render men as virtuous and happy as they desired, may not, to some extent, have arisen from their non-fulfilment of the natural conditions instituted by the Creator as preliminaries to success. They nave complained of war waged, openly or secretly, by philosophy against religion; but they have not duly considered whether religion itself warrants them in treating philosophy and all its dictates with neglect in their instruction of the people. True, philosophy is a revelation of the Divine Will manifested in creation; it harmonizes with all truth, and cannot . with impunity be neglected.

CHAPTER I.

ON NATURAL LAWS.

Man's faculties capable of ascertaining what exists, and the purpose of what exists, but not the will of the Deity in creation—All the departments of Nature have definite constitutions and fixed laws imposed by the Deity—The term law defined and illustrated-Man's pleasure and pain depend, in this world, upon observance of, and obedience to, these constitutions and laws; an opinion supported by Bishop Butler-The Natural Laws divided into Physical, Organic, and Moral, and obedience or disobedience to each asserted to have distinct effects; while the whole are universal, invariable, unbending, and in harmony with the entire constitution of man-Death in certain circumstances appears desirable-Full and universal obedience not supposed to interfere with the prospects of futurity-Benevolence not the exclusive or immediate, but the ultimate, principle on which the world is arranged; evil in no case the ultimate, but only in certain instances the immediate. principle, and that for wise and benevolent ends—The will of the Deity in designing evil inscrutable, but the mental constitution shewn by Phrenology to bear relation to it.

In natural science, three subjects of inquiry may be distinguished: 1st, What exists \(^2\) 2dly, What is the use of what exists \(^2\) and, 3dly, Why was what exists designed for such uses as it evidently subserves \(^2\)

tention, and to draw towards it that degree of consideration to which it is justly entitled. This proceeding and the torrid zone exist,—that a certain kind of most will be recognised as the more necessary, if one principle, largely insisted on in the following pages, shall be admitted to be sound, viz. that religion operates on the lamman mind, in subordination, and not in contradiction.

fitted to retain water for a considerable time,—and that they flourish amid arid tracts of sand, where the reindeer would hardly live for a day. All this falls under

the inquiry, What exists?

In contemplating these facts, the understanding is naturally led to infer that one object of the Lapland moss is to feed the rein-deer, and that one purpose of the deer is to assist man; and that broad feet have been given to the camel to allow it to walk on sand, and a retentive stomach to fit it for arid places in which water is found only at wide intervals. These conclusions result from inquiries into the uses or purposes of what exists; and such inquiries constitute a legitimate exercise of the human intellect.

But, 3dly, we may ask, Why were animals formed of organized matter? Why were trackless wastes of snow and burning sands called into existence? Why were all the elements of nature created such as they exist? These are inquiries why what exists was made such as it is; or into the will of the Deity in creation.

Now, man's perceptive faculties are adequate to the first inquiry, and his reflective faculties to the second: but it may well be doubted whether he has powers suited to the third. My investigations are confined to the first

and second, and I do not discuss the third.

The Creator has bestowed on physical nature, on man and on animals, definite constitutions, which act according to fixed laws. A law of nature denotes a fixed mode of action; it implies a subject which acts, and that the actions or phenomena which that subject exhibits take place in an established and regular manner; and this is the sense in which I shall use it when treating of physical substances and beings. for instance, when at the level of the sea, and combined with that portion of heat indicated by 32° of Fahrenheit's thermometer, freezes or becomes solid; when combined, under a certain pressure, with the portion denoted by 212° of that instrument, it rises into vapour or steam. Here water and heat are the substances, and the freezing and rising in vapour are the appearances or phenomena presented by them; and when we say that these take place according to a Law of Nature, we mean only that these modes of action appear, to our intellects, to be established in the very constitution of the water and heat, and in their natural relationship to each other; and that the processes of freezing and rising in vapour are constant appearances, when, in the same circumstances, the substances are combined in these proportions.

The ideas chiefly to be kept in view are, 1st, That all substances and beings have received definite natural constitutions; 2dly, That every mode of action, which is inherent in the constitution of the substance or being, may be said to take place according to a natural law; and, 3dly, That the modes of action are universal and invariable, wherever and whenever the substances or beings are found in the same circumstances. For example, water under that degree of pressure which exists at the level of the sea, freezes and boils at the same temperature in China, in France, in Peru, and in England; and there is no exception to the regularity with which it exhibits these appearances, when all its other conditions are the same. This last qualification, however, must constantly be attended to, in all departments of science. If water be carried to the top of a mountain 20,000 feet high, it will boil at a lower temperature tan 212°; but this takes place also according to fixed and invariable principles. The atmosphere exerts a pressure on water. At the level of the sea the pressure is every where nearly the same, and in that situation the freezing and boiling points correspond all over the world; but on the top of a high mountain the pressure is much less, and the vapour, not being held down by so great a power of resistance, rises at a lower temperature than 212°. But this change of appearances does not indicate a change in the constitution of the dix, No. I.

water and the heat, but only a variation in the circumstances in which they are placed; and hence it is not correct to say, that water boiling on the tops of high mountains at a lower temperature than 212° is an exception to the general law of nature. There are no exceptions to the laws of nature; for the Creator is too wise and too powerful to make imperfect or inconsistent arrangements. The error is in the human mind inferring the law to be, that water boils at 212° in every altitude; when the real law is only that it boils at that temperature under the pressure which occurs at the level of the sea in all countries,—and that it boils at a lower temperature the higher it is carried, because there the pressure of the atmosphere is diminished.

Intelligent beings are capable of observing nature and of modifying their actions. By means of their faculties, the laws impressed by the Creator on physical substances become known to them; and, when perceived, constitute laws to them by which to regulate their conduct. For example, it is a physical law that boiling water destroy's the muscular and nervous systems of man. This is the result of the constitution of the body, and the relation established between it and heat; and man cannot alter or suspend the law. But whenever the relation, and the consequences of disregarding it, are perceived, the mind is prompted to avoid infringement, in order to avert the torture attached by the Creator to the de-

composition of the human body by heat.

Similar views have long been taught by philosophers and divines. Bishop BUTLER, in particular, says:- "An Author of Nature being supposed, it is not so much a deduction of reason as a matter of experience, that we are thus under his government: under his government in the same sense as we are under the government of civil magistrates. Because the annexing pleasure to some actions, and pain to others, in our power to do or forbear, and giving notice of this appointment beforehand to those whom it concerns, is the proper formal notion of government. Whether the pleasure or pain which thus follows upon our behaviour, be owing to the Author of Nature's acting upon us every moment in which we feel it, or to his having at once contrived and executed his own part in the plan of the world, makes no alteration as to the matter before us. For, if civil magistrates could make the sanctions of their laws take place, without interposing at all after they had passed them, without a trial and the formalities of an execution; if they were able to make their laws execute themselves, or every offender to execute them upon himself, we should be just in the same sense under their government then as we are now; but in a much higher degree and more perfect manner. Vain is the ridicule with which one foresees some persons will divert themselves, upon finding lesser pains considered as instances of divine punishment. There is no possibility of answering or evading the general thing here intended, without denying all final causes. For, final causes being admitted, the pleasures and pains now mentioned must be admitted too, as instances of them. And if they are, if God annexes delight to some actions and uneasiness to others, with an apparent design to induce us to act so and so, then he not only dispenses happiness and misery, but also rewards and punishes actions. If, for example, the pain which we feel upon doing what tends to the destruction of our bodies,-suppose apon too near approaches to fire, or upon wounding ourselves,—be appointed by the Author of Nature to prevent our doing what thus tends to our destruction; this is altogether as much an instance of his punishing our actions, and consequently of our being under his government, as declaring, by a voice from heaven, that if we acted so he would inflict such pain upon us, and inflicting it whether it be greater or less."*

* BUTLER'S Works, vol. i. p. 44. The remarks of other authors on the Laws of Nature will be found in the Appendix, No. I.

In the following treatise, we must distinguish between modes of action inherent in the constitution of creatures and things (to which alone the term natural law can be properly applied), and the rules which the human intellect may deduce, from contemplating the phenomena of nature, for its own guidance. The former are invariable, while the latter are not laws of nature, but rules of human conduct inferred from observing nature, and are perfect or imperfect according to the opportunities and degrees of intelligence employed in observation and reflection.

If, then, the reader keep in view that GoD is the creator; that Nature, in the general sense, means the world which He has made,—and, in a more limited sense, the particular constitution which He has bestowed on any special object, of which we may be treating;—that the Laws of Nature mean the established modes in which the actions and phenomena of any creature or object exhibit themselves;—and that an obligation is imposed on intelligent beings to act in conformity with nature,—he will be in no danger of misunderstanding my mean-

ing.

Every natural object has received a definite constitution, in virtue of which it acts in a particular way. There must, therefore, be as many natural laws as there are distinct modes of action of substances and beings, viewed by themselves. But substances and beings stand in certain relations to each other, and modify each other's action, in an established and definite manner, according to that relationship; pressure, for instance, modifies the effect of heat upon water. There must. therefore, be also as many laws of nature as there are relations between different substances and beings. The practical rules deducible from these laws will become more precise and explicit in proportion as the laws themselves are understood: in the mean while, however, as the natural laws are invariable, man suffers from not accommodating his conduct to them, even although his omission be the result exclusively of ignorance.

It is impossible, in the present state of knowledge, to elucidate all these laws: numberless years may elapse before they shall be discovered; but we may investigate some of the most familiar and striking of them. Those which most readily present themselves bear reference to the great classes into which the objects around us may be divided, namely, Physical, Organic, and Intelligent. I shall therefore at present consider the physical laws, the organic laws, and the laws which charac-

terize intelligent beings.

1st, The Physical laws embrace all the phenomena of mere matter: a heavy body, for instance, when unsupported, falls to the ground with a certain force, accelerating in proportion to the distance which it falls, and its own density; and this motion is said to take place according to the law of gravitation. An acid applied to a vegetable blue colour converts it into red, and this is said to take place according to a chemical law.

2dly, Organized substances and beings stand higher in the scale of creation, and have properties peculiar to themselves. They act, and are acted upon, in conformity with their constitution, and are therefore said to be subject to a peculiar set of laws, termed the Organic. The distinguishing characteristic of this class of objects is, that the individuals of them derive their existence from other organized beings, are nourished by food, and go through a regular process of growth and decay. Vegetables and animals are the two great subdivisions of it. The organic laws are different from the merely physical: a stone, for example, does not spring from a parent stone; it does not take food; it does not increase

physical: a stone, for example, does not spring from a parent stone; it does not take food; it does not increase in vigour for a time, and then decay and suffer dissolution; all which processes characterize vegetables and

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The organic laws are superior to the merely physical.

A living man, or animal, may be placed in an oven, along with the carcass of a dead animal, and remain ex-

posed to a heat which will bake the dead flesh, a id may yet come out alive, and not seriously injured. The dead flesh being mere physical matter, its decomposition by heat instantly commences; but the living animal is able, by its organic qualities, to counteract and resist, to a certain extent, that influence. The Organic Laws, therefore, mean the established modes according to which all phenomena connected with the production, health, growth, decay, and death, of vegetables and animals, take place. In the case of each animal or vegetable of the same kind, their action is always the same in the same circumstances. Animals are the chief objects of my present observations.

3dly, Intelligent beings stand yet higher in the scale than merely organized matter, and embrace all animals that have distinct consciousness, from the lowest of the inferior creatures up to man. The two great divisions of this class are Intelligent and Animal-and Intelligent and Moral creatures. The dog, horse, and elephant, for instance, belong to the former class, because they possess some degree of intelligence, and certain animal propensities, but no moral feelings; man belongs to the second. because he possesses all the three. These various faculties have received a definite constitution, and stand in determinate relationship to external objects: for example, a healthy palate cannot feel wormwood sweet, nor sugar bitter; a healthy eye cannot see a rod partly plunged in water straight—because the water so modifies the rays of light, as to give to the stick the appearance of being crooked; a healthy sentiment of Benevolence cannot feel gratified with murder, nor a healthy Conscientiousness with fraud. As, therefore, the mental faculties have received a precise constitution, have been placed in fixed and definite relations to external objects. and act regularly ;-we speak of their acting according to rules or laws, and call these the Moral and Intellectual Laws, inherent in the constitutions of these beings.

Several important principles strike us very early in attending to the natural laws, viz. 1st, Their independence of each other; 2dly, That obedience to each of them is attended with its own reward, and disobedience with its own punishment; 3dly, That they are universal, unbending, and invariable in their operation; 4thly, That they are in harmony with the constitution of man.

1. The independence of the natural laws may be illustrated thus :-- A ship floats because a part of it being immersed displaces a weight of water equal to its whole weight, leaving the remaining portion above the fluid. A ship, therefore, will float on the surface of the water, as long as these physical conditions are observed; no matter although the men in it should infringe other natural laws-as, for example, although they should rob, murder, blaspheme, and commit every species of debauchery: and it will sink whenever the physical conditions are subverted, however strictly the crew and passengers may obey the moral laws. In like manner, a man who swallows poison, which destroys the stomach or intestines, will die, just because an organic law has been infringed, and because it acts independently of others; although he should have taken the drug by mistake, or have been the most pious and charitable individual on earth. Or, thirdly, a man may cheat, lie, steal, tyrannise, and, in short, break a great variety of the moral laws, and, nevertheless, if he sedulously observe the organic laws of temperance and exercise, he may be fat and rubicund; while, on the other hand, an individual who neglects these, may pine in disease, and be racked with torturing pains, although, at the very moment, he may be devoting his mind to the highest duties of humanity.

2. Obedience to each law is attended with its own re ward, and disobedience with its own punishment. Thus the mariners who preserve their ship in accordance with the physical laws, reap the reward of sailing in safety; and those who permit a departure from them, are punished by the ship's sinking. People who obey the

moral law, enjoy the intense internal delights that | spring from active moral faculties; they render themselves, moreover, objects of affection and esteem to moral and intelligent beings, who, in consequence, reciprocate with them many other gratifications. Those who disobey that law are tormented by insatiable desires, which, from the nature of things, cannot be gratified; they are punished by the perpetual craving of whatever portion of moral sentiment they possess, for higher enjoyments, which are never attained; and they are objects of dislike and malevolence to other beings of similar dispositions with themselves, who inflict on them the evils dictated by their own provoked propensities. Those who obey the organic laws, reap the reward of health and vigour of body, and buoyancy of mind; while those who break them are punished by sickness, feebleness, 'anguor, and pain.

3. The natural laws are universal, invariable, and unbending. When the physical laws are infringed in China or Kamtschatka, there is no instance of a ship floating there more than in England; and, when they are observed, there is no instance of a vessel sinking in any one of these countries more than another. There is no example of men, in any country, enjoying the mild and generous internal joys, and the outward esteem and love, that attend obedience to the moral law, while they give themselves up to the dominion of brutal propensities. There is no example, in any latitude or longitude, or in any age, of men who entered life with a constitution in harmony with the organic laws, and who continued to obey these laws throughout, being, in consequence of this obedience, visited with pain and disease; and there are no instances of men who were born with constitutions marred by the organic laws, and who lived in habitual disobedience to them, enjoying that sound health and vigour of body that are the rewards of obe-

4. The natural laws are in harmony with the whole constitution of man. If ships in general had sunk when they were stanch, strong, and skilfully managed, this would have outraged the perceptions of reason; but as they float, the physical law is, in this instance, in harmony with the moral and intellectual law. If men who rioted in drunkenness and debauchery had thereby established health and increased their happiness, this, again, would have been at variance with our intellectual and moral perceptions; but the opposite and actual result is in harmony with them.

It will be subsequently shewn, that our moral sentiments desire universal happiness. If the physical and organic laws are constituted in harmony with them, it ought to follow that the natural laws, when obeyed, will conduce to the happiness of the moral and intelligent beings who are called on to observe them; and that the evil consequences, or punishments, resulting from infringement of them, will be calculated to enforce stricter obedience, for the advantage of those creatures themselves. According to this view, when a ship sinks, in consequence of a plank starting, the punishment is intended to impress upon the spectators the absolute necessity of having every plank strong and secure before going to sea, this being a condition indispensable to safety. When sickness and pain follow a debauch, the object of the suffering is to urge a more scrupulous obedience to the organic laws, that the individual may escape premature death, which is the inevitable consequence of too great and continued disobedience to these laws,—and enjoy health, which is the reward of the opposite conduct. When discontent, irritation, hatred, and other mental annoyances, arise out of infringement of the moral law, this punishment is calculated to induce the offender to return to obedience, that he may enjoy the rewards attached to it.

When the transgression of any natural law is excessive, and so great that return to obedience is impossible, one purpose of death, which then ensues, may be to de-

liver the individual from a continuation of the punishment which then could do him no good. Thus, when, from infringement of a physical law, a ship sinks at sea, and leaves men immersed in water, without the possibility of reaching land, their continued existence in that state would be one of cruel and protracted suffering; and it is advantageous to them to have their lives extinguished at once by drowning, and to be thereby withdrawn from farther agony. In like manner, if a man in the vigour of life so far infringe any organic law as to destroy the function of a vital organ the heart, for instance, or the lungs, or the brain-it is better for him to have his life cut short, and his pain ended, than to have it protracted under all the tortures of an organic existence, without lungs, without a heart, or without a brain, if such a state were possible, which, for this wise reason, it is not.

I do not intend to predicate any thing concerning the absolute perfectibility of man by obedience to the laws of nature. The system of sublunary creation, so far as we perceive it, does not appear to be one of optimism; yet benevolent design, in its constitution, is undeniable. Paley says, "Nothing remains but the supposition, that God, when he created the human species, wished them happiness, and made for them the provisions which he has made, with that view and for that purpose. same argument may be proposed in different terms: Contrivance proves design; and the predominant tendency of the contrivance indicates the disposition of the designer. The world abounds with contrivances; and all the contrivances which we are acquainted with, are directed to beneficial purposes."-(Paley's Moral Phil. Edin. 1816, p. 51.) Many of the contrivances of the Creator, for effecting beneficial purposes, have been discovered by philosophers; but, so far as I am aware, no one has adverted to the foregoing principles as those according to which these contrivances operate, so that nothing like a systematic view of the moral government

of the world has hitherto been presented to mankind. Human interests regard this world and the next.

Different religious sects, interpreting the Bible differently, have formed different opinions concerning the danger to which the human soul is exposed in a future state, and have propounded different views of the means of averting it. The present work is not intended to throw light on this subject, which lies beyond the limits of philosophy. But I humbly maintain that, to enjoy this world, man must discover and obey the natural laws; while Scripture is his guide regarding a future state of existence. The Bible, however, does not communicate complete information concerning the best mode of pursuing his temporal interests; and numerous practical duties resulting from his constitution are discoverable, which are not treated of in detail in its pages the mode of preserving health, for example; of pursuing with success a temporal calling; of discovering the qualities of men with whom we mean to associate; and so on. This is the case, probably because faculties have been given to man to discover arts, sciences, and the natural laws, and to adapt his conduct to them; and because the physical, moral, and intellectual nature of man, is itself left open to investigation by these facul-

Although the natural laws form no guides to faith; yet, so far as I can perceive, their dictates and those of the Bible coincide in all matters relating to practical duties in temporal affairs.

It may be asked, whether mere knowledge of the natural laws is sufficient to ensure observance of them? Certainly not. Mere knowledge or music does not enable one to play on an instrument, nor of anatomy to perform skilfully a surgical operation. Practical training, and the aid of every motive that can interest the feelings, are necessary to lead individuals to obey the natural laws. Religion, in particular, may furnish motives highly conducive to this obedience. But it

must never be forgotten, that although mere knowledge | is not all-sufficient, it is a primary and indispensable requisite to regular observance; and that it is as impossible effectually and systematically to obey the natural laws without knowing them, as it is to perform any other complicated and important duty in ignorance of its principles and practical details. Some persons are of opinion that Christianity alone suffices, for our guidance in all practical virtues, without knowledge of, or obedience to, the laws of nature; but from this notion I respectfully dissent. One reason why vice and misery do not diminish in proportion to the sermons preached against them, seems to be that the natural laws are too much overlooked, and very rarely considered as having any relation to human conduct. The theological doctrine of the corruption and disorder of human nature, joined to the want of knowledge of real science, have probably been the causes why the professed servants of God have made so little use of His laws, revealed in creation, in instructing the people to live according to His will. Before religion can yield its full practical fruits in this world, it must be wedded to a philosophy founded on those laws; it must borrow light and strength from them, and in return communicate its powerful sanction towards enforcing obedience to their dictates.

It is proper to state, in connection with this subject, that I do not maintain that the world is arranged on the principle of benevolence exclusively: my idea is, that it is constituted in harmony with the whole faculties of man; the moral sentiments and intellect holding the supremacy. What is meant by creation being constituted in harmony with the whole faculties of man, may be thus illustrated. Suppose that we should see two men holding a third in a chair, and a fourth drawing a tooth from his head :-- While we contemplated this bare act, and knew nothing of the intention with which it was done, and of the consequences that would follow, we should set it down as purely cruel, and say, that, although it might accord with the propensity which prompts men to inflict pain and destroy, it could not harmonize with Benevolence. But, when we were told that the individual in the chair was a patient and the operator a dentist, and that the object of all the parties was to deliver the first from violent torture, we should then perceive that an operation attended with pain had been used as a means to accomplish a benevolent purpose,-or, in other words, that the operator had acted under the guidance of moral sentiment and intellect,and we should approve of his conduct. If the world had been created on the principle of Benevolence exclusively, the toothache could not have existed; but, as pain does exist, a mental faculty, called by the phrenologists Destructiveness, has been given, to place man in harmony with its existence, when used for a benevolent end.

To apply this illustration to the works of Providence, I-humbly suggest it as probable, that if we knew thoroughly the design and whole consequences of such institutions of the Creator as are attended with pain, (including death itself), we should find that its infliction is used as a means, subservient to Benevolence and Justice, to arrive at an end in harmony with the moral sentiments and intellect; in short, that no institution of the Creator has pure evil, or destruction alone, for its object. "In maturity of sense and understanding," says Lord Kames, "benevolence appears more and more; and beautiful final causes are discovered in many of Nature's productions, that formerly were thought useless, or perhaps hurtful: and the time may come-we have solid ground to hope that it will come-when doubts and difficulties about the government of Providence will all of them be cleared up, and every event be found conducive to the general good."*

The opposite of this doctrine, viz. that there are institutions of the Creator which have suffering for their exclusive object, is clearly untenable; for this would

* Sketches, B. 3, Sk. 3, ch. 2.

be ascribing malevolence to the Deity. As, however, the existence of pain is undeniable, it is equally impossible to believe that the world is arranged on the principle of Benevolence exclusively. The view now presented makes no attempt to explain why pain or evil exist, because I consider this inquiry to surpass the limits of the human understanding. It offers an explanation, however, of the use which pain serves—that of enforcing obedience to the natural laws; and it shews that the human mind is constituted in harmony with this order of creation. Phrenology alone, of all systems of mental philosophy; admits faculties clearly related to difficulty, pain, and death, and thus enhances our perceptions of divine wisdom and goodness.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN, AND ITS RELATIONS
TO EXTERNAL OBJECTS.

The constitution of man, on the principle of a subjection of the whole to reflection and the highest sentiments, shewn by Bishop Butler to be conformable to the constitution of the external world .- (1.) Man considered as a physical being, and the evils resulting from breach of the physical laws snewn to be only exceptions from the benefits habitually flowing from those laws .- (2.) Man considered as an organised being, and the rules for the enjoyment of a sound body explained .- (3) Man considered as an animal, moral, and intellectual being, and his mental constitution detailed .- (4.) The mental faculties compared with each other. Their uses and abuses .- The propensities designed for good, when acting harmoniously with, and guided by, the higher sentiments and intellect; otherwise lead to evil .-True happiness of individuals and societies found ultimately to consist in a habitual exercise of the higher sentiments, intellect, and propensities, in harmony with each other .- (5.) The faculties of man compared with external objects, and the means of their gratification specified.

Let us next consider the Constitution of Man, and the natural laws to which he is subjected, and endeavour to discover how far the external world is arranged with wisdom and benevolence in regard to him. Bishop BUTLER, in the Preface to his Sermons, says, "It is from considering the relations which the several appetites and passions in the inward frame have to each other, and above all, the SUPREMACY of reflection or conscience, that we get the idea of the system or constitution of human nature. And from the idea itself it will as fully appear, that this our nature, i. e. constitution, is adapted to virtue, as from the idea of a watch it appears that its nature, i. e. constitution or system, is adapted to measure time."

"Mankind has various instincts and principles of action, as brute creatures have; some leading most directly and immediately to the good of the community, and some most directly to private good.

"Man has several which brutes have not; particularly reflection or conscience, an approbation of some principles or actions, and disapprobation of others.

"Brutes obey their instincts or principles of action, according to certain rules; suppose the constitution of their body, and the objects around them.

"The generality of mankind also obey their instincts and principles, all of them; those propensions we call good, as well as the bad, according to the same rules, namely, the constitution of their body, and the external circumstances which they are in.

"Brutes, in acting according to the rules before mentioned, their bodily constitution and circumstances, act suitably to their whole nature.

"Mankind, also, in acting thus, would act suitably to their whole nature, if no more were to be said of man's nature than what has been now said; if that, as it is a true, were also a complete, adequate account of our nature.

" But that is not a complete account of man's nature.

Somewhat further must be brought in to give us an adequate notion of it; namely, that one of those principles of action, conscience, or reflection, compared with the rest, as they all stand together in the nature of man, plainly bears upon it marks of authority over all the rest, and claims the absolute direction of them all, to allow or forbid their gratification; -a disapprobation on reflection being in itself a principle manifestly superior to a mere propension. And the conclusion is, that to allow no more to this superior principle or part of our nature, than to other parts; to let it govern and guide only occasionally, in common with the rest, as its turn happens to come from the temper and circumstances one happens to be in; this is not to act conformably to the constitution of man; neither can any human creature be said to act conformably to his constitution of nature, unless he allows to that superior principle the absolute authority which is due to it."-Butler's Works, vol. ii. Preface. The present treatise is in a great measure founded on the principles here suggested.

SECT. I .- MAN CONSIDERED AS A PHYSICAL BEING.

The human body consists of bones, muscles. nerves, and bloodvessels, besides organs of nutrition, of reproduction, of re-piration, of feeling, and of thought. These parts are all composed of physical elements, and to a certain extent, are subjected to the physical laws of creation. By the law of gravitation, the body, when unsupported, falls to the ground, and is liable to be injured like any frangible substance: by a chemical law, excessive cold freezes, and excessive heat dissipates, its fluids; and life, in either case, is extinguished.

To discover the real effect of the physical laws of nature on human happiness, we need to understand, 1st, The physical laws themselves, as revealed by the phenomena of natural substances. These laws, so far as discovered, are treated of in works on natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, and their subordinate branches; 2dly, The anatomical and physiological constitution of the human body; and, 3dly, The adaptation of the former to the latter. These expositions are necessary to ascertain the extent to which it is possible for man to place himself in accordance with the physical laws, so as to reap advantage from them; and also to determine how far the sufferings which he endures may be ascribed to the inevitable operation of these laws, and how far to his ignorance and infringement of them. In the subsequent pages, this subject will be treated somewhat in detail: at present I confine myself to a single instance as an illustration of the mode in which the investigation will be conducted.*

By the law of gravitation, heavy bodies tend towards the centre of the earth. Some of the advantages of it are, that objects, when properly supported, remain at rest; that walls, when built sufficiently thick and perpendicular, stand firm and erect; that water descends from high places, turns mill-wheels in its course, and sets in motion the most stupendous and useful machinery; and that ships float steadily with part of their hulls immersed in water and part rising above it, exposing their masts and sails to catch the breeze.

The Creator has bestowed on man bones, muscles, nerves, and intellectual faculties, constructed on admirable principles, which place him in harmony with this law, and enable him to adapt his movements to its influence. Intellect also enables him to perceive the existence of the law, its modes of operation, the relation between it and himself, the beneficial consequences of

* The reader will find many valuable illustrations of these laws in "The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education." By Andrew Combe, M. D. Eighth edition. And also in "The Management of Infancy," by the same author. Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh; and Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London,

observing this relation, and the painful results of disregarding it.

When a person falls over a precipice, and is maimed or killed.—when a ship springs a leak and sinks,—or when a reservoir of water breaks its banks and ravages a valley,—the evils proceed from the operation of this law; but, in judging of its utility to man, we should consider all its beneficial consequences, and also inquire whether, when productive of evil, the effects could or could not have been avoided, by a due exercise of physical and mental power.

By pursuing this course, we shall arrive at sound conclusions concerning the adaptation of the human mind and body to the physical laws of creation. The subject is too extensive to be here prosecuted in all its details, and, besides, I am incompetent to do it justice; but enough has been said to elucidate the principle advocated. The more minutely any one inquires, the more firm will be his conviction, that, in these relations, provision has been made by the Creator for human happiness, and that the evils which arise from neglect of them, are attributable, to a great extent, to man's failure in applying his powers to the promotion of his own enjoyment.

SECT. 11 .- MAN CONSIDERED AS AN ORGANIZED BEING.

Man is an organized being, and subject to the organic laws. An organized being, as was formerly noticed, is one which derives its existence from a previously existing organized being, which subsists on food, which grows, attains maturity, decays, and dies. To render an organized being perfect in its kind, the germ from which it springs must be complete in all its parts, and sound in its whole constitution. This is the first organic law. If we sow an acorn in which some vital part has been destroyed altogether, the seedling plant, and the full grown oak, if it ever attain to maturity, will be deficient in the lineaments which are wanting in the embryo root; if we sow an acorn entire in its parts, but only half ripened, or damaged in its whole texture by damp or other causes, the seedling oak will be feeble, and will probably die early. A similar law holds in regard to man. A second organic law is, that the organized being, the moment it is ushered into life, and so long as it continues to live, must be supplied with food, light, air, and every other physical element which nature has rendered requisite for its support, in due quantity, and of the kind best suited to its particular constitution. Obedience to this law is rewarded with a vigorous and healthy development of its powers, and, in animals, with a pleasing consciousness of existence, and aptitude for the performance of their natural functions; disobedience is punished with feebleness, general imperfection, pain, or early death. A single fact will illustrate this observation. At the meeting of the British Association, held in Edinburgh in 1834, there was read an Abstract, by Dr Joseph Clarke, of a Registry kept in the Lying-in Hospital of Great Britain Street, Dublin, from the year 1758 to the end of 1833, from which it appeared that, in 1781, when the hospital was imperfectly ventilated, every sixth child died within nine days after birth of convulsive disease, and that, after means of thorough ventilation had been adopted, the mortality of infants, within the same time, in five succeeding years, was reduced to nearly one in twenty.* A third organic law, applicable to man, is, that he shall duly exercise his organs; this condition being an indispensable requisite of health. The reward of obedience to this law is enjoyment in the very act of exercising the functions, pleasing consciousness of existence, and the acquisition of numberless gratifications and advantages, of which labour, or the exercise of our powers, is the procuring means: disobedience is punished with derangement and sluggish-

* Edin. New Phil. Jour., Oct. 1834, p. 416.

ness in the functions, general uneasiness or positive pain, and the denial of gratification to numerous faculties.

Directing our attention to the constitution of the human body, we perceive that the power of reproduction is bestowed on man, as well as intellect to enable him to discover and obey the conditions necessary for the transmission of a healthy organic frame to his descendants; that digestive organs are given to him for his nutrition, and that innumerable vegetable and animal productions are placed around him, in wise relationship to these organs.

Without attempting to expound minutely the organic structure of man, or to trace in detail its adaptation to his external condition, I shall offer some observations in support of the proposition, that the due exercise of the osseous, muscular, and nervous systems, under the guidance of intellect and moral sentiment, and in accordance with the physical laws, contributes to human enjoyment; and that the neglect of this exercise, or an abuse of it, by carrying it to excess, or by conducting it in opposition to the moral, intellectual, or physical

laws, is punished with pain.

The earth is endowed with the capability of producing an ample supply of food, provided we expend muscular and nervous energy in its cultivation; while, in most climates, it refuses to produce, if we withhold this labour and allow it to lie waste: Further, the Creator has presented us with timber, metal, wool, and countless materials, which, by means of muscular power, may be converted into dwelling-places, clothing, and all the luxuries of life. The fertility of the earth, and the demands of the body for food and clothing, are so benevolently adapted to each other, that, with rational restraint on population, a few hours' labour each day from every individual capable of working, would suffice to furnish all with every commodity that could really add to enjoyment. "It has been computed," says Dr Franklin, "by some political arithmetician, that, if every man and woman would work for four hours each day on something useful, that labour would be sufficient to procure all the necessaries and comforts of life; want and misery would be banished out of the world; and the rest of the twenty-four hours might be leisure and pleasure."-(Essay on Luxury, Idleness, and Industry.)

In many of the tropical regions of the globe, where a high atmospheric temperature diminishes the quantum of muscular energy, the fertility and productiveness of the soil are increased in a like proportion, so that less labour suffices. Less labour, also, is required to provide habitations and raiment. In the colder latitudes, muscular energy is more abundant; and there, much higher demands are made upon it;—the earth is more sterile, and the piercing frosts render a thicker covering necess-

pary for the body.

Farther, the food afforded by the soil in each climate appears to be adapted to the maintenance of the organic constitution of the people in health, and to the supply of the muscular energy necessary for the particular wants of the situation. In the Arctic Regions, no farinaceous food ripens; but on the question being put to Dr Richardson, how he, accustomed to the bread and vegetables of the temperate regions, was able to relish the pure animal diet, which formed his only support on his expedition to the shores of the Polar Sea along with Captain Franklin, he replied, that the effect of the extreme dry cold to which he and his companions were constantly exposed-living, as they did, in the open air -was to produce a desire for the most stimulating food they could obtain; that bread in such a climate was not only not desired, but comparatively impotent, as an article of diet; that pure animal food, and the fatter the better, was the only sustenance that maintained the tone of the corporeal system; but that when it was abundant (and the quantity required was much greater than in milder latitudes), a delightful vigour and buoyancy of mind and body were enjoyed, that rendered life

highly agreeable. In beautiful harmony with these wants of the human frame, these regions abound, during summer, in countless herds of deer, in rabbits, partridges, ducks, and, in short, every sort of game, and also in fish; and the flesh of these, dried, constitutes delicious food in winter, when the earth is wrapped in one wide mantle of snow.

Among the Greenlanders and other Esquimaux tribes, nothing is so much relished as the fat of the whale, the seal, or the walrus: a tallow-candle and a draught of train-oil are regarded as dainties; while a piece of bread is spit out with strong indications of disgust.

In Scotland, the climate is moist and moderately cold; the greater part of the surface is mountainous, and well adapted for rearing sheep and cattle; while a certain portion consists of fertile plains, fitted for raising farinaceous food. If the same law holds in this country, the diet of the people should consist of animal and farinaceous food, the former predominating. And on such food, accordingly, the Scotsman thrives best. As we proceed to warmer latitudes, to France, for instance, we find the soil and temperature less congenial to sheep and cattle, but more favourable to corn and wine; and the Frenchman flourishes in health on less of animal food, than would be requisite to preserve the Scottish Highlander, in the recesses of his mountains, in a strong and alert condition. From one of a series of interesting letters on the agriculture of France by M. Lullin de Chateauvieux, published in the Bibliothèque Universelle, it appears that the consumption of beef in that country relative to the population, is only one-sixth of what it is in England. (Journal of Agriculture, No. iii. p. 390.) The plains of Hindustan are too hot for the extensive rearing of the sheep and the ox, but produce rice and vegetable spices in prodigious abundance; and the native is healthy, vigorous, and active, when supplied with rice and curry, and becomes sick when obliged to live chiefly on animal diet. He is supplied with less muscular energy by this species of food; but his soil and climate require far less laborious exertion to maintain him in comfort, than those of Britain, Germany, or Russia.

So far, then, the external world appears to be wisely and benevolently adapted to the organic system of man; that is, to his nutrition, and to the development and exercise of his corporeal organs. The natural law appears to be, that every one who desires to enjoy the pleasures of health, must expend in labour the energy which the Creator has infused into his limbs. wide choice is left to man, as to the mode in which he shall exercise his nervous and muscular systems: The labourer, for example, digs the ground, and the squire engages in the chase; both pursuits exercise the body. The penalty for neglecting this law is imperfect digestion and disturbed sleep, debility, bodily and mental lassitude, and, if carried to a certain length, confirmed bad health and early death. The penalty for overexerting these systems is exhaustion, mental incapacity, the desire of strong artificial stimulants (such as ardent spirits), general insensibility, grossness of feeling and perception, with disease and shortened life.

Society has not recognised this law; and, in consequence, the higher orders despise labour and suffer the first penalty, while the lower orders are oppressed with toil and undergo the second. The penalties serve to provide motives for obedience to the law; and when ever it is recognised, and the consequences are discovered to be inevitable, men will no longer shun labour as painful and ignominious, but resort to it as a source of pleasure and advantage.*

SECT. 111.—MAN CONSIDERED AS AN ANIMAL, MORAL, AND INTELLECTUAL BEING.

I have adverted to the bodily constitution of man which is essentially animal; but I observe, in the third * See Appendix, No. II.

place, that man, viewed in regard to his mental constitution, is an animal, moral, and intellectual being. To discover the adaptation of the mental parts of his nature to his external circumstances, we must first know what are his various animal, moral, and intellectual powers themselves. Phrenology gives us a view of them, drawn from observation; and as I have verified the inductions of that science, so as to satisfy myself that it is the best exposition of the nature of man which has yet been given, I adopt its classification of faculties as the basis of the subsequent observations. One great advantage presented by Phrenology, is the light which it throws on the natural constitution of the mind. Philosophers and divines have long disputed about the number and functions of the human faculties; and while each assumed his own consciousness as the standard of nature, and occupied himself chiefly with observations on its phenomena, as his means of study, there could be no end to their discussions. organs of the mind can be seen and felt, and their size estimated,-and the mental manifestations also that accompany them can be observed, in an unlimited number of instances, -so that, assuming the existence of organs, it is clear that a far higher degree of certainty in regard to the natural endowments of the mind may be attained by studying them, than by any means previously applied. It is disputed also whether man be now in possession of the same qualities as those with which he was created: but if mental organs exist at all, they have been bestowed by the Creator; and if we discover their functions and their uses, and distinguish these from their abuses, we shall obviously obtain clearer views of what God has instituted, and of the extent to which man himself is chargeable with error and perversion, than could be arrived at by the means hitherto employed. Such conclusions, if correctly drawn, will possess an irresistible authority—that of the record of creation it self. If, therefore, any reader be disposed to question the existence of such qualities in man as I am about to describe,-to do so consistently, he must be prepared to deny, on reasonable grounds, that mental organs exist, -or, if he allows their existence, he must establish that the observations of phrenologists in regard to them are incorrect, or their inferences regarding their functions erroneously deduced. According to Phrenology, then, the human faculties are the following. The organs are double, each faculty having two, lying in corresponding situations of the hemispheres of the brain. Their situations are indicated by the engravings.

Order I. FEELINGS.

Genus I. PROPENSITIES -- Common to Man with the Lower Animals.

THE LOVE OF LIFE .- Organ not indicated on the bust.

AMATIVENESS-Produces sexual love.

2. PHILOPROGENITIVENESS.—Uses: Affection for young and tender beings.—Abuses: Pampering and spoiling children.

3. CONCENTRATIVENESS .- Uses: It renders permanent emotions and ideas in the mind .- Abuses: Morbid dwelling on internal emotions and ideas, to the neglect of external impressions.

3 a. INHABITIVENESS .- Uses: It produces the desire of permanence in place. - Abuses: Aversion to move

4. ADHESIVENESS .- Uses: Attachment friendship and society result from it.—Abuses: Clanship for improper objects, attachment to worthless individuals. It is generally strong in women.

5. COMBATIVENESS .- Uses: Courage to meet danger and overcome difficulties, tendency to oppose and attack whatever requires opposition, and to resist unjust encroachments.—Abuses: Love of contention, and tendency to provoke and assault. This feeling obviously adapts man to a world in which danger and difficulty

6. DESTRUCTIVENESS .- Uses: Desire to destroy noxious objects, animate and inanimate, and to kill for food.

It is very discernible in carnivorous animals .- Abuses: Cruelty, murder, desire to torment, tendency to passion, rage, and harshness and severity in speech and This feeling places man in harmony with death and destruction, which are woven into the sys. tem of sublunary creation.

6 a. APPETITE FOR FOOD .- Uses: Nutrition .- Abuses:

Gluttony and drunkenness.

7. SECRETIVENESS .- Uses: Tendency to restrain within the mind the various emotions and ideas that involuntarily present themselves, until the judgment has approved of giving them utterance; it is simply the propensity to conceal, and is an ingredient in prudence. Abuses: Cunning, deceit, duplicity, and lying.

8. ACQUISITIVENESS .- Uses: Desire to possess, and tendency to accumulate; the sense of property springs from it .- Abuses: Inordinate desire of property, self-

ishness, avarice, theft.

9. CONSTRUCTIVENESS .- Uses: Desire to build and construct works of art .- Abuses: Construction of engines to injure or destroy, and fabrication of objects to deceive mankind.

Genus II. SENTIMENTS.

- 1. Sentiments common to Man with some of the Lower Animals.
- 10. SELF-ESTEEM .- Uses: Self-respect, self-interest, love of independence, personal dignity .- Abuses: Pride, disdain, overweening conceit, excessive selfishness, love of dominion.
- 11. LOVE OF APPROBATION .- Uses: Desire of the esteem of others, love of praise, desirc of fame or glory. -Abuses: Vanity, ambition, thirst for praise independently of praiseworthiness.
- 12. CAUTIOUSNESS .- Uses: It gives origin to the sentiment of fear, the desire to shun danger, and circumspection; and it is an ingredient in prudence. sense of security springs from its gratification .-Abuses: Excessive timidity, poltroonery, unfounded apprehensions, despondency, melancholy.
- 13. BENEVOLENCE .- Uses: Desire of the happiness of others, compassion for the distressed, universal charity, mildness of disposition, and a lively sympathy with the enjoyment of all animated beings .- Abuses : Profusion, injurious indulgence of the appetites and fancies of others, prodigality, facility of temper.

II. Sentiments Proper to Man.

14. VENERATION .- Uses: Tendency to venerate or respect whatever is great and good; gives origin to religious adoration .- Abuses : Senseless respect for unworthy objects consecrated by time or situation, love of antiquated customs, abject subserviency to persons in authority, superstitious awe. To these Mr Scott adds, "undue deference to the opinions and reasonings of men who are fallible like ourselves; the worship of false gods, polytheism, paganism, idolatry."

15. FIRMNESS. — Uses: Determination, perseverance,

steadiness of purpose .- Abuses: Stubbornness, infa-

tuation, tenacity in evil.

16. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS .- Uses: It gives origin to the sentiment of justice, or respect for the rights of others, openness to conviction, the love of truth .- Abuses : Scrupulous adherence to noxious principles when ignorantly embraced, excessive refinement in the views of duty and obligation, excess in remorse or self-condem-

17. HOPE .- Uses: Tendency to expect future good; it cherishes faith .- Abuses: Credulity with respect to the attainment of what is desired, absurd expectations

of felicity not founded on reason.

18. WONDER .- Uses: The desire of novelty; admiration of the new, the unexpected, the grand, the wonderful, and extraordinary .- Abuses: Love of the marvellous and occult; senseless astonishment; belief in false miracles, in prodigies, magic, ghosts, and other supernatural absurdities.—Note. Veneration, Hope, and Wonder, combined, give the tendency to religion; their abuses produce superstition.

19. IDEALITY .- Uses: Love of the beautiful and splendid, desire of excellence, poetic feeling.—huses: Extra-vagance and absurd enthusiasm, preference of the showy and glaring to the solid and useful, a tendency to dwell in the regions of fancy and to neglect the

duties of life.

20. WIT-Gives the feeling of the ludicrous, and disposes to mirth.

21. IMITATION — Copies the manners, gestures, and actions of others, and appearances in nature generally.

Order II. INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES. Genus I. EXTERNAL SENSES.

FEELING or TOUCH.
TASTE.
SMELL.
HEARING.
SIGHT.

Uses: To bring man into communication with external objects, and to enable him to enjoy them, —Abuses: Excessive indulgence in the pleasures arising from the senses, to the extent of impairing bodily health, and debilitating or deteriorating the mind.

Genus II. KNOWING FACULTIES WHICH PER-CEIVE THE EXISTENCE AND QUALITIES OF EXTERNAL OBJECTS.

 INDIVIDUALITY—Takes cognizance of existence and simple facts.

23. FORM-Renders man observant of form.

24. SIZE—Gives the idea of space, and enables us to appreciate dimension and distance.

25. WEIGHT—Communicates the perception of momentum, weight, and resistance; and aids equilibrium.

COLOURING—Gives perception of colours and their harmonies.

Genus III. KNOWING FACULTIES WHICH PER-CEIVE THE RELATIONS OF EXTERNAL OBJECTS.

27. LOCALITY—Gives the idea of relative position.

28. NUMBER-Gives the talent for calculation.

29. ORDER—Communicates the love of physical arrangement.

EVENTUALITY—Takes cognizance of occurrences or events.

31. TIME-Gives rise to the perception of duration.

32. TUNE—The sense of Melody and Harmony arises from it.
34. LANGUAGE—Gives facility in acquiring a knowledge of arbitrary signs to express thoughts, readiness in the use of them, and the power of inventing and recollecting them.

Cenus IV. REFLECTING FACULTIES, WHICH COMPARE, JUDGE, AND DISCRIMINATE.

COMPARISON—Gives the power of discovering analogies, resemblances, and differences.

35. CAUSALITY—Traces the dependences of phenomena, and the relation of cause and effect.

It has been ascertained by observation that each of these faculties is connected with a particular portion of the brain, and that, other conditions being the same, the power of manifesting each bears a relation to the size of its organ. The organs differ in relative size in different individuals, and hence arise differences in talents and dispositions. This fact is of great importance in the philosophy of man; and the circumstance of its having been unknown until Dr Gall's discovery of the functions of the brain, is sufficient to explain the past barrenness of mental science, and to render probable the assertion, that a great flood of light on this subject is now pouring forth on the world. These faculties are not all equal in excellence and authority; some are common to man with the lower animals, and others are peculiar to man. Before comparing the human mind, therefore, with its external condition, it becomes an object of importance to discover the relative rank and authority of these different powers.

BECT. IV.—THE FACULTIES OF MAN COMPARED WITH EACH OTHER; OR THE SUPREMACY OF THE MORAL SENTI-MENTS AND INTELLECT.

According to the phrenological theory of human nature, the faculties are divided into Propensities common to man with the lower animals, Sentiments common to man with the lower animals, Sentiments proper to man, and Intellect. Almost every faculty stands in a definite relation to certain external objects: when it is internally active it desires these objects; when they are presented to it they excite it to activity, and delight

it with agreeable sensations. Human happiness and misery are resolvable into the gratification, and denial of gratification, of one or more of our mental faculties, or of the feelings connected with our bodily frame. Every faculty is good in itself, but all are liable to be abused.

The faculties may be considered as acting in a variety of ways. First, The lower propensities may be viewed as acting by themselves, each seeking its own gratification, without transgressing the limits prescribed by enlightened intellect and the moral sentiments: this gratification is legitimate and proper, and the fountain of much enjoyment to human beings. Secondly, The propensities may be considered as acting in opposition to the dictates of the moral sentiments and intellect: A merchant, for instance, by misrepresentation of the real qualities of his commodities, may obtain a higher price for them than if he spoke the truth; or, by depreciating unjustly the goods of a rival, he may attract that rival's customers to himself: By such conduct he would apparently benefit himself, but he would infringe the dictates of the moral sentiments and intellect; in other words, he would do an injury to the interests of his rival, proportionate to the undue benefit which he attempted to secure to himself: All such manifestations of the propensities are abuses, and, when pursued systematically to their results, are seen to injure not only the individual against whom they are directed, but him also who practises them. Thirdly, The moral sentiments may be regarded as acting by themselves, each seeking its own gratification: thus Benevolence may prompt an individual to do acts of kindness, and Veneration to perform exercises of devotion. When the gratification sought by any one or more of the sentiments does not infringe the duties prescribed by all the other faculties, the actions are proper. But any one moral sentiment, acting by itself, may run into excess-Benevolence, for instance, may instigate to generosity at the expense of justice; Veneration may prompt a person to run after sermons abroad, when he should be discharging his domestic duties, or instructing his children at home, -- which actions also are abuses.

Thus there is, 1st, a wide sphere of action provided for the propensities, in which each may seek its gratification in its own way, without transgressing the limits of morality; and this is a good and proper action: 2dly, There is ample scope for the exercise of each of the moral and intellectual faculties, without infringing the dictates of any of the other faculties; and this action also is good. But, on the other hand, the propensities, and also the moral and intellectual faculties, may act singly or in groups, in opposition to the dictates of all the other powers enlightened by knowledge and acting in combination; and all such actions are wrong. Hence right conduct is that which is approved of by the whole faculties, fully enlightened, and acting in harmonious combination. When conflict arises between the desires of the different faculties, the dictates of the moral and intellectual, as superior in kind to those of the animal faculties, must be obcyed, otherwise misery will ensue; and this I call the supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect.

When conflict arises, I do not consider any of the moral sentiments and intellectual faculties singly, or even the whole of them collectively, as sufficient to direct conduct by their mere impulsive suggestions. To fit them to discharge this important duty, they must act in harmonious combination with each other, and be illuminated by knowledge of the nature and legitimate spheres of action of the propensities, and also of physical and moral science. The sources of knowledge are observation and reflection,—experience,—and instruction by books, teachers, and all other means by which the Creator has provided for the improvement of the human mind. Whenever their dictates, thus combined and enlightened, oppose the solicitations of the propen-

sities, the latter must yield,—otherwise, by the constitution of nature, evil will inevitably ensue. This is what I mean by nature being constituted in harmony with the whole faculties of man; the moral sentiments and intellect, in case of conflict, holding the supremacy.

Phrenology shews that different individuals possess the faculties in different degrees: I do not mean, therefore, to say, that in each individual, whatever the proportion of his organs may be, the dictates of his animal, moral, and intellectual powers, acting in harmonious combination, are rules of conduct not to be disputed. On the contrary, in most individuals one or several of the organs are so deficient, or so excessive, in size, in proportion to the others, that their perceptions of duty will differ from the highest standards. The dictates of the animal, moral, and intellectual powers, therefore, acting in harmonious combination, which constitute rules of conduct, are the collective dictates of the best endowed and best balanced minds, illuminated by the greatest knowledge.

Let us now consider the faculties themselves. First, I shall view the propensities acting alone, uninfluenced by the moral and intellectual powers. There is ample scope for their proper activity in this way; but the great distinction between the animal faculties and the powers proper to man is, that the former do not prompt us to seek the welfare of mankind at large: their object is chiefly the preservation of the individual himself, his family, or his tribe; while the latter have the general happiness of the human race, and our duties to God,

as their ends.

THE LOVE OF LIFE, and THE APPETITE FOR FOOD, have clearly reference to the preservation of the individual alone.

Even the domestic affections, amiable and respectable as they undoubtedly are, have self as their chief object. The first three propensities, AMATIVENESS, PHILOPROGENTIVENESS, and ADHESIVENESS, or the group of the domestic affections, desire a conjugal partner, offspring, and friends; the obtaining of these affords them delight—the removal of them occasions pain. But they do not take an interest in the welfare of their objects on their own account. He who loves from Amativeness alone is sensual, faithless, and negligent of the happiness of his partner. He who combines with this propensity, Benevolence, Veneration, Justice, and Intellect, will disinterestedly promote the real happiness of the object of his affection.

To realize happiness, the whole faculties must be gratified harmoniously, or at least the gratification of one or more of them must not offend any of the others. For example, suppose the group of the domestic affections to be highly interested in an individual, and strongly to desire an alliance with him, but that he is improvident and immoral, and altogether an object of whom the higher faculties, acting by themselves, cannot approve; -then bitter days of repentance will necessarily follow, when the lower feelings begin to languish, and his qualities give offence to the moral powers. on the other hand, the domestic affections be guided to an object pleasing to the higher sentiments, these themselves will be gratified; they will double the delights afforded by the inferior faculties, and render the enjoyment permanent.

The love of children, springing from Philoprogenitiveness, is the same in kind as that of the naiser for his gold; an interest in the object, for the sake of the gratification which it affords to his own mind, without desiring, or being able to distinguish, what is good for the object on its own account. This truth is recognised by Sir Walter Scott. He says, "Elspat's ardent, though selfish affection for her son, incapable of being qualified by a regard for the true interests of the unfortunate object of her attachment, resembled the instinctive fondness of the animal race for their offspring;

and, diving little farther into futurity than one of the

inferior creatures, she only felt that to be separated from Hamish was to die."*

In man, this faculty generally acts along with Benevolence, and a disinterested desire of the happiness of the child mingles with, and elevates, the mere instinct of Philoprogenitiveness; but the sources of these two affections are Aferent, their degrees vary in different persons, and their ends also are dissimilar. This is exemplified every day by the conduct of mothers, who, although actuated by an intense love of their offspring, nevertheless spoil them by vicious indulgence, and render them completely miserable. If Philoprogenitiveness were capable, singly, of desiring and perceiving the real welfare of children, the treatment of them would, in all cases, be rational and beneficial, in proportion to the degree in which this faculty was active; but this is not consistent with experience. Again, Christian mothers, who sincerely believe that, at death, their children pass into everlasting happiness, which is far better for them than sojourning on earth, nevertheless shew the highest indications of bereavement and sorrow on their loss;-thus affording evidence that their love was not a disinterested affection concerned exclusively for the happiness of the being itself which constituted its object.

The same observation applies to the affection proceeding from Adhesiveness. When this faculty acts alone, it desires, for its own satisfaction, a friend to love; but, from its own impulses, it is not interested in the welfare of its object. It feels attached to him as a sheep does to its fellows of the flock; but, if Benevolence do not act along with it, it does nothing for the happiness of that friend. Both Adhesiveness and Philoprogenitiveness tend to excite Benevolence towards their objects :- When this sentiment, however, is naturally very weak, the propensities cannot render it vividly active. The horse feels melancholy when his companion is removed; but the feeling appears to be simply one of uneasiness at the absence of an object which gratified his Adhesiveness. His companion may have been led to a richer pasture, or introduced to more agreeable society; yet this does not assuage the distress suffered by him at his removal: his tranquillity is restored only by time causing the activity of Adhesiveness to subside, or by the substitution of another object on which it may expend itself. In human nature, the effect of the faculty, when acting singly, is the same; and this accounts for the fact of the almost total indifference of many persons who were really attached by Adhesiveness to each other, when one falls into misfortune, and becomes a disagreeable object to the pride or vanity of the other. Suppose two persons, elevated in rank, and possessed of affluence, to have each Adhesiveness, Self-Esteem, and Love of Approbation large, with Benevolence and Conscientiousness moderate, it is obvious that, while both are in prosperity, they may really like each other's society, and feel a reciprocal attachment, because there will be mutual sympathy in their Adhesiveness, and the Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation of each will be gratified by the rank and circumstances of the other: but imagine one of them to fall into misfortune, and to cease to be an object gratifying to Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation; suppose that he becomes a poor friend instead of a rich and influential one; the harmony between their selfish faculties will be broken, and then Adhesiveness in the one who remains rich will transfer its affection to another individual who may gratify it, and also supply agreeable sensations to Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation-to a genteel friend, in short, who will look well in the eye of the world.

Much of this conduct occurs in society, and the complaint is very ancient, that the storms of adversity disperse friends, as the wintry blasts strip from the forest the leaves that gally adorned it in the sunshine of sum-

^{*} Chronicles of the Canongate, vol. i. p. 181.

mer; and, in consequence, many moral sentences have been pointed, and epigrams finely turned, on the selfishness and corruption of poor human nature. But such friendships were attachments founded on the lower feelings, which, by their constitution, do not regard the welfare of others; and the desertion complained of, is the legitimate result of the principles on which both parties acted during the gay hours of prosperity. If we look at a cast of the head of Sheridan, we shall perceive large Adhesiveness, Self-Esteem, and Love of Approbation, with deficient Causality, and moderate Conscientiousness. He had large Individuality, Comparison, Secretiveness, and Imitation, which gave him talents for observation and display. When these earned him a brilliant reputation, he was surrounded by friends, and he himself probably felt attachment in return. But he was deficient in morality, and not disposed to love his friends with a true, disinterested, and honest regard; he abused their kindness; and when he sank into poverty and wretchedness, and ceased to be an honour to them, all who were constituted like himself deserted him. But the whole connexion was founded on selfish principles: Sheridan honoured them, and they flattered Sheridan; and the abandonment was the natural consequence of the cessation of gratification to their selfish feelings. I shall by-and-by point out the sources of a loftier and purer friendship, and its effects. Those individuals only who acted from Adhesiveness combined with the higher feelings, remained attached to him through all his misfortunes.

COMBATIVENESS and DESTRUCTIVENESS also, when acting alone, or in combination with the other propensities, do not in their own nature seek the happiness of others. If aggression be committed against us, Combativeness shews the front of opposition and repels the attack; Destructiveness inflicts pain or injury, to make the aggressor desist, or it takes vengeance for the offence. Both feelings are obviously very different from Benevolence. I do not say that, in themselves, they are despicable or sinful; on the contrary, they are necessary, and, when legitimately employed, highly useful; but still their first and instinctive object is the preservation of self.

SECRETIVENESS suppresses feelings that are improper to be manifested, and that might injure us with other individuals, and restrains the faculties generally. It also gives the desire to find out secrets that its possessor may guard himself against hostile plots or designs. In itself it does not desire, in any respect, the benefit of others.

The next organ is Acquisitiveness. It blindly desires to possess, is pleased with accumulating, and suffers great uneasiness in being deprived of possessions; but its object is not the happiness of others. Like all the other faculties, it is highly useful, for even Benevolence cannot give away until Acquisitiveness has acquired. There are friendships, particularly among mercantile men, founded on Adhesiveness and Acquisitiveness, just as in fashionable life they are founded on Adhesiveness and Love of Approbation. Two individuals fall into a course of dealing, by which each reaps profit from transactions with the other: this leads to intimacy; Adhesiveness mingles its influence, and a feeling of attachment is at last produced. The moment, however, that the Acquisitiveness of the one suffers the least inroad from that of the other, and their interests clash, they are apt, if no higher principle unite them, to become bitter enemies. It is probable that, while these fashionable and commercial friendships last, the parties may profess great reciprocal esteem and regard, and that, when a rupture takes place, the one who is depressed or disobliged, may recall these expressions, and charge the other with hypocrisy; but they really were not insincere. From Adhesiveness and gratified Love of Approbation or Acquisitiveness, each probably felt something which he believed to be disinterested friendship;

but if each would honestly probe his own conscience, he would be obliged to acknowledge that the whole basis of the connexion was selfish—and hence, that the result is just what should be expected by every man who places his reliance for happiness chiefly on the lower feelings.

Self-Esterm is, in its very essence and name, selfish: it is the love of ourselves, and the esteem of ourselves par excellence.

LOVE OF APPROBATION, although many think otherwise, does not in itself desire the happiness of others. Its object is applause to ourselves, to be esteemed ourselves; and if it prompt us to do services, or to say agreeable things to others, this is not from pure love of them, but for the sake of obtaining the self-gratification afforded by their good opinion.

Suppose, for example, that we are acquainted with a person who has committed an error in some official duty, -who has done or said something that the public disapproves of, and which we see to be really wrong,-Benevolence and Conscientiousness would prompt us to lay before our friend the very head and front of his offending, and conjure him to forsake his error, and make public amends :- Love of Approbation, on the other hand, would simply desire to gain his applause, by making ourselves agreeable to him, without looking farther. If unenlightened, it would either render us averse to speak to him at all on the subject, lest he should be offended; or prompt us to extenuate his fault, to gloss it over, and to represent it either as a simple mistake or as extremely trivial. If we analyze the motive which prompts to this course, we shall find that it is not love of our friend or consideration for his welfare-but fear lest, by our presenting to him disagreeable truths, he should feel offended with us, and deprive us of the gratification afforded by his good opinion.

Another illustration may be given. A manufacturer in a country-town, having acquired a considerable fortune by trade, applied part of it in building a princely mansion, which he furnished in the richest and most expensive style of fashion. He asked his customers, near and distant, to visit him, and introduced them into an apartment that dazzled them with splendour. This excited their curiosity and wonder, which was precisely the effect he desired; he then led them over his whole suite of rooms, and displayed before them his grandeur and taste. In doing so, he affected to act as if he were conferring a gratification on them, and believed that he was filling their minds with an intense admiration of his greatness; but the real effect was very different. The motive of his conduct was not love of them, or regard for their happiness or welfare; it was not Benevolence to others that prompted him to build the palace; it was not Veneration; it was not Conscientiousness. The fabric sprang from Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation, combined, no doubt, with considerable Intellect and Ideality. In leading his humble brethren in trade through the princely halls, over the costly carpets, and amidst the gilded mirrors and rich array that everywhere met their eyes, he exulted in the consciousness of his own importance, and asked for their admiration, not as an expression of respect for any real benefit conferred upon them, but as the much relished food of his own selfish vanity.

Let us attend, in the next place, to the effect which this display would produce on those to whom it was addressed. To gain their esteem or affection, it would have been necessary to manifest towards them Benevolence, respect, and justice; for, to cause another individual to love us, we must make him the object of our moral sentiments, which have his good and happiness for their end. Here, however, these were not the inspiring motives, and the want of them would be instinctively felt. The customers who possessed the least shrewdness would ascribe the whole exhibition to the vanity of the owner, and they would either pity, or envy and hate him if their own moral sentiments pre-

dominated, they would pity him; if their Self-Esteem | and Love of Approbation were paramount, they would envy his magnificence, yet be offended at his assumed superiority, and would hate him. It would be only the silliest and the vainest who would be at all gratified; and their satisfaction would arise from the feeling, that they could now return to their own circle, and boast how great a friend they had, and in how grand a style they had been entertained-this display being a direct gratification of their own Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation, by identifying themselves with him. Even this pleasure would exist only where the admirer was so humble in rank as to entertain no idea of rivalship, and so limited in intellect and morality as not to perceive the worthlessness of the qualities by which he was captivated.

In like manner, when persons, even of more sense than the manufacturer here alluded to, give entertainments to their friends, they sometimes fail in their object from the same cause. Their leading motive is a wish to shew off themselves, much more than to confer real happiness upon their acquaintances; and, by the unbending law of human nature, this must fail in exciting goodwill and pleasure in the minds of those to whom it is addressed, because it disagreeably affects their Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation. In short, to be really successful in gratifying our friends, we must keep our own selfish faculties in due subordination, and pour out copious streams of real kindness from the higher sentiments, animated and elevated by intellect; and all who have experienced the heartfelt joy and satisfaction attending an entertainment conducted on this principle, will never quarrel with the homeliness of the fare, or feel uneasy about the absence of fashion in the service.

CAUTIOUSNESS is the next faculty, and is a sentiment instituted to prompt us to shun danger. Acting apart from the moral sentiments, it would seek first to protect self from evil; and this is its essential object.

This terminates the list of the Feelings common to man with the lower animals,* and which, as we have seen, when acting impulsively, either singly or in combination with each other, apart from the moral powers, do not seek the welfare of others as their aim, but have self-preservation and self-gratification as their leading objects. They are given for the protection and advantage of our individual nature, and, when manifested in their proper spheres, are highly useful, and also respectable, viewed with reference to that end. action is then also in harmony with the dictates of the moral sentiments; but they are sources of innumerable evils when allowed to usurp the ascendency over these powers, and to become the leading springs of our social conduct. Their action appears to be the same in kind, in man and in the lower animals. We do not regard a cow in suckling her calf, or a dog in defending his bone, as manifesting moral feelings. We approve of these and other manifestations of the propensities in the lower animals, because they are suited to their nature and circumstances; but the notion of morality springs from the higher sentiments, which are superior in kind to the propensities.

I proceed to notice the Moral Sentiments, and to point out their objects and relations.

BENEVOLENCE has direct reference to other beings. If they are miscrable it feels compassion for them, and desires to relieve them. It purely and disinterestedly desires the happiness of its objects: it loves for the sake

* Benevolence is stated in the works on Phrenology as common to man with the lower animals; but in these creatures it appears to produce rather passive meekness and good nature, than actual desire for each other's happiness. In the human race, this last has its proper function; and, viewed in this light, I treat of it as exclusively a human faculty.

of the person beloved; if he be well, and the sunbeams of prosperity shine warmly around him, it exults and delights in his felicity. It desires a diffusion of joy, and renders the feet swift and the arms strong in the cause of charity and love. By the beneficence of the Creator, it is, when gratified, the source of great enjoyment to its possessor; insomuch that some authors have asserted, that men are benevolent for the sake of this pleasure. But this is not correct. The impulse is instinctive, and acts before the intellect has anticipated the result.

VENERATION also has reference to others. It looks up with a pure and elevated emotion to the being to whom it is directed, whether God or our fellow-men, and delights in the contemplation of their great and good qualities. It renders self lowly, humble, and sub-

missive. God is its highest object.

Hore spreads its gay wing in the boundless regions of futurity. It desires good, and expects it to come: "it incites us, indeed, to aim at a good which we can live without;" but its influence is soft, soothing, and happy. When combined with the propensities, it expects good to self; when with the moral sentiments, it anticipates universal happiness.

IDEALITY delights in perfection from the pure pleasure of contemplating it. So far as it is concerned, the picture, the statue, the landscape, or the mansion, on which it abides with the intensest rapture, is as pleasing, although the property of another, as if all its own. It is a spring that is touched by the beautiful wherever it exists; and hence its means of enjoyment are as unbounded as the universe.

WONDER seeks the new and the striking, and is delighted with change; but there is no desire of appro-

priation to self in its longings.

Conscientionsness stands in the midway between self and other individuals. It implies the existence of both selfish and social tendencies in man, for one of its functions is to regulate their contending solicitations. It is a regulator both of our animal and moral feelings, and aided by intellect, it serves to point out the limits which they must not pass. It desires to do to another as we would have another to do to us, and is the guardian of the welfare of our fellow-men, while it sanctions and supports our personal feelings within the bounds of justice. It is a noble feeling; and the mere consciousness of its being bestowed upon us, ought to bring home to our minds an intense conviction that the Author of the universe from whom it springs is at once wise and just.

The sentiments now enumerated may be erroneously directed, or may act in excess, and, in either case, may give rise to abuses, such as profusion, superstition, or extravagant refinement. But the grand distinction between them and the propensities is this: The propensities, acting even legitimately-singly, or in combination with each other, but not in combination with the moral sentiments-have individual interests for their direct objects, and do not actively desire the happiness of other beings for the sake of these beings themselves: the actions of the lower animals afford illustrations in point. The moral powers, on the other hand, acting in harmonious combination with each other, and directed by enlightened intellect, desire the welfare or honour of other beings as their direct object: the purest and the best of men afford in their conduct examples of the truth of this remark.* It is not this distinction alone, however, which confers the moral character on the latter sentiments. There is an inherent difference in kind between them and the pro-

* The classification of the moral sentiments in the phrenological system is not perfect: It includes Wit, Imitation, Firmness, and Wonder, which are not necessarily or essentially moral. By "the moral tentiments," when used as a general expression, I mean Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness, aided by Hope, Ideality, and Firmness.

pensities, which is felt by those who possess both. In | cases of conflict, the superiority is recognised as belonging to the moral faculties by their natural constitution.*

Intellect is universal in its applications. It may become the handmaid of any of the faculties; it may devise a plan to murder or to bless, to steal or to bestow, to rear up or to destroy; but, as its proper use is to observe the different objects of creation, to mark their relations, and to direct the propensities and sentiments to their proper and legitimate enjoyments, it has a boundless sphere of activity, and, when properly exercised and applied, is a source of high and inexhaustible delight.

The world is so constituted, that all necessary and really advantageous gratifications of the propensities, are compatible with the dictates of the moral sentiments and intellectual powers, so that scope is afforded to all the faculties to act in harmonious combination: while all gratifications of the propensities which are disapproved of by the higher powers, are, in their ultimate consequences, hurtful to the individual himself. In like manner, all manifestations of the moral sentiments, when acting in harmonious combination and directed by enlightened intellect, although they tend directly to the welfare of others, indirectly contribute, in a high degree, to the enjoyment of the virtuous agent.

Keeping in view the great difference now pointed out between the animal and moral faculties, the reader will perceive that three consequences follow from the

constitution of these powers.

First, All the faculties, when in excess, are insatiable, and, from the constitution of the world, never can be satisfied. They indeed may be soon satisfied on any particular occasion. Food will soon blunt the appetite; success in a speculation will render Acquisitiveness quiescent for the moment; a triumph will satisfy for the time Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation; a long concert will fatigue Tune; and a tedious discourse will afflict Causality. But after repose they will all renew their solicitations. They must all, therefore, be regulated in their action, particularly the propensities and

* See an able essay on this subject in the Phren. Journal, No. 12, entitled " On the Phrenological Theory of Virtue;" republished in the American Phren. Journal, vol. iii. No. 3, article 1. The author of the essay states clearly and correctly the distinction between virtue and merit. "We hold," says he, " virtue to be a term expressive of the relation of the sentiments of Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness, to certain actions contemplated by us, in which the enlightened exercise of these sentiments is involved." "The idea of merit emanates solely from the operation of the selfish feelings and desires." "It is evident that Conscientiousness can see no merit in being just, for inclination can never perceive merit in its own gratification. In the same way, Veneration can discover no merit in yielding that deferential homage to superiority which is its natural tribute. And Benevolence is equally blind to the perception of merit in being kind and charitable; yet merit is a word which, in reference to justice, veneration, and charity, conveys a distinct idea, and we are bound, therefore, to account for its existence." "When we contemplate the noble Regulus eloquently pleading for the very decree which must consign him to the fury of his enemies," " it is in virtue neither of Conscientiousness nor Veneration that his great merit is perceived, because these faculties discover nothing in the action beyond the simple obedience to their own dictates. But Cautiousness, with its dark forebodings of pain, and misery, and death, and Adhesiveness, with its yearning after the objects of its fond desire, tell us of the terrible assaults which Conscientiousness and Veneration must have sustained in maintaining their supremacy. And the different degrees of merit which different minds will discover in this action, will be in exact proportion to the vigour in these minds, of the two higher sentiments which produced the action, in relation to the power of the two selfish feelings by which it would have been opposed." "The clamorous outcries of these selfish feelings tell us of the snares with which Conscientiousness and Veneration were in this instance environed, and it is therefore we attach merit to the supremacy they maintained."

lower sentiments. These having self as their primary object, and being blind to consequences, do not set limits to their own indulgence; and, when allowed to exceed the boundaries prescribed by the superior sentiments and intellect, lead directly to misery to the in-

dividual, and injury to society.

As this circumstance attending the propensities is of great practical importance, I shall make a few observations in elucidation of it. The births and lives of children depend upon circumstances over which unenlightened men have but a limited control; and hence' an individual, whose supreme happiness springs from the gratification of Philoprogenitiveness, may, by the predominance of that propensity and the inactivity of the higher powers, be led to neglect or infringe the natural laws on which the lives and welfare of his children depend, to treat them irrationally, and thus to defeat his own desires. He will be in constant danger of anguish and disappointment, from the death of his children, or from their undutiful conduct. Besides, Philoprogenitiveness, acting in each parent along with Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation, would desire that his children should possess the highest rank and greatest wealth, and be distinguished for the most splendid talents. But, the highest, the greatest, and the most splendid of any qualities, necessarily imply the existence of inferior degrees, and are attainable only by few. The animal faculties, therefore, must be restrained in their desires, and directed to their objects by the moral sentiments, and by intellect, otherwise they will inevitably lead to disappointment. In like manner, Acquisitiveness desires wealth; but as nature affords annually only a limited quantity of the articles from which wealth can be created, and as human labour and skill, the means of its creation, have limits, it is selfevident that, if all desire to acquire and possess a large amount, ninety-nine out of every hundred must be disappointed. This disappointment, from the very constitution of nature, is inevitable to the greater number; and when individuals form schemes of aggrandisement, originating from desires communicated by the animal faculties alone, they wou do well to keep this law of nature in view. When we look around us, we see how few become rich; how few succeed in accomplishing all their lofty anticipations for the advancement of their children; and how few attain the summit of ambition, compared with the multitudes who fail. The animal faculties exist in all men, and when they act without regulation, they prompt one man to defeat the gratification of another. All this arises, not from error and imperfection in the institutions of the Creator, but from blindness in men to their own nature, to the nature of external objects, and to the relations established between them; in short, from blindness to the principles of the divine administration of the world.

Secondly, The animal propensities being inferior in their nature to the human faculties, their gratifications, when not approved of by the latter, leave a painful feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction in the mind. occasioned by the secret disavowal of their excessive action by the higher feelings. Suppose, for example, a young person to set out in life with ardent wishes to acquire wealth, and to attain honour and distinction. Imagine him to rise early and sit up late; to put forth all the energies of a powerful mind in buying, selling, and becoming rich; and to be successful: it is obvious, that Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness, had a small share in prompting him to this course of action; and that, in pursuing it, they have not received direct and intended gratification. They may have anxiously and constantly watched the animal faculties, longing for the hour when they should say Enough; their whole occupation, in the mean time, having been to restrain them from such gross excesses as would have defeated their own ends.

Suppose, then, this individual to have reached the

evening of life, and to look back on the pleasures and pains of his past existence: he must feel that there have been vanity and vexation of spirit,-or the want of a satisfying portion; because the highest of his faculties. have not been the motives of his conduct, and have received no direct and adequate gratification. If an individual have, through life, aimed at acquiring reputation, he will find that the real affection and esteem of mankind which he has gained, will be great or small in proportion to the degree in which he has manifested, in his habitual conduct, the higher or the lower faculties. If men have seen him selfish in his pursuit of wealth, selfish in his domestic affections, selfish in his ambition; although he may have pursued his objects without positive encroachment on the rights of others, they will still look coldly on him-they will feel no glow of affection towards him, no elevated respect, and no sincere admiration. If he possess penetration, he will see and feel that this is the case; but the fault is his own: love, esteem, and sincere respect, arise, by the Creator's laws, from contemplating, not plodding selfish faculties, but Benevolence, Veneration, and Justice, as the motives and ends of our conduct; and the individual supposed will have reaped the natural and legitimate produce of the soil which he cultivated, and the seed which he sowed.

Thirdly, The higher feelings, when acting in harmonious combination, and directed by enlightened intellect, have a boundless scope for gratification: their least indulgence is delightful, and their highest activity is bliss; they cause no repentance, leave no void, but render life a scene at once of peaceful tranquillity and sustained felicity: and, what is of much importance, conduct proceeding from their dictates carries in its train the highest gratification to the animal propensities themselves, of which the latter are susceptible. At the same time, it must be remembered, that the sentiments err, and lead also to evil, when not regulated by enlightened intellect; that intellect in its turn must give due weight to the existence and desires of both the propensities and the sentiments, as elements in the human constitution, before it can arrive at sound conclusions regarding conduct; and that rational actions and true happiness flow from the gratification of all the faculties in harmony with each other,-the moral sentiments and intellect, only in cases of conflict, bearing the directing sway.

This proposition may be shortly illustrated. Imagine an individual to commence life, with the thorough conviction that the higher sentiments are the superior powers, and that they and the propensities ought to act harmoniously together-the first effect would be to cause him to look outward on other men and on his Creator, as well as inwardly on himself, as the objects of his regard. Benevolence would infuse into his mind the feeling that there are other human beings as dear to the Creator and as much entitled to enjoyment as himself; and that his duty is to seek no gratification to himself which is calculated to prove injurious to them, but, on the contrary, to act so as to confer on them, by his daily exertions, all the services in his power: Veneration would give a strong feeling of reliance on the power and wisdom of God, that such conduct would conduce to the highest gratification of all his faculties; it would add also an habitual respect for his fellow-men, as beings deserving his regard, and to whose reasonable wishes he was bound to yield a willing and sincere obedience: Lastly, Conscientiousness would prompt him habitually to restrain his animal desires, so as to prevent the slightest abuse of them which would prove injurious to his fellow-men.

Let us trace, then, the effect which these principles would produce in ordinary life. Suppose a friendship formed by such an individual: one of his fundamental principles being Benevolence, which inspires with a pure and disinterested regard for other men, he would

desire his friend's welfare for his friend's sake. Next, Veneration, acting along with intellect, would reinforce this love, by the conviction that it was entirely conformable to the law of God, and would be acceptable in His sight. It would also add a habitual deference towards the friend himself, which would render his manner pleasing to him, and his deportment yielding and accommodating in all things proper to be forborne or done. Thirdly, Conscientiousness, ever on the watch, would proclaim the duty of making no unjust demands on the good nature of a friend, but of limiting the whele intercourse with him to an interchange of kindness, good offices, and reciprocal affection. Intellect, acting along with these principles, would point out, as an indispensable requisite to such an attachment, that the friend himself should be so far under the influence of the moral sentiments as to be able, in some degree, to satisfy them; for if he were immoral, selfish, vainly ambitious, or, in short, under the habitual influence of the propensities, the sentiments could not love and respect him: they might pity him as unfortunate, but love him they could not, because this is impossible by the very laws of their constitution.

Let us now attend to the degree in which such a friendship would gratify the lower propensities. In the first place, how would Adhesiveness rejoice in such an attachment? It would be filled with delight, because, if the intellect were convinced that the friend habitually acknowledged the supremacy of the higher sentiments, Adhesiveness might pour forth all its ardour, and cling to its object with the closest bonds of affection. The friend would not encroach on us for evil, because his Benevolence and Justice would oppose this; he would not lay aside restraint, and break through the bonds of affection by undue familiarity, because Veneration would forbid this; he would not injure us in our name, person, or reputation, because Conscientiousness, Veneration, and Benevolence, all combined, would prevent such conduct. Here, then, Adhesiveness, freed from the fear of evil, of deceit, and of dishonour (because such a friend could not possibly fall into dishonour), would be at liberty to take its deepest draught of affectionate attachment: it would receive a gratification which it is impossible it could attain while acting in combination with the purely selfish faculties. What delight, too, would such a friendship afford to Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation! There would be a legitimate approval of ourselves, arising from a survey of pure motives and just and benevolent actions. Love of Approbation, also, would be gratified in the highest degree; for every act of affection, every expression of esteem, from such a friend, would be so purified by Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness, that it would form the legitimate food on which Love of Approbation might feast and be satisfied: it would fear no hollowness beneath, no tattling in absence, no secret smoothing over for the sake of mere effect, no envyings, no jealousies. In a word, friendship founded on the higher sentiments as the ruling motives, would delight the mind with gladness and sunshine, and gratify all the faculties, animal, moral, and intellectual in harmony with each other.

By this illustration, the reader will understand more clearly what I mean by the harmony of the faculties. The fashionable and commercial friendships of which I spoke gratified the propensities of Adhesiveness, Love of Approbation, Self-Esteem, and Acquisitiveness, but left out, as fundamental principles, all the higher sentiments:—there was, therefore, in these instances, a want of harmonious gratification to the whole faculties, which want gave rise to a feeling of the absence of full satisfaction; it permitted only a mixed and imperfect enjoyment while the friendship lasted, and induced a feeling of painful disappointment, or of vanity and vexation, when a rupture occurred. The error, in such cases, consists in founding attachment on the lower fa-

culties, seeing that they, by themselves, are not calculated to form a stable basis of affection; instead of building it on them and the higher sentiments, which, acting together, afford a foundation for real, lasting, and satisfactory friendship. In complaining of the hollowness of attachments springing from the lower faculties exclusively, we are like men who should try to build a pyramid on its smaller end, and then speak of the unkindness of Providence, and lament the hardness of their fate, when it fell. A similar analysis of all other pleasures founded on the animal propensities chiefly, would exhibit similar results. Happiness, therefore, must be viewed as resulting from the harmonious activity of the three great classes of faculties: the moral sentiments and intellect, in cases of conflict, exercising the directing and controlling sway.

Many men, on arriving at the close of life, complain of all its pursuits and enjoyments having proved vanity and vexation of spirit; but, to my mind, this is just an intimation that the plan of their lives has been selfish, that they have missed the right method of doing good, and that they have sought for pleasure, not in legitimate uses, but in foolish abuses of their faculties. cannot conceive that the hour of death should cause the mind to feel all acts of kindness done to others,-all exercises of devotion performed in a right spirit,-all deeds of justice executed,-all rays of knowledge disseminated,-during life, as vain, unprofitable, and unconsoling, even at the moment of our leaving for ever this sublunary scene. On the contrary, such actions appear to me to be those which the mind would then rejoice to pass in review, as having afforded real enjoyment, and as having conferred the greatest permanent benefits on our fellow-men.

SECT. V.—THE FACULTIES OF MAN COMPARED WITH EXTERNAL OBJECTS.

Having considered man as a physical being, and briefly adverted to the adaptation of his constitution to the physical laws of creation; having viewed him as an organized being, and traced the relations of his organic structure to his external circumstances; having taken a rapid survey of his faculties as an animal, moral, and intellectual being,—with their uses and the forms of their abuses; and having contrasted these faculties with each other, and discovered the supremacy in cases of conflict of the Moral Sentiments and Intellect, I proceed to compare his faculties with external objects, in order to discover what provision has been made for their gratification.

AMATIVENESS is a feeling obviously necessary for the continuance of the species; and one which, properly regulated, produces great enjoyment, in perfect harmony with reason:—opposite sexes exist to provide for its gratification.*

PHILOPROGENITIVENESS is given,—and offspring exist.

Concentrativeness is conferred,—and the other faculties are its objects.

ADHESIVENESS is given,—and country and friends

COMBATIVENESS is bestowed,—and physical and moral obstacles exist, to meet and subdue which, courage is necessary.

DESTRUCTIVENESS is given,—and man is constituted with a carnivorous stomach, and animals to be killed and eaten exist. Besides, the whole combinations of creation are in a state of decay and renovation. In the animal kingdom almost every species of creature is the prey of some other; and the faculty of Destructiveness places the human mind in harmony with this order of creation. Destruction makes way for renovation; the

* The nature and sphere of activity of the phrenological faculties is explained at length in the "System of Phrenology," to which I beg leave to refer. Here I can only indicate general ideas.

act of renovation furnishes occasion for the activity of our other powers; and activity is pleasure. That destruction is a natural institution is unquestionable. Not only has nature taught the spider to construct a web for the purpose of ensnaring flies that it may devour them, and constituted beasts of prey with carnivorous teeth; but she has formed even plants, such as the Drosera, to catch and kill flies, and use them for food. Destructiveness is also the source of resentment and indignation—a most important defensive as well as vindicatory purpose. It is a check upon undue encroachment, and tends to constrain mankind to pay regard to the rights and feelings of each other. When properly regulated, it is an able assistant to justice.

CONSTRUCTIVENESS is given,—and materials for constructing artificial habitations, raiment, ships, and various other fabrics that add to the enjoyment of life, are the objects which give it scope.

Acquisitiveness is bestowed,—and property exists, capable of being collected, preserved, and applied to use.

Secretiveness is given,—and the manifestations of our faculties require to be restrained, until fit occasions and legitimate objects present themselves for their gratification; which restraint is rendered not only possible but agreeable, by the propensity in question. While we suppress our emotions, ideas, designs, or opinions, and confine them within the limits of our own consciousness, we exercise and gratify this faculty in the very act of doing so.

Self-Esteem is given,—and we have an individual existence and individual interests, as its objects.

LOVE OF APPROBATION is bestowed,—and we are surrounded by our fellow-men, whose good opinion is the object of its desire.

CAUTIOUSNESS is admirably adapted to the nature of the external world. The human body is combustible, is liable to be destroyed by violence, to suffer injury from extreme wet and winds, &c.; and it is necessary for us to be habitually watchful to avoid these sources of calamity. Accordingly, Cautiousness is bestowed on us as an ever-watchful sentinel, constantly whispering "Take care." There is ample scope for the legitimate and pleasurable exercise of all our faculties, without running into these evils, provided we know enough, and are watchful enough; and, therefore, Cautiousness is not overwhelmed with inevitable terms. It serves merely as a warder to excite us to bewar of sudden and unexpected danger; it keeps the other for ultimate wair posts, by furnishing a stimulus to them to observe and to trace consequences, that safety may be ensured; and, when these other faculties do their duty, the impulses of Cautiousness, instead of being painful, are the reverse: they communicate a feeling of safety, which is exceedingly agreeable. Hence this faculty appears equally benevolent in its design as the others which we have contem plated. It is clear that the gift of an organ of Cautiousness implied that man was to be placed in a field of danger. It is adapted to a world like the present, but would be at variance with a scene into which no evil could intrude.

Here, then, we perceive a beautiful provision made for supporting the activity of the lower propensities, and affording them legitimate gratification. Apparently, these powers are conferred on us to support our animal nature, and to place us in harmony with the external objects of creation. Far from being injurious or base in themselves, they possess the dignity of utility, and are sources of high enjoyment, when legitimately indulged. The phrenologist, therefore, would not seek to extirpate them, or to weaken them too much. He desires only to see their excesses prevented, and their exercise directed in accordance with the great institutions and designs of the Creator. Theologians who enforce the corruption of human nature, would do well to consider whether man, as originally constituted, possessed the organs of these propensities or not. If he did possess them, it

will be incumbent on them to shew the objects of them in a world where there was no sorrow, sin, death, or danger. If these organs were bestowed only after the fall, the question will remain to be solved, whether man with new organs added to his brain, and new propensities to his mind, continued the same being as when these did not form parts of his constitution. Or, finally, they may consider whether the existence of these organs, and of an external world adapted to them, does not prove that man, as he now exists, is actually the same being as when he was created, and that his corruption consists in his tendency to abuse his faculties, and not in any inherent viciousness attributable to his nature itself.

The next class of faculties is that embracing the Moral Sentiments proper to man. These are the following:

BENEVOLENCE is given, -and sentient and intelligent beings are created, whose happiness we may increase, and whose sufferings we are able to alleviate, thereby affording it scope and delight. It is an error to imagine that creatures in misery are the only objects of benevolence, and that it has no function but to experience pity. It is a wide-spreading fountain of generous feeling, desiring for its gratification not only the removal of pain, but the maintenance and augmentation of positive enjoyment; and the happier it can render its objects, the more complete are its satisfaction and delight. Its exercise, like that of all the other faculties, is a source of great pleasure to the individual himself; and the system of things established on earth seems well adapted for affording it exercise. From the nature of the human faculties, each individual has it in his power to confer benefits, or, in other words, to pour forth copious streams of benevolence on others, by legitimately gratifying their various feelings and intellectual faculties, without injuring himself.

VENERATION.—The highest object of this faculty is the Divine Being; and I here assume the existence of God as a fact capable of demonstration. The very essay in which I am now engaged is an attempt at an exposition of some of his attributes, manifested in this world. If we find wisdom and benevolence in his works, unchangeableness and no shadow of turning in his laws, harmony in each department of creation; and if we shall discover that the vils which afflict us are much his arrangements than the consequences No control and neglect of institutions really calculated to promote our enjoyment,-then we shall acknowledge in the Divine Being an object whom we may love with all our soul, and reverence with the deepest emotions of veneration, and on whom Hope and Conscientiousness may repose with a perfect and unhesitating reliance. The exercise of this sentiment is attended with great positive enjoyment, when the object is in harmony with our other faculties. Farther, its activity disposes us to yield obedience to the Creator's laws, which increases our own happiness; and hence its exercise is largely provided for.

HOPE is given,—and our understanding, by discovering the laws of nature, is enabled to penetrate into the future. This sentiment is gratified by the absolute reliance which Causality convinces us we may place on the stability and wisdom of the divine arrangements: its legitimate exercise, in reference to this life, is to give us a vivifying faith that good is attainable if we use the proper means. It is a powerful alleviator of our afflictions. The exercise of Veneration and Hope in relation to God and a future state of existence is prescribed in the Scriptures.

IDEALITY is bestowed,—and not only is external nature invested with the most exquisite loveliness, but a capacity for moral and intellectual refinement is given to us, by which we may rise in the scale of improvement, and, at every step of our progress, reap direct enjoyment from this sentiment. Its constant de ire is for

"something more exquisite still." In its own immediate impulses it is delightful, and external nature and our other faculties respond to its call.

Wonder prompts us to admiration, and desires something new. When we contemplate man endowed with intellect to discover the existence of a Deity and to comprehend his works, we cannot doubt that Wonder is provided with objects for its intensest exercise; and when we view him placed in a world where old things are constantly passing away, and a system of renovation is incessantly proceeding, we see at once how vast a provision is made for the gratification of his desire of novelty, and how admirably it is calculated to impel his other faculties to action.

Conscientiousness exists,—and it has a wide field of exercise in regulating the rights and interests of the individual in relation to other men and to society. The existence of selfish propensities and disinterested emotions demands a power to arbitrate between them, and to regulate both, and such is the sentiment of Conscientiousness. To afford it full satisfaction, it is necessary to prove that all the divine institutions are founded in justice. This is a point which many regard as involved in much obscurity; I shall endeavour in this Essay to lift the veil in part; for to me justice appears to flow through every divine institution that is sufficiently understood.

One difficulty, in regard to Conscientiousness, long appeared inexplicable; it was, how to reconcile with benevolence the institution by which this faculty visits us with remorse, after offences are actually committed, instead of arresting our hands by an irresistible veto before sinning, so as to save us from the perpetration altogether. The problem is solved by the principle, That happiness consists in the activity of our faculties, and that the arrangement of punishment after the offence is far more conducive to activity than the oppo-For example, if we desired to enjoy the highest gratification in exploring a new country, replete with the most exquisite beauties of scenery and the most captivating natural productions; and if we found in our path precipices that gratified Ideality, but which endangered life when, neglecting the law of gravitation, we advanced too near; whether would it be more bountiful in Providence to send an invisible attendant with us, who, whenever we were about to approach the brink, should interpose a barrier, and fairly cut short our advance, without requiring us to bestow one thought upon the subject, and without our knowing when to expect it and when not; -or to leave all open, but to confer on us, as he has done, eyes fitted to see the precipice, faculties to comprehend the law of gravitation, and Cautiousness to make us fear the infringement of it, -and then to leave us to enjoy the scene in perfect safety if we used these powers, but to fall over and suffer pain or death if we neglected to exercise them? It is obvious that the latter arrangement would give far more scope to our various powers; and if active faculties are the sources of pleasure, as will be shewn in the next chapter, then it would contribute more to our enjoyment than the other. Now, Conscientiousness punishing after the fact is analogous, in the moral world, to what this arrangement would be in the physical. If Intellect, Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness, do their parts, they will give intimations of disapprobation before the commission of offences, just as Cautiousness will give intimations of danger at the sight of the cliff; but if these are disregarded, and we fall over the moral precipice, remorse will follow as a punishment, just as pain is the chastisement for tumbling over the physical brink. The object of both institutions is to permit and encourage the most vigorous and unrestrained exercise of our faculties, in accordance with the physical, moral, and intellectual laws of nature, and to punish us only when we transgress these limits.

FIRMNESS is bestowed, -and the other faculties of

the mind are its objects. It supports and maintains their activity, and gives determination to our purposes.

IMITATION is bestowed,—and every where man is surrounded by beings and objects whose actions and appearances it may benefit him to copy. It is highly useful to the young in enabling them rapidly to learn.

The next Class of Faculties is the Intellectual.

The provisions in external nature for the gratification of the Senses of Hearing, Seeing, Smelling, Taste, and Feeling, are so obvious that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon them.

INDIVIDUALITY and EVENTUALITY, or the powers of observing things that exist, and occurrences, are given,—and "all the truths which Natural Philosophy teaches, depend upon matter of fact, and that is learned by observation and experiment, and never could be discovered by reasoning at all." Here, then, is ample scope for the exercise of these powers.

FORM, SIZE, WEIGHT, LOCALITY, ORDER, and NUMBER, are bestowed,—and the sciences of Geometry, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geography, Navigation, Botany, Mineralogy, Zoology, Anatomy, and various others, are the fields of their exercise. The first three sciences are almost the entire products of these faculties; the others result chiefly from them, when applied on external objects.

COLOURING, TIME, and TUNE, are given,—and these, aided by Constructiveness, Form, Size, Ideality, and other faculties, find scope in Painting, Sculpture, Poetry, Music, and the other fine arts.

LANGUAGE is given,—and our faculties inspire us with lively emotions and ideas, which we desire to communicate by its means to other individuals.

Comparison and Causality exist, and these faculties, aided by Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, and the others already enumerated, find ample gratification in Natural Philosophy, and in Moral, Political, and Intelectual Science. The general objects and affairs of life, together with our own feelings, conduct, and relations, are also the objects of the knowing and reflecting faculties, and afford them opportunities for exercise.

CHAPTER III

ON THE SOURCES OF HUMAN HAPPINESS, AND THE CONDITIONS REQUISITE FOR MAINTAINING IT.

All enjoyment arises from activity of the different parts of the human constitution—Creation so arranged as to injete and eucourage exercise of the bodily and mental powers—
The acquisition of knowledge agreeable—Would intuitive knowledge be more advantageous to man, than the mere capacity which he has received to acquire knowledge by his own exertions?—Reasons for answering this question in the negative—To reap enjoyment in the greatest quantity, and maintain it most permanently, the faculties must be gratified in harmony with each other—Reasons for believing that the laws of external creation will, in the progress of discovery, be found accordant with the dictates of all the far lities of man acting in harmonious combination.

HAVING now presented a rapid sketch of the constitution of man, and its relations to external objects, we are prepared to inquire into the sources of his happiness, and the conditions requisite for maintaining it.

The first circumstance which attracts attention is, that all enjoyment must necessarily arise from activity of the various systems of which the human constitution is composed. The bones, muscles, nerves, and digestive and respiratory organs, when exercised in conformity with nature, furnish pleasing sensations, directly or indirectly; while the external senses and internal faculties supply the whole remaining perceptions and emotions, which constitute life and rational existence. If these were habitually buried in sleep, or constitutionally in-

active, life, to all purposes of enjoyment, might as well be extinct: Existence would be reduced to mere vegetation, without consciousness.

If, then, wisdom and benevolence have been employed in constituting man, we may expect the arrangements of creation, in regard to him, to be calculated, as a leading object, to excite his various powers, corporeal and mental, to activity. This, accordingly, appears to me to be the case; and the fact may be illustrated by a few examples. A certain portion of nervous and muscular energy is infused by nature into the human body every twenty-four hours, which it is delightful to expend. To provide for its expenditure, the stomach has been constituted so as to demand regular supplies of food, which can be obtained only by nervous and muscular exertion; the body has been created destitute of covering, yet standing in need of protection from the elements of heaven; and nature has been so constituted. that raiment can be procured by moderate exercise of the mental and corporeal powers. It is delightful to repair exhausted nervous and muscular energy by wholesome aliment; and the digestive organs have been so constituted as to afford us frequent opportunities of enjoying the pleasures of eating. In these arrangements, the design of supporting the various systems of the body in activity, for the enjoyment of the individual. is abundantly obvious. A late writer justly remarks, that "a person of feeble texture and indolent habits has the bone smooth, thin, and light; but nature, solicitous for our safety, and in a manner which we could not anticipate, combines with the powerful muscular frame a dense and perfect texture of bone, where every spine and tubercle is completely developed." " As the structure of the parts is originally perfected by the action of the vessels, the function or operation of the part is made the stimulus to those vessels. The cuticle on the hand wears away like a glove; but the pressure stimulates the living surface to force successive layers of skin under that which is wearing, or, as anatomists call it, desquamating; by which they mean that the cuticle does not change at once, but comes off in squamæ or scales."

Directing our attention to the Mind, we discover that Individuality and the other Perceptive Faculties desire, as their means of enjoyment, to become acquainted with external objects; while the Reflecting Faculties long to know the dependences and relations of all objects and beings. "There is something," says an eloquent writer, " positively agreeable to all men, to all at least whose nature is not most grovelling and base, in gaining knowledge for its own sake. When you see any thing for the first time, you at once derive some gratification from the sight being new; your attention is awakened, and you desire to know more about it. If it is a piece of workmanship, as an instrument, a machine of any kind, you wish to know how it is made; how it works; and what use it is of. If it is an animal, you desire to know where it comes from; how it lives; what are its dispositions, and, generally, its nature and habits. This desire is felt too, without at all considering that the machine or the animal may ever be of the least use to yourself practically; for, in all probability, you may never see them again. But you feel a curiosity to learn all about them, because they are new and unknown to you. You accordingly make inquiries; you feel a gratification in getting answers to your questions, that is, in receiving information, and in knowing more,-in being better informed than you were before. If you ever happen again to see the same instrument or ani mal, you find it agreeable to recollect having seen it before, and to think that you know something about it. If you see another instrument or animal, in some respects like, but differing in other particulars, you find it pleasing to compare them together, and to note in what they agree, and in what they differ. Now, all this kind of gratification is of a pure and disinterested nature.

and has no reference to any of the common purposes of life; yet it is a pleasure—an enjoyment. You are nothing the richer for it; you do not gratify your palate, or any other bodily appetite; and yet it is so pleasing that you would give something out of your pocket to obtain it, and would forego some bodily enjoyment for its sake. The pleasure derived from science is exactly of the like nature, or rather it is the very same."* This is a correct and forcible exposition of the pleasures attending the active exercise of our intellectual faculties. In the Introduction, pages 1 to 7, I have given several illustrations of the manner in which the external world is adapted to the mental faculties of man, and of the extent to which it is calculated to maintain them in activity.

Supposing the human faculties to have received their present constitution, two arrangements for their gratification may be fancied: 1st, Infusing into the intellectual powers at birth, intuitive knowledge of every object which they are fitted ever to comprehend; and directing every propensity and sentiment by an infallible instinct to its best mode and degree of gratification: Or, 2dly, Constituting the intellectual faculties only as capacities for gaining knowledge by exercise and application, and surrounding them with objects bearing such relations towards them, that, when these objects and relations are observed, appreciated, and properly applied, high gratification will be obtained, but when they are unobserved and neglected, the result will be uneasiness and pain; giving at the same time to each propensity and sentiment a wide field of action, comprehending both use and abuse, and leaving the intellect to direct each to its proper objects, and to regulate its degrees of indulgence. And the question occurs, Which of these modes would be more conducive to enjoyment? The general opinion will be in favour of the first; but the second appears to me to be preferable. If the first meal we had eaten had prevented the recurrence of hunger, it is obvious that all the pleasures of satisfying a healthy appetite would have been for ever at an end; and that this apparent bounty would have greatly abridged our enjoyment. In like manner, if (our faculties being constituted as at present) unerring desires had been impressed on the propensities and sentiments, and intuitive knowledge had been communicated to the understanding, so that, when an hour old, we should have been, morally, as wise and virtuous. and, intellectually, as thoroughly instructed as we could ever become, a great provision for the sustained activity of our faculties would have been wanting. wealth is acquired, the miser's pleasure in it is diminished. He grasps after more with increasing avidity. He is supposed irrational in doing so; but he obeys the law of his nature. What he possesses no longer satisfies Acquisitiveness. The miser's pleasure arises from the active state of this faculty, and only the pursuit and obtaining of new treasures can maintain that condition. The same law is exemplified in the case of Love of Approbation. The enjoyment which it affords depends on its active state; hence the necessity for new incense, and for mounting higher in the scale of ambition, is constantly felt by its victims. Napoleon, in exile, said, "Let us live upon the past;" but he found this impossible: his predominant desires originated in Love of Approbation and Self-Esteem, and the past did not stimulate them, or maintain them in constant activity. In like manner, no musician, artist, poet, or philosopher, however extensive his attainments, would reckon himself happy, if informed, "Now you must stop and live upon the past;" and the reason is still the same; the pursuit of new acquirements, and the discovery of new fields of investigation, excite and maintain the faculties in activity; and activity is enjoyment.

If these views be correct, the consequences of imbuing the mind, as at present constituted, with intuitive

* Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science, p. 1.

knowledge, and instinctive direction, would not have been unquestionably beneficial. The limits of our experience and acquirements would have been speedily reached; our first step would have been our last; every object would have become old and familiar; Hope would have had no object of expectation, Cautiousness no object of fear, Wonder no gratification in novelty; and monotony, insipidity, and mental satiety, would apparently have been the lot of man.

According to the view now advanced, creation, in its present form, is more wisely and benevolently adapted to our constitution than if instinctive direction and intuitive instruction had been given to the mind at birth. By the actual arrangement, numerous noble faculties are bestowed, and their objects are presented: these objects, when properly used, are endowed with qualities fitted to benefit and delight us; and, when misunderstood or misapplied, to injure and punish us; but we are left to find out their qualities by the exercise of our own powers. Provision is thus made for ceaseless activity of the mental faculties, and this constitutes delight. Wheat is produced by the earth, and adapted to the nutrition of the body; but it may be rendered more grateful to taste, more salubrious to the stomach, and more stimulating to the nervous and muscular systems, by being stripped of its external skin, ground into flour, and baked. Now, when the Creator endowed wheat with it properties, and the human body with its qualities and functions, he pre-arranged all these In withholding congenital and intuitive knowledge of them, but in bestowing faculties fitted to find them out; in rendering the exercise of these faculties agreeable; and in leaving man, in this condition, to act for himself,-he appears to me to have conferred on him the highest boon. The earth produces also hemlock and foxglove; and, by the organic law, these substances, if taken in certain moderate quantities, remove diseases; if in excess, they occasion death: but man's observing faculties, when acting under the guidance of Cautiousness and Reflection, are fitted to make this discovery; and he is left to make it, or to suffer the consequences of neglect.

Water, when elevated in temperature, becomes steam; steam expands with prodigious power; and this power, confined by metal and directed by intellect, is the grand element of the steam-engine, the most efficient yet most humble servant of man. All this was clearly pre-arranged by the Deity, and man's faculties were adapted to it at creation; but he was left to observe and discover the qualities and relations of water for himself. This duty, however, must be acknowledged to have been benevolently imposed, the moment we perceive that the Creator has made the very exercise of the faculties agreeable, and arranged the qualities and relations of matter so beneficially, that, when known, they carry a double reward to the discoverer,-the pleasure of mental exercise, and positive advantage derived from the objects themselves.

The Knowing Faculties, as we have seen, observe merely the qualities of bodies, and their simpler rela-The Reflecting Faculties observe relations also, but of a higher order. The former, for example, discover that the soil is clay or gravel; that it is tough or friable: that it is dry or wet; that excess of water impedes vegetation; that in one season the crop is large, and in the next deficient. The reflecting faculties take cognizance of the causes of these phenomena; and acting along with the knowing powers, they discover the means by which wet soil may be rendered dry, clay pulverized, light soil invigorated, and all of them made more productive; and also the relationship of particular soils to particular kinds of grain. Nations that exert their knowing faculties in observing the qualities of the soil, and their reflecting faculties in discovering its capabilities, and its relations to water, lime, manures, and the various species of grain, -and who put forth

their muscular and nervous energies in accordance with the dictates of these powers,—receive a rich reward in a climate improved in salubrity, and in an abundant supply of food, besides much positive enjoyment attending the exercise of the powers themselves. Those communities, on the other hand, who neglect to use their mental faculties, and muscular and nervous energies, are punished by ague, fever, rheumatism, and a variety of painful affections arising from damp air; they are stinted in food, and in wet seasons are brought to the very brink of starvation by serious failures of their crops. This punishment is a benevolent admonition from the Creator, that they are neglecting a great duty, and omitting to enjoy a great pleasure; and it will cease as soon as, by obeying the Divine laws, they have fairly redeemed the blessings lost by their negligence.

The winds and waves appear, at first sight, to present insurmountable obstacles to man's leaving the island or continent on which he happens to be born, and to his holding intercourse with distant climes: But, by observing the relations of water to timber, he is enabled to construct a ship; by observing the influence of the wind on a body placed in a fluid medium, he discovers the use of sails; and, lately, he has found out the expansive quality of steam, and traced its relations until he has produced a machine that enables him almost to set the roaring tempest at defiance, and to sail straight to the stormy north, although its loudest and its fiercest blasts oppose. All these capabilities were conferred on nature and on man, long before they were practically applied; but, now that we have advanced so far in our career of discovery and improvement, we perceive the scheme of creation to be admirably adapted to support the mental faculties in habitual activity, and to reward us for the exercise of them.

In surveying external nature with this principle in view, we perceive in many qualities of physical objects indications of benevolent design, which otherwise would have been regarded as defects. The Creator obviously intended that man should discover and use coal-gas in illuminating dwelling-houses; and yet it emits an abominable odour. The bad smell, viewed abstractedly from its consequences, would appear to be an unfortunate quality in it; but when we recollect that gas is invisible, extremely subtle and liable to escape; that when mixed in a certain proportion with atmospheric air, it is prone to explode,—the nauseous and penetrating smell appears like a voice attached to it, proclaiming its escape, and warning us, in louder and louder tones, to attend to our safety by confining it,—and then it presents the aspect of wise and benevolent design. Gas stood in this relation to the olfactory nerves from the creation downwards, although it was long unknown to men. We cannot doubt that the discovery and application of it by them was contemplated by the Creator from the first. A few years ago, on hearing Paganini play on the violin, the subject of wonder with me was the exquisite fineness of his notes. The sounds fell on the ear as if their cause had been purely ethereal. No indication of their material origin could be traced. An angel might be imagined to send forth such strains to mortal ears. The extraordinary development of Paganini's organs of Tune and Time, with the extreme sensibility of his nervous system, strongly indicated in his countenance and figure, seem to have been the causes of his attaining this exquisite power. In reflecting on his performance, the idea forcibly struck me, that until a being constituted like Paganini appeared, we had no means of discovering that the material substances composing a violin and bow were capable of emitting such pure and dulcet sounds; and that a similar reflection may probably be applicable to the entire sublunary creation. This world may be full of divine qualities and delicious harmonies, if we had only superior men to evoke them! And if the case be so, how truly admirable is that constitution of nature which furnishes us with every possible inducement not only to study itself, but to improve our own qualities; and which presents us with richer treasures, the farther we advance in the discharge of

our most pleasing and profitable duties!

It is objected to this argument, that it involves an inconsistency. Ignorance of the natural laws, it is said, is here represented as necessary to happiness, in order that the faculties may obtain exercise in discovering and obeying them ;-nevertheless happiness is held to be impossible till these laws shall have been discovered and obeyed: here, then, it is argued, ignorance is represented as at once essential to, and incompatible with, enjoyment. But this is not an accurate statement of the doctrine. I do not say that, in any individual man, ignorance of the natural laws is essential to enjoyment; I merely maintain, that with his present constitution it was more beneficial for him to be left to learn these laws from his parents or his own experience, than at birth to have received intuitive knowledge of all the objects of creation. A similar objection might be stated to the constitution of the bee. Honey is necessary to its enjoyment; yet it has been left to gather honey for itself The fallacy originates from losing sight of the natural constitution both of the bee and of man. The bee has been furnished with instinctive tendencies to roam about the fields and flowery meadows, and to exert its ener gies in labour; and it is obviously beneficial to it to be provided with opportunities of doing so. And so it is with man. Gathering knowledge is to the human mind what gathering honey is to the bee. Communicating intuitive knowledge of the natural laws to man, while his present constitution continues, would be the exact parallel of naturally gorging the bee with honey during the whole summer, when its energies are at their height. When the bee has completed its store, winter benumbs its powers, which resume their vigour only when its stock is exhausted, and when spring returns to afford them exercise. No torpor resembling that of winter seals up the faculties of the human race; but their ceaseless activity is amply provided for by other arrangements: First, Every individual of the race is born in utter ignorance, and starts from zero in the scale of knowledge, so that he has the laws to learn for himself either from his predecessors or from experience; Secondly, The laws of nature, compared with the mental capacity of any individual, are of boundless extent, so that every one may learn something new to the end of the longest life; Thirdly, By the actual constitution of man, he must make use of his acquirements habitually, otherwise he will lose them.

These circumstances remove the apparent inconsistency. If man had possessed intuitive knowledge of all nature, he could have had no scope for exercising his faculties in acquiring knowledge, in preserving it, or in communicating it. The infant would have been as wise as the most revered sage, and forgetfulness would have been necessarily excluded.

Some who object to these views, imagine that after the human race has acquired knowledge of all the natural laws if such a result be possible, they will be in the same condition as if they had been created with intuitive knowledge. But this does not follow. Although the race should acquire the knowledge supposed, it is not an inevitable consequence that each individual will necessarily enjoy it all; which, however, would follow from intuition. The entire soil of Britain belongs to the landed proprietors as a class; but each does not possess it all, and hence every one has opportunities of adding to his territories-with this disadvantage, however, in comparison with knowledge, that the acquisitions of one necessarily diminish the possessions of another. Farther, although the race should have learned all the natural laws, their children would not intuitively inherit their ideas, and thus the activity of every one, as he appeared on the stage, would be provided for; whereas by intuition, every child would be as wise as his granddelights that spring from difference in knowledge between youth and age, would be excluded. Lastly, By the actual state of man, the using of acquirements is essential to the preservation as well as the enjoyment of them. By intuition, all knowledge would be habitually present to the mind without effort or considera-On the whole, therefore, it appears that (man's nature being what it is) the arrangement by which he is endowed with powers to acquire knowledge, but left to find it for himself, is both wise and benevolent.

It has been asked, "But is there no pleasure in science except that of discovery? Is there none in using the knowledge we have attained? Is there no pleasure in playing at chess after we know the moves?" In answer, I observe, that if we knew beforehand all the moves that our antagonist intended to make and all our own, which must be the case if we knew every thing by intuition, we could have no pleasure. The pleasure really consists in discovering the intentions of our antagonist, and in calculating the effects of our own play; a certain degree of ignorance of both of which is indispensable to gratification. In like manner, it is agreeable first to discover the natural laws, and then to study the moves that we ought to make, in consequence of knowing them. So much, then, for the sources of human happiness.

In the second place, To reap enjoyment in the greatest quantity and to maintain it most permanently, the faculties must be gratified harmoniously. For example, in pursuing wealth or fame as the leading object of existence, full gratification is not afforded to Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness, and consequently complete satisfaction cannot be enjoyed; whereas, by seeking knowledge, and dedicating life to the discharge of our duties to ourselves, to our relatives, to our country, to mankind, and to God, in our several vocations, all the faculties will be gratified, and wealth, fame, health, and other advantages, will follow in their train, so that the whole mind will rejoice, and its delights will remain permanent.

Thirdly, To place human happiness on a secure basis, the laws of external creation must themselves accord with the dictates of the whole faculties of man acting in harmonious combination, and intellect must be fitted to discover the nature and relations of both, and to direct the conduct in harmony with them.

Much has been written concerning the extent of human ignorance: but we should discriminate between absolute incapacity to know, and mere want of information, arising from not having used this capacity to its full extent. In regard to the first-our capacity to knowit appears probable that, in this world, we shall never know the essence, beginning, or end of things; because these are points which we have no faculties calculated to discover: But the same Creator who made the external world constituted our faculties; and if we have sufficient data for inferring it to be His intention that we should enjoy existence here while preparing for the ulterior ends of our being, -and if it be true that we can be happy here, only by becoming thoroughly conversant with those natural laws which are pre-arranged to contribute, when observed, to our enjoyment, and which, when violated, visit us with suffering,-then we may safely conclude that our mental capacities are wisely adapted to the attainment of these objects, whenever we shall do our own duty in bringing them to their highest condition of perfection, and in applying them in the best manner.

Sir Isaac Newton observed that all bodies which refracted the rays of light, were combustible, except one, the diamond, which he found to have this quality, but which he was not able, by any powers he possessed, to consume by burning. He did not conclude, however, from this, that the diamond was an exception to the uniformity of nature. He inferred that, as the same Creator had made the diamond and the refracting bodies

father,—and parental protection, filial piety, and all the | which he was able to burn, and proceeded by uniform laws, the diamond also would, in all probability, be found to be combustible, and that the reason of its resisting his power was ignorance on his part of the means of raising a temperature sufficiently high to produce its conflagration. A century afterwards, chemists made the diamond blaze with as much vivacity as Sir Isaac Newton had done a wax-candle. Let us proceed, then, on an analogous principle. If the intention of our Crea-tor be, that we should enjoy existence while in this world, then He knew what was necessary to enable us to do so; and He will not be found to have failed in conferring on us powers fitted to accomplish His design, provided we do our duty in developing and applying them. The great motive to exertion is the conviction, that increased knowledge will furnish us with increased means of happiness and well-doing, and with new proofs of benevolence and wisdom in the Great Architect of the Universe.

In pleading thus earnestly for the wise and benevolent constitution of the human mind, and the admirable adaptation of external nature to its qualities, I may be causing uneasiness to some readers who have been educated in the belief that human nature is inherently corrupt, and that physical creation is essentially disordered; but, in doing so, I yield to the imperative dictates of what appears to me to be truth. If the views now expounded shall be shewn to be fallacious. I shall be most anxious to abandon them; but if they shall prove to be correct interpretations of nature, they will of necessity stand forth in all the might and majesty of divine appointments, and it will be criminal either to conceal or oppose them. If they be true, they will carry vast consequences in their train. I am not rearing a system from ambitious motives, neither is it my object to attack the opinions of other men. It is simply to lift up. the veil of ignorance, and, in all humility, to exhibit the Creator's works in their real colours, in so far as I imagine myself to have been permitted to perceive them.

CHAPTER IV.

APPLICATION OF THE NATURAL LAWS TO THE PRAC-TICAL ARRANGEMENTS OF LIFE.

Suggestion of a scheme of living and occupation for the human race-Every day ought to be so apportioned as te permit of (1) bodily exercise; (2) useful employment of the intellectual powers; (3) the cultivation and gratification of the moral and religious sentiments; (4) the taking of food and sleep-Gratification of the animal faculties included in these-Why has man made so little progress towards happiness ?- A reply to this question very difficult -Dr Chalmers quoted on the subject-Has man advanced in happiness in proportion to the increase of his knowledge?-His progress retarded by ignorance of his constitution, and its adaptation to external objects-The experience of past ages affords no sufficient reason for limiting our estimate of man's capability of civilization-Recent date of some of the most important scientific discoveries, and imperfect condition of most branches of human know-

IF a system of living and occupation were to be devised for human beings, founded on the exposition of their nature now given, something like the following might be presented.

First, So many hours a-day should be dedicated by every individual in health, to the exercise of his nervous and muscular systems, in labour calculated to give scope to their functions. The reward of obeying this requisite of his nature would be health, and a joyous animal existence; the punishment of neglect is disease, low spirits, and premature death.

Secondly, So many hours a-day should be spent in the sedulous employment of the knowing and reflecting fa-

culties; in studying the qualities of external objects, and their relations; also the nature of animated beings, and their relations; with the view not of accumulating mere abstract and barren knowledge, but of enjoying the positive pleasure of mental activity, and of turning every discovery to account, as a means of increasing happiness or alleviating misery. The leading object should always be, to find out the relationship of every object to our own nature, organic, animal, moral, and intellectual, and to keep that relationship habitually in mind, so as to render our acquirements directly gratifying to our various faculties. The reward of this conduct would be an incalculable increase of pleasure, in the very act of acquiring a knowledge of the real properties of external objects, together with a great accession of power in reaping ulterior advantages and avoid-

ing disagreeable affections. Thirdly, So many hours a-day should be devoted to the cultivation and gratification of our moral and religious sentiments; that is to say, in exercising these in harmony with intellect, and especially in acquiring the habit of admiring, loving, and yielding obedience to the Creator and his institutions. This last object is of vast importance. Intellect is barren of practical fruit, however rich it may be in knowledge, until it be fired and prompted to act by moral sentiment. In my view, knowledge by itself is comparatively worthless and impotent, compared with what it becomes when vivified by lofty emotions. It is not enough that the Intellect be informed; the moral faculties must co-operate, in yielding obedience to the precepts which the intellect recognises to be true. As creation is one great system, of which God is the author and preserver, we may fairly presume that there must be harmony among all its parts, and between it and its Creator. The human mind is a portion of creation, and its constitution must be included in this harmonious scheme. The grand object of the moral and intellectual faculties of man, therefore, ought to be, the study of God and of his works. Before philosophy can rise to its highest dignity, and shed on the human race its richest benefits, it must become religious; that is to say, its principles and their consequences must be viewed as proceeding directly from the Divine Being, and as a revelation of his will to the faculties of man, for the guidance of his conduct. Philosophy, while separated from the moral feelings, is felt by the people at large to be cold and barren. It may be calculated to interest individuals possessing high intellectual endowments; but as, in men in general, the moral and religious sentiments greatly predominate in energy over the intellectual powers, it fails to interest the mass of mankind. On the other hand, before natural religion can appear in all its might and glory, it must become philosophical. Its foundations must be laid in the system of creation; its authority must be deduced from the principles of that system; and its applications must be enforced by a demonstration of the power of Providence operating in enforcing the execution of its While reason and religion are at variance, both are obstructed in producing their full beneficial effects. God has placed harmony between them, and it is only human imperfection and ignorance that have introduced discord. One way of cultivating the sentiments would be for men to meet and act together, on the principles which I am now endeavouring to unfold, and to exercise, in mutual instruction, and in united adoration of the great and glorious Creator, the several faculties of Benevolence, Veneration, Hope, Ideality, Wonder, and Conscientiousness. The reward of acting in this manner would be a communication of direct and intense pleasure to each other; for I refer to every individual who has ever had the good fortune to pass a day or an hour with a really benevolent, pious, honest, and intellectual man, whose soul swelled with adoration of his Creator, whose intellect was replenished with knowledge of His works, and whose whole mind was

instinct with sympathy for human happiness,—whether such a day did not afford him the most pure, elevated, and lasting gratification he ever enjoyed. Such an exercise, besides, would invigorate the whole moral and intellectual powers, and fit them to discover and obey the Divine institutions.

Phrenology is highly conducive to this enjoyment of our moral and intellectual nature. No faculty is bad. but, on the contrary, each has a legitimate sphere of action, and, when properly gratified, is a fountain of pleasure; in short, man possesses no feeling, of the right exercise of which an enlightened and ingenuous mind need be ashamed. A party of thoroughly practical phrenologists, therefore, meet in the perfect knowledge of each other's qualities; they respect these as the gifts of the Creator; and their great object is to derive the utmost pleasure from their legitimate use, and to avoid every approximation to abuse of them. The distinctions of country and education are broken down by unity of principle; the chilling restraints of Cautiousness, Self-Esteem, Secretiveness, and Love of Approbation, which stand as barriers of eternal ice between human beings in the ordinary intercourse of society, are gently removed; the directing sway is committed to Benevolence, Veneration, Conscientiousness, and Intellect; and then the higher principles of the mind operate with a delightful vivacity unknown to persons unacquainted with the qualities of human nature.

Intellect also ought to be regularly exercised in arts, science, philosophy, and observation.

I have said nothing of dedicating hours to the direct gratification of the animal powers; not that they should not be exercised, but that full scope for their activity is included in the employments already mentioned. In muscular exercises, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Constructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Self-Esteem, and Love of Approbation, may all be gratified. In contending with and surmounting physical and moral difficulties, Combativeness and Destructiveness obtain vent; in working at a mechanical employment requiring the exertion of strength, these two faculties, and also Constructiveness and Acquisitiveness, will be exercised; in emulation who shall accomplish most good, Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation will obtain scope. In the exercise of the moral faculties, several of these, and others of the animal propensities, are employed; Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, and Adhesiveness, for example, acting under the guidance of Benevolence, Veneration, Conscientiousness, Ideality, and Intellect, receive direct enjoyment in the domestic circle. From their being properly directed also, and from the superior delicacy and refinement imparted to them by the higher powers, they do not infringe the moral law, and leave no sting or repentance in the mind.

Finally, a certain portion of time should be dedicated to the taking of food and to sleep.

All systems hitherto practised have been deficient in providing for one or more of these branches of enjoyment. In the community at Orbiston, formed on Mr Owen's principles, music, dancing, and theatrical entertainments were provided; but the people soon tired of these. They had not corresponding moral and intellectual instruction. The novelty excited them, but there was nothing substantial behind. In common society, very little of either rational instruction or amusement is provided. The neglect of innocent amusement is a great error.

If there be truth in these views, they will throw some light on two important questions that have embarrassed philosophers, in regard to the progress of human improvement. The first is, Why should man have existed so long, and made so small an advance on the road to happiness? It is obvious that the very scheme of creation which I have described, implies that man is progressive being; and progression necessarily supposes lower and higher conditions of attainment and enjoy-

ment. While men are ignorant, there is great individual suffering. This distresses sensitive minds, and seems inexplicable: they cannot conceive how improvement should so slowly advance. I confess myself incapable of affording any philosophical explanation why man should have been so constituted; neither can I give a reason why the whole earth was not made temperate and productive, in place of being partially covered with barren sand and eternal snow. The Creator alone can explain these points. When the inhabitants of Britain wore the skins of animals, and lived in huts, we may presume that, in rigorous winters, many of them suffered severe privations, and that some would perish from cold. If there had been among the sufferers a gifted philosopher, who observed the talents that were inherent in the people, although then latent, and who, in consequence, foresaw the splendid palaces and warm fabrics with which their descendants would one day adorn this island, he might well have been led to deplore the slow progress of improvement, and been grieved at the prevalence of so much intermediate mi-Yet the explanation that man is a progressive being is all that philosophy can offer; and if this satisfy us as to the past, it must be equally satisfactory in regard to the present and the future. The difficulty is eloquently adverted to by Dr Chalmers in his Bridgewater Treatise. "We might not know the reason," says he, "why, in the moral world, so many ages of darkness and depravity should have been permitted to pass by, any more than we know the reason why, in the natural world, the trees of a forest, instead of starting all at once into the full efflorescence and stateliness of their manhood, have to make their slow and laborious advancement to maturity, cradled in storms, and alternately drooping or expanding with the vicissitudes of the seasons. But though unable to scan all the cycles either of the moral or natural economy, yet we may recognise such influences at work as, when multiplied and developed to the uttermost, are abundantly capable of regenerating the world. One of the likeliest of these influences is the power of education, to the perfecting of which so many minds are earnestly directed at this moment, and for the general acceptance of which in society we have a guarantee in the strongest affections and fondest wishes of the fathers and mothers of fami-(Vol. i. p. 186.)

Although, therefore, we cannot explain why man was constituted a progressive being, and why such a being advances slowly, I have endeavoured to point out that there is at least an adaptation of his faculties to his condition. If I am right in the fundamental proposition, that harmonious activity of the faculties is synonymous with enjoyment of existence,-it follows that it would have been less wise and less benevolent towards man, constituted as he is, to have communicated to him intuitively perfect knowledge, thereby leaving his mental powers with diminished motives to activity, than to bestow on him faculties endowed with high susceptibility of action, and to surround him with scenes, objects, circumstances, and relations, calculated to maintain them in ceaseless excitement; although this latter arrangement necessarily subjects him to suffering while ignorant, and renders his first ascent in the scale of improvement difficult and slow. It is interesting to observe, that, according to this view, although the first pair of the human race had been created with powerful and well-balanced faculties, but of the same nature as at present; if they were not also intuitively inspired with knowledge of the whole creation, and its relations, their first movements as individuals would have been retrograde; that is, as individuals, they would, through pure want of information, have infringed many natural laws, and suffered evil; while, as parts of the race, they would have been decidedly advancing: for every pang they suffered would have led them to a new step in knowledge, and prompted them to advance towards a

much higher condition than that which they at first occupied. According to the hypothesis now presented, not only is man really benefited by the arrangement which leaves him to discover the natural laws for himself, although, during the period of his ignorance, he suffers much evil from want of acquaintance with them; but the progress which he has already made towards knowledge and happiness must, from the very extent of his experience, be actually greater than can at present be conceived. Its extent will become more obvious, and his experience itself more valuable, after he has obtained a view of the real theory of his constitution. He will find that past miseries have at least exhausted countless errors, and he will know how to avoid thousands of paths that lead to pain: in short, he will then discover that errors in conduct, like errors in philosophy, give additional importance and practicability to truth, by the demonstration which they afford of the evils attending departures from its dictates. The grand sources of human suffering at present are bodily disease and mental anxiety, and, in the next chapter, these will be traced to infringement, through ignorance or otherwise, of physical. organic, moral, or intellectual laws, which, when understood, appear in themselves calculated to promote the happiness of the race. It may be supposed that, according to this view, as knowledge accumulates, enjoyment will decrease; but, as formerly observed, ample provision is made against this event, by withholding intuition from each generation as it appears on the stage. Each successive age must acquire knowledge for itself; and, provided ideas are new and suited to the faculties, the pleasure of acquiring them from instructors is second only to that of discovering them ourselves. It is probable, moreover, that many ages will elapse before all the facts and relations of nature shall have been explored, and the possibility of discovery exhausted. If the universe be infinite, knowledge can never be complete.

The second question is, Has man really advanced in happiness, in proportion to his increase in knowledge? We are apt to entertain erroneous notions of the pleasures enjoyed in past ages. Fabulists have represented men as then peaceful, innocent, and gay; but if we look narrowly into the conditions of savage and barbarian life in the present day, and recollect that these were the states of all nations before they acquired scientific knowledge, we shall not much or long regret the pretended diminution of enjoyment by civilization.* Phrenology renders the superiority of the latter condition certain, by shewing it to be a law of nature, that, until the intellect is extensively informed, and the moral sentiments assiduously exercised, the animal propensities bear the predominant sway; and that wherever these are supreme, misery is an inevitable concomitant. Indeed, the answer to the objection that happiness has not increased with knowledge, appears to me to be found in the fact, that until Phrenology was discovered, the nature of man was not scientifically known, and that, in consequence, very few of his institutions, civil or domestic, were founded on principles accordant with the laws of his constitution. Owing to the same cause, also, much of his knowledge has necessarily remained partial, and inapplicable to use; but after this science shall have been appreciated and applied, clouds of darkness, accumulated through long ages that are past, may be expected to roll away, as if touched by the rays of the meridian sun,—and with them many of the miseries that attend total ignorance or imperfect information to disappear.

* See on this subject a very elaborate and philosophical volume in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, entitled The New Zealanders, p. 360.

† Readers who are strangers to Phrenology and the evidence on which it rests, may regard the observations in the text as extrawagant and enthuisatic; but I respectfully remind them, that, while they judge in comparative ignorance

It ought also to be kept constantly in remembrance that man is a social being, and that the precept " love thy neighbour as thyself" is imprinted in his constitution. That is to say, so much of the happiness of each individual depends on the habits, practices, and opinions of the society in which he lives, that he cannot reap the full benefits of his own advancement, until similar principles have been embraced and realized in practice by his fellow-men. This renders it his interest, as it is his duty, to communicate his knowledge to them, and to carry them forward in the career of improvement. At this moment, there are thousands of persons who feel their enjoyments, physical, moral, and intellectual, impaired and abridged by the mass of ignorance and prejudice which every where surrounds them. They are men living before their age, and whom the world neither understands nor appreciates. Let them not, however, repine or despair; but let them dedicate their best efforts to communicating the truths which have opened up to themselves the prospect of happiness, and they will not be disappointed. The law of our constitution which has established the superiority of the moral sentiments, renders it impossible for individuals to attain the full enjoyment of their rational nature, until they have rendered their fellow-men virtuous and happy; and in the truth and power of this principle, the ignorant and the wretched have a guarantee for being raised in their condition by the efforts of their more fortunate brethren. If all ranks of the people were taught the philosophy which I am now advocating, and if, in so far as it is true, it were acted on by their legislators, and enforced by their religious instructors as the will of the Creator communicated to man through His natural institutions, the progress of general improvement would be greatly accelerated.

If the views now advocated shall ever prevail, it will be seen that the experience of past ages affords no sufficient reason for limiting our estimate of man's capabilities of civilization. In the introductory chapter, I mentioned the opinions of some philosophers about the slow and gradual preparation of the globe for man; and remarked that he also appears to be destined to advance only by stages to the highest condition of his moral and intellectual nature. At present he is obviously only in the beginning of his career. Although a knowledge of external nature, and of himself, is indispensable to his advancement towards his true station as a rational being, yet four hundred years have not elapsed since the arts of printing and engraving were invented, without which knowledge could not be disseminated through the mass of mankind; and, even now, the art of reading is by no means general over the world-so that the means of calling man's rational nature into activity, although discovered, are but very imperfectly applied. It is only five or six centuries since the mariner's compass was known in Europe, without which even philosophers could not ascertain the most common facts regarding the size, form, and productions of the earth. It is but three hundred and forty-three years since one-half of the habitable globe, America, became known to the other half; and considerable portions of it are still unknown even to the best informed inquirers. It is little more than two hundred years since the circulation of the blood was discovered; previously to which it was impossible even for physicians to form any correct idea of the uses of many of man's corporeal organs, and of their relations to ex-

it has been my endeavour to subject it to the severest scrutiny. Having found its proofs irrefragable, and being convinced of its importance, I solicit their indulgence in speaking of it as it appears to my own mind. As many persons continue ignorant of the progress which Phrenology has made, I have added, in the Appendix No. III., a note on this subject.

ternal nature. Haller, who flourished in the early part and middle of the last century, may be regarded as the founder of human physiology as a science of observation. It is only between forty and fifty years since the true functions of the brain and nervous system were discovered; before which we possessed no adequate means of becoming acquainted with our mental constitution and its adaptation to external circumstances and beings. It is no more than sixty-one years since the study of Chemistry, or of the constituent elements of the globe, was put into a philosophical condition by Dr Priestley's discovery of oxygen; and hydrogen was discovered so lately as 1766, or sixty-nine years ago. Before that time, people in general were comparatively ignorant of the qualities and relations of the most important material agents with which they were surrounded. At present this knowledge is still in its infancy, as will appear from an enumeration of the dates of several other important discoveries. Electricity was discovered in 1728, galvanism in 1794, gas-light about 1798; and steam-boats, steam-looms, and the safetylamp, in our own day.

It is only of late years that the study of Geology has been seriously begun; without which we could not know the past changes in the physical structure of the globe, a matter of much importance as an element in judging of our present position in the world's progress. This science also is still in its infancy. An inconceivable extent of territory remains to be explored, from the examination of which the most interesting and instructive conclusions will probably present themselves. In astronomy, too, the discoveries of the two Herschels promise to throw additional light on the early history of the globe.

The mechanical sciences are at this moment in full play, putting forth vigorous shoots, and giving the strongest indications of youth, and none of decay.

The sciences of morals and of government are still in many respects in a crude condition.

In consequence, therefore, of his profound ignorance, man, in all ages, has been directed in his pursuits by the mere impulse of his strongest propensities, formerly to war and conquest, and now to accumulating wealth; without having framed his habits and institutions in conformity with correct and enlightened views of his own nature, and its real interests and wants. During past ages Nature has been constantly operating on man, but in consequence of his ignorance of her laws, he has not generally accommodated his conduct to her influence, and hence has suffered countless evils. dition of things still continues to exist. Up to the present day, the mass of the people in every nation have remained essentially ignorant, the tools of interested leaders, or the creatures of their own blind impulses, unfavourably situate for the development of their rational nature; and they, constituting the great majority, necessarily influence the condition of the rest. But at last, the arts and sciences seem to be tending towards abridging human labour, so as to force leisure on the mass of the people; while the elements of useful knowledge are so rapidly increasing, the capacity of the operatives for instruction is so generally recognised, and the means of communicating it are so powerful and abundant, that a new era may fairly be considered as having commenced.

From the want of a practical philosophy of human nature, multitudes of amiable and talented individuals are at present anxious only for preservation of the attainments which society possesses, and dread retrogression in the future. If the views now expounded be correct, this race of moralists and politicians will in time become extinct; because, progression being the law of our nature, the proper education of the people will render

the desire for improvement universal.

CHAPTER V.

TO WHAT EXTENT ARE THE MISERIES OF MANKIND REFERABLE TO INFRINGEMENT OF THE LAWS OF NATURE?

I. Calamities arising from infringement of the physical laws-These laws of great utility to animals who act in accordance with them, and productive of injury only when disregarded-Example of law of gravitation-Man and the lower animals constitutionally placed in certain relations to that law-Calamities suffered from it by man, to what referable !- The objection considered, That the great body of mankind are not sufficiently moral and intellectual to act in conformity with the natural laws-The more ignorant and careless men are, the more they suffer .- II. Evils that befall mankind from infringement of the organic laws-Necessity of so enlightening the intellect as to enable it to curb and direct the blind feelings which naturally and spontaneously arise in the mind-Organised being defined -To enjoy a constitution as perfect as possible, it must spring from a sound and complete germ; be supplied with food, light, and air; and duly exercise its functions-The human frame so constituted as to admit of the possibility of health and vigour during a long life-Remarkable health of the New Zealanders-The sufferings of women in childbed apparently not inevitable-The organic laws hitherto neglected and little known-Miseries resulting from this cause to INDIVIDUALS-Description of the brain-Necessity for its regular exercise-To provide for this, we must (1) educate and train the mental faculties in youth, and (2) place individuals in circumstances habitually demanding the discharge of useful and important duties-Answer to the question, What is the use of education !- The whole body improved by exercise of the brain-Misery of idleness-Instances of evils produced by neglect of the natural laws: The great plague in London; fever and ague in marshy districts; explosions in coal-mines-Answer to the objection, That men are unable to remember the natural laws, and to apply the knowledge of them in practice-Advantage of teaching scientific principles-Farther examples of disease and premature death consequent on neglect of the organic laws-Eminent success of Captain Murray in preserving the health of his crew-Erroneous views of divine dispensations, in the works of religious writers-Social miseries from neglect of the organic laws -(1.) Domestic miseries-Marriage of persons with discordant minds a fertile source of unhappiness-Phrenology affords the means of avoiding this error-Different forms of head, and the concomitant dispositions, exemplified by the cases of Hare, Williams, Sheridan, Melancthon, Pope Alexander VI., and Vitellius-Crabbe and Dr Johnson quoted-Hereditary transmission of bodily and mental qualities from parents to children-Transmission of diseases well known-Transmission of character remarked by many writers-Horace, Drs John and James Gregory, Voltaire, Dr King, Dr Mason Good, Haller, &c., quoted on this subject-Hereditary descent of forms of brain obvious in nations-The offspring of an American or Asiatic and a European superior to the offspring of two Americans or Asiatlcs-The extent to which children resemble their parents, considered-Reasons for concluding that the mental character of each child is determined by the qualities of the stock, combined with the faculties predominant in the parents at the commencement of its existence-Transmission of factitious or temporary conditions of the body -Transmission of acquired habits-Appearance of peculiarities in children, in consequence of impressions made on the mind of the mother-Descent of temporary mental and bodily qualities-These subjects still in many respects obscure-General neglect of the organic laws in the formation of marriages-Dr Caldwell quoted-Marriage prohibited in Wurtemberg before certain ages-Advantages arising from the law of hereditary descent, and bad effects which would follow its abolition—Why do children of the same marriage differ from each other !- Cases illustrative of the evils resulting from neglect of the law of hereditary transmission-Marriage between blood-relations forbidden by the natural law-(2.) Hurtful consequences of neglect of the organic laws in the ordinary relations of society Misconduct of servants, clerks, partners, and agents-Utility of Phrenology in enabling us to avoid this source of misery-DEATH-A natural and useful institution-Views of theologians respecting it-Death considered as it affects the lower animals and mankind-Nature does not seem to intend the death of human beings, except in old age-Untimely death the result of infringement of the organic laws

-Means provided by nature to relieve men from the fear of death-Death not revolting to the moral sentiments-Frequency of premature death decreasing .- III. Calamities arising from infringement of the moral law-Cause of the diversity of moral and religious codes and opinions in different nations and among philosophers—Advantages secured by cultivating and acting under the dictates of the moral sentiments and intellect; and evils induced by the opposite conduct-(1) Sufferings of individuals from neglect of the moral and intellectual laws-(2) Calamities arising to individuals and communities from infringement of the social law-Malthus's principle of population-The mhabitants of Britain too much engrossed by manufacturing and mercantile pursuits-Misery produced by overstocking the markets-Times of "commercial prosperity" are seasons of the greatest infringements of the laws of nature-Injustice and inexpediency of the combination laws-Necessity of abridging the periods of labour of the operative population, and cultivating their moral and rational facultles-This rendered possible by the use of machinery in manufactures-Ought government to interfere with industry ?-Miseries endured by the middle and upper ranks in consequence of departure from the moral law in the present customs of society-(3) Effect of the moral law on national prosperity-The highest prosperity of one nation perfectly compatible with that of every other-Necessity that nations, in order to secure it, should act towards each other on the principles dictated by the moral sentiments-Evil produced by disregard of these principles-Illustrations in the slave-trade, the American war, and the project of The mistocles to burn the Spartan ships—The national debt of Britain the result of unprincipled wars—Other evils from the same source-Bad effects anticipated from the existence of negro slavery in the United States-The Spaniards punished under the natural laws for their cruelties in America-The civilisation of savages more easy by pacific than by forcible measures-Moral science far outstripped by physical-Necessity of cultivating the former

In the present chapter, I propose to consider some of the evils that have afflicted the human race; and to inquire whether they have proceeded from neglect of laws, benevolent and wise in themselves, and calculated, when observed, to promote the happiness of man; or from a defective or vicious constitution of nature. The following extract from the Journal of John Locke, contains a forcible statement of the principle which I intend to illustrate: "Though justice be also a perfection which we must necessarily ascribe to the Supreme Being, yet we cannot suppose the exercise of it should extend farther than his goodness has need of it for the preservation of his creatures in the order and beauty of the state that he has placed each of them in; for since our actions cannot reach unto him, or bring him any profit or damage, the punishments he inflicts on any of his creatures, i. e. the misery or destruction he brings upon them, can be nothing else but to preserve the greater or more considerable part, and so being only for preservation, his justice is nothing but a branch of his goodness, which is fain by severity to restrain the irregular and destructive parts from doing harm."-Lord King's Life of Locke, p. 122.

SECT. I .- CALAMITIES ARISING FROM INFRINGEMENT OF THE PHYSICAL LAWS.

The proper way of viewing the Creator's institutions, is to look, first, to their uses, and to the adventages that flow from using them aright; and, secondly, to their abuses, and the evils that proceed from this source.

In Chapter II., some of the benefits conferred on man by the law of gravitation have been enumerated; and I may here advert to some of the evils originating from that law, when human conduct is in opposition to it. For example, men are liable to fall from horses, carriages, stairs, precipices, roofs, chimneys, ladders, and masts, and also to slip in the street—by which accidents life is sometimes suddenly cut short, or rendered miserable from lameness and pain; and the question arises, Is human nature provided with any means of protection against these evils, commensurate with their frequency and extent?

The lower animals are subject to this law as well as man; and the Creator has bestowed on them external senses, nerves, muscles, bones, an instinctive sense of equilibrium, the sense of danger, or cautiousness, and other faculties, to place them in accordance with it. These appear to afford sufficient protection to animals placed in ordinary circumstances; for we very rarely discover any of them, in their natural condition, killed or mutilated by accidents referrible to gravitation. Where their mode of life exposes them to extraordinary danger from this law, they are provided with additional securities. The monkey, which climbs trees, enjoys great muscular energy in its legs, hands, and tail, far surpassing, in proportion to its gravitating tendency, (its bulk and weight), that which is bestowed on the legs and arms of man; so that, by this means, it springs from branch to branch, and supports itself, in almost complete security against the law in question. The goat, which browses on the brinks of precipices, has received a hoof and legs that give precision and stability to its steps. Birds, which are destined to sleep on branches of trees, are provided with a muscle passing over the joints of each leg and stretching down to the foot, and which, being pressed by their weight, produces a proportionate contraction of their claws, so as to make them cling the faster, the greater their liability to fall. The fly, which walks and sleeps on perpendicular walls and the ceilings of rooms, has a hollow in its foot, from which it expels the air, and the pressure of the atmosphere on the outside of the foot holds it fast to the object on which the inside is placed. The walrus, or seahorse, which is destined to climb up the sides of icehills, is provided with a similar apparatus. The camel, whose native region is the sandy desert of the torrid zone, has broad spreading hooves to support it on the loose soil. Fishes are furnished with air-bladders, by dilating and contracting which they can accommodate themselves with perfect precision to the law of gravitation.

In these instances, the lower animals appear to be placed by their natural endowments, admirably in harmony with gravitation, and guaranteed against its injurious effects. Is man, then, less an object of love with the Creator? Is he alone left exposed to the evils that spring inevitably from neglecting its operation? His means of protection are different, but when understood and applied, they will probably be found not less complete. Man also has received bones, muscles, nerves, an instinct of equilibrium,* and the faculty of Cantiousness; but not in equal perfection, in proportion to his figure, size, and weight, with those bestowed on the lower animals :- The difference, however, is far more than compensated by other faculties, particularly those of Constructiveness and Reflection, in which he greatly surpasses them. Keeping in view that the external world, in regard to man, is arranged on the principle of the supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect in cases of conflict between the faculties, we shall probably find that the calamities suffered by him from the law of gravitation, are referrible to predominance of the animal propensities, or to neglect of proper exercise of his intellectual powers. For example, when coaches break down, ships sink, or men fall from ladders, how generally may the cause be traced to decay in the vehicle, the vessel, or the ladder, which a predominating Acquisitiveness alone allowed to remain unrepaired; or when men fall from houses and scaffolds, or slip on the street, how frequently should we find their muscular, nervous, and mental energies impaired by preceding debaucheries-in other words, by predominance of the animal faculties, which for the time diminished their natural means of accommodating themselves to the law from which they suffer. The slater, in using a ladder, assists himself by the reflective powers; but, in walking along the ridge of a house, or standing on a chimney, he takes no aid from these faculties; he

* Vide Essay on Weight, Phren. Journ. vol. ii. p. 412.

trusts to the mere instinctive power of equilibrium, in which he is inferior to the lower animals, and, in so doing, clearly violates the law of his nature that requires him to use reflection where instinct is deficient. Causality and Constructiveness could invent and fashion means, by which, if he slipped from a roof or chimney, his fall might be arrested. A small chain, for instance, attached by one end to a girdle round his body, and having the other end fastened by a hook and eye to the roof, might leave him at liberty to move, and might break his fall in case he slipped. How frequently, too, do these accidents happen after disturbance of the mental faculties and corporeal functions by intoxication!

The objection will probably occur, that in the gross ' condition in which the mental powers exist, the great body of mankind are incapable of exerting habitually that degree of moral and intellectual energy, which is indispensable to observance of the natural laws; and that, therefore, they are, in point of fact, less fortunate than the lower animals. I admit that, at present, this representation is to a considerable extent just; but nowhere do I perceive the human mind instructed, and its powers exercised, in a degree at all approaching to their limits. Let any person recollect how much greater capacity for enjoyment and security from danger he has experienced, at a particular time, when his whole mind was filled with, and excited by, some mighty interest, not only allied to, but founded in, morality and intellect, than in that languid condition which accompanies the absence of elevated and ennobling emotions; and he may form some idea of what man may achieve, when his powers shall have been cultivated to the extent of their capacity. At the present moment, no class of society is systematically instructed in the constitution of the mind and body, in the relations of these to external objects, in the nature of these objects, in the principle that activity of the faculties is the true source of pleasure, and that the higher the powers the more intense the delight; and, if such views be to the mind what light is to the eyes, air to the lungs, and food to the stomach, there is no wonder that a mass of inert mentality, if I may use such a word, should every where exist around us, and that numberless evils should spring from its continuance in that condition. If active faculties, harmoniously gratified, are the natural fountains of enjoyment, and the external world is created with reference to this state; it is as obvious that misery must result from animal supremacy and intellectual torpidity, as that flame, which is constituted to burn only when supplied with oxygen, must inevitably become extinct when exposed to carbonic acid gas. Finally, if the arrangement by which man is left to discover and obey the laws of his own nature, and of the physical world, be more conducive to activity than intuitive knowledge. the calamities now contemplated may have been instituted to force him to do his duty; and his duty, when executed, will constitute his delight.

While, therefore, we lament the fate of individual victims to the law of gravitation, we cannot condemn that law itself. If it were suspended, to save men from the effects of negligence, not only might the proud creations of human skill totter to their base, and the human body rise from the earth and hang midway in the air; but our highest enjoyments would be terminated, and our faculties become positively useless, by being deprived of their field of action. Causality, for instance, teaches that the same cause will always, cæteris paribus, produce similar effects; and, if the physical laws were suspended or varied to accommodate themselves to man's negligence or folly, it is obvious that this faculty would be without an object, and that no definite course of action could be entered upon with confidence in the result. If, on the other hand, this view of the constitution of nature were kept steadily in mind, the occurrence of one accident of this kind would stimulate reflection to discover means of avoiding others.

given, in regard to the other physical laws to which man is subject; but the object of the present essay being merely to evolve principles, I confine myself to gravitation, as the most obvious and best understood.

I do not mean to say, that, by the mere exercise of intellect, man may absolutely guarantee himself against all accidents; but only that the more ignorant and careless he is, the more will he suffer, -and the more intelligent and vigilant, the less; and that I can perceive no limits to this rule. The law of most civilized countries recognises this principle, and subjects owners of ships, coaches, and other vehicles, in reparation of damage arising from gross infringements of the physical laws. It is unquestionable that the enforcement of this liability has given increased security to travellers to no trifling extent.

SECT. II .- ON THE EVILS THAT BEFALL MANKIND FROM INFRINGEMENT OF THE ORGANIC LAWS.

It is a very common error, to imagine that the feelings of the mind are communicated to it through the medium of the intellect; and, in particular, that if no indelicate objects reach the eyes, or expressions penetrate the ears, perfect purity will necessarily reign within the soul: and, carrying this mistake into practice, some persons are prone to object to all discussion of the subjects treated of under the "Organic Laws," in works designed for general use. But their principle of reasoning is fallacious, and the result has been highly detrimental to society. The feelings exist and possess activity distinct from the intellect; they spur it on to obtain their own gratification; and it may become either their guide or their slave, according as it is, or is not, enlightened concerning their constitution and objects, and the laws of nature to which they are subjected. The most profound philosophers have inculcated this doctrine, and by phrenological observation it is demonstratively established. The organs of the feelings are distinct from those of the intellectual faculties; they are larger; and, as each faculty, cæteris paribus, acts with a vigour proportionate to the size of its organs, the feelings are obviously the more active or impelling The cerebellum, or organ of Amativeness, is the largest of the whole mental organs; and, being endowed with natural activity, it fills the mind spontaneously with emotions and suggestions, which cannot be prevented from arising, or eradicated after they exist; but the outward manifestations of which may be directed, controlled, or resisted, by intellect and moral sentiment. The whole question, therefore, resolves itself into this, Whether is it more beneficial to enlighten the understanding, to enable it to control and direct that feeling,-or (under the influence of an error in philosophy, and false delicacy founded on it) to permit the propensity to riot in all the fierceness of a blind animal instinct, withdrawn from the eye of reason, but not thereby deprived of its vehemence and importunity? The former course appears to me to be the only one consistent with reason and morality; and I shall adopt it in reliance on the good sense of my readers, that they will at once discriminate between practical instruction concerning this feeling addressed to the intellect, and lascivious representations addressed to the mere propensity itself-with the latter of which the enemies of all improvement may attempt to confound my observations. To the pure, all things are pure; in other words, every function of the mind and body is instituted by the Creator: each has a legitimate sphere of activity: but all may be abused; and it is impossible regularly to avoid the abuse of them, except by being instructed in their nature, objects, and relations. This instruction is science of the most beneficial description. The propriety, nay necessity, of acting on this principle, becomes more and more apparent, when it is considered that, to indivi uals

Similar illustrations and commentaries might be discussions suggest only intellectual ideas, and that they perceive no indelicacy in knowledge which is calculated to be useful; while, on the other hand, persons in whom the feeling is naturally strong, and in whom they may excite emotion, are precisely those who, of all others, stand most in need of instruction.

An organized being is one which derives its existence from a previously existing organized being-which subsists on food, grows, attains maturity, decays, and dies. Whatever the ultimate object of the Creator, in constituting organized beings, may be, it will scarcely be denied, that part of His design is, that they should enjoy their existence here; and, if so, the object of every part of their structure should be to conduce to this end. To render an organized being perfect in its kind, the first law that must be observed is, that the germ from which it springs shall be complete in all its parts, and sound in its whole constitution; the second is, that the moment it is ushered into life, and as long as it continues to live, it shall be supplied with food, light, air, and every other aliment necessary for its support; and the third law is, that it shall duly exercise its functions. When all these laws are obeyed, the being should enjoy pleasure from its organized frame, if its Creator be benevolent; and its constitution should be so adapted to its circumstances, as to admit of obedience to them, if its Creator be wise and powerful. Is there, then, no such phenomenon on earth, as a human being existing in full possession of organic vigour, from birth till advanced age, when the organic system is fairly worn out? Numberless examples of this kind have occurred, and they shew to demonstration, that the corporeal frame of man is so constituted as to admit of the possibility of his enjoying health and vigour during the whole period of a long life. It is mentioned in the Life of Captain Cook, that "one circumstance peculiarly worthy of notice is the perfect and uninter. rupted health of the inhabitants of New Zealand. all the visits made to their towns, where old and young, men and women, crowded about our voyagers, they never observed a single person who appeared to have any bodily complaint; nor among the numbers that were seen naked, was once perceived the slightest eruption upon the skin, or the least mark which indicated that such an eruption had formerly existed. Another proof of the health of these people is the facility with which the wounds they at any time receive are healed. In the man who had been shot with the musket-ball through the fleshy part of his arm, the wound seemed to be so well digested, and in so fair a way of being perfectly healed, that if Mr Cook had not known that no application had been made to it, he declared that he should certainly have inquired, with a very interested curiosity, after the vulnerary herbs and surgical art of the country. An additional evidence of human nature being untainted with disease in New Zealand, is the great number of old men with whom it abounds. Many of them, by the loss of their hair and teeth, appeared to be very ancient, and yet none of them were decrepit. Although they were not equal to the young in muscular strength, they did not come in the least behind them with regard to cheerfulness and vivacity. Water, as far as our navigators could discover, is the universal and only liquor of the New Zealanders. It is greatly to be wished that their happiness in this respect may never be destroyed by such a connection with the European nations, as shall introduce that fondness for spirituous liquors which hath been so fatal to the Indians of North America."-Kippis's Life of Captain Cook. Dublin, 1788, p. 100.

In almost every country, individuals are to be found, who have been free from sickness during the whole course of a protracted life.

Now, as a natural law never admits of an exception, this excellent health could not occur in any individuals in whom the feeling in question is naturally weak, such | unless it were fairly within the capabilities of the race. The sufferings of women in childbed have been cited as evidence that the Creator has not intended the human being, under any circumstances, to execute all its functions entirely free from pain. But, besides the obvious answer, that the objection applies only to one sex, and is therefore not to be too readily presumed to have its origin in nature, there is good reason to deny the assertion, and to ascribe the suffering in question to departures from the natural laws, in either the structure or the habits of the individuals who experience it.*

The advantage of studying the finest models of the human figure, as exhibited in painting and sculpture, is to raise our ideas of the excellence of form and proportion to which our nature is capable of attaining; for, other conditions being equal, the most perfect forms and proportions are always the best adapted for health and activity.

Let us hold, then, that the organized system of man, in itself, admits of the possibility of health, vigour, and organic enjoyment, during the full period of life; and proceed to inquire into the causes why these advantages are not universal.

One organic law, I have stated, is, that the germ of the infant being must be complete in all its parts, and perfectly sound in its condition, as an indispensable requisite to vigorous development and full enjoyment of its powers. If an agriculturist sow corn that is weak, wasted, and damaged, the plants that spring from it will be feeble, and liable to speedy decay. The same law holds in the animal kingdom; and I would ask, has it hitherto been observed by man? Notoriously it has not. Indeed, its existence has been either nearly unknown, or in a very high degree disregarded by human The feeble, the sickly, the exhausted with age, and the incompletely developed through extreme youth, marry, and without the least compunction regarding the organization which they may transmit to their offspring, bring into the world miserable beings, the very rudiments of whose existence are tainted with disease. If we trace such conduct to its source, we shall find it to originate either in the supremacy of animal propensity, or in ignorance, or more frequently in both. The inspiring motives are generally mere sensual appetite, avarice, or ambition, operating in the absence of all just conceptions of the impending evils. The punishment of this offence is debility and pain transmitted to the children, and reflected back in anxiety and sorrow on the parents. Still the great point to be kept in view is, that these miseries are not legitimate consequences of observance of the organic laws, but the direct chastisement of their infringement. These laws are unbending, and admit of no exception; they must be fulfilled, or the penalties of disobedience will follow. On this subject profound ignorance reigns in society. From such observations as I have been able to make, I am convinced that the union of certain temperaments and combinations of mental organs in the parents, is highly conducive to health, talent, and morality in the offspring, and vice versa; and that these conditions may be discovered and taught with far greater certainty, facility, and advantage, than is generally imagined. It will be time enough to conclude that men are naturally incapable of obedience to the organic laws, when, after their intellectual faculties and moral sentiments have been trained to observance of the Creator's institutions, as at once their duty, their interest, and a grand source of their enjoyment, they shall be found continually to

A second organic law regards nutriment, which must be supplied of a suitable kind, and in due quantity. This law requires also free air, light, cleanliness, and attention to every physical arrangement by which the functions of the body may be strengthened or impairel. Have mankind, then, acted in accordance with, or neglected, this institution? I need scarcely answer the question. To be able to conform to institutions, we must first know them. Before we can know the organic constitution of our body, we must study it; and the study of the human constitution is anatomy and physiology. Before we can become acquainted with its relations to external objects, we must learn the existence and qualities of these objects (unfolded by chemistry, natural history, and natural philosophy), and compare them with the constitution of the human body. When we have fulfilled these conditions, we shall be better able to discover the laws which the Creator has instituted in regard to our organic system.*

It will be said, however, that such studies are impracticable to the great bulk of mankind, and, besides, do not appear much to benefit those who pursue them. They are impracticable only while mankind prefer resting their public and private conduct on the basis of the propensities, instead of on that of the propensities and the moral sentiments harmoniously combined. mentioned, that exercise of the nervous and muscular systems is required of all the race by the Creator's fiat; that if all who are capable would obey this law, a moderate amount of exertion agreeable and salutary in itself would suffice to supply our wants, and to surround us with every beneficial luxury; and that a large portion of unemployed time would remain. The Creator has bestowed on us Knowing Faculties, fitted to explore the facts of science, Reflecting Faculties to trace their relations, and Moral Sentiments calculated to feel interest in such investigations, and lead us to reverence and obey the laws which they unfold; and, finally, He has made this occupation, when entered upon with the view of tracing His power and wisdom in the subjects of our studies, and of discovering and obeying His institutions, the most delightful and invigorating of all occupations. Instead, then, of such a course of education being impracticable, every arrangement of the Creator appears to be prepared in direct anticipation of its actual accomplishment.

The second objection, that those who study these sciences are not more healthy and happy, as organized beings, than those who neglect them, admits of an easy answer. They may have inherited feeble frames from their parents. Besides, only parts of these sciences have been communicated to a few individuals, whose main design in studying them has been to apply them as means of acquiring wealth and fame; but they have not been generally taught as connected parts of a great system of natural arrangements, fraught with the highest influences on human enjoyment; and in almost no instance have the intellect and moral sentiments been systematically directed to the natural laws, as the grand fountains of happiness and misery to the race, and trained to observe and obey them as the institutions of the Creator. In cases where physiology, natural history, and natural philosophy have been properly studied, the objection alluded to is at variance with experience and fact.

A third organic law is, that all our functions shall be duly exercised; and is this law observed by mankind? Many persons are able, from experience, to attest the severity of the punishment that follows from omitting to exercise the muscular system, in the lassitude, indigestion, irritability, debility, and general uneasiness that attend a sedentary and inactive life: But the penalties that attach to neglect of exercising the brain are much less known, and therefore I shall notice them more at length. The following is the description of the brain given by Dr A. Combe, in his work on Phy-

* In "Physiology applied to Health and Education," and in "A Treatise on the Physiological and moral management of Infancy," by Dr A. Combe, to which I refer, the organic laws are expounded in detail, and many striking examples are given of the infringement of these laws, and of its injurious consequences.

siology applied to Health and Education already allud-

ed to.
"The brain is that large organized mass which, along
with its enveloping membranes, completely fills the cavity of the skull. It is the seat of thought, of feeling,
and of consciousness, and the centre towards which all
impressions made on the nerves distributed through the
body are conveyed, and from which the commands of the
will are transmitted to put the various parts in motion.

"The structure of the brain is so complicated, that less is known of its true nature than that of almost any other organ. It would therefore be entirely out of place to attempt to describe it here, farther than by stating generally its principal divisions. On sawing off the top of the skull, and removing the firm tough membrane called dura mater (hard mother), which adheres closely to its concave surface, the cerebrum or brain proper presents itself, marked on the surface with a great variety of undulating windings or convolutions, and extending from the fore to the back part of the head, somewhat in the form of an ellipse. The annexed cut, Fig. 1. repre

FIG. 1 .- UPPER SURFACE OF THE BRAIN.



sents the convolutions as seen on the upper surface of the brain. In the middle line, from A to B, a deep cleft or fissure is perceived, separating the brain, in its whole length, into two halves, or hemispheres, as they are called. Into this cleft dips a tight stiff membrane, resem bling a scythe in shape, and hence called the falr (scythe), or sometimes, from its being a mere fold of the dura mater, the falciform (scythe-like) process of the dura mater. From its dipping down between the two halves of the brain, the chief purpose of this membrane seems to be to relieve the one side from the pressure of the other, when we are asleep, for example, or have the head reclining to either side. The membrane does not descend to the bottom of the brain, except in a small part, at the front and back, G G in Fig. 2. It descends about two-thirds of the depth of the whole brain. At the point where it terminates, a mass of fibres, named the corpus callosum, passes between and connects the two hemispheres. The convolutions represented in Fig. 1. belong chiefly to the coronal region, and manifests the moral sentiments."

The cut, Fig. 2, represents the convolutions lying at the base of the brain.

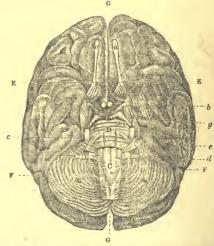
"Each half or hemisphere of the brain is, in its turn, divided,—but in a less marked way, as the divisions are observable only on its inferior surface,—into three portions, called, from their situations, the anterior, middle, and posterior lobes, each occupying nearly a third of the whole length of the brain. The anterior lobe, being the portion lying before the dotted line E E, occupies the for-head; the middle is all the portion lying be-

tween the two transverse lines E E and F F, above and a little in front of the ears; and the posterior lobe is that portion lying behind the transverse line F F, and corresponding to the back part of the head.

"Beneath the posterior lobe, a strong fold of the dura mater, called the tentorium, is extended horizontally to support and separate it from the cerebellum A A, or little brain, lying below it. The cerebellum forms the last great division of the contents of the skull. Its surface is marked by convolutions, differing, however, in size and appearance from those observed in the brain.

"Adhering to the surface of the convolutions, and consequently dipping down into, and lining the sold or furrows between them, another membrane, of a finer texture, and greater vascularity, called pia mater, is found. The bloodvessels going to the brain branch out so extensively on the pia mater, that, when a little inflamed, it seems to constitute a perfect vascular network. This minute subdivision is of use in preventing the blood from being impelled with too great force against the delicate tissue of the brain.

Fig. 2.—Under Surface of the Brain.



"A third covering, called the arachnoid membrane, from its fineness resembling that of a spider's web, is interposed between the other two, and is frequently the seat of disease.

they are found to vary a good deal in size, depth, and general appearance. In the various regions of the same brain they are also different, but preserve the same general aspect. Thus they are always small and numerous in the anterior lobe, larger and deeper in the middle, and still larger in the posterior lobe. The thick cord or root C, springing from the base of the brain, is named the medulla oblongata, or oblong portion of the spinal marrow, which is continued downwards, and fills the cavity of the spine or back-bone. At one time the brain has been regarded as proceeding from, and at another as giving rise to, the spinal marrow; but, in reality, the two are merely connected, and neither grows from the other. The false analogy of a stem growing from a root has led to this abuse of language.

"The small round filaments or cords seen to proceed from the sides of the medulla oblongata, and from near the base of the brain, are various nerves of sensation and motion, some of them going to the organs of sense, and other to the skin and muscles of the face, head, and other more distant parts. The long flat-looking nerve a a, lying on the surface of the anterior lobe, is the olfactory, or nerve of smell, going to the nose. The round thick nerve 4 4, near the roots of the former, is the optic, or nerve of vision, going to the ere. That marked

b is the motor nerve which supplies the muscles of the eyeball. A little farther back, the fifth pair c, is seen to issue apparently from the arch D, called Pons Varolii, or bridge of Varolius. It is a large compound nerve, and divides into three branches, which are ramified on almost all the parts connected with the head and face, and the upper and under jaw. It is a nerve of both sensation and motion, and one branch of it ramified on the tongue is the nerve of taste. Other branches supply and give sensibility to the teeth, glands, and skin. The seventh or auditory nerve e, is distributed on the internal ear, and serves for hearing. The eighth, or pneumogastric nerve d, sends filaments to the windpipe, lungs, heart, and stomach, and is one of great importance in the production of the voice and respiration. It also influences the action of the heart, and the process of digestion.

"Such are the principal nerves more immediately connected with the brain, but which it is impossible to describe more minutely here. Those which supply the trunk of the body and the extremities, issue chiefly from the spinal marrow; but they also must, for the present, be passed over in silence, that we may return to the

consideration of the brain.

"The brain receives an unusually large supply of blood, in comparison with the rest of the body; but the nature of its circulation, although a very interesting subject of study, being only indirectly connected with our present purpose, cannot now be discussed."

The brain is the fountain of nervous energy to the whole body, and many individuals are habitual invalids, without actually labouring under any ordinary recognised disease, solely from defective or irregular exercise of the nervous system. In such cases, not only the mind suffers debility in its feelings and intellectual capacities, but all the functions of the body participate in its languor, because all of them receive a diminished and vitiated supply of the nervous stimulus, a due share of which is essential to their healthy action. The best mode of increasing the strength and energy of any organ and function, is to exercise them regularly and judiciously, according to the laws of their constitution.* The brain is the organ of the mind; different parts of it manifest distinct faculties; and the power of manifestation in regard to each is proportionate, cæleris paribus, to the size and activity of the organ. brain partakes of the general qualities of the organized system, and is strengthened by the same means as the other organs. When the muscles are called into vivacious activity, an increased influx of blood and of nervous stimulus takes place in them, and their vessels and fibres become at once larger, firmer, and more susceptible of action. Thought and feeling are to the brain what bodily exercise is to the muscles; they are accompanied by increased action in its bloodvessels, and an augmented elaboration of nervous energy. In a case reported by Dr Pierquin, observed by him in one of the hospitals of Montpelier in 1821, he saw, in a female patient, part of whose skull had been removed, the brain motionless and lying within the cranium when she was in a dreamless sleep; in motion and protruding without the skull when she was agitated by dreams; more protruded in dreams reported by herself to be vivid; and still more so when perfectly awake, and especially if engaged in active thought or sprightly conversation. Similar cases are reported by Sir Astley Cooper and Professor Blumenbach.†

Those parts of the brain which manifest the feelings, constitute by far the largest portion of it, and they are best exercised by discharging the active duties of life and of religion; the parts which manifest the intellect

* See Dr A. Combe's Physiology, &c. 7th edition.

are smaller, and are exercised by the application of the understanding in practical business, and in the arts, sciences, or literature.

The first step, therefore, towards establishing the regular exercise of the brain, is to educate and train the mental faculties in youth; and the second is to place the individual habitually in circumstances demanding the discharge of useful and important duties.

I have often heard the question asked, What is the use of education? The answer might be illustrated by explaining to the inquirer the nature and objects of the limbs, lungs, and eyes, and then asking him, if he could conceive how a being thus constituted could be benefited by obtaining access to earth, air, and light? He would perceive that these elements would be of high utility to him, as affording means by which his organs could obtain scope for action, which action we suppose him to know to be pleasure. To those, then, who know the functions of the brain as the organ of the moral and intellectual powers of man, I need only say, that the objects presented by education to the mind, bear to it the same relation that the physical elements of nature do to the nerves and muscles; they afford the faculties scope for action, and yield them delight. The meaning commonly attached to the word education in such cases, is the acquisition of the Greek and Latin languages; but I employ it to signify knowledge of nature and science in all its departments. Again, the signification generally attached to the word use in such questions, is, how much money, influence, or consideration, will education bring ?-- these being the only objects of strong desire with which uncultivated minds are acquainted; and it is not perceived in what way education can greatly promote their attainment. But when the mind is opened to the perception of its own constitution and to the natural laws, the advantage of moral and inter lectual cultivation, as a means of exercising and invigorating the brain and mental faculties, and also of directing the conduct in obedience to these laws, becomes apparent.

But there is an additional benefit arising from healthy activity of the brain, which is little known. Certain modifications of the nervous energy elaborated by the brain, appear to take place, according to the mode in which the faculties and organs are affected. For example, when misfortune and disgrace impend over us, the organs of Cautiousness, Self-Esteem, and Love of Approbation are painfully excited, and appear to transmit an impaired, or positively noxious nervous influence to the heart, stomach, intestines, and thence to the rest of the body; digestion is deranged, the pulse becomes feeble and irregular, and the whole corporeal system wastes. When, on the other hand, the cerebral organs are agreeably affected, a benign and vivifying nervous influence pervades the frame, and the functions of the body a e performed with increased pleasure and success. The quantum of nervous energy increases with the number of cerebral organs roused into action, and with the degree of the activity itself. In the retreat of the French from Moscow, for example, when no enemy was near, the soldiers became depressed in courage and enfeebled in body, and nearly sank to the earth through exhaustion and cold; but no sooner did the fire of the Russian guns sound in their ears, or the gleam of their bayonets flash in their eyes, than new life seemed to pervade them. They wielded powerfully the arms, which, a few moments before, they could scarcely carry or drag on the ground. Scarcely, however, was the enemy repulsed, when their feebleness returned. The theory of this is, that the approach of the combat called into activity a variety of additional faculties; these sent new energy through every nerve.; and, while their vivacity was maintained by the external stimulus, they rendered the soldiers strong beyond their merely physical condition. Many persons have probably experienced the operation of the same principle. If, when

[†] See American Annals of Phrenology, No. I. p. 37. Sir A. Cooper's Lectures on Surgery, by Tyrrel, vol. i, p. 279. Elliotson's Blumenbach, 4th edition, p. 288. Phren. Journ vol. ix. p. 223.

sitting feeble and listless by the fire, we hear of an accident having occurred to some beloved friend who requires our instantaneous aid, or if an unexpected visitor has arrived, in whom our affections are bound up,in an instant our lassitude is gone, and we move with an alertness and animation that seem surprising to ourselves. The cause is the same; these events rouse Adhesiveness, Benevolence, Love of Approbation, Intellect, and a variety of faculties which were previously dor mant, and their influence invigorates the limbs. Dr Sparrman, in his Voyage to the Cape, mentions a striking illustration of the principle. "There was now again," says he, " a great scarcity of meat in the waggon; for which reason my Hottentots began to grumble, and reminded me that we ought not to waste so much of our time in looking after insects and plants, but give a better look out after the game. At the same time, they pointed to a neighbouring dale overrun with wood, at the upper edge of which, at the distance of about a mile and a quarter from the spot where we then were, they had seen several buffaloes. Accordingly, we went thither; but, though our fatigue was lessened by our Hottentots carrying our gans for us up a hill, yet we were quite out of breath, and overcome by the sun, before we got up to it. Yet, what even now appears to me a matter of wonder is, that as soon as we got a glimpse of the game, all this languor left us in an instant. In fact, we each of us strove to fire before the other, so that we seemed entirely to have lost sight of all prudence and

It is part of the same law, that the more agreeable the mental stimulus, the more benign is the nervous influence transmitted to the body.

An individual who has received from nature a large and tolerably active brain, but who, from possessing wealth sufficient to remove the necessity for labour, is engaged in no profession, and who has not enjoyed the advantages of a scientific or extensive education, and takes no interest in moral and intellectual pursuits for their own sake, is in general a victim to the natural laws. Persons of this description, ignorant of these laws, will, in all probability, neglect nervous and muscular exercise, and suffer the miseries arising from impeded circulation and impaired digestion. In want of objects on which the energy of their minds may be expended, the due stimulating influence of their brains on their bodies will be withheld, and the effects of muscular inactivity will be aggravated: all the functions will, in consequence, become enfeebled; lassitude, uneasiness, anxiety, and a thousand evils, will arise; and life will become a mere endurance of punishment for infringement of institutions calculated in themselves to promote happiness and afford delight when known and This fate frequently overtakes uneducated females, whose early days have been occupied with business or the cares of a family, but whose occupations have ceased before old age has diminished corporeal vigour: It overtakes men also, who, uneducated, retire from active business in the prime of life. In some instances, these evils accumulate to such a degree that the brain at length gives way, and insanity is the consequence.

It is worthy of remark, that the more elevated the objects of our study, the higher in the scale are the mental organs which are exercised; and that the higher the organs, the more pure and intense is the pleasure: hence, a vivacious and regularly supported excitement of the moral sentiments and intellect, is, by the organic law, highly favourable to health and corporeal vigour.

No reasonable person, after having his intellect imbued with a perception of, and belief in, the natural laws, as now explained, can desire continued idleness as a source of pleasure; nor can he regard muscular exertion and mental activity, when not carried to excess, as any thing else than enjoyments, kindly vouchsafed that moderate labour and mental exertion are evils, can originate only from ignorance, or from viewing the effects of over-exhaustion as the result of the natural law, and not as the punishment for infringing it.

If, then, we sedulously inquire, in each particular instance, into the cause of the sickness, pain, and pre-mature death, or the derangement of the corporeal frame in youth and middle life, which we see so common around us; and endeavour to discover whether it originated in obedience to the physical and organic laws, or sprang from infringement of them, we shall be able to form some estimate as to how far bodily suffering is justly attributable to imperfections of nature, and how far to our own ignorance and neglect of divine

The foregoing principles being of much practical importance, may, with propriety, be elucidated by a few examples. Two or three centuries ago, various cities in Europe were depopulated by the plague, and, in particular, London was visited by an awful mortality from this cause, in the reign of Charles the Second. people of that age attributed the scourge to the inscrutable decrees of Providence, and some to the magnitude of the nation's moral iniquities. According to the views now presented, it must have arisen from infringement of the organic laws, and have been intended to enforce stricter obedience to them in future. There was nothing inscrutable in its causes or objects. These, when clearly analyzed, appear to have had no direct reference to the moral condition of the people; I say direct reference to the moral condition of the peoplebecause it would be easy to shew that the physical, the organic, and all the other natural laws, are connected indirectly, and act in harmony with the moral law; and that infringement of the latter often leads to disobedience of other laws, and brings a double punishment on the offender. The facts recorded in history exactly correspond with the theory now propounded. The following is a picture of the condition of the cities of Western Europe in the 15th century :-- "The floors of the houses being commonly of clay, and strewed with rushes or straw, it is loathsome to think of the filth collected in the hovels of the common people, and sometimes in the lodgings even of the superior ranks, from spilled milk, beer, grease, fragments of bread, flesh, bones, spittle, excrements of cats, dogs, &c. this Erasmus, in a letter 432, c. 1815, ascribes the plague, the sweating sickness, &c. in London, which, in this respect, resembled Paris and other towns of any magnitude in those times."- Ranken's History of France, vol. v. p. 416. The streets of London were excessively narrow, the habits of the people dirty, their food poor, and no adequate provision was made for introducing a plentiful supply of water, or removing the filth unavoidably produced by a dense population. The great fire in that city, which happened soon after the pestilence, afforded an opportunity for remedying in some degree the narrowness of the streets, while habits of increasing cleanliness abated the filth: These changes brought the condition of the people more into accordance with the laws of health, and the plague has not since returned. Again, till very lately, thousands of children died yearly of the small-pox; but, in our day, vaccine inoculation saves ninety-nine out of every hundred, who, under the old system, would have died.

A gentleman who died about twenty years ago at an advanced period of life, told me that, in his youth, the country six miles west from Edinburgh was so unhealthy, that every spring the farmers and their servants were seized with fever and ague, and needed to undergo bleeding, and a course of medicine, to prevent attacks or remove their effects. At that time these visitations were believed to be sent by Providence, and to be inherent in the constitution of things. After, however, said my informant, an improved system of to him by the benevolence of the Creator. The notion agriculture and drainage was established, and the nu

merous pools of stagnant water formerly left between the ridges of the fields were removed, after dunghills were carried to a distance from the doors, and the houses themselves made more spacious and commodious, every symptom of ague and marsh-fever disappeared from the district, and it became highly salubrious. In other words, as soon as the gross infringement of the organic laws was abated by a more active exertion of the muscular and intellectual powers of man, the punishment ceased. Another friend informed me that, about fifty years ago, he commenced farming in a high and uncultivated district of East Lothian; that at first the crops suffered severely in the spring from cold fogs; but that, since the region has been reclaimed and drained, the climate has greatly improved, and, in particular, the destructive mists have disappeared. The same results have followed in Canada and the United States of America, from similar operations.

In like manner, many calamities occurred in coalpits, in consequence of introducing lighted candles and lamps into places filled with hydrogen gas, which had emanated from seams of coal, and which exploded, scorched, and suffocated the men and animals within its reach; until Sir Humphrey Davy discovered that the Creator had established such a relation between flame, wire-gauze, and hydrogen gas, that, by surrounding the flame with gauze, its power of exploding hydrogen was suspended. By the simple application of a covering of wire-gauze over and around the flame, it is prevented from igniting gas beyond it; and colliers are now able to carry, with safety, lighted lamps into places highly impregnated with inflammable air. I have been informed, that the accidents from explosion, which still occasionally occur in coal-mines, arise from neglecting to keep the lamps in perfect condition.

It is needless to multiply examples in support of the proposition, that the organized system of man, in itself, admits of a healthy existence from infancy to old age, provided its germ has been healthy, and its subsequent condition uniformly in harmony with the physical and organic laws. But it has been objected, that, although the human faculties may perhaps be adequate to discover these laws, and to record them in books, they are totally incapable of retaining them in the memory, and of formally applying them in every act of life. is said, we could not move a step without calculating the effects of the law of gravitation, and adjusting the body to its influence, and could never eat a meal without squaring our appetite by the organic laws, life would be oppressed by the pedantry of knowledge, and rendered miserable by the observance of trivial details. The answer to this objection is, that our faculties are adapted by the Creator to the external world, and act spontaneously when their objects are properly placed before them. In walking during the day on a foot-path in the country, we adjust our steps to the inequalities of the surface, without being overburdened by mental calculation. Indeed, we perform this adjustment with so little trouble, that we are not aware of having made any particular mental or muscular effort. But, on returning by the same path at night, when we cannot see, we stumble; and discover, for the first time, how important a duty our faculties had been performing during day, without our having adverted to their labour. Now, the simple medium of light is sufficient to bring clearly before our eyes the inequalities of the ground; but to make the mind equally familiar with the countles objects which abound in external nature, and their relations, an intellectual light is necessary, which can be struck out only by exercising and applying the knowing and reflecting faculties ;-when that light is obtained, and the qualities and relationships in question are clearly perceived, our faculties, so long as the light lasts, will act spontaneously in adapting our conduct to the nature of the objects, just as they do in accommodating our movements to the unequal surface of the earth. After the poisonous qualities of hemlock are known, it is no more necessary for us to go through a course of reasoning on physical, botanical, and chemical objects, in order to be able to abstain from eating it, than it is to go through a course of mathematical investigations before lifting the one foot higher than the other, in ascending a stair. At present, physical and political science, morals, and religion, are not taught as parts of one connected system; nor are the relations between them and the constitution of man pointed out to the world. Consequently, theoretical and practical knowledge are often widely separated. This ought not to be the case; for many advantages would flow from scientific education, some of which may now be mentioned.

In the first place, the physical and organic laws, when thoroughly known, appear to the mind as institutions of the Creator; wise and salutary in themselves, unbending in their operation, and universal in their application. They interest our intellectual faculties, and strongly impress our sentiments. The duty of obeying them comes home to us with the authority of a mandate from God. While we confine ourselves to mere recommendations to beware of damp, to observe temperance or to take exercise, without explaining the principle, the injunction carries only the weight due to the authority of the individual who gives it, and is addressed to only two or three faculties,-Veneration and Cautiousness, for instance, or Self-love, in him who receives it. But if we be instructed in the elements of the physical world, and in those of our organized system, in the uses of the different parts of the human body, and the conditions necessary to their healthy action,in the causes of their derangement, and the pains consequent thereon; and if the obligation to attend to these conditions be enforced on our moral sentiments and intellect, as a duty imposed on us by the Creator, which we cannot neglect without suffering punishment; then the motives to observe the physical and organic laws, as well as the power of doing so, will be greatly increased. Before we can dance well, not only must we know the motions, but our muscles must be trained to execute them; and, in like manner, to enable us to act on precepts, not only must we comprehend their meaning, but our intellects and sentiments must be disciplined into the habit of actual performance. of acquiring and practically using scientific information concerning the natural world, its qualities, and their relations, is to the intellect and sentiments what dancing is to the muscles: it invigorates them; and, as obedience to the natural laws must spring from them, exercise renders it easy and delightful.

Secondly, Dr Johnson defines "principle" to be "fundamental truth; original postulate; first position from which others are deduced;" and in these senses of the word I remark, that it is only by comprehending the principle on which consequences depend, that we become thoroughly impressed with the invariableness of the physical and organic laws, acquire confidence in, and respect for, them, and fairly endeavour to accommodate our conduct to their operation. The human faculties are spontaneously active, and desire gratification; but Intellect must have fixed data on which to reason, otherwise it is itself a mere impulse. The man in whom Constructiveness and Weight are powerful will naturally betake himself to constructing machinery; but, if he be ignorant of the principles of mechanical science, he will not direct his efforts to such important ends, nor attain them with so much success, as if his intellect had been stored with this kind of knowledge. Scientific principles are deduced from the laws of nature. A man may compose music by the impulses of Tune and Time; but as there are immutable laws of harmony, he will not compose so correctly and in such good taste if he be ignorant of them, as he would do if he knew them. In every art and science, there are

principles referable solely to the constitution of nature, which admit of countless applications. A musician may produce gay, grave, solemn, or ludicrous tunes, all good of their kind, by following the laws of harmony; but he will never produce one good piece by violating them. While the inhabitants west of Edinburgh allowed the stagnant pools to deface their fields, some seasons would be more healthy than others; and, while the cause of the disease was unsuspected, this would confirm them in the notion that health and sickness were dispensed by an overruling Providence, on inscrutable principles, which they could not comprehend: but the moment the cause was known, it would be found that the most healthy seasons were those which were cold and dry, and the most sickly those which were warm and moist ;-they would then discover, that the salubrity of one year, and unwholesomeness of another, were clearly referable to one principle; and after perceiving this truth, they would both be more strongly prompted to apply the remedy, and be rendered morally and intellectually more capable of doing so. If some intelligent friend had merely told them to drain their fields, and remove their dunghills, they would probably not have complied with his recommendation; but whenever their intellects were led to the perception that the evil would continue until they acted in this manner, the improvement would become easy.

The truth of these views may be still farther illustrated by examples. A young gentleman of Glasgow, whom I knew, went out, as a merchant, to North America. Business required him to sail from New York to St Domingo. The weather was hot, and he, being very sick, found the confinement below deck, in bed, as he said, intolerable; that is, this confinement was, for the moment, more painful than the course which he adopted, of laying himself down at full length on the deck, in the open air. He was warned by his fellow-passenzers, and the officers of the ship, that he would inevitably induce fever by his proceeding; but he was utterly ignorant of the physical and organic laws: his intellect had been trained to regard only wealth and present pleasure as objects of real importance; it could perceive no necessary connexion between exposure to the mild grateful sea-breeze of a warm climate, and fever; and he obstinately refused to quit his position. The consequence was, that he was soon taken ill, and died the day after arriving at St Domingo. Knowledge of chemistry and physiology would have enabled him, in an instant, to understand that the sea air, in warm climates, holds a prodigious quantity of water in solution, and that damp and heat, operating together on the human organs, tend to derange their healthy action, and ultimately to destroy them entirely: and if his sentiments had been deeply imbued with a feeling of the indispensable duty of yielding obedience to the institutions of the Creator, he would have actually enjoyed not only a greater desire, but a greater power, of supporting the temporary inconvenience of the heated cabin, and might, by possibility, have escaped death.

The late Dr Robert Macnish, well known to the literary world, favoured me with the following particulars, suggested by a perusal of the second edition of the present work :- " On four several occasions I have nearly lost my life from infringing the organic laws. When a lad of fifteen, I brought on, by excessive study, a brain fever which nearly killed me; at the age of nineteen I had an attack of peritonitis (inflammation of the lining membrane of the abdomen), occasioned by violent efforts in wrestling and leaping; while in France nine years ago, I was laid up with pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs), brought on by dissecting in the great galleries of La Pitié, with my coat and hat off in the month of December, the windows next to me being constantly open; and in 1829 I had a dreadful fever,

ing, without a cloak or greatcoat. I was for four months on my back, and did not recover perfectly for more than eighteen months. All these evils were entirely of my own creating, and arose from a foolish violation of laws which every sensible man ought to observe and regulate himself by. Indeed, I have always thought-and your book confirms me more fully in the sentiment-that, by proper attention, crime and disease, and misery of every sort, could, in a much greater measure than is generally believed, be banished from the earth, and that the true method of doing so is to instruct people in the laws which govern their own

Captain Murray, R. N., mentioned to Dr A. Combe, that, in his opinion, most of the bad effects of the climate of the West Indies might be avoided by care and attention to clothing; and that so satisfied was he on this point, that he had petitioned to be sent there in preference to the North American station, and had no reason to regret the change. The measures which he adopted, and their effects, are detailed in the following interesting and instructive letter :-

" MY DEAR SIR, ASSYNT, April 22. 1827.

" I should have written to you before this, had I not been anxious to refer to some memorandums, which I could not do before my return home from Coul. I attribute the great good health enjoyed by the crew of his Majesty's ship Valorous, when on the West India station, during the period I had the honour of commanding her, to the following causes: 1st, To the keeping the ship perfectly dry and clean; 2d, To habituating the men to the wearing of flannel next the skin; 3d, To the precaution I adopted, of giving each man a proportion of his allowance of cocoa before he left the ship in the morning, either for the purpose of watering, or any other duty he might be sent upon; and, 4th, To the cheerfulness of the crew.

" The Valorous sailed from Plymouth on the 24th December 1823, having just returned from the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, where she had been stationed two years, the crew, including officers, amounting to 150 men. I had ordered the purser to draw two pairs of flannel drawers and two shirts extra for each man, as soon as I knew that our destination was the West Indies; and, on our sailing, I issued two of each to every man and boy in the ship, making the officers of each division responsible for the men of their respective divisions wearing these flannels during the day and night; and, at the regular morning nine o'clock musters, I inspected the crew personally; for you can hardly conceive the difficulty I have had in forcing some of the men to use flannel at first; although I never yet knew one who did not, from choice, adhere to it, when once fairly adopted. The only precaution after this was to see that, in bad weather, the watch, when relieved, did not turn in in their wet clothes, which the young hands were apt to do, if not looked after; and their flannels were shifted every Sunday.

"Whenever fresh beef and vegetables could be procured at the contract price, they were always issued in preference to salt provisions. Lime juice was issued whenever the men had been fourteen days on ship's provisions; and the crew took all their meals on the main

deck, except in very bad weather.

" The quarter and main decks were scrubbed with sand and water, and wet holy-stones, every morning at day-light. The lower deck, cock-pit, and store-rooms were scrubbed every day after breakfast, with dry holystones and hot sand, until quite white, the sand being carefully swept up, and thrown overboard. The pumpwell was also swabbed out dry, and then scrubbed with holy-stones and hot sand; and here, as well as in every part of the ship which was liable to Jamp, Brodie-stoves occasioned by walking home from a party at which were constantly used, until every appearance of humi-I had been dancing, in an exceedingly cold morn-dity vanished. The lower-deck and cock-pit were washen once every week in dry weather; but Brodie-stoves were constantly kept burning in them, until they were

quite dry again.

"The hammocks were piped up and in the nettings, from 7 A. M. until dusk, when the men of each watch took down their hammocks alternately; by which means, only one half of the hammocks being down at a time, the 'tween decks were not so crowded, and the watch relieved were sure of turning into a dry bed on going below. The bedding was aired every week once at least. The men were not permitted to go on shore in the heat of the sun, or where there was a probability of their getting spirituous liquors; but all hands were indulged with a run on shore, when out of reach of such temptation.

" I was employed on the coast of Caraccas, the West India Islands, and Gulf of Mexico; and, in course of service, I visited Trinidad, Margarita, Cocha, Cumana, Nueva Barcelona, Laguira, Porto Cabello, and Maracaibo, on the coast of Caraccas; all the West India Islands from Tobago to Cuba, both inclusive; as also Caraçoa and Aruba, and several of these places repeatedly; also Vera Cruz and Tompico, in the Gulf of Mexico, which you will admit must have given a trial to the constitutions of my men, after two years among the icebergs of Labrador, without an intervening summer between that icy coast and the coast of Caraccas: yet I arrived in England on June 24th, without having buried a single man or officer belonging to the ship, or indeed having a single man on the sick list; from which I am satisfied that a dry ship will always be a healthy one in any climate. When in command of the Recruit, of 18 guns, in the year 1809, I was sent to Vera Cruz, where I found the - 46, the - 42, the - 18, and gun-brig; we were joined by the - 36, and the - 18. During the period we remained at anchor (from 8 to 10 weeks), the three frigates lost from 30 to 50 men each, the brigs 16 to 18, the - most of her crew, with two different commanders; yet the Recruit, although moored in the middle of the squadron, and constant intercourse held with the other ships, did not lose a man, and had none sick. Now, as some of these ships had been as long in the West Indies as the Recruit, we cannot attribute her singularly healthy state to seasoning, nor can I to superior cleanliness, because even the breeches of the carronades, and all the pins, were polished bright in both - and -, which was not the case with the Recruit. Perhaps her healthy state may be attributed to cheerfulness in the men; to my never allowing them to go on shore in the morning on an empty stomach; to the use of dry sand and holy-stone for the ship; to never working them in the sun; perhaps to accident. Were I asked my opinion, I would say that I firmly believe that cheerfulness contributes more to keep a ship's company healthy, than any precaution that can be adopted; and that, with this attainment, combined with the precautions I have mentioned, I should sail for the West Indies with as little anxiety as I would for any other station. My Valorous fellows were as cheerful a set as I ever saw collected together."

Suppose that two gentlemen were to ascend one of the Scottish mountains, in a hot summer day, and to arrive at the top, bathed in perspiration, and exhausted with fatigue; that one of them knew intimately the physical and organic laws, and that, all hot and wearied as he was, he should button up his cost closer about his body, wrap a handkerchief about his neck, and continue walking, at a quick pace, round the summit, in the full blaze of the sun; but that the other, ignorant of these laws, should eagerly run to the base of a projecting cliff, stretch himself at full length on the turf under its refreshing shade, open his vest to the grateful breeze, and give himself up entirely to the present luxuries of coolness and repose: the former, by warding off the rapid chill of the cold mountain air, would descend with health unimpaired; while the latter would most probably carry

with him the seeds of rheumatism, consumption, or fever, from permitting perspiration to be instantaneously checked, and the surface of the body to be cooled with an injurious rapidity. The death of the young Duke de Leuchtenberg, husband of Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal, affords a striking example of the operation of these principles. On Monday, the 23d of March 1835, being in perfect health, he went out to shoot. On returning to the palace, he imprudently threw off his coat and waistcoat, while in a state of profuse perspiration. This brought on a cold; slight at first, but which soon began to assume a serious character. On Friday the 27th, inflammation appeared; and, on Saturday the 28th, at twenty minutes past two P. M., he expired.

The following case, also illustrative of the points under consideration, is one which I have had too good an

opportunity of observing in all its stages.

An individual in whom it was my duty as well as pleasure to be greatly interested, resolved on carrying Mr Owen's views into practical effect, and set on foot an establishment on his principles, at Orbiston, in Lanarkshire. The labour and anxiety which he underwent at the commencement of the undertaking, gradually impaired an excellent constitution; and, without perceiving the change, he, by way of setting an example of industry, took to digging with the spade, and actually wrought for fourteen days at this occupation, although previously unaccustomed to labour. This produced hæmoptysis or spitting of blood. Being now unable for such severe exertion, he gave up his whole time to directing and instructing the people, -about 250 in number,-and for two or three weeks spoke the whole day, the effusion of blood from his lungs continuing. Nature sank rapidly under this irrational treatment, and at last he came to Edinburgh for medical advice. When the structure and uses of his lungs were explained to him, and when it was pointed out that his treatment of them had been equally injudicious as if he had thrown lime or dust into his eyes after inflammation, he was struck with the extent and consequences of his ignorance, and exclaimed, "How greatly should I have been benefited, if one month of the five years which I was forced to spend in a vain attempt to acquire a mastery over the Latin tongue, had been dedicated to conveying to me information concerning the structure of my body, and the causes which preserve and impair its functions!" He had departed too widely from the organic laws to admit of an easy return: he was seized with inflammation of the lungs, and with great difficulty survived that attack; but it impaired his constitution so grievously, that he died after a lingering ill ness of eleven months. He acknowledged, however even in his severest pain, that he suffered under a just The lungs, he perceived, were of prime import ance to life, and a motive to their proper treatment was provided in this tremendous punishment, inflicted for neglecting the conditions requisite to their health. Had he given them rest, and returned to obedience to the organic law, at the first intimation of departure from it, the way to health was open and ready to receive him; but in utter ignorance, he persevered for weeks in direct opposition to that law, till the fearful result ensued.

This last case affords a striking illustration of a principle already noticed, namely, the independence of the different natural laws, and of the necessity of obeying all of them, as the only condition of safety and enjoyment. The individual here alluded to, was deeply engaged in a most benevolent and disinterested experiment for promoting the welfare of his fellow-creatures; and superficial observers would say that this was just an example of the inscrutable decrees of Providence, which visited him with sickness, and ultimately with death, in the very midst of his most virtuous exertions. But the institutions of the Creator are wiser than the imagina tions of such men. The first condition on which exist-

ence on earth and all its advantages depend, is obedience to the physical and organic laws. The benevolent Owenite, in his zeal to obey the moral law, neglected these, and suffered the punishment of his omission; if it were possible to dispense with one law by obeying another, the whole field of man's existence would speedily be involved in inextricable disorder.

The following case was communicated to me by an actual observer. A gentleman far advanced in years fell into a state of bodily weakness, which rendered necessary the constant presence of an attendant. A daughter, in whom the organs of Adhesiveness, Benevolence, and Veneration were largely developed, devoted herself to this service with ceaseless assiduity. She was his companion for month after month, and year after year-happy in cheering the last days of her respected parent, and knowing no pleasure equal to that of solaeing and comforting him. For months in succession she never went abroad from the house; her duty became dearer to her the longer she discharged it, till at length her father became the sole object on earth of her feelings and her thoughts. The superficial observer would say that this conduct was admirable, and that she would receive from Heaven a rich reward for such becoming and virtuous devotion. But Providence rules on other principles. Her enjoyment of mental happiness and vigour depended on the condition of her brain, and her brain was subject to the organic laws. These laws demand, as an indispensable condition of health, exercise in the open air, and variety of employment, suited to maintain all the faculties in activity. She neglected the first in her constant attendance in her father's chamber; and she overlooked the second in establishing him as the exclusive object of her regard. The result was, that she fell into bad health, accompanied by weakness of the brain, extreme irritability and susceptibility of mind, excessive anxiety and hysteria, bordering on symptoms even of insanity. At last, some judicious friends interfered, and by forcing her (for it was much against her inclination) to leave for a time the object of her solicitude, they rescued her from death, or confirmed mental derangement. If this case had been allowed to proceed uninterruptedly to its natural termination, many pious persons would have marvelled at the mysterious dispensations of Providence in afflicting so dutiful a daughter; whereas, when the principle of the divine government is understood, the result appears neither wonderful nor perplexing.

In the works of religious authors may be found many erroneous views of divine dispensations, traceable to ignorance of the natural laws. The Reverend Ebenezer Erskine, speaking of the state of his wife's mind, says, " For a month or two the arrows of the Almighty were within her, the poison whereof did drink up her spirits; and the terrors of God did set themselves in array against her." He called in the assistance of some neighbouring clergymen to join in prayers on her behalf, and she was induced to pray with them; but "she still continued to charge herself with the unpardonable sin, and to conclude that she was a cast-away." Such feelings occurring in a woman of blameless life, clearly indicated diseased action in the organs of Cautiousness. " Before she fell into these depths," he continues, " she told me that the Lord gave her such a discovery of the glory of Christ as darkened the whole creation, and made all things appear as dung and dross in comparison of him." These expressions indicate morbid excitement of the organs of Wonder and Veneration. She subsequently recovered her mental serenity; and her husband treats of the whole phenomena as purely mental and religious. He, however, afterwards incidentally mentions that she was subject to bad health, and that " melancholy was a great ingredient in her disease." We now know that melancholy is a diseased affection of the organs of Cau-

At the time when Mr Erskine lived and wrote, the

physiology of the brain was unknown . the occurrences which he describes had a real existence; and he had been taught to attribute them to the agency of the Divine Spirit, or the devil, according to their different characters. He is, therefore, not deserving of censure for the errors into which he unavoidably fell; but now when the facts which he describes, and analogous occurrences in our own day, can be traced to diseased action of the organs of the mind, we are authorized to view the providence of God in a different light. While it would be subversive of all religion to throw any doubt whatever on the reality and importance of religious feelings, sound in their character and directed to proper objects, it is nearly equally injurious to the sacred cause, to mistake the excitement and depression of disease for the influence of the Holy Spirit, or the agency of the enemy of mankind.

It is farther mentioned in the Life of Mr Erskine, that his wife bore several children to him while in precarious health, and that the situation "of the manse, or parsonage-house, was unwholesome." We are told, also, that in the year 1713, three of his children died; that one died in 1720; and that, in 1723, a fifth was on the brink of death, but recovered.* He treats of all these events as "severe trials," and "sore afflictions," without having the least glimpse of their true causes, or their relation to the natural laws.

Another illustration may be added. Hannah More, in a letter to the Rev. John Newton, dated Cowslip Green, 23d July 1788, says, "When I am in the great world, I consider myself as in an enemy's country, and as beset with snares, and this puts me upon my guard." " Fears and snares seem necessary to excite my circumspection; for it is certain that my mind has more languor, and my faith less energy here, where I have no temptations from without, and where I live in the full and constant perusal of the most beautiful objects of inanimate nature, the lovely wonders of the munificence and bounty of God. Yet, in the midst of his blessings, I should be still more tempted to forget him, were it not for frequent nervous headachs and low fevers, which I find to be wonderfully wholesome for my moral health."†

This passage contains several propositions that merit attention. First, in all well constituted and rightly instructed minds, "the most beautiful objects of inanimate nature," and "the lovely wonders of the munificence and bounty of God," are calculated, according to the natural laws, to invigorate the moral, religious, and intellectual faculties; yet Hannah More's mind "had more languor, and her faith less energy," amidst such objects, than "when beset with snares:" Secondly, according both to the natural laws and scripture, "evil communications corrupt good manners;" but "when in the great world," and "in an enemy's country," her faith was improved: And, thirdly, "nervous headachs and low fevers" are the consequences of departures from the organic laws, and are intended to reclaim the sufferer to obedience that the pain may cease; yet she "found them wonderfully wholesome for her moral health," and they prevented her from "forgetting God!"

Only disease, or errors in education, could have induced a woman so talented, so pious, and so excellent, as Hannah More, to present to the world such a series of absurd propositions. Can we wonder that the profane should sneer, and that practical religion should advance slowly, when piety exhibits itself in such lamentable contradiction to the divine institutions? And still more so, when, from proceeding on a false theory, it contradicts itself? Hannah More, in her Journal in 1794, says, "Confined this week with four days' headach—an unprofitable time—thoughts wandering—little communion with God. I see by every fresh trial, that the time

† Memoirs of II. More, vol. ii. p. 110, 111.

^{*} Life and Diary of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine. Edinburgh, 1831, pp. 266, 301, 286, 290, 320.

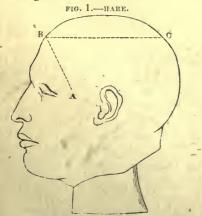
of sickness is seldom the season for religious improvement. This great work should be done in health, or it will seldom be done well." Vol. ii. p. 418. This passage is full of sound sense; but it contradicts her previous assertion, that "nervous headachs and low fevers are wonderfully wholesome for moral health."

These examples, to which many more might be added, may serve as illustrations of the proposition, That without a philosophy of human nature, even religious authors, when treating of sublunary events, cannot always preserve consistency either with reason or with themselves; and that hence religion can never become thoroughly practical, or put forth its full energies for human improvement, until it be wedded to philosophy. In proportion as men shall become acquainted with the natural laws, and apply them as tests to theological writings relative to this world, they will become convinced of the truth of this observation.

Having traced bodily suffering, in the case of individuals, to neglect of, or opposition to, the organic laws, by their progenitors or by themselves, I next advert to another order of calamities, which may be called SOCIAL MISERIES, and which obviously spring from the same causes. And first, in regard to evils of a domestic nature:—

One fertile source of unhappiness arises from persons uniting in marriage, whose tempers, talents, and dispositions do not harmonize. If it be true that natural talents and dispositions are connected by the Creator with particular configurations of the brain, then it is obviously one of His institutions, that, in forming a compact for life, these configurations should be attended to. The following facts I regard to be fully estab-The portion of the lished by competent evidence. brain before the line AB, Fig. 1, manifests the intellect, that above BC manifests the moral sentiments, and all the rest the animal sentiments and propensities; and each part acts, cæteris paribus, with a degree of energy corresponding to its size. The following figures exhibit these regions of the head existing in different proportions in different individuals; and the lives of the persons represented bear testimony to their possessing the corresponding dispositions.

The first is a view of the head of William Hare, the associate of Burke, who, acting in concert with him, strangled sixteen individuals in Edinburgh for the purpose of selling their bodies for dissection.



In this head the organs of the animal propensities decidedly preponderate over those of the moral sentiments and intellect.

Another example of the same kind is afforded by the head of Williams, who was executed along with the notorious Bishop, in London, for the same crime as that of Hare.*

* See Phrenological Journal, vol. vii. p. 446.



In the head of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sneridan (of which a cast was taken after death) we find an example of the three regions of the brain in question, existing nearly in a state of equilibrium. The natural tendencies of such an individual are equally strong towards vice and virtue; and his actual conduct is generally determined by the influence of external circumstances.



The Life of Sheridan shews, that while he possessed some high intellectual qualities, he was also the slave of degrading and discreditable vices.

The head of Philip Melancthon, the illustrious reformer and associate of Luther, furnishes an example of the decided predominance of the moral and intellectual regions over that of the animal propensities. The drawing is copied from a portrait by Albert Durer.



The following description of Melancthon's head and character is given in Dr Spurzheim's work on Phrenology in Connexion with Physiognomy. " It is the brain of an extraordinary man. The organs of the moral and religious feelings predominate greatly, and will disapprove of all violence, irreverence, and injustice. The forehead betokens a vast and comprehensive understanding; and the ensemble a mind the noblest, the most amiable, and the most intellectual that can be conceived." " Never was any man more civil and obliging, and more free from jealousy, dissimulation, and envy, than Melancthon: he was humble, modest, disinterested in the extreme; in a word, he possessed wonderful talents, and most noble dispositions. His greatest enemies have been forced to acknowledge that the annals of antiquity exhibit very few worthies who may be compared with him, whether extent of knowledge in things human and divine, or quickness of comprehension and fertility of genius, be regarded. The cause of true Christianity derived more signal advantages, and more effectual support, from Melancthon, than it received from any of the other doctors of the age. His mildness and charity, perhaps, carried him too far at times, and led him occasionally to make concessions that might be styled imprudent. He was the sincere worshipper of truth, but he was diffident of himself, and sometimes timorous without any sufficient reason. On the other hand, his fortitude in defending the right was great. His opinions were so universally respected, that scarcely any one among the Lutheran doctors ventured to oppose them. He was inferior to Luther in courage and intrepidity, but his equal in piety, and much his superior in learning, judgment, meekness, and humanity. He latterly grew tired of his life, and was particularly disgusted with the rage for religious controversies, which prevailed universally."*

With the head of Melancthon may be contrasted that of Pope Alexander VI.

FIG. 5.—POPE ALEXANDER VI.

"This cerebral organization," says Dr Spurzheim. "is despicable in the eyes of a phrenologist. The animal organs compose by far its greatest portion. Such a brain is no more adequate to the manifestation of Christian virtues, than the brain of an idiot from birth to the exhibition of the intellect of a Leibnitz or a Bacon. The cervical and whole basilar region of the bead are particularly developed; the organs of the per-

ceptive faculties are pretty large; but the sincipital (or ccronal) region is exceedingly low, particularly at the organs of Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness. Such a head is unfit for any employment of a superior kind, and never gives birth to sentiments of humanity. The sphere of its activity does not extend beyond those enjoyments which minister to the animal portion of human nature.

" Alexander VI. was, in truth, a scandal to the papal chair: from the earliest age he was disorderly and artful, and his life to the last was infamous. He is said to have bought the tiara by bribing a certain number of cardinals, or rather by making large promises, which he never fulfilled. It is well known that, when he became pope, he had a family of five children, four boys and one daughter. He made a regular practice of selling bishoprics and other ecclesiastical benefices, to enrich himself and his family. Though profane and various religious writers do not all agree in their judgment concerning the disorderly conduct of this man, many atrocities committed by him are well-ascertained facts. History will always accuse him of the crimes of poisoning, simony, and false-swearing, of reckless debauchery, nay, of incest with his own daughter. In political matters, he formed alliances with all the princes of his time, but his ambition and perfidy never failed to find him a pretext for breaking his word, and disturbing the " As a singular example of Alexander's arrogance, his bull may be mentioned, by which he took upon him to divide the new world between the kings of Spain and Portugal, granting to the former all the territory on the west of an imaginary line passing from north to south, at one hundred leagues distance from the Cape de Verd Islands. Alexander possessed eloquence and address; but a total lack of noble sentiments rendered him altogether unfit for his sacred station. Poisoned wine, which had been prepared for certain cardinals whose riches tempted the cupidity of his holiness, was given him by mistake, and ended his profligate career. Some writers have questioned the truth of this account of Alexander's death, but there is nothing in the relation inconsistent with the acknowledged character of this pontiff. Lowness of feelings and lowness of brain are seen together."*

As an additional illustration of this concluding remark, I subjoin a representation of the head of Vitellius, one of the most cruel and depraved of the Roman emperors.—(See next page.)

This head is very broad in proportion to its height; indicating a very great development of the base of the brain, with deficiency of the organs of the moral sentiments.

The demarcations in Fig. 1. are not arbitrary. The space before A B corresponds to the anterior lobe of the brain; and the space above B C includes all the convolutions that lie on the upper surface of the brain, and rise higher than the organs of Cautiousness, corresponding to nearly the middle of the parietal bones, and of Causality, situated in the upper part of the forehead. It is generally not difficult to distinguish these regions; and a comparison of their relative proportions with the talents and dispositions of individuals, will convince any intelligent, honest, and accurate observer, of the truth of the foregoing statements. I have examined the heads or

skulls, and casts of the heads or skulls, of several hundred criminals of various countries, and found them all to belong to the classes represented by the figures of the heads of Hare or of Sheridan; and I never saw one of them with a brain like that of Melancthon Neither have I ever seen a man distinguished by moral and intellectual qualities like those of Melancthon, presenting a brain like that of Hare. The figures represent nature—not a casual appearance, but forms which

^{*} Phrenology in Conne ion with the Study of Physiognomy, p. 163

are found constantly in combination with the qualities here named; and I ask why Nature, when she speaks to a geologist or chemist, should be listened to with profound attention, and her revelations treasured for human improvement,-but scouted and despised when she speaks to and is interpreted by phrenologists? It is God who speaks from nature in all its departments; and the brain is as assuredly his workmanship as the Milky Way, with all its myriads of suns. If the doctrine before expounded be true, that every faculty is good in itself, that the folly and crime which disgrace human society spring from abuses of the faculties, and that two great causes of the tendency to abuse them are the disproportion of certain parts of the brain to each other, and ignorance of the proper mode of manifesting them, how strikingly do these considerations go to the root of theology and morals! At present, the effect of organization in determining the natural dispositions is altogether neglected or denied by many divines, moralists, and philosophers; yet it is of an importance exceeding all other terrestrial influences.

If, under the excitement of youthful passion, an individual endowed with the splendid cerebral development of Melancthon, should unite himself for life to a female possessing a head like that of Hare, Williams, or Vitellius, the

effects could not fail to be most disastrous, with respect both to his own happiness and to the qualities of his offspring. In the first place, after the animal feelings were gratified, and their ardour had subsided, the two minds could not by any possibility sympathize. Many marriages are unhappy in consequence of an instinctive discord between the modes of feeling and thinking of the husband and wife, the cause of which they themselves cannot explain. The mental differences will be found to arise from different configurations and qualities of brain. Thus, if the husband be deficient in the organ of Conscientiousness, and the wife possess it in a high degree, she will be secretly disgusted with the dishonesty and inherent falsehood of his character, which she will have many opportunities of observing, even when they are unknown to the world; while, on the other hand, few conditions are more lamentable than that of a moral, intellectual, and well educated man, irretrievably doomed to the society of an ignorant, jealous, narrow-minded wife. The following picture, in Crabbe's Tales of the Hall, is evidently drawn from nature :-

Five years had passed, and what was Henry then ! The most repining of repenting men; With a fond, teasing, anxious wife, afraid Of all attention to another paid: Yet powerless she her husband to amuse, Lives but t'entreat, implore, resent, accuse : Jealous and tender, conscious of defects, She merits little, and yet much expects; She looks for love that now she cannot see, And sighs for joy that never more can be. On his retirements her complaints intrude, And fond reproof endears his solitude: While he her weakness (once her kindness) sees, And his affections in her languor freeze. Regret, unchecked by hope, devours his mind; He feels unhappy, and he grows unkind. " Fool! to be taken by a rosy cheek, And eyes that cease to sparkle or to speak; Fool! for this child my freedom to resign, When one the glory of her sex was mine; While from this burthen to my soul I hide, To think what Fate has dealt, and what denied. What fiend possessed me when I tamely gave My forced assent to be an idiot's slave Her beauty vanished, what for me remains? Th' eternal clicking of the galling chains."

FIG. 6 .- VITELLIUS.



"What," says Dr Johnson, "can be expected but disappointment and repentance from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, in the ardour of desire, without judgment, without foresight, without inquiry after conformity of opinions, similarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of sentiment? Such is the common process of marriage. A youth and maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home, and dream of one another. Having little to divert attention, or diversify thought, they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude that they shall be happy together. They marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness before had concealed; they wear out life in altercations, and charge nature with cruelty."-(Rasselas, ch. 29.)

Until Phrenology was discovered, no natural index to mental qualities, that could be safely relied on, was possessed, and each individual, in directing his conduct, was left to the guidance of his own sagacity. natural law never bended to accommodate itself to that state of ignorance. Men suffered from unsuitable alliances; and they will continue to suffer, until they avail themselves of the means of judging afforded by Phrenology, and give effect to its dictates. In the play of the Gamester, Mrs Beverly is represented as a most excellent wife, acting habitually under the guidance of the moral sentiments and intellect, but married to a being who, while he adores her, reduces her to beggary and misery. His sister exclaims :- Why did just Heaven unite such an angel to so heartless a creature! The parallel of this case occurs too often in real life; only it is not "just Heaven" that makes such matches,—but ignorant and thoughtless human beings, who imagine themselves absolved from all obligation to study and obey the laws of Heaven, as announced in the general arrangements of the world.

The justice and benevolence of rendering the individuals themselves, who disregard natural qualities in marriage, unhappy, will become more striking when, in the next place, we consider the effects of ill-assorted unions on the children.

Physiologists, in general, are agreed, that a vigorous and healthy constitution of body in the parents, communicates existence in the most perfect state to the offspring, and vice versa. The transmission of var ous dis-

notoriety: thus consumption, gout, scrofula, hydrocephalus, rheumatism, and insanity, are known to descend from generation to generation. Strictly speaking, it is not disease which is transmitted, but organs of such imperfect structure that they are liable to be thrown into a morbid condition by causes which sound organs easily resist. Blindness is often, though not uniformly, a hereditary defect. There is a family in North America, some individuals of which have been affected with blindness for the last hundred years.* A medical friend writes :- "I have known more than one instance of blindness descending in families; and have also known instances where the parents were blind without the children labouring under this infliction.

Form, size, and quality of the brain, like those of other parts of the body, are transmissible from parents to children; and hence dispositions and talents are transmissible also, as has been long remarked, not only by medical authors, but by attentive observers in gene-

ral :--

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis; Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum Virtus: nec imbellem feroces Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

Hom. 1. iv. od. 4.

The following remarks, by Professor John Gregory, are extracted from his comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World. " By a proper attention we can preserve and improve the breed of horses, dogs, cattle, and indeed all other animals. Yet it is amazing this observation was never transferred to the human species, where it would be equally applicable. It is certain that, notwithstanding our promiscuous marriages, many families are distinguished by peculiar circumstances in their character. This family character, like a family face, will often be lost in one generation, and appear again in the suc-Without doubt, education, habit, and emulaceeding. tion, may contribute greatly in many cases to keep it up; but it will be generally found, that, independent of these, Nature has stamped an original impression on certain minds, which education may greatly alter or efface, but seldom so entirely as to prevent its traces being seen by an accurate observer. How a certain character or constitution of mind can be transmitted from a parent to a child, is a question of more difficulty than importance. It is indeed equally difficult to account for the external resemblance of features, or for bodily diseases being transmitted from a parent to a child. But we never dream of a difficulty in explaining any appearance of nature which is exhibited to us every day. A proper attention to this subject would enable us to improve not only the constitutions but the characters of our posterity. Yet we every day see very sensible people, who are anxiously attentive to preserve or improve the breed of their horses, tainting the blood of their children, and entailing on them not only the most loathsome diseases of the body, but madness, folly, and the most unworthy dispositions, and this too when they cannot plead being stimulated by necessity, or impelled by passion."t

Dr James Gregory also, in treating of the temperaments in his Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ, says, " Hujusmodi varietates non corporis modò, verùm et animi quoque, plerumque congenitæ, nonnunquam hæreditariæ, observantur. Hoc modo parentes sæpe in prole reviviscunt; certè parentibus liberi similes sunt, non vultum modò et corporis formam, sed animi indolem, et virtutes, et vitia. Imperiosa gens Claudia diu Romæ floruit, impigra, ferox, superba; eadem illachrymabilem Tiberium, tristissimum tyrannum, produxit; tandem in immanem Caligulam, et Claudium, et Agrippinam, ip-

* New York Medical Repository, vol. iii. No. 1.

† Comparative View, &c. 3d edit. Lond. 1766, pp. 18, 19.

eases from parents to children is a matter of universal sumque demum Neronem. post sexcentos annos, desitura."*-Cap. i. sect. 16.

A celebrated French writer, who has written much sound as well as false philosophy, observes, that "physical organization, of which moral is the offspring, transmits the same character from father to son through a succession of ages. The Apii were always haughty and inflexible, the Catos always severe. The whole line of the Guises were bold, rash, factious; compounded of the most insolent pride and the most seductive politeness. From Francis de Guise to him who alone and in silence went and put himself at the head of the people of Naples, they were all, in figure, in courage, and in turn of mind, above ordinary men. I have seen whole-length portraits of Francis de Guise, of the Balafré, and of his son: they are all six feet high, with the same features, the same courage and boldness in the forehead, the eye, and the attitude. This continuity, this series of beings alike, is still more observable in animals; and if as much care were taken to perpetuate fine races of men, as some nations still take to prevent the mixing of the breeds of their horses and hounds, the genealogy would be written in the countenance and displayed in the man-

Dr King, in speaking of the fatality which attended the House of Stuart, says, "If I were to ascribe their calamities to another cause (than an evil fate), or endeavour to account for them by any natural means, I should think they were chiefly owing to a certain obstinacy of temper, which appears to have been hereditary and inherent in all the Stuarts, except Charles II."

It is well known that, of all the castes in Hindostan, that of the Brahmins is the highest in point of intelligence as well as rank; and it is mentioned by the missionaries as an ascertained fact, that their children are naturally more acute, intelligent, and docile, than the children of the inferior castes, age and other circumstances being equal.

Dr John Mason Good observes, that "stupidity, like wit, is propagable; and hence we frequently see it run from one generation to another, and not unfrequently it forms a distinctive mark in the mental character of districts or nations-in many cases, indeed, where they

border closely on each other."

The character of the mother seems to have great influence in determining the qualities of the children, particularly when she has much force of character, and is superior in mental energy to her husband. There is perhaps no instance of a man of distinguished vigour and activity of mind whose mother did not display a considerable amount of the same qualities; and the fact of eminent men having so frequently children far inferior to themselves, is, in most cases, explicable by the circumstance that men of talent often marry women whose minds are comparatively weak. When the mother's brain is very defective, the minds of the children are inevitably feeble. "We know," says Haller, "a very remarkable instance of two noble females, who got husbands on account of their wealth, although they were nearly idiots, and from whom this mental defect has extended for a century into several families, so that some of all their descendants still continue idiots in the fourth and even in the fifth generation." § In many families, the qualities of both father and mother are seen blended in the children. "In my own case," says a medical friend, "I can trace a very marked combination of the qualities of both parents. My father is a large chested, strong, healthy man, with a large but not active brain; -my mother was a spare, thin woman,

^{*} Parents frequently live again in their offspring. It is quite certain that children resemble their parents, not only in countenance and the form of their body, but also in their mental dispositions, in their virtues and vices, &c.
† Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, Art. CATO.

Study of Medicine, 2d edit. vol. iv. p. 187. § Elem. Physiol. lib. xxix, sect. 2, § 8.

frame, and a mind of uncommon activity. Her brain I should suppose to have been of moderate size. I often think that to the father I am indebted for a strong frame and the enjoyment of excellent health, and to the mother for activity of mind and an excessive fondness for exertion. These things, and a hundred more, have been brought to my mind by the perusal of the Constitution of Man." Finally, it often happens that the mental peculiarities of the father are transmitted to some of the children, and those of the mother to others.

Mental qualities, then, are determined by the size, form, and constitution of the brain; and these are transmitted by hereditary descent. This law, however faint or obscure it may appear in individual cases, becomes absolutely undeniable in nations. When we place the collection of Hindoo, Carib, Esquimaux, Peruvian, and Swiss skulls, possessed by the Phrenological Society, in juxtaposition, we perceive a national form and combination of organs in each, obtruding itself upon our notice, and corresponding with the mental characters of the respective tribes; the cerebral development of one tribe is seen to differ as widely from that of another, as the European mind does from that of the Carib. Each Hindoo, Esquimaux, Peruvian, and Carib, obviously inherits from his parents a certain general type of head; and so does each European. And if the general forms and proportions be thus palpably transmitted, can we doubt that the individual varieties follow the same rule, modified slightly by causes peculiar to the parents of the individual? The differences of national character are as conspicuous as those of national brains, and it is surprising how permanently both endure. It is observed by an author cited in the Edinburgh Review, that " the Vincentine district is, as every one knows, and has been for ages, an integral part of the Venetian dominions, professing the same religion, and governed by the same laws, as the other continental provinces of Venice: yet the English character is not more different from the French, than that of the Vincentine from the Paduan; while the contrast between the Vincentine and his other neighbour, the Veronese, is hardly less remarkable."-No. lxxxiv. p. 459. See Appendix, No. V.

A striking and undeniable proof of the effect on the character and dispositions of children, produced by the form of brain transmitted to them by hereditary descent, is to be found in the progeny of marriages between Europeans, whose brains possess a favourable development of the moral and intellectual organs, and Hindoos and native Americans, whose brains are inferior. All authors agree (and report the circumstance as singularly striking) that the children of such unions are decidedly superior in mental qualities to the native, while they are still inferior to the European parent. Captain Franklin says, that the half-breed American Indians " are upon the whole a good-looking people, and, where the experiments have been made, have shewn much expertness in learning, and willingness to be taught; they have, however, been sadly neglected."-First Journey, p. 86. He adds, " It has been remarked, I do not know with what truth, that half-breeds shew more personal courage than the pure breeds." The writers on South America mention, that the offspring of aboriginal and Spanish parents constitute the most active, vigorous, and powerful portion of the inhabitants of these countries; and that many of them rose to high commands during the revolutionary war. So much is this the case in Hindustan, that several authors have already mentioned the mixed race as destined to become the future sovereigns of India. They inherit from the native parent a certain adaptation to the climate, and from the European a higher development of brain; the two

combined constituting their superiority.

Another example occurs in Persia. The Circassian and Georgian brain stands comparatively high in the sian development of brain.

with a high nervous temperament, a rather delicate development of the moral and intellectual organs,* and for ages the custom has existed among the nobles of Persia of purchasing beautiful female Circassian captives, and forming alliances with them as wives. It is mentioned by some travellers, that the race of nobles in Persia is the most gifted in natural qualities, bodily and mental, of any class in that country; a fact diametrically opposite to that which occurs in Spain, and other European countries, where the nobles intermarry closely with each other, and set the organic laws at defiance. Consanguinity in the parents exerts a deteriorating influence on the children. The degeneracy and even idiocy of some of the noble and royal families of Spain and Portugal, from marrying nieces and other near relations, is well known; and in these cases defective brains may be observed.

If, then, form, size, and constitution of brain, be transmitted from parents to children, and if these determine natural mental talents and dispositions, which in their turn exercise the greatest influence over the happiness of individuals throughout the whole of life, it becomes extremely important to discover the laws according to which this transmission takes place. At the first aspect of the question, three views present themselves for our consideration. Either, in the first place, the constitution, size, and configuration of brain, which the parents themselves inherited at birth, are transmitted absolutely, so that the children, sex following sex, are exact copies, without variation or modification, of the one parent or the other; or, secondly, the natural and inherent qualities of the father and mother combine, and are transmitted in a modified form to the offspring; or, thirdly, the qualities of the children are determined jointly by the constitution of the stock, and by the faculties which predominate in power and activity in the parents at the particular time when the organic existence of each child commences.

We learn by observation that the first cannot be the law; for, as often mentioned, a real law of nature admits of no exceptions; and it is well established, that the minds of children are not exact copies, without variation or modification, of those of the parents, sex following sex. Neither can the second be the law; because it is equally certain that the minds of children although sometimes, are not always, in talents and dispositions, exactly blended reproductions of the father and mother. If this law prevailed, no child would be a copy of the father, none a copy of the mother or of any collateral relation; but each would be invariably a compound of the two parents, and all the children would be exactly alike, sex alone excepted. Observation enables us to say that this is not the law. What, then, does experience say to the third idea, that the mental character of each child is determined by the particular qualities of the stock, combined with those which predominate in the parents when its existence commenced?

I have already adverted to the influence of the stock, and shall now illustrate that of the condition of the parents, when existence is communicated. For this purpose we may consider, 1st, The transmission of factitious or temporary conditions of the body; 2dly, The transmission of acquired habits; 3dly, The appearance of peculiarities in children, in consequence of impressions made on the mind of the mother; and, 4thly, The transmission of temporary mental and bodily qualities.

1. With respect to the first of these topics, Dr Prichard, in his Researches into the Physical History of Mankind, states the result of his investigations to be, first, That the organization of the offspring is always modelled according to the type of the original structure

* In Mr W. Allan's picture of the Circassian captives, the form of the head is said to be a copy from nature, taken by that artist when he visited the country. It is engraved by Mr James Stewart with great beauty and fidelity, and may be consulted as an example of the superiority of the Circas-

of the parent; and, secondly, " That changes produced by external causes in the appearance or constitution of the individual are temporary; and, in general, acquired characters are transient; they terminate with the individual, and have no influence on the progeny."-Vol. ii. p. 536. He supports the first of these propositions by a variety of facts occurring "in the porcupine family, "in the hereditary nature of complexion," and "in the growth of supernumerary fingers or toes, and corresponding deficiencies." " Maupertuis has mentioned this phenomenon; he assures us, that there were two families in Germany, who have been distinguished for several generations by six fingers on each hand, and the same number of toes on each foot," &c. Dr Prichard admits, at the same time, that the second proposition is of more difficult proof, and that " an opinion contrary to it has been maintained by some writers, and a variety of singular facts have been related in support of But many of these relations, as he justly observes, are obviously fables. The following facts, however, certainly militate against it.

A man's first child was of sound mind; afterwards he had a fall from his horse, by which his head was much injured. His next two children proved to be idiots. After this he was trepanned, and had other children, and they were of sound mind. This case was communicated to me by a medical practitioner of Douglas,

in the Isle of Man.

"In Europe," says a late writer, "the constant practice of milking cows has enlarged the udder greatly beyond its natural size, and so changed the secretions, that the supply does not cease when the calf is removed. In Colombia, where circumstances are entirely different, nature shews a strong tendency to assume its original type: a cow gives milk there only while the calf is with her."*

2. There are some curious facts which seem to prove that acquired habits are hereditary, at least in the inferior animals. A strong illustration is quoted in the

Edinburgh Review, No. lxxxiv. p. 457.

"Every one conversant with beasts," says the writer, knows, that not only their natural, but many of their acquired qualities, are transmitted by the parents to their offspring. Perhaps the most curious example of

the latter fact may be found in the pointer.

"This animal is endowed with the natural instinct of winding game, and stealing upon his prey, which he surprises, having first made a short pause, in order to launch himself upon it with more security of success. This sort of semicolon in his proceedings, man converts into a full stop, and teaches him to be as much pleased at seeing the bird or beast drop by the shooter's gun, as at taking it himself. The staunchest dog of this kind, and the original pointer, is of Spanish origin, and our own is derived from this race, crossed with that of the foxhound, or other breed of dog, for the sake of improving his speed. This mixed and factitious race, of course, naturally partakes less of the true pointer character; that is to say, is less disposed to stop, or at least he makes a shorter stop at game. The factitious pointer is, however, disciplined, in this country, into staunchness; and. what is most singular, this quality is, in a great degree. inherited by his puppy, who may be seen earnestly standing at swallows or rigeons in a farm-yard. For intuition, though it leads he offspring to exercise his parent's faculties, does no instruct him how to direct them. The preference of his master afterwards guides him in his selection, and teaches him what game is better worth pursuit. On the other hand, the pointer of pure Spanish race, unless he happen to be well broke himself, which in the south of Europe seldom happens, produces a race which are all but unteachable, according to our notions of a pointer's business. They will make a stop at their game, as natural instinct prompts them, but seem incapable of being drilled into the ha-

* Encyclop. Brit., 7th edit. vol. ii. p. 653, article America.

bits of the animal which education has formed in this country, and has rendered as I have said, in some de gree capable of transmitting his acquirements to his descendants."

" Acquired habits are hereditary in other animals besides dogs. English sheep, probably from the greater richness of our pastures, feed very much together; while Scotch sheep are obliged to extend and scatter themselves over their hills, for the better discovery of food. Yet the English sheep, on being transferred to Scotland, keep their old habit of feeding in a mass, though so little adapted to their new country: so do their descendants; and the English sheep is not thoroughly naturalized into the necessities of his place till the third generation. The same thing may be observed as to the nature of his food that is observed in his mode of seeking it. When turnips were introduced from England into Scotland, it was only the third generation which heartily adopted this diet, the first having been starved into an acquiescence in it."

The author of the article America, in the Encyclopædia Britannica (7th edit. vol. ii. p. 653) says, "It is worthy of notice, that the amble, the pace to which the domestic horse in Spanish America is exclusively trained, becomes in the course of some generations hereditary, and is assumed by the young ones without teaching."

3. Impressions on the mind of the mother, especially those received through the senses, often produce a palpable effect on the offspring. On this subject Dr Prichard observes, " The opinion which formerly prevailed, and which has been entertained by some modern writers, among whom is Dr Darwin, that at the period when organization commences in the ovum, that is, at or soon after the time of conception, the structure of the fœtus is capable of undergoing modification from impressions on the mind or senses of the parent, does not appear altogether so improbable. It is contradicted, at least, by no fact in physiology. It is an opinion of very ancient prevalence, and may be traced to so remote a period, that its rise cannot be attributed to the speculations of philosophers, and it is difficult to account for the origin of such a persuasion, unless we ascribe it to facts which happened to be observed."-P. 556.

The following case fell under my own observation :-W. B. shoemaker in Portsburgh, called and shewed me his son, aged 18, who is in a state of idiocy. He is simple and harmless, but never could do any thing for himself. The father said that his wife was sound in mind; that he has other three children all sound; and that the only account he could ever give of the origin of the condition of this son was the following: He kept a public house; and some months before the birth of this boy, an idiot lad accompanied a brewer's drayman and helped him to lift casks off the cart into his cellar; that that idiot made a strong impression on his wife; that she complained that she could not get his appearance removed from her mind, on which account she afterwards kept out of the way when he came to the house; and that his son was weak in body and silly in mind from birth, and had the slouched and slovenly appearance of the idiot.

"It is peculiarly lamentable to observe," says Dr Mason Good, in reference to deafness and dumbness, "That when the defect has once made an entrance into a family, whether from the influence it produces on the nervous system of the mother, or from any other less obvious cause, it is peculiarly apt to become common to those children which are born afterwards; insomuch that we often meet with a third, or a half, and in a few instances, where the first-born has been thus affected, with every individual of the progeny, suffering from the same distressing evil. 'The late investigation in Ireland discovered families in which there were two, three, four, or more, thus circumstanced. In one family there were five children all deaf and dumb, in another

seven, in another ten; and in that of a poor militia officer on half-pay, there were nine born deaf and dumb in succession."—(Quart. Jour. of Foreign Med., vol. i. p. 321.) Yet it is consoling to reflect, that the instances are very rare indeed, in which the same defect has been propagated to a succeeding generation, when the deaf-dumb have married, and even when both the husband and wife have been thus afflicted."*

The following additional facts are mentioned in the Athenæum :- " Many persons who have never known any, or perhaps not more than one, deaf and dumb individual in the immediate circle in which they lived, would be astonished to read the lists of applications circulated by the committee for the asylum in the Kent Road, so ably conducted by Mr Watson, which usually contain nearly a hundred names. The most remarkable fact, however, which these lists present, is the number of deaf and dumb children frequently found in the same families, evidently in consequence of the continued operation of some unknown cause connected with the parents. Three, four, and five, deaf and dumb children are not uncommonly met with in one family, and in some instances there have been as many as seven. In the family of Martin, a labourer, out of ten children seven were deaf and dumb; in the family of Kelly, a porter, seven out of eight were deaf and dumb; and in the family of Aldum, a weaver, six out of twelve were deaf and dumb. The result of a Table of twenty families, given in the ' Historical Sketch of the Asylum,' published by Powell, Dowgate-hill, is ninety deaf and dumb out of one hundred and fifty-nine children."t

A medical friend says, "Several of the children of a clergyman in the west of Scotland have been born blind. I know a family of six individuals—four girls and two boys. All the girls were born blind, while the boys see perfectly. Both parents had good eyesight, so far as I can learn. These are curious facts, and not easily explained." Portal states, that "Morgagni has seen three sisters dumb 'd'origine." Other authors also cite examples, and I have seen like cases myself." In a note, he adds, "I have seen three children out of four of the same family blind from birth by amaurosis, or gutta serena."—Portal, Mémoires sur Plusieurs Maladies, tom. iii. p. 193. Paris, 1808.

Dr Prichard, in his "Researches," already quoted, observes, " Children resemble, in feature and constitution, both parents, but I think more generally the father. In the breeding of horses and oxen, great importance is attached, by experienced propagators, to the male. In sheep, it is commonly observed that black rams beget black lambs. In the human species also the complexion chiefly follows that of the father; and I believe it to be a general fact, that the offspring of a black father and white mother is much darker than the progeny of a white father and a dark mother."-Vol. ii. p. 551.; These facts appear to me to be referrible to both causes. The stock must have had some influence, but the mother, in all these cases, is not impressed by her own colour, because she does not look on herself; while the father's complexion must strikingly attract her attention, and may, in this way, give the darker tinge to the offspring.§

4. The idea of the transmission of temporary mental and bodily qualities, is supported by numerous facts fending to shew that the state of the parents, particularly of the mother, at the time when the existence of the child commences, has a strong influence on its talents, dispositions, and health.

The father of Napoleon Buonaparte, says Sir Walter Scott, "is stated to have possessed a very handsome person, a talent for eloquence, and a vivacity of intellect, which he transmitted to his son." "It was in the

* Good's Study of Medicine, 2d edit. i. 506.

Athenæum, 28th May 1825, p. 498.

See Appendix, No. VI.

& Black hens, however, lay dark-coloured eggs.

middle of civil discord, fights, and sk.rmishes, that Charles Buonaparte married Lætitia R.molini, one of the most beautiful young women of the island, and possessed of a great deal of firmness of character. She partook of the dangers of her husband during the years of civil war, and is said to have accompanied him on horseback on some military expeditions, or perhaps hasty flights, shortly before her being delivered of the future Emperor."—Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, vol. iii. p. 6.

The murder of David Rizzio was perpetrated by armed nobles, with many circumstances of violence and terror, in the presence of Mary, Queen of Scotland, shortly before the birth of her son, afterwards James the First of England. The constitutional liability of this monarch to emotions of fear, is recorded as a characteristic of his mind; and it has been mentioned that he even started involuntarily at the sight of a drawn sword. Queen Mary was not deficient in courage, and the Stuarts, both before and after James the First, were distinguished for this quality; so that his dispositions were an exception to the family character. Napoleon and James form striking contrasts; and it may be remarked that the mind of Napoleon's mother appears to have risen to the danger to which she was exposed, and braved it; while the circumstances in which Queen Mary was placed, were such as must have inspired her with violent fear.

Esquirol, a celebrated French medical writer, in adverting to the causes of madness, mentions that many children, whose existence dated from periods when the horrors of the French Revolution were at their height, turned out subsequently to be weak, nervous, and irritable in mind, extremely susceptible of impressions, and liable to be thrown, by the least extraordinary excitement, into absolute insanity.

A lady of considerable talent wrote as follows to a phrenological friend:—" From the age of two I foresaw that my eldest son's restlessness would ruin him; and it has been even so. Yet he was kind, brave, and affectionate. I read the Iliad for six months before he saw the light and have often wondered if that could have any influence on him. He was actually an Achilles."*

The following particulars have been communicated to me by the medical friend already alluded to. "I know an old gentleman," says he, " who has been twice married. The children of his first marriage are strong, active, healthy people, and their children are the same. The produce of the second marriage are very inferior, especially in an intellectual point of view; and the younger the children are, the more is this obvious. The girls are superior to the boys, both physically and intellectually: indeed, their mother told me that she had great difficulty in rearing her sons, but none with her daughters. The gentleman himself, at the time of his second marriage, was upwards of sixty, and his wife about twenty-five. This shews very clearly that the boys have taken chiefly of the father, and the daughters of the mother."

In a case which fell under my own observation, the father of a family became sick, had a partial recovery, but relapsed, declined in health, and in two months died. Seven months after his death, a son was born, of the full age, and the origin of whose existence was referrible to the period of the partial recovery. At that time, and during the subsequent two months, the faculties of the mother were highly excited, in ministering to her husband, to whom she was greatly attached; and, after his death, the same excitement continued, as she was then loaded with the charge of a numerous family, but not depressed; for her circumstances were comfortable. The son is now a young

* This lady's head is large; in particular, the organs of Combativeness, S-if-Esteem, and Firmness, are very large those of Destructiveness and Adhesiveness are large; and the temperament is very active.

the development and activity of the mental organs are decidedly greater in him than in any other member of the family.

A lady possessing a large brain and active temperament, was employed professionally as a teacher of music. Her husband also had a fine temperament, and a wellconstituted brain, but his talents for music were only moderate. They had several children, all of whom were produced while the mother was in the full practice of her profession, and the whole now indicate superior musical abilities. They have learned to play on several instruments as if by instinct, and highly excel. In this case the original endowments of the mother, and her actual exercise of them, conspired to transmit them to her children.

A friend told me that in his youth he lived in a county in which the gentlemen were much addicted to hard drinking: and that he, too frequently, took a part in their revels. Several of his sons, born at that time, although subsequently educated in a very different moral atmosphere, turned out strongly addicted to inebriety; whereas the children born after he had removed to a large town and formed more correct habits, were not the victims of this propensity. Another individual, of superior talents, described to me the wild and mischievous revelry in which he indulged at the time of his marriage, and congratulated himself on his subsequent domestication and moral improvement. His eldest son, born in his riotous days, notwithstanding a strictly moral education, turned out a personification of the father's actual condition at that time; and his younger children were more moral in proportion as they were removed from the period of vicious frolics. The mother, in this case, possessed a favourable development of brain.

The Margravine of Anspach observes, that " when a female is likely to become a mother, she ought to be doubly careful of her temper; and, in particular, to indulge no ideas that are not cheerful, and no sentiments that are not kind. Such is the connexion between the mind and body, that the features of the face are moulded commonly into an expression of the internal disposition; and is it not natural to think that an infant, before it is born, may be affected by the temper of its

mother ?"-Memoirs, vol. ii. chap. viii.*

When two parties marry very young, the eldest of their children generally inherits a less favourable development of the moral and intellectual organs than those produced in more mature age. The animal organs in the human race are, in general, most vigorous in early life, and this energy appears to cause them to be then most readily transmitted to offspring. Indeed, it is difficult to account for the wide varieties in the form of the brain in children of the same family, except on the principle, that the organs which predominate in vigour and activity in the parents, at the time when existence is communicated, determine the tendency of corresponding organs to develope themselves largely in the children. The facts illustrative of the truth of this principle, which have been communicated to me and observed by myself, are so numerous, that I now regard it as highly probable.

If this be the law of nature-parents, in whom Combativeness and Destructiveness are habitually active, will transmit these organs to their children, with a constitutional tendency to high development and excitement; while parents, in whom the moral and intellectual organs reign supreme, will transmit the predisposition to develope them in predominant size and activity.

This view is in harmony with the fact, that children generally, although not universally, resemble their parents in their mental qualities. The largest organs being naturally the most active, the habitual mental condition of the parents will be determined by those which predominate in size in their own brains; and, on

man; and, while his constitution is the most delicate, | the principle that predominance in activity and energy causes the transmission of similar qualities to the offspring, the children will generally resemble the parents. But they will not always do so; because even inferior characters, in whom the moral and intellectual organs are deficient, may be occasionally exposed to external influences which, for the time, may excite these organs to unwonted vivacity: and, according to the rule now explained, a child dating its existence from that period may inherit a brain superior to that of the parent. On the other hand, a person with an excellent moral development, may, by some particular occurrence, have his animal propensities roused to unwonted vigour, and his moral sentiments thrown for a time into the shade; and any offspring connected with this condition, would prove inferior to himself in the development of the moral organs, and greatly surpass him in the size of those of the propensities.

I repeat, that I do not present these views as ascertained phrenological science, but as inferences strongly supported by facts, and consistent with known phenomena. If we suppose them to be true, they will greatly strengthen the motives for preserving the habitual supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect; since, by our doing so, improved moral and intellectual capacities may be conferred on offspring. If it be true that this lower world is arranged in harmony with all the faculties, the moral and intellectual powers, in cases of conflict, holding the supremacy, what a noble prospect would this law open up, of the possibility of man ultimately becoming capable of placing himself more fully in accordance with the Divine institutions than he has hitherto been able to do, and, in consequence, of reaping numberless enjoyments that appear destined for him by his Creator, and avoiding thousands of miseries that now render life too often only a series of calamities! The views here expounded also harmonize with the principle maintained in a former part of this work :that, as activity in the faculties is the fountain of enjoyment, the whole constitution of nature is designedly framed to support them in ceaseless action. What scope for observation, reflection, exercise of the moral sentiments and the regulation of animal impulse, does not this picture of nature present!

I cordially agree, however, with Dr Prichard, that this subject is still involved in great obscurity. know not," says he, " by what means any of the facts we remark are effected; and the utmost we can hope to attain is, by tracing the connection of circumstances, to learn from what combinations of them we may expect to witness particular results."-Vol. ii. p. 542. But much of this darkness may be traced to ignorance of the functions of the brain. If we consider that, in relation to mind, the brain has always been the most important organ of our system; but that, nevertheless, all past observations have been conducted without the knowledge of its functions; it will not appear marvellous, that hitherto much confusion and contradiction have existed in the cases recorded, and in the inferences drawn from them. At present, almost all that phrenologists can pretend to accomplish is, to point out the mighty void; to offer an exposition of its causes; and to state such conclusions as their own very limited observations have hitherto enabled them to deduce. from pretending to be in possession of certain and complete knowledge on this topic, I am inclined to think, that, although every conjecture now hazarded were founded in nature, centuries of observation might probably be necessary to render the principles fully practical. We have still almost no information concerning the effects, on the children, of different temperaments, different combinations in the cerebral organs, and differences of age, in the parents.

It is remarkable, however, to what extent mere pecuniary interests excite men to investigate and observe the Natural Laws, while moral and rational considera-

* See Arrendix, No. VII.

tions exert so small an influence in leading them to do so. Before a common insurance company will undertake the risk of paying L.100 on the death of an individual, the following questions must be answered by credible and intelligent witnesses:—

" 1. How long have you known Mr A: B.?

" 2. Has he had the gout ?

"3. Has he had a spitting of blood, asthma, consumption, or other pulmonary complaint?

"4. Do you consider him at all predisposed to any of these complaints?

"5. Has he been afflicted with fits, or mental de-

"6. Do you think his constitution perfectly good, in the common acceptation of the term?

"7. Are his habits in every respect strictly regular and temperate?

"8. Is he at present in good health?

"9. Is there any thing in his form, habits of living, or business, which you are of opinion may shorten his life?

"10. What complaints are his family most subject to?

"11. Are you aware of any reason why an insurance might not with safety be effected on his life?"

A man and woman about to marry, have, in the ge nerality of cases, the health and happiness of five or more human beings depending on their attention to considerations essentially the same as the foregoing, and yet how much less scrupulous are they than the mere dealers in money! "Before the parties," says Dr Caldwell, " form a compact fraught with consequences so infinitely weighty, let the constitution and education of both be matured. They will then not only transmit to their offspring a better organization, but be themselves, from the knowledge and experience they have attained, better prepared to improve it by cultivation. For I shall endeavour to make it appear that cultivation can improve it. When a skilful agriculturist wishes to amend his breed of cattle, he does not employ, for that purpose, immature animals. On the contrary, he carefully prevents their intercourse. Experience moreover teaches him not to expect fruit of the best quality from immature fruit-trees or vines. The product of such crudeness is always defective. In like manner, marriages between boarding-school girls and striplings in or just out of college, ought to be prohibited. In such cases, prohibition is a duty, no less to the parties themselves, than to their offspring and society. Marriages of the kind are rarely productive of any thing desirable. Mischief and unhappiness of some sort are their natural fruit. Patriotism therefore, philanthropy, and every feeling of kindness to human nature, call for their prevention. Objections resting on ground not altogether dissimilar may be justly urged against young women marrying men far advanced in years. Old men should in no case contract marriages likely to prove fruitful. Age has impaired their constitutional qualities, which descending to their offspring, the practice tends to deteriorate our race. It is rare for the descendants of men far advanced in years to be distinguished for high qualities of either body or mind.

"As respects persons seriously deformed, or in any way constitutionally enfeebled—the rickety and club-footed, for instance. and those with distorted spines, or who are predisposed to insanity, scrofula, pulmonary consumption, gout, or epilepsy—all persons of this description should conscientiously abstain from matrimony. In a special manner, where both the male and female labour under a hereditary taint, they should make it a part of their duty to God and their posterity never to be thus united. Marriage in such individuals cannot be defended on moral ground, much less on that of public usefulness. It is selfish to an extent but little short of crime. Its abandonment or prevention would

tend, in a high degree, to the improvement of man-kind."*

I am indebted for the following particulars to the medical gentleman already repeatedly quoted, who was induced to communicate them by a perusal of the second edition of the present treatise:-" If your work has no other effect than that of turning attention to the laws which regulate marriage and propagation, it will have done a vast service, for on no point are such grievous errors committed. I often see in my own practice the most lamentable consequences resulting from neglect of these laws. There are certain families which I attend, where the constitutions of both parents are bad, and where, when any thing happens to the children, it is almost impossible to cure them. An inflamed gland, a common cold, hangs about them for months, and almost defies removal. In other families. where the parents are strong and healthy, the children are easily cured of almost any complaint. I know a gentleman aged about 50, the only survivor of a family of six sons and three daughters, all of whom, with the exception of himself, died young of pulmonary consumption. He is a little man with a narrow chest, and married a lady of a delicate constitution and bad lungs. She is a tall spare woman, with a chest still more deficient than his own. They have had a large family. all of whom die off regularly as they reach manhood and womanhood, in consequence of affections of the lungs. In the year 1833, two sons and a daughter died within a period of ten months. Two still survive, but they are both delicate, and there can be no doubt that when they arrive at maturity they will follow the rest. This is a most striking instance of punishment under the organic laws."

It is pleasing to observe, that, in Wurtemberg, there are two excellent laws calculated to improve the moral and physical condition of the people, which other states would do well to adopt. First, "It is illegal for any young man to marry before he is twenty-five, or any young woman before she is eighteen; and a young man, at whatever age he wishes to marry, must shew to the police and the priest of the commune where he resides, that he is able, and has the prospect, to provide for a wife and family." The second law compels parents to send their children to school, from the age of six to fourteen.

There is no moral difficulty in admitting and admiring the wisdom and benevolence of the institution by which good qualities are transmitted from parents to children: but it is frequently held as unjust to the latter, that they should inherit parental deficiencies, and be made to suffer for sins which they did not commit. With a view to answering this objection, let us, in the first place, suppose the law of hereditary descent to be abrogated altogether,-that is to say, the natural qualities of each individual of the race to be conferred at birth, without the slightest reference to what his parents had been or done :- it is clear that this form of constitution would have excluded the means of improvement of the race. The brains of the New Hollanders, Caribs, and other savage tribes, are distinguished by great deficiencies in the moral and intellectual organs.; If it be true that a considerable development of these is indispensable to the comprehension of science and the practice of virtue, it would, on the present supposition. be impossible to raise the New Hollanders, as a people, one step higher in capacity for intelligence and virtue than they now are. We might cultivate each generation up to the limits of its powers, but there the im-

* Thoughts on the True Mode of Improving the Condition of Man. By Charles Caldwell, M.D. Lexington, Kentucky, 1833, p. 20. The greater part of this eloquent and powerful Essay is reprinted in the Phrenological Journal, Vol. viii. No. 40.

† See Appendix, No. VIII.

[‡] This fact is demonstrated by specimens in most Phrenological Museums.



provement (and a low one it would be) would stop; for, the next generation being produced with brains equally deficient in the moral and intellectual regions, no principle of increasing amelioration would exist. The same remarks are applicable to every tribe of mankind. If we assume modern Europeans as a standard,-then, if the law of hereditary descent were abrogated, every deficiency which at this moment is attributable to imperfeet or disproportionate development of brain, would be irremediable by human means, and continue as long as the race existed. Each generation might be cultivated till the summit-level of its capacities was attained, but higher than this no succeeding generation could rise. When we contrast with such a prospect, the very opposite effects flowing from the law of hereditary transmission of qualities in an increasing ratio, the whole advantages are at once perceived to be on the side of the latter arrangement. According to this rule, the children of the individuals who have obeyed the organic, the moral, and the intellectual laws, will, when well educated, not only start from the highest level of their parents in acquired knowledge, but will inherit an enlarged development of the moral and intellectual organs, and thereby enjoy an increasing capability of discovering and obeying the institutions of the Creator.*

* It appears to me that the native American savages, and native New Hollanders, cannot, with their present brains, adopt Christianity or civilization. Mr Timothy Flint, a Presbyterian clergyman, who passed ten years, commencing in 1815, in wanderings and preaching in the valley of the Mississippi, says of the Indians among whom he lived, that "they have not the same acute and tender sensibilities with the other races of men. They seem callous to every passion but rage." . . . " Their impassable fortitude and endurance of suffering, which have been so much vaunted, are, after all, in my mind, the result of a greater degree of physical insensibility." " No ordinary stimulus excites them to action. None of the common excitements, endearments, or motives, operate upon them at all. They seem to hold most of the things that move us in proud disdain. The horrors of their warfare,-the infernal rage of their battles,-the demoniac fury of gratified revenge,-the alternations of hope and despair in their gambling, to which they are addicted far beyond the whites,the brutal exhilaration of drunkenness,-these are their excitements." He concludes, "It strikes me that Christianity is the religion of civilized man; that the savages must first be civilized; and that, as there is little hope that the present generation of Indians can be civilized, there is but little more that they will be Christianized."

The render will find, in the phrenological collections, speelmens of the skulls of these savages; and on comparing them with those of Europeans, he will observe that, in the American Iudians, the organs of reflecting intellect, and of all the moral feelings, are greatly inferior in size to the same organs in the Europeans. The moral and intellectual organs are decidedly larger in the Sandwich Islanders than in these Indians, and they have received European civilization with greater cordiality and success. If, by conforming to the organic laws, the moral and intellectual organs of the American sarages could be considerably enlarged, they would desire civilization, and would adopt it when offered. If this view be well founded, every method used for their cultivation, which is not calculated at the same time to improve their cerebral organization, will be limited in its effects by the narrow capacities attending their present development. In routh, all the organs of the body are more susceptible of modification than in advanced age; and hence the effects of education on the young may arise from the greater susceptibility of the brain to changes at that period than in later life. This

2dly, We may suppose the law of hereditary descent to be limited to the transmission of good, and abrogated as to the transmission of bad, qualities; and it may be thought that such an arrangement would be more benevolent and just. There are objections to this view, however, which do not occur without reflection to the mind. We see as matter of fact, that a vicious and debased parent is actually defective in the moral and intellectual organs. Now, if his children should take up exactly the same development as himself, this would be the transmission of imperfections, which is the very thing objected to; while, if they were to take up a development fixed by nature, and not at all referrible to that of the parent, this would render the whole race stationary in their first condition, without the possibility of improvement in their capacities-which also, we have seen, would be an evil greatly to be deprecated. But the bad development may be supposed to transmit, by hereditary descent, a good development. This, however, would set at nought the supremacy of justice and benevolence; it would render the consequences of contempt for and violation of the divine laws, and of obedience to them by the parents, in this particular, precisely alike. The debauchee, the cheat, the murderer, and the robber, would, according to this view, be able to look upon the prospects of their posterity, with the same confidence in their welfare and happiness, as the pious intelligent Christian, who had sought to know God and to obey his institutions during his whole life. Certainly no individual in whom the higher sentiments prevail, will for a moment regard this imagined change as any improvement on the Creator's arrangements. What a host of motives to moral and religious conduct would at once be withdrawn, were such a spectacle of divine government to be exhibited to the world!

3dly, It may be supposed that human happiness would have been more completely secured, by endowing all individuals at birth with that degree of development of the moral and intellectual organs which would have best fitted them for discovering and obeying the Creator's laws, and by preventing all aberrations from this standard; just as the lower animals appear to have received instincts and capacities adjusted with the most perfect wisdom to their conditions. Two remarks occur on this supposition. First, We are not competent at present to judge correctly how far the development actually bestowed on the human race is, or is not, wisely adapted to their circumstances; for, possibly, there may be, in the great system of human society, departments exactly suited to all existing forms of brain not imperfect through disease, if we possessed knowledge sufficient to discover them. The want of a natural index to the mental dispositions and capacities of individuals, and of a true theory of the constitution of society, may have hitherto precluded philosophers from arriving at sound conclusions on this question. It appears to me probable, that, while there may be great room for improvement in the talents and dispositions of vast numbers of individuals, the imperfections of the race in general may not be so great as we, in our present state of ignorance of the aptitudes of particular persons for particular situations, are prone to believe. But, secondly, On the principle that activity of the faculties is the fountain of enjoyment, it may be questioned whether additional motives to the exercise of the whole faculties in harmony with the moral and intellectual powers, and consequently greater happiness, are not conferred by leaving men (within certain limits) to regulate the talents and tendencies of their descendants, than by endowing each individual with the best qualities, independently of the conduct of his parents.

improvement will, no doubt, have its limits; but it may probably extend to that point at which man will be capable of placing himself in harmony with the naturel laws. The effort necessary to maintain himself there, will still provide for the activity of his fuculties.

On the whole, there seems reason to conclude that the actual institution, by which both good and bad quali-ties* are transmitted, is fraught with higher advantages to the race, than the abrogation of the law of transmission altogether, or than the supposed change of it, by which bad men should transmit good qualities to their children. The actual law, when viewed by the moral sentiments and intellect, appears, both in its principles and in its consequences, beneficial and expedient. When an individual sufferer, therefore, complains of its operation, he regards it through the animal faculties alone; his self-love is annoyed, and he carries his thoughts no farther. He never stretches his mind forward to the consequences which would ensue to mankind at large, if the law which grieves him were reversed. The animal faculties, when acting by themselves, regard nothing beyond their own immediate and apparent interest, and they do not discern even it correctly; for no arrangement that is beneficial for the race would be found injurious to individuals, if its operations in regard to them were distinctly traced. The abrogation of the rule, therefore, under which they complain, would, we may presume, bring greater evils, even upon themselves, than its continuance.

On the other hand, an individual sufferer under hereditary pain, in whom the moral and intellectual faculties predominated, and who should understand the principle and consequences of the institution of hereditary descent as now explained, would not murmur at them as unjust: he would bow with submission to a law which he perceived to be fraught with blessings to the race when it was known and obeyed; and the very practice of this reverential acquiescence would diminish, in a great degree, the severity of his misfortune. Besides, he would see the door of mercy standing widely open, and inviting his return :- Every step which he made in his own person towards exact obedience, would remove, by so much, the organic penalty transmitted on account of his parent's transgressions; and his posterity would reap the full benefits of his more dutiful ob-

It may be objected to the law of hereditary transmission of organic qualities, that the children of a blind and lame father have frequently sound eyes and limbs. But, in the first place, these defects are generally the result of accident or disease, occurring either during pregnancy or posterior to birth; and, consequently, the elements of the defective organs being present in the constitution, the imperfections are not transmitted to the progeny: Secondly, Where the defects are congenital or constitutional, it frequently happens that they are transmitted through successive generations. This is sometimes exemplified in blindness, and even in the possession of supernumerary fingers or toes. One reason why such peculiarities are not transmitted to all the progeny. may probably be, that, in general, only one parent is defective. If the father, for instance, be blind or deaf, the mother is generally free from that imperfection, and her influence may extend to, and modify the result in those of her progeny, who take their constitution chiefly from her.

If the mental qualities transmitted to offspring be, to some extent, dependent on the organs most highly excited in the parents, this will account for the varieties, along with the general resemblance, that occur in children of the same marriage. It will throw some light also on the circumstance of genius being sometimes

* In using the popular expressions "good qualities" and " bad qualities," I do not mean to insinuate, that any of the tendencies bestowed on man are essentially bad in themseives. Destructiveness and Acquisitiveness, for example, are in themselves essentia: to human welfare in this world, and, when properly directed, produce effects unquestionably good; but they become the sources of evil when they are ill directed. which may happen either from moral deficiency, from mtellectual ignorance, or from their organs being too arge in transmitted and sometimes not. Unless both parents should possess the cerebral development and temperament of genius, the organic law would not certainly transmit these qualities to the children; and even although both did possess these endowments, they would be transmitted only on condition of the parents obeying these laws-one of which forbids that excessive exertion of the mental and corporeal functions which exhausts and debilitates the system; an error almost universally committed by persons endowed with high original talent, under the present condition of ignorance of the natural laws, and erroneous fashions and institutions of society. The supposed law would be disproved by cases of weak. imbecile, and vicious children, being born of parents whose own constitutions and habits had been in the highest accordance with the organic, moral, and intellectual laws; but no such cases have hitherto come under my observation.

As rules are best taught by examples, I shall now mention some facts that have fallen under my own notice, or been communicated to me from authentic sources, illustrative of the practical consequences of infringing

the law of hereditary descent.

A man, aged about 50, possessed a brain in which the animal, moral, and knowing intellectual organs, were all large, but the reflecting small. He was pious, but destitute of education; he married an unhealthy young woman, deficient in moral development, but of considerable force of character; and several children were born. The father and mother were far from being happy; and when the children attained to eighteen or twenty years of age, they were adepts in every species of immorality and profligacy; they picked their father's pocket, stole his goods, and had them sold back to him by accomplices, for money, which was spent in betting, cock-fighting, drinking, and low debauchery. ther was greatly grieved: but knowing only two resources, he beat the children severely as long as he was able, and prayed for them: his own words were, that " if after that, it pleased the Lord to make vessels of wrath of them, the Lord's will must just be done." mention this last observation, not in jest, but in great seriousness. It was impossible not to pity the unhappy father: yet, who that sees the institutions of the Creator to be in themselves wise, but in this instance to have been directly violated, will not acknowledge that the bitter pangs of the poor old man were the consequences of his own ignorance; and that it was an erroneous view of the divine administration which led him to overlook his own mistakes, and to attribute to the Almighty the purpose of making vessels of wrath of his children, as the only explanation which he could give of their wicked dispositions? Who that sees the cause of his misery can fail to lament that his piety was not enlightened by philosophy, and directed to obedience, in the first instance, to the organic laws of the Creator, as one of the prescribed conditions without observance of which he had no title to expect a blessing upon his offspring?

In another instance, a man in whom the animal organs, particularly those of Combativeness and Destructiveness, were very large, but who had a pretty fair moral and intellectual development, married, against her inclination, a young woman, fashionably and showily educated, but with a very decided deficiency of Conscientiousness. They soon became unhappy, and even blows were said to have passed between them, although they belonged to the middle rank of life. The mother employed the children to deceive and plunder the father, and latterly spent the pilfered sums in purchasing ardent spirits. The sons inherited the deficient morality of the mother, combined with the ill temper of the father; and before they attained majority, they had retaliated the blows with which he had visited them in their earlier years so recklessly that his death might at proportion to those of the superior sentiments and intellect. | any moment have ensued. The family fireside became

a theatre of war, and the father was glad to have them removed from his house, as the only means by which he could feel even his life in safety from their violence.

In another family, the mother possesses an excellent development of the moral and intellectual organs, while in the father the animal organs predominate in great excess. She has been the unhappy victim of ceaseless misfortune, originating from the misconduct of her husband. Some of the children have inherited the father's brain, and some the mother's; and of the sons whose heads resemble that of the father, several have died through sheer debauchery and profligacy under thirty years of 'age, whereas those who resemble the mother are alive, and little contaminated even amidst all the disadvantages of evil example.

On the other hand, I am not acquainted with a single instance in which the moral and intellectual organs predominated in the stocks from which both the father and mother were descended, and also in themselves, and whose external circumstances permitted the general activity of these powers, in which the whole children did not partake of a moral and intellectual character, differing slightly in degrees of excellence one from another, but all presenting the predominance of the human over the animal faculties.

There are well-known examples of the children of ostensibly religious and moral fathers exhibiting dispositions of a very inferior description; but in all the instances of this sort that I have been able to observe, there has been in one or both parents a large development of the animal organs, which were with difficulty controlled by the moral and intellectual powers. The unfortunate child inherited the large animal development, with defective moral organs; and thus was inferior to both. The way to satisfy one's self on this point, is to examine the heads of the parents. In such cases, a large base of the brain, which is the region of the animal propensities, will be found in one or both.

Another law of the animal kingdom deserves attention, viz. that by which marriages between blood relations tend to the deterioration of the physical and mental qualities of the offspring. In Spain, kings marry their nieces, and in this country first and second cousins marry without scruple; although every philosophical physiologist will declare that this is in opposition to the institutions of nature. The 42d Number of the Phre-



nological Journal contains an account of an idiot Manchester, whose parents are cousins, and one of whose sisters is likewise idiotic. His head is extremely small. particularly in the upper part of the forehead. A representation of it is here given.

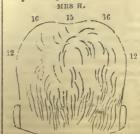
This law holds also in the vegetable kingdom. "A provision of a very simple kind, is, in some cases, made to prevent the male and female blossoms of the same plant from breeding together, this being found to hurt the breed of vegetables, just as breeding in and in does the breed of animals. It is contrived that the dust shall be shed by the male blossom before the female is ready to be affected by it, so that the impregnation must be performed by the dust of some other plant, and in this way the breed be crossed." Objects, &c. of Science, p. 33.

On a similar principle, it is highly advantageous in agriculture to avoid sowing grain of the same stock in constant succession on the same soil. If both the soil and plants possess great vigour, the same kind of grain may be sown twice or thrice in succession, with less

perceptible deterioration than when the elements of reproduction are feeble and imperfect; and a similar rule holds good in the animal kingdom. If two near relations, uncommonly robust, and possessing very favourably developed brains, unite in marriage, their offspring may not be deteriorated so much below the common standard of the country as to attract particular attention, and in such cases the law of nature is supposed not to act; but it does operate; for to a law of nature there is no exception. The offspring are uniformly inferior to what they would have been, if the same parents had united with strangers in blood of equal rigour and cerebral development. Whenever there is any remarkable deficiency in parents who are related in blood, these appear in the most marked and aggravated forms in the offspring. This fact is so well known, and so easily ascertained, that I forbear to enlarge upon it .-So much for miseries arising from neglect of the organic laws in forming the domestic compact.

I proceed to advert to those evils which arise from overlooking the operation of the same laws in the ordinary relations of society.

How many little annoyances arise from the misconduct of servants and dependants in various departments of life; how many losses, and sometimes ruin, arise from dishonesty and knavery in confidential clerks, partners, and agents! A mercantile house of great reputation, in London, was ruined and became bankrupt, by a clerk having embezzled a large amount of funds, and absconded to America; another company in Edinburgh sustained a great loss by a similar instance of dishonesty; a company in Paisley was ruined by one of the partners having collected their assets, and eloped with them to the United States; and several bankers, and other persons in Edinburgh, suffered severely, by the conduct of an individual some time connected with the public press. It is said that depredations are constantly committed in the post-offices of the United Kingdom, although every effort is made to select persons of the best character, and the strictest vigilance is exercised over their conduct. If it be true that the talents and dispositions of individuals are influenced and indicated by the development of their brains, and that their conduct is the result of this development and of their external circumstances, including in the latter every moral and intellectual influence coming from without, it is obvious that the evils here enumerated may, to some extent, be obviated by the application of Phrenology. These misfortunes can be traced to the error of having placed human beings, decidedly deficient in moral or intellectual qualities, in situations which demanded these in a higher degree than they possessed them; and any means by which the presence or absence of these qualities could be certainly predicated, before their appointment, would go far to prevent the occurrence of the evils alluded to. The two following figures represent several of the organs most important in practical conduct in opposite states of development, and the dispositions of the individuals exactly correspond with them.



Mrs II. was a lady remarkable for Conscientiousness, but unsteady of purpose. It was necessary for her to have a friend, whose advice she constantly asked and followed, in order to preserve herself from yielding to every internal impulse or outward solicitation.

15. Firmness small, 16. Conscientiousness large; 12. Cautiousness full. a dexterous and enter-



tiousness rather large.

prising thief and pickpocket, who was executed at last for murdering the jailor of Dumfries, with a view to escape from jus-

If individuals having brains resembling that of Haggart, who was remarkable for dishonesty, should be placed in situations of trust, in which there should be presented to them temptations to deception and embezzlement which could be resisted only by strong sentiments of justice, their misconduct, sooner or later, would be almost certain, owing 15 Firmness large; 16 Conscient to the great size of their tiousness deficient; 12. Cau animal organs, and the deficience without large. ficiency of their organs of

Conscientiousness. I have seen so many instances of dishonest practices in concomitance with similar combinations, that I cannot doubt of their connexion. Where external circumstances remove from persons thus constituted all temptation to pilfering, their deficient perceptions of justice will still be discernible in the laxness of their notions of morality, in their treatment of inferiors, and in their general conduct.

Again, if a person were wanted for any situation in which great decision of character, steadiness, and perseverance were necessary, and if one were chosen whose organ of Firmness resembled that of Mrs II., assuredly his employers would be disappointed. This lady, as already mentioned, was remarkable for vacillation of purpose; and I have never seen a single instance of decision of character combined with such a defect of brain as is here represented. These cases are introduced merely as examples and illustrations. The reader who wishes to pursue the subject farther, is referred to the common treatises on Phrenology and to the Phrenological Journal for additional information.

If any man were to go to sea in a boat of pasteboard, which the very fluidity of the element would dissolve, no one would be surprised at his being drowned; and, in like manner, if the Creator has so constituted the brain as to exert a great influence over the mental dispositions, and if, nevertheless, men are pleased to treat this fact with neglect and contempt, and to place individuals, naturally deficient in the moral organs, in situations where great morality is required, they have no cause to be surprised if they suffer the penalties of their own misconduct, in being plundered and defrauded.

Although I can state, from experience, that it is possible, by the aid of Phrenology, to select individuals whose moral qualities may be relied on, yet the extremely limited extent of our practical knowledge in regard to the intellectual talents that fit persons for particular duties, must be confessed. To be able to judge accurately what combination of natural talents and dispositions in an individual will best fit him for any given employment, we must have seen a variety of combinations tried in particular departments, and observed their effects. It is impossible, at least for me, to anticipate with certainty, in new cases, what these effects will be; but I have ever found nature constant; and after once discovering, by experience, an assortment of qualities suited to a particular duty, I have found no subsequent exception to the rule. which the predominance of particular regions of the brain, such as the moral and intellectual, is very decided, present fewest difficulties; although, even in them, the very deficiency of animal organs may sometimes incapacitate individuals for important stations. Where mature in our own day,

the three classes of organs, the animal, moral, and intellectual, are nearly in equilibrio, the most opposite results may ensue by external circumstances exciting the one or the other to decided predominance in activity, and little reliance ought to be placed on individuals thus constituted, except when temptations are removed, and strong motives to virtue presented.*

Having now adverted to calamities from external violence,-to bad health,-to unhappiness in the domestic circle, arising from ill-advised unions and viciously-disposed children,-and to the evils suffered from placing individuals, as servants, clerks, partners, or public instructors, in situations for which they are not suited by their natural qualities, - and traced all of them to infringements or neglect of the physical or organic laws. I proceed to advert to the last, and what is reckoned the greatest, of all calamities, DEATH, which itself is obviously a part of the organic law.

In the introduction, page 2, to which I refer, I have stated briefly the changes which occurred in the globe before man was introduced to inhabit it. The researches of geologists appear to shew that the world we inhabit was at first in a fluid condition; that crystalline rocks were deposited before animal or vegetable life began; that then came the lowest orders of zoophytes and of vegetables; next fishes and reptiles,—and trees in vast forests, giving origin to our present beds of coal; then quadrupeds and birds, and shells and plants, resembling those of the present era, but all of which, as species, have utterly perished from the earth: that next came alluvial rocks, containing bones of mammoths and other giganticanimals; and that last of all came man. Dr Buckland has shewn that certain long, rounded, stony bodies, like oblong pebbles or kidney potatoes, scattered on the shore at Lyme Regis, and frequently lying beside the bones of the saurian or lizard-like reptiles there discovered, are the dung of these animals in a fossil state. Many specimens of them contain scales, teeth, and bones of fishes, that seem to have passed undigested through the body of the animal; just as the enamel of the teeth and fragments of bone are found undigested in the dung of the ravenous hyena. Similar fossils (scientifically named coprolites) are found on the shore of the Firth of Forth, about a mile westward from Newhaven. These facts appear to shew that death, or destruction of vegetable and animal life, was an institution of nature before man became an inhabitant of the globe.†

Physiologists in general regard the organic frame of man also as containing within itself the seeds of dissolution. "The last character," says a popular author, " by which the living body is distinguished, is that of

* The prospectus of the " British Surety Company for guaranteeing the fidelity of persons employed by others," on payment of an annual premium by the persons employed, has recently appeared. Such a Company, conducted on phrenological principles, could scarcely fail of success; for by means of this science they could ascertain pretty correctly the extent of their risks. The best developed brains would be safe from dishonesty in all circumstances exclusive of disease; the worst would be secure in no circumstances in which temptation was possible; while those in whom all the three regions of the brain were in equilibrio would stand or fall according to their external inducements to virtue or vice. If they do not avail themselves of phrenology, they will be liable to be plundered by knaves. A combination of rogues may hire one of their own number as a confidential clerk, obtain a guarantee for a large sum, send him off to the Continent or America, pretend that he has robbed them, and compel the company to pay up the alleged loss. Phrenology would afford them pretty nearly a complete protection against such individuals. See Testimonials presented by Sir George S. Mackenzie to Lord Glenelg, printed in the Appendix to "a System of Phrenology by George Combe.'

1 As, however, some of these views are disputed by geologists of eminence, I state them here merely as hypothetical illustrations of the general doctrine maintained in the text, the proper evidence of which is facts directly observed in

terminating its existence by the process of death. The vital energies by which the circle of actions and reactions necessary to life is sustained, at length decline, and finally become exhausted. Inorganic bodies preserve their existence unalterably and for ever, unless some mechanical force, or some chemical agent, separate their particles or alter their composition. But, in every living body, its vital motions inevitably cease, sooner or later, from the operation of causes that are internal and inherent. Thus, to terminate its existence by death, is as distinctive of a living being as to derive its origin from a pre-existing germ."*

It is beyond the compass of philosophy to explain why the world was constituted in the manner here represented. I therefore make no inquiry why death was instituted, and refer, of course, only to the dissolution of organized bodies, and not at all to the state of the soul or mind after its separation from the body.

Let us first view the dissolution of the body abstractedly from personal considerations, as a mere natural arrangement. Death appears to be a result of the constitution of all organized beings; for the very definition of the genus is, that the individuals grow, attain maturity, decay, and die. The human imagination cannot conceive how the former part of this series of movements could exist without the latter, as long as space is necessary to corporeal existence. If all the vegetable and animal productions of nature, from creation downwards, had grown, attained maturity, and there remained, the world would not have been capable of containing the thousandth part of them. On this earth, therefore, decaying and dying appear indispensably necessary to admit of reproduction and growth. Viewed abstractedly, then, organized beings live as long as health and vigour continue; but they are subjected to a process of decay, which gradually impairs all their functions, and at last terminates in their dissolution. Now, in the vegetable world, the effect of this law is, to surround us with young trees, in place of everlasting stately full grown forests, standing forth in awful majesty, without variation in leaf or bough ;-with the vernal bloom of spring, changing gracefully into the vigour of summer and the maturity of autumn ;-with the rose, first simply and delicately budding, then luxuriant and lovely in its perfect evolution. In short, when we advert to the law of death, as instituted in the vegetable kingdom, and as related to our own faculties of Ideality and Wonder, which desire the beautiful and the new, and delight in the very changes which death introduces, we without hesitation exclaim, that all is wisely and wonderfully made. Turning again to the animal kingdom, we discover that the same fundamental principle prevails. Death removes the old and decayed, and the organic law introduces in their place the young, the gay, and the vigorous, to tread the stage of life with fresh agility and delight.

This succession in existence may readily be granted to be beneficial to the young; but, at first sight, it appears the opposite of benevolent to the old. To have lived at all, is felt as giving a right to continue to live; and the question arises, How can the institution of death, as the result of the organic law, be reconciled with benevolence and justice?

I am aware that, theologically, death is regarded as the punishment of sin, and that the attempt to reconcile our minds to it by reason is objected to, as at once futile and dangerous. But I beg leave to observe, that death prevails among the lower animals, not only by natural decay and the operation of physical forces, but by the express institution of carnivorous creatures destined to prey on living beings; that man himself is carnivorous, and obviously framed by the Creator for a scene of death; that the inherent qualities of his organic constitution, imply death as its termination; and that if these facts be admitted on the one hand, and we are prohi-

* Animal Physiology, p. 7; Library of Useful Knowledge.

bited, on the other, from attempting to discover, from the records of creation itself, the wise adaptation of the human feelings and intellect to this state of things, neither the cause of religion nor that of reason can be benefited. Facts cannot be disputed or concealed; and the only effect of excluding the investigation on which I propose to enter, would be to close the path of reason, and to leave the constitution of the external world and of the human mind apparently in a state of contradiction to each other. Let us rather rely on the inherent consistency of all truths; and on sound conclusions in reason being in accordance with correct interpretations of Scripture.

In treating of the moral sentiments, I pointed out, that the grand distinction between these sentiments and the propensities consists in this-that the former are in their nature disinterested, generous, and fond of the general good, while the latter aim only at the welfare or gratification of the individual. It is obvious that death, as an institution of the Creator, must affect these two classes of faculties in the most different manner. A being endowed only with propensities and intellect, and enabled, by the latter, to discover death and its consequences, would probably regard it as an appalling visitation. It would see in it only the utter extinction of enjoyment to itself; for, although it perceived existence conferred on other beings, who would enjoy life after its removal from the scene, this would afford it no consolation, in consequence of its wanting all the faculties which derive pleasure from disinterestedly contemplating the enjoyments of other creatures. The lower animals, then, whose whole being is composed of the inferior propensities and several knowing faculties, would probably see death, if they could at all anticipate it, in this light. It would appear to them as the extinguisher of every pleasure which they had ever felt; and apparently the bare prospect of it would render their lives so wretched, that nothing could alleviate the depressing gloom with which the habitual consciousness of it would inspire them. But, by depriving them of reflective faculties, the Creator has kindly and effectually withdrawn them from this evil. He has by this means rendered them completely blind to its existence. There is not the least reason to believe, that any one of the lower animals, while in health and vigour, has the slightest conception that it is a mortal creature, any more than a tree has that it will die. In consequence, it lives in as full enjoyment of the present, as if it were assured of every agreeable sensation being eternal. Death always takes the individual by surprise, whether it comes in the form of violence suppressing life in youth, or of slow decay by age; and really operates as the removal of one existence to make room for another, without consciousness of the loss in the one which dies. Let us, however, trace the operation of death, in regard to the lower animals, a little more in detail.

Philosophy, as already remarked, cannot explain why death was instituted at first; but, according to the views maintained in this work, we should expect to find it connected with, and regulated by, benevolence and justice,—that is to say, that it should not be inflicted for the sole purpose of extinguishing the life of individuals, to their damage, without any other result; but that the general system under which it takes place should be, on the whole, favourable to the enjoyment not only of the race, but of each individual animal while life is given. And this accordingly is the fact. death, and the devouring of one animal by another, are not purely benevolent; because pure benevolence would never inflict pain: but they are instances of destruction leading to beneficial results; that is, wherever death is introduced under the institutions of nature, it has been preceded by enjoyment arising out of it, to the very animals which are to become the subjects of it. While the world is calculated to support only a limited number of living creatures, the lower animals DEATH. 55

have received from nature powers of reproduction far beyond what are necessary to supply the waste of natural decay, and they do not possess intellect sufficient to restrain their numbers within the limits of their means of subsistence. Herbivorous animals, in parti cular, are exceedingly prolific, and yet the supply of vegetable food is limited. Hence, after multiplication for a few years, extensive starvation, the most painful and lingering of all deaths, and the most detrimental to the race, would inevitably ensue: but carnivorous animals have been instituted who kill and eat them; and, by this means, not only do carnivorous animals reap the pleasures of life, but the numbers of the herbivorous are restrained within such limits that the individuals among them enjoy existence while they live.* The destroyers, again, are limited in their turn: the moment they become too numerous, and carry their devastations too far, their food fails them, and they die of starvation, or, in their conflicts for the supplies that remain, destroy one another. Nature seems averse from inflicting death extensively by starvation, probably because it impairs the constitution long before it extinguishes life, and has the tendency to produce degeneracy in the race. It may be remarked also, speculatively, that herbivorous animals must have existed in considerable numbers before the carnivorous began to exercise their functions; for many of the former must die, that one of the latter may live. If a single sheep and a single tiger had been placed together at first, the tiger would have eaten up the sheep at a few meals, and afterwards died itself of starvation.

There is reason to believe, that, in the state of nature, death is attended with little suffering to the lower creatures. In natural decay, the organs are worn out by mere age, and the animal sinks into gradual insensibility, unconscious that dissolution awaits it. Farther, the wolf, the tiger, the lion, and other beasts of prey instituted by the Creator as instruments of violent death, are provided, in addition to Destructiveness, with large organs of Cautiousness and Secretiveness, which prompt them to steal upon their victims with the unexpected suddenness of a mandate of annihilation; and they are also impelled to inflict death in the most instantaneous and least painful method. The tiger and lion spring from their covers with the rapidity of the thunderbolt, and one blow of their tremendous paws, inflicted at the junction of the head with the neck, produces instantaneous death. The eagle is taught to strike its sharp beak into the spine of the birds which it devours, and their agony endures scarcely for an instant. It has been objected that the cat plays with the unhappy mouse, and prolongs its tortures; but the cat that does so is the pampered and well-fed inhabitant of a kitchen; the cat of nature is too eager to devour, to indulge in such luxurious gratifications of Destructiveness and Secretiveness. It kills in a moment, and eats. Here, then, is a regularly organized process for withdrawing individuals among the lower animals from existence, almost by a fiat of destruction, which permits the comfortable subsistence of the creatures while they live, and makes way for a succession of new occupants.† "Nature," says St Pierre, "does nothing in

* St Pierre states this argument forcibly.—" By their production without restraint," says he, "creatures would be multiplied beyond all limits, till even the globe itself could not contain them. The preservation of every individual produced, would lead to ultimate destruction of the species. Some will answer, that the animals might live always, if they observed a proportion suitable to the territory which they inhabited. But, according to this supposition, they must at last cease to multiply; and then adieu to the loves and alliences, the building of nests, and all the harmonies which reign in their nature."—Etude de la Nature, Paris, 1791, p. 17.

† Mr H. C. Watson disputes the views stated in the text, and maintains that "innumerable creatures, after being crushed, lacerated, or otherwise injured by stronger animals, are left to a lingering death by starvation, or other slowly

vain: she intends few animals to die of old age; and I believe that she has permitted to none except man to run the entire course of life, because in his case alone can old age be useful to the race. What would be the advantage of old animals, incapable of reflection, to a posterity born with instincts holding the place of experience; and how, on the other hand, would decrepit parents find support among offspring which instinctively leave them whenever they are able to swim, to fly, or to run? Old age would prove to such creatures a burden; of which beasts of prey mercifully deliver them."

Man, in his mode of putting the lower creatures to death, is not so tender as beasts of prey: but he might be so. If the sheep were guillotined, and not maltreated before its execution, it would never know that it had ceased to live. And, by the law which I have explained, man does not with impunity add one unnecessary pang to the death of the inferior animals. In the butcher who inflicts torments on calves, sheep, and cattle, while driving them to slaughter, - and who bleeds them to death by successive stages, prolonged for days to whiten their flesh,—the animal faculties of Destructiveness. Acquisitiveness, and Self-Esteem, predominate so decidedly in activity over the moral powers, that he is necessarily excluded from the enjoyments attendant on the supremacy of the human faculties: He, besides, goes into society under the influence of the same low combination, and suffers at every hand animal retaliation; so that he does not escape with impunity for his outrages against the moral law.

Here, then, we perceive nothing malevolent in the institution of death, in so far as regards the lower animals. A pang certainly does attend it; but while Destructiveness must be recognised in the pain, Benevolence is equally perceptible in its effects.

No remedial process is instituted by nature to repair injuries sustained by purely physical objects. If a mirror fall and be smashed, it remains ever after in fragments; if a ship sink, it lies at the bottom of the ocean, chained down by the law of gravitation. Under the organic law, on the other hand, a distinct remedial process is established. If a tree be blown down, every root that remains in the ground will increase its exertions to preserve its life; if a branch be lopped off, new branches will shoot out in its place; if a leg in an animal be broken, the bone will reunite; if a muscle be severed, it will grow together; if an artery be obliterated, the neighbouring arteries will enlarge their dimensions, and perform its duty. The Creator, however, not to encourage animals to abuse this benevolent institution, has established pain as an attendant on infringement of the organic law, and made them suffer for the violation of it, even while he restores them to health. It is under this law that death has received its pangs. Instant death is not attended with pain of any perceptible duration; and it is only when a lingering death occurs in youth and middle age, that the suffering is severe. Dissolution, however, does not occur at these periods as a direct and intentional result of the organic laws, but as the consequence of infringement of them. Under the fair and legitimate operation of these laws, the individual whose constitution was at first sound, and whose life has been in accordance with their dictates, will live till old age fairly wears out his organized frame, and then the pang of expiration is little perceptible.*

completed consequences of the injuries which they have received." "The butcher-bird impales living insects upon thorns, and leaves them to die."—Phren. Jour. vol. xiii. p. 363. The reader must decide which of these views best accords with the general system of nature.

with the general system of nature.

* The following table is copied from an interesting article
by Mr William Fraser, on the History and Constitution of
Benefit or Friendly Societies, published in the Edinburgh
New Philosophical Journal for October 1827, and is deduced
from Returns by Friendly Societies in Scotland for various
years, from 1750 to 1821. It shows how much sickness in-

This view of our constitution is objected to by some persons, because disease appears to them to invade our bodies, and after a time either to end in death or to disappear, without any organic cause being discoverable. On this subject I would observe, that there is a vast difference between the uncertain and the unascertained. It is now generally admitted that all the movements of matter are regulated by laws, and that the motions are never uncertain, although the laws in virtue of which they occur, may, in some instances, be unascertained. The revolutions of the planets, for example, are fully understood, while those of some of the comets are as yet unknown; but no philosopher imagines that the latter are uncertain. The minutest drop of water that descends the mighty Fall of Niagara, is regulated in all its movements by definite laws-whether it rise in mist, and float in the atmosphere to distant regions, there to descend as rain; or be absorbed by a neighbouring shrub, and reappear as an atom in a blossom adorning the Canadian shore; or be drunk up by a living creature, and sent into the wonderful circuit of its blood; or become a portion of an oak, which, at a future time, shall career over the ocean as a ship. Nothing can be less ascertained, or probably less ascertainable by mortal study, than the motions of such an atom; but every philosopher will, without a moment's hesitation, concede that not one of them is uncertain.* A philosophic understanding will extend the same conviction to the events evolved in every department of nature. In many instances our knowledge may be so imperfect, that we are incapable of unfolding the chain of connection between a disease and its organic cause; but he is no philosopher who doubts the reality of the

One reason of the obscurity that prevails on this subject, in the minds of persons not medically educated, is ignorance of the structure and functions of the body; and another is, that diseases appear under two very distinct forms-structural and functional-only the first of which is understood, by common observers, to constitute a proper organic malady. If an arrow be shot into the eye, derangement of the structure will follow; and the most determined opponent of the natural laws will at once admit the connection between the blindness which ensues, and the lesion of the organ. a watchmaker or an optical instrument maker, by long continued and excessive exertion of the eye, become blind, the disease is called functional; the function, from its organ being overwrought, cannot be successfully executed, but frequently no alteration of structure can be perceived. No philosophic physiologist, however, doubts that there is a change in the structure, corresponding to the functional derangement, although human observation cannot detect it. He never says that it is nonsense to assert that the patient has become blind in consequence of infringement of the organic laws. It is one of these laws that the eyes shall be exercised moderately, and it is a breach of that law

creases with age, and how little there is of it in youth, even in the present disordered state of human conduct. We may expect the quantity to decrease, at all ages, in proportion to the increase of obedience to the organic laws. It is chiefly in advanced life, when the constitution has lost a portion of its vigour, that the accumulated effects of disobedience become apparent.

Average Annual Sickness o each Individual.

Age.	Weeks and Decimals.	Weeks.	Days.	Hours.	Proportion of Sick Members,
Under 20	0.3797	0	2	16	1 in 186.95
20-30	0.5916	0	4	8	1 - 87.89
30-40	0.6865	0	4	19	1 - 75.74
40-50	1.0273	1	0	4	1 - 50.61
50-60	1.8506	1	6	3	1 - 27.63
60-70	5.6357	5	4	10	1 - 9.23
Above 70	16.0417	16	3	19	1 - 8.14

* I owe this forcible illustration to Dr Chalmers, having heard it in one of ins Lectures

to strain them to excess. The same principle applies to a large number of diseases occurring under the organic laws. Imperfections in the tone, structure, or proportions of certain organs, may exist at birth, so hidden by their situation, or so slight, as not to be readily perceptible, but which are not on that account the less real and important; or deviations may be made gradually and imperceptibly from the proper and healthy exercise of the functions; and from one or other cause disease may invade the constitution. Religious persons term diseases arising from such hidden causes, dispensations of God's providence; the careless name them unaccountable events; but the enlightened physician views them as the results of imperfect or excessive action of the organs; and never doubts that they have been caused by deviations from the laws which the Cieutor has prescribed for the regulation of the animal eco-The objection that the doctrine of the organic laws is unsound, because diseases come and go without uneducated persons being able to trace their causes, has not a shadow of philosophy to support it. I may err in my exposition of these laws; but I hope that I do not err in stating that neither disease nor death, in early and middle life, can take place under the ordinary administration of Providence, except when the organic laws have been infringed.

The pains of premature death, then, are the punishments of infringement of these laws; and the object of subjecting us to them probably is to impress upon us the necessity of obeying the laws that we may live, and to prevent our abusing that capacity of remedial action which is inherent to a certain extent in our constitution.

Let us now view death as an institution appointed to man. If it be true, that the constitution of man, when sound in its elements, and preserved in accordance with the organic laws, is fairly calculated to endure in health from infancy to old age; and that death, when it occurs during the early or middle periods of life, is the consequence of departure from these laws; it follows, that, even in premature death, a benevolent principle is discernible. Although the capacity of remedial action allows animals to recover from moderate injuries, yet the very nature of the organic laws must place a limit to it. If life could be preserved, and health be restored, after the brain had been blown to atoms by a bomb-shell, as effectually as a broken leg and a cut finger can be healed, this would be an abrogation of the organic laws, and of all the curbs which they impose on the lower propensities; and all the incitements which they afford to the activity of the higher sentiments and intellect would have been lost. The limit, then, is this,-that any disobedience, from the effects of which restoration is permitted, must be moderate in extent, and must not involve, to a great degree, any organ essential to life, such as the brain, lungs, stomach, or intestines. The maintenance of the law, with all its advantages, requires that restoration from grievous derangements of these organs should not be permitted. When we reflect on the transmission of hereditary qualities to children, we perceive benevolence to the race, in the institution which cuts short the life of an individual in whose person disease of essential organs has exceeded the limits of the remedial process: it prevents the extension of the punishment of his errors over an innumerable posterity. In premature death, then, we see two objects accomplished; first, the individual sufferer is withdrawn from agonies which could serve no beneficial end to himself-he has transgressed the limits of recovery, and continued life would be protracted misery; and, secondly, the race is guaranteed against the future transmission of his disease by hereditary descent.

The disciple of Mr Owen formerly alluded to, who had grievously transgressed the organic law and suffered a punishment of equal intensity, observed, when in the midst of his agony,-" Philosophers have urged ORGANS. 57

the institution of death as an argument against divine | goodness; but not one of them could have experienced, for five minutes, the pain which I now endure, without looking on it as a merciful dispensation. I have departed from the natural laws, and suffered the punishment; and I see in death only the Creator's benevolent hand, stretched out to terminate my agonies when they cease to serve any beneficial end." On this principle, the death of a feeble and sickly child is an event of mercy to it. It withdraws a being, in whose person the organic laws have been violated, from useless suffering; cutting short, thereby, also the transmissions of its imperfections to posterity. If, then, pain and disease, as punishments for transgressing the organic laws, be founded in benevolence and wisdom; and if death, in the early and middle periods of life, be an arrangement for withdrawing the transgressor from farther auffering, after return to obedience is impossible, and for protecting the race from the consequences of his errors, it also is in itself wise and benevolent.

This, then, leaves only death in old age as a natural and unavoidable institution of the Creator. It will not be denied, that, if old persons, when their powers of enjoyment are fairly exhausted, and their cup of pleasure is full, could be removed from this world, as we have supposed the lower animals to be, in an instant, and without pain or consciousness, to make way for a fresh and vigorous offspring, about to run the career which the old have terminated, there would be no lack of benevolence and justice in the arrangement. At present, while we live in ignorance and habitual neglect of the organic laws, death probably comes upon us with more pain and agony, even in advanced life, than would be its legitimate accompaniment if we placed ourselves in accordance with them; so that we are not now in a condition to ascertain the natural quantity of pain necessarily attendant on death. Judging from such facts as have been observed, we may infer, that the close of a long life, founded at first, and afterwards spent, in accordance with the Creator's laws, would not be accompanied with great organic suffering, but that an insensible decay would steal upon the frame.

Be this, however, as it may, I observe, in the next place, that, as the Creator has bestowed on man, animal faculties that fear death, and reason that carries home to him the conviction that he must die, it is an interesting inquiry, whether He has provided any natural means of relief from the consequences of this combination of terrors. "And what thinkest thou," said Socrates to Aristodemus, " of this continual love of life, this dread of dissolution, which takes possession of us from the moment that we are conscious of existence?" "I think of it," answered he, "as the means employed by the same great and wise artist, deliberately determined to preserve what he has made." Lord Byron strongly expressed the same opinion, and was struck with the energetic efforts which he instinctively made, in a moment of danger, to preserve his life, although in his hours of calm reflection he felt so unhappy that he wished to die. There are reasons for believing not only that the love of life is a special instinct, but that it is connected with a particular organ, which is supposed to be situate at the base of the brain; and that, cæteris paribus, the feeling varies in intensity in different individuals, according to the size of the organ. I have ascertained, from numerous confidential communications, as well as by observation, that even when external circumstances are equally prosperous, there are great differences in the desire of life in different minds. Some persons have assured me, that death, viewed even as the extinction of being, and without reference to a future state, did not appear to them in the least appalling, or calculated, when contemplated as their certain fate, to impair the enjoyment of life; and these were not profligate men, whose vices might make them desire annihilation as preferable to future passishment, but persons of pure lives and pious dispo-

sitions. This is so different from the feelings experienced by ordinary persons, that I have been led to ascribe it to a very small development of the organ of the Love of Life in these individuals. A medical gentleman who was attached to the native army in India, informed me, that in many of the Hindoos the love of life was by no means strong. On the contrary, it was frequently necessary to compel them to make even moderate exertions, quite within the compass of their strength, to avoid death. That part of the base of the brain which lies between the ear and the anterior lobe, is generally narrow, measuring across the head, in such individuals. Farther, if there be an organ for the love of life, the vivacity of the instinct will diminish in proportion as the organ decays; so that age, which induces the certain approach of death, will, by impairing the organ, strip him, in a corresponding degree, of his terrors. The apparent exceptions to this rule will be found in cases in which this organ predominates in size and activity, and preserves an ascendency over the others even in decay.

These ideas, however, are thrown out only as speculations, suggested by the facts before described. Whatever may be thought of them, it is certain that the Creator has bestowed moral sentiments on man, and arranged the theatre of his existence on the principles of their supremacy; and these, when duly cultivated and enlightened, are calculated to save him from the moral terrors of death.

1st, It is obvious that, in consequence of the institution of death, Amativeness and Philoprogenitiveness are provided with opportunities of gratification. If the same individuals had lived here for ever, there could have been no field for the enjoyment that flows from the sexual union and the rearing of offspring. The very existence of these propensities shews, that the production and rearing of young form part of the design of creation; and the successive production of young appears necessarily to imply the removal of the old.

2d. Had things been otherwise arranged, the other faculties would have been limited in their gratifications. Conceive, for a moment, how much exercise is afforded to our intellectual and moral powers, in acquiring and communicating knowledge to the young, and in providing for their enjoyments—also, what a delightful exercise of the higher sentiments is implied in the intercourse between the aged and the young; all which pleasures would have been unknown had there been no young in existence.

3d, Constituted as man is, the law of a succession of individuals withdraws beings whose physical and mental constitutions have run their course and become impaired in sensibility, and substitutes in their place fresh and vigorous minds and bodies, far better adapted for the enjoyment of creation.

4th, If I am right in the position that the organic laws transmit to offspring, in an increasing ratio, the qualities most active in the parents, the law of succession provides for a higher degree of improvement in the race than could have been reached, supposing the permanency of a single generation, possessing the present human constitution, to have been the rule.

Let us inquire, then, how the moral sentiments are affected by death in old age, as a natural institution.

Benevolence, glowing with a disinterested desire for the increase and diffusion of enjoyment, utters no complaint against death in old age, as a surrender of mortalife by a being impaired in its capacity for usefulness and pleasure, to make way for one fresh and vigorous in all its powers, and fitted to carry forward, to a higher point of improvement, every beneficial measure previously begun. Conscientiousness, if thoroughly elightened, perceives no infringement of justice in the calling on a guest, satiated with enjoyment, to retire from the banquet, so as to permit a stranger with a keener and more youthful appetite to partake; and

Veneration, when instructed by intellect that this is the institution of the Creator, and made acquainted with its objects, bows in humble acquiescence to the law. Now, if these powers have acquired, in any individual, that complete supremacy which they are clearly intended to hold, he will be placed by them as much above the terror of death as a natural institution, as the lower animals are by being ignorant of its existence. And unless the case were so, man would, by the very knowledge of death, be rendered, during his whole life, more miserable than they.

In these observations, I have said nothing of the prospect of a future existence as a palliative of the evils of dissolution, because I was bound to regard death, in the first instance, as the result of the organic law, and to treat of it as such. But no one who considers that the prospect of a happy life to come, is directly addressed to Veneration, Hope, Wonder, Benevolence, and Intellect, can fail to perceive that this consolation also is clearly founded on the principle, that the moral sentiments are intended by the Creator to protect man from the terrors of death.

The true view of death, therefore, as a natural institution, is, that it is an essential part of the system of organization; that birth, growth, and arrival at maturity, as completely imply decay and death in old age, as morning and noon imply evening and night, as spring and summer imply harvest, or as the source of a river implies its termination. Besides, organized beings are constituted by the Creator to be the food of other organized beings, so that some must die that others may live. Man, for instance, cannot live on stones, on earth, or water, which are not organized, but must feed on vegetable and animal substances; so that death is as much, and as essentially, an inherent attribute of organization as life itself. If the same animals and men had been destined for a permanent occupation of the earth, we may presume, from analogy, that God,-instead of creating a primitive pair of each, and endowing them with extensive powers of reproduction, with a view to their ushering young beings into existence,would have furnished the world with a definite complement of living creatures, perfect at first in all their parts and functions, and that these would have remained without diminution and without increase.

To prevent, however, all chance of being misapprehended, I repeat, that I do not at all allude to the state of the soul or mind after death, but merely to the dissolution of organized bodies; that, according to the soundest view which I am able to obtain of the natural law, pain and death during youth and middle age, in the human species, are consequences of departure from the Creator's laws,-while death in old age, by insensible decay, is an essential and apparently indispensable part of the system of organic existence; that this arrangement admits of the succession of individuals, substituting the young and vigorous for the feeble and decayed; that it is directly the means by which organized beings live, and indirectly the means by which Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, and a variety of our other faculties obtain gratification; that it admits of the race ascending in the scale of improvement, both in their organic and in their mental qualities; and finally, that the moral sentiments, when supreme in activity, and enlightened by intellect, which perceives its design and consequences, are calculated to place man in harmony with it; while religion addresses its consolations to the same faculties, and completes what reason leaves undone.

If the views now unfolded be correct, death in old age will never be abolished as long as man continues an organized being; but pain and the frequency of premature death will decrease in the exact ratio of his obedience to the physical and organic laws. It is interesting to observe that there is already some evidence of this process being begun. About seventy years ago, tables

of the average duration of life in England were compiled for the use of the Life Insurance Companies; and from them it appears to have been then 28 years-that is, 1000 persons being born, and the years of their respective lives being added together, and divided by 1000, the result was 28 to each. By recent tables, it appears that the average is now 32 years to each; that is to say, in consequence of superior morality, cleanliness, knowledge, and general obedience to the Creator's laws, fewer individuals now perish in infancy, youth, and middle age, than perished in these conditions seventy years ago. Some persons have said, that the difference arises from errors in compiling the old tables, and that the superior habits of the people are not the cause. is probable that there may be errors in the old tables, but it is also natural that increasing knowledge and stricter obedience to the organic laws should diminish the number of premature deaths. If this idea be correct, the average duration of life should go on increasing; and our successors, two centuries hence, may probably attain to an average of 40 years, and then ascribe to errors in our tables the present low average of 32.*

SECT. III .- CALAMITIES ARISING FROM INFRINGEMENT OF THE MORAL LAW.

We now proceed to consider the Moral Law, which is proclaimed by the whole faculties acting harmoniously; or, in cases of conflict, by the higher sentiments and intellect acting harmoniously, and holding the animal faculties in subjection. In surveying the moral and religious codes of different nations, and the moral and religious opinions of different philosophers, every reflecting mind must have been struck with their diversity. Phrenology, by demonstrating the different combinations in power and activity of which the faculties are susceptible, enables us to account for these varieties of sentiment. A code of morality framed by a legislator in whom the animal propensities were strong and the moral sentiments weak, would be very different from one instituted by another lawgiver, in whom this combination was reversed. In like manner, a system of religion, founded by an individual in whom Destructiveness, Wonder, and Cautiousness were very large, and Veneration, Benevolence, and Conscientiousness deficient, would present views of the Supreme Being widely different from those which would be promulgated by a person in whom the last three faculties and intellect decidedly predominated. The particular code of morality and religion which is most in harmony with the whole faculties of the individual, will necessarily appear to him to be the best, while he refers only to the dictates of his individual mind as the standard of right and wrong. But if we shew, that when several faculties conflict, the scheme of external creation is arranged in harmony with certain principles, in preference to others, so that enjoyment flows upon the individual from without when his conduct is in conformity with some, and that evil overtakes him when he resigns himself to others, we shall prove that the former is the morality and religion established by the Creator, and that individual men, who support codes differing from His, must necessarily be deluded by imperfections in their own minds. That constitution of mind, also, may be pronounced to be the best, which harmonizes most completely with the morality and religion established by the Creator. In this view, morality becomes a science, and departures from its dictates may be demonstrated to be practical follies, injurious to the interest and happiness of the individual.

Dugald Stewart has most justly remarked, that "the importance of agriculture and of religious toleration to the presperity of states, the criminal impolicy of thwarting the kind arrangements of Providence by restraints upon commerce, and the duty of legislators to study the laws of the moral world as the groundwork and standard

* See Appendix, No. IX.

of their own, appear, to minds unsophisticated by inveterate prejudices, as approaching nearly to the class of axioms ;-yet, how much ingenious and refined discussion has been employed, even in our own times, to combat the prejudices which everywhere continue to struggle against them; and how remote does the period yet seem, when there is any probability that these prejudices will be completely abandoned !"* The great cause of the long continuance of these prejudices, is the want of an intelligible and practical philosophy of morals. Before ordinary minds can perceive that the world is really governed by divine laws, they must become acquainted with, first, the nature of man, physical, animal, moral, and intellectual; secondly, the relations of the different parts of that nature to each other; and, thirdly, the relationship of the whole to God and external objects. The present treatise is an attempt (a very feeble and imperfect one indeed) to arrive, by the aid of phrenology, at a demonstration of morality as a science. The interests dealt with in the investigation are so elevating, and the effort itself is so delightful, that the attempt carries its own reward, however unsuccessful in its results. I am not without hope, that if phrenology, as the science of mind, and the doctrine of the natural laws, were taught to the people as part of their ordinary education, the removal of these prejudices would be considerably accelerated. This instruction may be postponed; but if the views maintained in this work be sound, it will in time be communicated to the young.

Assuming, then, that, in cases of conflict among the faculties of the mind, the higher sentiments and intellect hold the natural supremacy, I shall endeavour to shew, that obedience to the dictates of these powers is rewarded with pleasing emotions in the mental faculties themselves, and with the most beneficial external consequences; whereas disobedience is followed by deprivation of these emotions, by painful feelings within

the mind, and by much external evil.

First, Obedience is accompanied by pleasing emotions in the faculties. It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the circumstance, that every propensity, sentiment, and intellectual faculty, when gratified in harmony with all the rest, is a fountain of pleasure. How many exquisite thrills of joy arise from Philoprogenitiveness, Adhesiveness, Acquisitiveness, Constructiveness, Love of Approbation, and Self-Esteem, when gratified in accordance with the moral sentiments! Who that has ever poured forth the aspirations of Hope, Ideality, Wonder, and Veneration, directed to an object in whom Intellect and Conscientiousness also rejoiced, has not experienced the deep delight of such an exercise? And who is a stranger to the grateful pleasures attending an active Benevolence? Turning to the intellect, what pleasures are afforded by the scenery of nature, by painting, poetry, and music, to those who possess the combination of faculties suited to these objects! And how rich a feast does philosophy yield to those who possess large reflective organs, combined with Concentrativeness and Conscientiousness! The reader is requested, therefore, to keep steadily in view, that these exquisite rewards are attached by the Creator to the active exercise of our faculties in accordance with the moral law; and that one punishment, clear, obvious, and undeniable, inflicted on those who neglect or infringe that law, is deprivation of these pleasures. This is a consideration very little attended to; because men, in general, live in such habitual neglect of the moral law, that they have only a very partial experience of its rewards, and do not know the enjoyments they are deprived of by its infringement. Before its full measure can be judged of, the mind must be instructed in its own constitution, in that of external objects, and in the relationship established between it and them, and between it and the Creator. Until a tolerably distinct perception of these truths be obtained, the faculties cannot enjoy repose,

nor act in full vigour and harmony: while, for example, our forefathers regarded the marsh fevers to which they were subjected in consequence of deficient drainage in their fields,-and the outrages on person and property, attendant on the wars waged by the English against the Scots, or by one feudal lord against another, on their own soil,-not as punishments for particular infringements of the organic and moral laws, to be removed by obedience to these laws, but as inscrutable dispensations of God's providence, which it beloved them meekly to endure, but which it was impossible for them to avert, -the full enjoyment which the moral and intellectual faculties were fairly calculated to afford, could not be experienced. Benevolence would pine in dissatisfaction; Veneration would flag in its devotions; and Conscientiousness would suggest endless surmises of disorder and injustice, in a scheme of creation under which such evils occurred and were left without a remedy :in short, the full tide of moral, religious, and intellectual enjoyment could not possibly flow, until views more in accordance with the constitution and desires of the moral faculties were obtained. The same evil still afflicts mankind to a prodigious extent. How is it possible for the Hindoo, Mussulman, Chinese, and savage American, while they continue to worship deities whose qualities outrage Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness, and while they remain in profound ignorance of almost all the Creator's natural institutions, in consequence of infringing which they suffer punishment without ceasing-how is it possible for such men to form even a conception of the gratifications which the moral and intellectual nature of man is calculated to enjoy, when exercised in harmony with the Creator's true character and institutions? This operation of the moral law is not the less real because many persons do not recognise it. Sight is not a less excellent gift to those who see, because some men born blind have no conception of the extent of pleasure and advantage from which the want of it cuts them off.

The attributes of the Creator may be inferred from His works; but it is obvious that, to arrive at the soundest views, we must know his institutions thoroughly. To a grossly ignorant people, who suffer hourly from transgression of his laws, the character of the Deity will appear more mysterious and severe than to enlightened men, who trace the principles of his government, and who, by observing his laws, avoid the penalties of infringing them. His attributes will appear to human apprehension, more and more perfect and exalted, in proportion as his works shall be understood. The low and miserable conceptions of God formed by the vulgar among the Greeks and Romans, were the reflections of their own ignorance of natural, moral, and political science. The discovery and improvement of phrenology must necessarily have a great effect on natural religion. Before phrenology was known, the moral and intellectual constitution of man was unascertained: in consequence, the relations of external nature towards it could not be competently judged of; and, while these were involved in obscurity, many of the ways of Providence must have appeared mysterious and severe, which in themselves were lucid and benevolent. Again, as bodily suffering and mental perplexity would bear a proportion to this ignorance, the character of God would appear to the natural eye in that condition, much more unfavourable than it will seem after these clouds of darkness shall have passed away.

Some persons, in their great concernment about a future life, are prone to overlook the practical direction of the mind in the present. When we consider the nature and objects of the mental faculties, we perceive that a great number of them have the most obvious and undeniable reference to this life; for example, Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, Cautiousness, Self-Esteem, and Love of Approbation, with Size

^{*} Prelim. Dissert. to Supp. Encyc. Brit. p. 127.

Form, Colouring, Weight, Tune, Wit, and probably other faculties, stand in such evident relationship to this particular world, with its moral and physical arrangements, that if they were not capable of legitimate application here, it would be difficult to assign a reason for their being bestowed on us. We possess also Benevolence, Veneration, Hope, Ideality, Wonder, Conscientiousness, and Reflecting Intellect, all of which appear to be particularly adapted to a higher sphere. But the important consideration is, that here on earth these two sets of faculties are combined; and, on the same principle that led Sir Isaac Newton to infer the combustibility of the diamond, I am disposed to expect that the external world, when its constitution and relations shall be sufficiently understood, will be found to be in harmony with all our faculties,-and that of course the character of the Deity, as unfolded by the works of creation, will more and more gratify our moral and intellectual powers, in proportion as knowledge advances. The structure of the eye is admirably adapted to the laws of light, that of the ear to the laws of sound, and that of the muscles to the laws of gravitation; and it would be strange if our mental constitution were not as wisely adapted to the general order of the external world.

The principle is universal, and admits of no exception, that want of power and activity in every faculty is attended with deprivation of the pleasures attendant on its vivacious exercise. He who is so deficient in Tune that he cannot distinguish melody, is cut off from a vast source of gratification enjoyed by those who possess that organ in a state of vigour and high cultivation; and the same principle holds good in the case of every other organ and faculty. Criminals and profligates of every description, therefore, from the very constitution of their nature, are excluded from great enjoyments attendant on virtue; and this is the first natural punishment to which they are inevitably liable. Persons, also, who are ignorant of the constitution of their own minds, and the relations among external objects, not only suffer many direct evils on this account. but, through the consequent inactivity of their faculties, are, besides, deprived of many exalted enjoyments. The works of creation, and the character of the Deity, are the legitimate objects of contemplation to our highest powers; and he who is blind to their qualities. loses nearly the whole benefit of his moral and intellectual nature. If there be any one to whom these gratifications are unknown, or appear trivial, either he must, to a very considerable degree, be still under the dominion of the animal propensities, or his views of the Creator's character and institutions must not harmonize with the natural dictates of the moral sentiments and intellect. The custom of teaching children to regard with the highest admiration, the literature and history of the Greeks and Romans, stained with outrages condemned by all the superior faculties of man, and of thereby diverting their minds from the study of the Creator and his works, has had a most pernicious effect on the views entertained of this world by many excellent and intellectual individuals. achievements of barbarous men engage that attention which might be more profitably bestowed on the glorious designs of God: We need not be surprised that no satisfaction to the moral sentiments is experienced while such a course of education is pursued.

But, in the second place, as the world is arranged on the principle of the supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect, in cases of conflict among the faculties, observance of the moral law is attended with external advantages, and infringement of it with evil consequences; and from this constitution arises the second natural punishment of imnoral conduct.

Let us trace the advantages of obedience.—In the domestic circle, if we preserve habitually Benevolence, Conscientionness, Veneration, and Intellect supreme.

it is quite undeniable, that we shall rouse the moral and intellectual faculties of children, servants, and assistants, to love us, and to yield us willing service, obedience, and aid. Our commands will then be reasonable, mild, and easily executed, and the commerce will be that of love. With regard to our equals in society, what would we not give for a friend in whom we were perfectly convinced of the supremacy of the moral sentiments; what love, confidence, and delight, would we not repose in him! To a merchant, physician, lawyer, magistrate, or an individual in any public employment, how invaluable would be the habitual supremacy of these sentiments! The Creator has bestowed intellectual talents in different degrees on different individuals, and also limited our powers ;--consequently, by confining our attention to one department of labour we execute it best,-an arrangement which amounts to a direct institution of separate trades and professions. Under the natural laws, then, the manufacturer may pursue his calling with the entire approbation of all the moral sentiments, for he is dedicating his talents to supplying the wants of his fellow-men; and how much more successful will he be, if his every proceeding be accompanied by the desire to act benevolently and honestly towards those who are to consume and pay for the products of his labour! He cannot gratify his Acquisitiveness half so successfully by any other method. The same remark applies to the merchant, the lawyer, and the physician. The lawyer and physician who consult, as a paramount object, the interests of their clients and patients, obtain not only the direct reward of gratifying their own moral faculties, which is no slight enjoyment, but also high respect and a wellfounded reputation, combined with increasing emolument, not grudgingly paid, but willingly offered by persons who feel the worth of the services bestowed.

Three conditions are required by the moral and intellectual law, which must all be observed to ensure its rewards. 1st, The department of industry selected must be really useful to human beings: Benevolence demands this; 2d, The quantum of labour bestowed must bear a just proportion to the natural demand for the commodity produced: Intellect requires this; and, 3d, In our social connexions, we must scrupulously attend to the fact that different individuals possess different developments of brain, and in consequence different natural talents and dispositions,—and we must rely on each, only to the extent warranted by his natural endowments.

If, then, an individual have received, at birth, a sound organic constitution and favourably developed brain, and if he live in accordance with the physical, the organic, the moral, and the intellectual laws, it appears to me that, in the constitution of the world, he has received from the Creator an assurance of provision for his animal wants, and of high enjoyment in the legitimate exercise of his various mental powers.

I have already observed, that before we can obey the Creator's institutions we must know them; that the sciences which teach the physical laws are natural philosophy and chemistry; while the organic laws belong to the department of anatomy and physiology: and I now add, that it is the business of the Political Economist to unfold the kinds of industry that are really necessary to the welfare of mankind, and the extent of labour that will meet with a just reward. The leading object of political economy, as a science, is to increase enjoyment, by directing the application of industry. To attain this end, however, it is obviously necessary that the nature of man, the constitution of the physical world, and the relations between these, should be known Hitherto, the knowledge of the former of these elementary parts has been deficient; and, in consequence, the whole superstructure has been weak and unproductive, in comparison with what it may become when founded on a more perfect basis.

Political Economists have not taught that the world is arranged in accordance with the harmonious activity of all our faculties,—the moral sentiments and intellect, in cases of conflict, holding the supremacy;—that, consequently, to render man happy, his leading pursuits must be such as will exercise and gratify all his powers,—and that his life will necessarily be miserable, if devoted exclusively to the production of wealth. They have proceeded on the notion, that the accumulation of wealth is the summum bonum: but all history textifies, that national happiness does not invariably increase in proportion to national riches; and until they shall teach that intelligence and morality are the foundation of all lasting prosperity, they will not interest the great body of mankind, nor give a practical direction to their efforts.

If the views contained in the present treatice be sound, it will become a leading object with future masters in economic science, to teach that civilized man should limit his bodily, and extend his moral and intellectual occupations, as the only means of saving himself from cease-

less punishment under the natural laws.

The idea of men in general being taught natural philosophy, anatomy, physiology, political economy, and the other sciences that expound the natural laws, has been sneered at as ridiculous. But I would ask, In what occupations are human beings so urgently engaged, that they have no leisure to bestow on the study of the Creator's laws? The delivery of a course of lectures on natural philosophy would occupy sixty or seventy hours; a course on anatomy and physiology the same; and a pretty full course on phrenology could be delivered in forty hours! These, twice or thrice repeated, would serve to initiate the student, so that he could afterwards advance in the same paths, by the aid of observation and books. Is life, then, so brief, and are our hours so urgently occupied by higher and more important duties, that we cannot afford these pittances of time to learn the laws that regulate our existence? No! The only difficulty lies in exciting the desire for knowledge; for when that is attained, time will not be wanting. No idea can be more preposterous, than that human beings have no time to study and obey the natural laws. These laws, when neglected, punish so severely, that the offender loses more time in undergoing his chastisement, than would be requisite to obey them. A gentleman extensively engaged in business, whose nervous and digestive systems were impaired by neglect of the organic laws, was desired to walk in the open air at least one hour a-day; to repose from all exertion, bodily and mental, for an hour after breakfast, and another hour after dinner (because the brain cannot expend its energy to good purpose in thinking and in aiding digestion at the same time); and to practise moderation in diet: this last injunction he regularly observed, but he laughed at the idea of his having three hours a-day to spare for attention to his health. The reply was, that the organic laws admit of no exception, and that he must either obey them or suffer the consequences; but that the time lost in enduring the punishment would be double or treble that requisite for obedience: and, accordingly, the fact was so. Instead of fulfilling an appointment, it was usual for him to send a note, perhaps at two in the afternoon, in these terms :- "I was so distregsed with headach last night, that I never closed my eyes; and to-day I am still incapable of being out of bed." On other occasions, he is out of bed, but apologises for incapacity to attend to business, on account of an intolerable pain in the region of the stomach. In short, if the hours lost in these painful sufferings were added together, and distributed over the days when he is able for duty, they would far outnumber those which would suffice for obedience to the organic laws-and with this difference in the results: by neglecting them he loses both his hours and his enjoyment; whereas, by obedience, he would be rewarded by aptitude for business. and a pleasing consciousness of existence.

We shall understand the operation of the moral at d intellectual laws more completely, by attending to the evils which arise from neglect of them.

1. Let us consider Individuals. At present, the almost universal persuasion of civilized men is, that happiness consists in the possession of wealth, power, and external splendour; objects related to the animal facul. ties and intellect much more than to the moral sentiments. In consequence, each individual starts in pursuit of these as the chief business of his life; and, in the ardour of the chase, he recognises no limitations to the means which he may employ, except those imposed by the municipal law. He does not perceive or acknowledge the existence of natural laws, determining not only the sources of his happiness, but the steps by which it may be attained. From this moral and intellectual blindness, merchants and manufacturers, in numberless instances, hasten to be rich beyond the course of nature: that is to say, they engage in enterprises far exceeding the extent of their capital and capacity; they place their property in the hands of debtors, whose natural talents and morality are so low, that they ought never to have been entrusted with a shilling; they send their goods to sea without insuring them, or leave them uninsured in their warehouses; they ask pecuniary accommodation from other merchants, to enable them to carry on undue speculations, and become security for them in return, and both fall into misfortunes; or they live in splendour and extravagance, far beyond the limit of the natural return of their capital and talents, and speedily reach ruin as their goal. In every one of these instances, the calamity is obviously the consequence of infringement of the moral and intellectual laws. The lawyer, medical practitioner, or probationer in the church, who is disappointed of his reward, will, in most cases, be found to have placed himself in a profession for which his natural talents and dispositions did not fit him, or to have pursued his vocation under the guidance chiefly of the lower propensities: preferring selfishness to honourable regard for the interests of his employers. Want of success in these professions, appears to me to be owing, chiefly, to three causes. First, If the brain be too small, or constitutionally lymphatic, the mind will not act with sufficient energy to make an impression. Secondly, Some particular organs indispensably requisite to success, may be very small-as Language, or Causality, in a lawyer; deficiency in the first rendering him incapable of ready utterance, and in the second, destitute of that intuitive sagacity, which sees at a glance the bearing of the facts and principles founded on by his adversary, and estimates the just inferences that follow. A lawyer, who is weak in this power, appears to his client like a pilot who does not know the shoals and the rocks. His deficiency is perceived whenever difficulty presents itself, and he is pronounced unfit to take charge of great interests; he is then passed by, and suffers the penalties of having made an erroneous choice of a profession. The third cause is predominance of the animal and selfish faculties. The client and the patient discriminate instinctively between the cold, pitiless, but pretending manner of Acquisitiveness and Love of Approbation, and the unpretending genuine warmth of Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness; and they discover very speedily that the intellect inspired by the latter sees more clearly, and promotes more successfully, their interests, than when animated only by the former. The victim of selfishness either never rises, or quickly sinks, wondering why his merits are not appreciated.

In all these instances, the failure of the merchant, and the bad success of the lawyer and physician, are the consequences of infringement of the natural laws, either by himself or by those with whom he is connected; and the evil they suffer is the punishment for having failed in a great duty, not only to society, but to themselves.

II. Some of the Calamities arising from infringement of the Social Law may next be considered.

The greatest difficulties present themselves in tracing the operation of the moral and intellectual laws, in the wide field of social life. An individual may be enabled to comprehend how, if he commit an error, he should suffer a particular punishment; but when calamity overtakes whole classes of the community, each person absolves himself from all share of the blame, and regards himself simply as the victim of a general but inscrutable visitation. Let us then examine briefly the Social Law.

In regarding the human faculties, we perceive that numberless gratifications spring from the social state. The muscles of a single individual could not rear the habitations, build the ships, forge the anchors, construct the machinery, or, in short, produce the countless enjoyments that everywhere surround us, and which are attained in consequence of combinations of human power and skill, to accomplish a common end. In the next place, social intercourse is the means of affording direct gratification to a variety of our mental faculties. If we had lived in solitude, the propensities, sentiments, and reflecting faculties, would have been deprived-some of them absolutely, and others of them nearly-of all opportunities of gratification. The social law, then, is the source of the highest delights of our nature, and its institution indicates the greatest benevolence towards us in the Creator.

Still, however, this law does not suspend or subvert the laws instituted for the regulation of the conduct of man as an individual. If a man desire to sail safely in a ship, the natural laws require that his intellectual faculties should have been previously instructed in navigation, and in the features of the coasts and seas to be visited; that he should know and avoid the shoals, currents, and eddies; that he should trim his canvass in proportion to the gale; and that his animal faculties should be kept so much under subjection to his moral sentiments, that he should not abandon himself to drunkenness, sloth, or any animal indulgence, when he ought to be watchful at his duty. If he obey the natural laws, he will be safe; but if he disobey them he may be drowned.* Only a small vessel, however, bound on a short voyage, could be managed by one man; for he must sleep, and he could not do so and manage his sails at the same time. It is the interest, therefore, of individuals who wish to go to sea, to avail themselves of the social law; that is, to combine their powers under one leader. By doing so, they may sail in a larger ship, have more ample stores of provisions, obtain intervals for rest, and enjoy each other's society. If, at the same time, they choose a captain qualified for his office, they will sail in safety; whereas, if they place in charge of the ship an individual whose intellectual faculties are weak, whose animal propensities are strong, whose moral sentiments are in abeyance, and who, in consequence, is ignorant of navigation and habitually neglects the natural laws, they may suffer the penalty in being

It may be objected that the crew and passengers do not appoint the captain; but in every case (except impressment in the British navy), they may embark on board, or stay out of a particular ship, according as they discover the captain to possess the qualities necessary for command, or not. This, at present, ninety-nine individuals out of a hundred never inquire into; but an equal number of persons neglect other natural laws, and suffer the penalty, because they have not been instructed in the existence and effects of these, or trained to obey them. But they have from nature the power of observing them, if properly trained; and, besides, I offer this merely as an illustration of the mode of operation of the social law.

Another example may be given. By employing servants, the labours of life are rendered less burdensome to the master: but he must employ individuals who know the moral law, and who possess the desire to act under it; otherwise, as a punishment for neglecting this requisite, he may be robbed, cheated, or murdered. Phrenology presents the means of observing this law, in a degree unattainable without it, by the facility which it affords in discovering the natural talents and dispositions of individuals.

By entering into copartnership, merchants and other persons in business may extend the field of their exer tions, and gain advantages beyond those they could reap if labouring as individuals. But, by the natural law, each must take care that his partner knows, and is inclined to obey, the moral and intellectual laws, as the only condition on which the Creator will permit him securely to reap the advantages of the social compact. If a partner in China be deficient in intellect and moral sentiment, another in London may be utterly ruined. It is said that this is an example of the innocent suffering for, or at least along with, the guilty; but it is not so. It is an example of a person seeking to obtain the advantages of the social law without conceiving himself bound to obey the conditions required by it; the first of which is, that those individuals of whose services he avails himself shall be capable and willing to observe the moral and intellectual laws.

Let us now advert to the calamitles which overtake whole classes of men, or COMMUNITIES, under the social law,—trace their origin, and see how far they are attributable to infringement of the Creator's laws.

If the whole faculties of man be intended by the Creator to be harmoniously gratified, and if all natural institutions be in accordance with them; it follows, that if large communities of men, in their systematic conduct, habitually seek the gratification of the inferior propensities, and devote either no part, or too small and inadequate a part, of their time, to objects related to their higher powers, they will act in opposition to nature, and suffer punishment in sorrow and disappointment. To confine our attention to our own country,-I may remark, that, until within these few years, the labouring population of Britain were not taught to refrain from multiplying their numbers beyond the demand for their labour; and that, even now, this is not admitted by one in a thousand to be a duty, nor acted on as a principle by one in ten thousand of those whose happiness or misery depends on observance of it. doctrine of Malthus, that "population cannot go on perpetually increasing, without pressing on the limits of the means of subsistence, and that a check of some kind or other must, sooner or later, be opposed to it," amounts to this,-that the means of subsistence are not susceptible of such rapid and unlimited increase as the numbers of the people, and that, in consequence, the amative propensity must be restrained by reason, otherwise population will be checked by misery. This principle is in accordance with the views of human nature maintained in the present treatise, and applies to all the faculties. Thus Philoprogenitiveness, when indulged in opposition to reason, leads to spoiling children, which is followed directly by misery both to them and to their parents. Acquisitiveness, when uncontrolled by wisdom and morality, leads to avarice or theft, and these again carry suffering in their train. I can discover no reason why Amativeness should enjoy an exemption from the laws which circumscribe all the other faculties within the limits of prudence and virtue.

But so little are such views appreciated, that the lives of the inhabitants of Britain generally are devoted to the acquisition of wealth, of power and distinction, or of animal pleasure: in other words, the great object of the labouring classes, is to live and gratify the inferior propensities; of the mercantile and manufacturing population, to gratify Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem; of

^{*} I wave at present the question of storms, which he could not foresce, as these fall under the head of ignorance of natural laws which may be subsequently discovered

the more intelligent class of gentlemen, to gratify Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation, by attaining political, literary, or philosophical eminence, and of another portion, to gratify Love of Approbation by supremacy in fashion-and these gratifications are sought by means not in accordance with the dictates of the higher sentiments, but by the joint aid of the intellect and animal powers. If the harmonious action of the whole faculties, and in cases of conflict the supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect, be the natural law, --- we should expect that, after rational restraint on population, and the proper use of machinery, such moderate labour as will leave ample time for the exercise of the higher powers, will suffice to provide for human wants; and, secondly, that if this exercise be neglected, and the time which should be dedicated to it be employed in labour to gratify the propensities, direct evil will ensue-and this accordingly appears to me to be really the result.

By means of machinery, and the aids derived from science, the ground may be cultivated, and every necessary and luxury of life may be produced in abundance, by a moderate expenditure of labour. If men were to stop when they had reached this point, and to dedicate the residue of each day to moral and intellectual pursuits, the consequence would be the existence of ready and steady, because not overstocked, markets. Labour, pursued till it provided abundance, but not superfluity, would meet with a certain and just reward, and would also yield a vast increase of happiness; for no joy equals that which springs from the harmonious gratification of our whole faculties in accordance with the Creator's laws. Farther, morality would be improved; for men, being happy, would become less vicious: and, lastly, there would be improvement in the organic, moral, and intellectual capabilities of the race; for the active moral and intellectual organs of the parents would tend to cause an increase in the volume of these in their offspring -and each successive generation would start not only with greater stores of acquired knowledge than those which its predecessors possessed, but with higher natural capabilities of applying them to advantage.

Before merchants and manufacturers can be expected to act in this manner, a great change must be effected in their sentiments and perceptions; but so was a striking revolution effected in the ideas and practices of the tenantry west of Edinburgh, when they removed the stagnant pools between each ridge of land, and banished ague from their district. If any reader will compare the state of Scotland during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries (correctly and spiritedly represented in Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather), with its present condition, in regard to knowledge, morality, religion, and the relative ascendency of the rational over the animal part of our nature, he will perceive so great an improvement in later times, that the commencement of the millenium itself, five or six hundred years hence, would scarcely be a greater advance beyond the present, than the present is beyond the past. If the laws of the Creator be here rightly interpreted, it is obvious that, were they taught as elementary truths to every class of the community, and were the sentiment of Veneration called in to enforce obedience to them, a set of new motives and principles would be brought into play, calculated to accelerate the change; especially if it were seen-what, in the next place, I proceed to shew-that the consequences of neglecting these laws are very serious visitations of suffering. According to the views advocated in this work, the system on which the manufactures of Britain are at present conducted, is as great an aberration from the laws of nature as were any of the previous pursuits of mankind recorded in the history of the world. It implies not only that the vast body of the people shall for ever remain in a condition little superior to that of mere working animals, in order that, by means of cheap labour, Fir traders may undersell the merchants of all other stocked with produce, prices first fall ruinously low: the

nations; but also that our manufactures and commerce shall enjoy an indefinite extension-this being essential to their prosperity as they are now conducted, although in the nature of things impossible. On the 13th of May 1830, Mr Slaney, M. P., called the attention of the House of Commons to "the increase which had taken place in the number of those employed in manufacturing and mechanical occupations, as compared with the agricultural class." He stated, that " in England, the former, as compared with the latter, were 6 to 5 in 1801; they were as 8 to 5 in 1821; and, taking the increase of population to have proceeded in the same ratio, they were now as 2 to 1. In Scotland the increase had been still more extraordinary. In that country they were as 5 to 6 in 1801; as 9 to 6 in 1821; and now they were as 2 to 1. The increase in the general population during the last twenty years had been 30 per cent.; in the manufacturing population it had been 40 per cent.; in Manchester, Coventry, Liverpool, and Birmingham, the increase had been 50 per cent.; in Leeds it had been 54 per cent.; in Glasgow, it had been 100 per cent." Here we perceive that a vast population has been called into existence, and trained to manufacturing industry. I do not doubt that the skill and labour of this portion of the people have greatly contributed to the wealth of the nation; but I fear that the happiness of the laborious individuals who have conferred this boon, has not kept pace with the riches which they have created. The causes of their present condition appear to be the following :-

Several millions of human beings have been trained to manufactures, and are unfit for any other occupation. In consequence of the rapid increase of their numbers, and of improvements in machinery, the supply of labour has for many years outstripped the demand for it, and wages have fallen ruinously low. By a coincidence, which at first sight appears unfortunate, much of the machinery of modern invention may be managed by children. The parent who, by his own labour for twelve hours a-day, is able to earn only seven shillings a-week, adds to his income one shilling and sixpence or two shillings a-week, for each child whom he can bring to the manufactory; and by the united wages of the family a moderate subsistence may be eked out. Both parents and children, however, are reduced to a hopeless condition of toil; for their periods of labour are so long, and their remuneration is so small, that starvation stares each of them in the face when they either relax from exertion or cease to live in combination. Mental culture and moral and intellectual enjoyment are excluded, and their place is supplied by penury and labour. Dr Chalmers reports, that, in our great towns, whole masses of this class of the people are living in profound ignorance and practical heathenism. The system tends constantly to increase the evils of which it is the source. Young persons, when they arrive at manhood, find themselves scarcely able to subsist by their individual exertions, whereas, if they can add the scanty income of three or four children to their own, their condition is in some degree improved. Houserent, and the expenses of furniture and fuel, are not increased by the wants, in proportion to the contributions, of the young. Adults are thus tempted-nay, almost driven by necessity-to contract early marriages, to rear a numerous offspring, devoted to the same employments with themselves, and in this way to add to the supply of labour, already in excess. The children grow up, and in their turn follow the same course: and thus, however widely the manufactures of Britain may have extended, a still farther and indeed an indefinite extension of them seems to be demanded; for the system produces a constantly increasing, yet an ignorant, starving, and miserable population, more than adequate to supply all the labour that can be profitably expended. The consequence is, that markets are overoperatives are thrown out of work and left in destitution, till the surplus produce of their formerly excessive labour, and perhaps something more, are consumed; after this, prices rise too high in consequence of the supply falling rather below the demand; the labourers then resume their toil, on their former system of excessive exertion; they again overstock the market, again want employment and suffer misery.

In 1825-6-7, this operation of the natural laws was strikingly exhibited; large bodies of starving and unemployed labourers were supported on charity. How many hours did they not stand idle, and how much of excessive toil would not these hours have relieved if distributed over the periods when they were overworked! The results of that excessive exertion were seen in the form of untenanted houses and of shapeless piles of goods decaying in warehouses—in short, in every form in which the products of misapplied industry could go to ruin. These observations are strikingly illustrated by the following official report.

- "State of the Unemployed Operatives resident in Edinburgh, who are supplied with work by a Committee constituted for that purpose, according to a list made up on Wednesday the 14th March 1827.
- "And the number of cases they have rejected, after having been particularly investigated, for being bad characters, giving in false statements, or being only a short time out of work, &c. &c. are

Making together, 1927

"Besides these, several hundreds have been rejected by the Committee, as, from the applicants' own statements, they were not considered as cases entitled to receive relief, and were not, therefore, remitted for investigation.

"The wages allowed is 5s. per week, with a peck of meal to those who have families. Some youths are only

allowed 3s. of wages.

"The particular occupations of those sent to work are as follows:—242 masons, 643 labourers, 66 joiners, 19 plasterers, 76 sawyers, 19 slaters, 45 smiths, 40 painters, 36 tailors, 55 shoemakers, 20 gardeners, 229 various trades. Total 1481."

Edinburgh is not a manufacturing city; and if so much misery existed in it in proportion to its population, what must have been the condition of Glasgow, Manchester, and other manufacturing towns?

Here, then, the Creator's laws shew themselves paramount, even when men set themselves systematically to infringe them. He intended the human race, under the moral law, not to pursue wealth excessively, but to labour only during a certain moderate portion of their time; and although they do their utmost to defeat this intention, they cannot succeed: they are constrained to remain idle as many days and hours, while their surplus produce is consuming, as would have served for the due exercise of their moral and intellectual faculties, and the preservation of their health, if they had dedicated them regularly to these ends from day to day, as time passed over their heads. But their punishment proceeds: the extreme exhaustion of nervous and muscular energy, with the absence of all moral and intellectual excitement, create an irresistible craving for ardent spirits; these call the organs of the animal propensities into predominant activity; this condition of mind and body descends to their children; increased crime and a deteriorating population are the results; while the moral and intellectual incapacity for arresting the evils increases with the lapse of every generation.

According to the principles of the present treatise, what are called by commercial men "times of prosper-

ity," are seasons of the greatest infringement of the natural laws, and precursors of great calamities. Times are not reckoned prosperous, unless all the industrious population is employed during the whole day (hours of eating and sleeping only excepted), in the production of wealth. This is a dedication of their whole lives to the service of the propensities, and must necessarily terminate in punishment, if the world be constituted on the principle of the harmonious gratification of all our powers.

This truth has already been illustrated more than once in the history of commerce. The following is a

recent example:

By the combination laws, workmen were punishable for uniting to obtain a rise of wages, when an extraordinary demand occurred for their labour. These laws, being obviously unjust, were at length repealed. In the summer and autumn of 1825, however, commercial men conceived themselves to have reached the highest point of prosperity, and the demand for labour was unlimited. The operatives availed themselves of the opportunity to improve their condition; formed extensive combinations; and, because their demands were not complied with, struck work, and continued idle for months in succession. The master-manufacturers clamoured against the new law, and complained that the country would be ruined if combinations were not again declared illegal, and suppressed by force. According to the principles expounded in this work, the just law must from the first have been the most beneficial for all parties affected by it; and the result amply confirmed this idea. Subsequent events shewed that the extraordinary demand for labourers in 1825 was entirely factitious, fostered by an overwhelming issue of bank paper, much of which ultimately proved to be worthless; in short, that the master-manufacturers had been engaged in an extensive system of speculative over-production, to which the combinations of the workmen presented a natural check. The ruin that overtook the masters in 1826 arose from their having accumulated, under the influence of unbridled Acquisitiveness, vast stores of commodities which were not required by society. To have compelled the labourers to manufacture more at their bidding would have aggravated the evil. It is a well-known fact, that those masters whose operatives most resolutely refused to work, and who, on this account, clamoured most loudly against the law, were the greatest gainers in the end. Their stocks of goods were sold off at high prices during the speculative period: and when the revulsion came, instead of being ruined by the fall of property, they were prepared, with their capitals at command, to avail themselves of the depreciation, to make new and highly profitable investments. Here again, therefore, we perceive the law of justice vindicating itself, and benefiting by its operation even those individuals who blindly denounced it as injurious to their interests. A practical faith in the doctrine that the world is arranged by the Creator in harmony with all the faculties, the moral sentiments and intellect governing, would be of unspeakable advantage to both rulers and subjects; for they would then be able to pursue, with greater confidence, the course dictated by moral rectitude, convinced that the result would prove beneficial, even although, when they took the first step, they could not distinctly perceive the issue. Dugald Stewart remarks that Fenelon, in his Adventures of Telemachus, makes Mentor anticipate some of the profoundest and most valuable doctrines of modern political economy, respecting the principles and advantages of free trade, merely by causing him to utter the simple dictates of benevolence and justice in regard to commerce. In Fenelon's day, such ideas were regarded as fitted only for adorning sentimental novels or romances; but they have since been discovered to be not only philosophical truths, but beneficial practical maxims. This is the case apparently, because the world

is really arranged on the principle of the supremacy of the moral and intellectual faculties, so that, when men act agreeably to their dictates, the consequences, although they cannot all be anticipated, naturally tend

towards good.

In the whole system of the education and treatment of the labouring population, the laws of the Creator, such as I have now endeavoured to expound them, are neglected or infringed. Life with them is spent to so great an extent in labour, that their moral and intellectual powers are stinted of exercise and gratification; and their mental enjoyments are chiefly those afforded by the animal propensities:-in other words, their existence is too little rational; they are rather organized machines than moral and intellectual beings. The chief duty performed by their higher faculties, is merely to communicate so much intelligence and honesty as to enable them to execute their labours with fidelity and skill. I speak, of course, of the great body of the labouring population: there are many individual exceptions, who possess higher attainments; and I mean no disrespect to any portion of this most useful and deserving class of society: on the contrary, I represent their condition in what appears to me to be a true light, only with a view to excite them to amend it.

Does human nature, then, admit of such a modification of the employments and habits of this class, as to raise them to the condition of beings whose pleasures should embrace their rational natures ?--- that is, creatures whose bodily powers and animal propensities should be subservient to their moral and intellectual faculties, and who should derive their enjoyment from the harmonious action of all their powers this end, it would not be necessary that they should cease to labour; on the contrary, the necessity of labour to the enjoyment of life is imprinted in strong characters on the structure of man. The osseous, muscular, and nervous systems of the body, all require exercise as a condition of health; while the digestive and sanguiferous apparatus rapidly fall into disorder, if due exertion be neglected. Exercise of the body is labour: and labour directed to a useful purpose is more beneficial to the corporeal organs, and also more pleasing to the mind, than when undertaken for no end but the preservation of health.* Commerce is rendered advantageous by the Creator, because different climates yield different productions. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, therefore, are adapted to man's nature, and I am not their enemy. But they are not the ends of human existence, even on earth. Labour is beneficial to the whole human economy, and it is a mere delusion to regard it as in itself an evil; but in order that it may be enjoyed, it must be moderate in intensity and duration. I say enjoy it; because moderate exertion is pleasure,and it is only labour carried to excess, which has given rise to the common opinion that retirement from active industry is the goal of happiness.

It may be objected that a healthy and vigorous man is not oppressed by ten or twelve hours' labour a-day; and I grant that, if he be well fed, his physical strength may not be so much exhausted by this exertion as to cause him pain. But this is regarding him merely as a working animal. My proposition is, that after ten or twelve hours of muscular exertion a-day, continued for six days in the week, the labourer is not in a fit condition for that active exercise of his moral and intellectual faculties which alone constitutes him a rational being. The exercise of these powers depends on the condition of the brain and nervous system; and these are exhausted and deadened by too much muscular exertion. The fox-hunter and ploughman fall asleep when they sit within doors and attempt to read or think. The truth of this proposition is demonstrable on physiological principles, and is supported by general

experience; nevertheless, the teachers of mankind have too often neglected it. The first change, therefore, must be to limit the hours of labour, and to dedicate a portion of time daily to the exercise of the mental fa-

So far from this limitation being unattainable, it appears to me that the progress of arts, sciences, and society, is rapidly tending towards its adoption. Ordinary observers appear to conceive man's chief end, in Britain at least, to be to manufacture hardware, broadcloth, and cotton goods, for the use of the whole world, and to store up wealth. They forget that the same impulse which inspires the British with so much ardour in manufacturing, will sooner or later inspire other nations also; and that if all Europe shall follow our example, and employ efficient machinery and a large proportion of their population in our branches of industry, which they are fast doing, the four quarters of the globe will at length be deluged with manufactured goods. only part of which will be required. When this state of things shall arrive, and in proportion as knowledge and civilization are diffused it will approach,-labourers will be compelled by dire necessity to abridge their toil; because excessive labour will not be remunerated. The admirable inventions which are the boast and glory of civilized men, are believed by many persons to be at this moment adding to the misery and degradation of the people. Power-looms, steam-carriages, and steamships, it is asserted, have hitherto all operated directly in increasing the hours of exertion, and abridging the reward of the labourer! Can we believe that God has bestowed on us the gift of an almost creative power, solely to increase the wretchedness of the many, and minister to the luxury of the few? Impossible! The ultimate effect of mechanical inventions on human society appears to be not yet divined. I hail them as the grand instruments of civilization, by giving leisure to the great mass of the people to cultivate and enjoy their moral, intellectual, and religious powers.

To enable man to follow pursuits connected with his higher endowments, provision for the wants of his animal nature is necessary, viz. food, raiment, and comfortable lodging; and muscular power, intellect, and mechanical ability, have been conferred on him, apparently with the design that he should build houses, plough fields, and fabricate commodities. But we have no warrant from reason or Scripture for believing that any portion of the people are doomed to dedicate their whole lives and energies, aided by all mechanical inventions, to these ends, as their proper business, to the neglect of the study of the works and will of the Creator. Has man been permitted to discover the steam-engine, and apply it in propelling ships on the ocean and carriages on railways, in spinning, weaving, and forging iron,—and has he been gifted with intellect to discover the astonishing powers of physical agents, such as are revealed by chemistry and mechanics, -only that he may be enabled to build more houses, weave more cloth, and forge more iron, without any direct reference to his moral and intellectual improvement? If an individual, unaided by animal or mechanical power, had wished to travel from Manchester to Liverpool, a distance of thirty miles, he would have been under the necessity of devoting ten or twelve hours of time, and considerable muscular energy, to the task. When roads and carriages were constructed, and horses trained, he could, by their assistance, have accomplished the same journey in four hours, with little fatigue; and now, when railways and steam-engines have been successfully completed, he may travel that distance without any bodily fatigue whatever, in an hour and a half; and I ask, For what purpose has Providence bestowed on the individual the nine or ten hours of spare time which are thus set free? I humbly answer-that he may be enabled to cultivate his moral, intellectual, and religious faculties. Again, before steam-engines were applied to spinning

^{*} See Dr Combe's Principles of Physiology, 9th edition.

bour, perhaps for a month, in order to produce linen, woollen, and cotton cloth, necessary to cover his own person for a year; or, in case of a division of labour, a twelfth part of the population would necessarily have been constantly engaged in this employment: by the application of steam, the same ends may be accomplished in a day. I repeat the inquiry-For what purpose has Providence bestowed the twenty-nine days out of the month, set free by the invention of the steam-engine and machinery? These proportions are not named as statistically correct, but as mere illustrations of my proposition, that every discovery in natural science, and every invention in mechanics, has a direct tendency to increase the leisure of man, and to enable him to provide for his physical wants with less laborious ex-

The question recurs, Is it the object of Providence, in thus favouring the human race, to enable only a portion of them to enjoy the highest luxuries, while the mass shall continue labouring animals; or is it his intention to enable all to cultivate and enjoy their rational nature?

In proportion as mechanical inventions shall be generally diffused over the world, they will increase the powers of production to such an extent, as to supply, by moderate labour, every want of man; and then the great body of the people will find themselves in possession of reasonable leisure, in spite of every exertion to avoid it. Great misery will probably be suffered in persevering in the present course of action, before their eyes shall be opened to this result. The first effect of these stupendous inventions threatens to be to accumulate wealth in the hands of a few, without proportionally abridging the toil, or adding to the comforts, of the many. This process of elevating a part of the community to affluence and power, and degrading the rest, threatens to proceed till the disparity of condition shall become intolerable to both, the labourer being utterly oppressed, and the higher classes harassed by insecurity. Then, probably, it may be recognised, that the real benefit of physical discovery is to give leisure to the mass of the people, which is the first requisite of true civilization, knowledge being the second. The science of human nature will enable men at length to profit by exemption from excessive toil; and it may be hoped that, in course of time, sincere attempts will be made to render all ranks prosperous and happy, by institutions formed in harmony with all the faculties.

The same means will lead to the realization of practical Christianity. An individual whose active existence is engrossed by mere bodily labour, or by the pursuits of gain or ambition, lives under the predominance of faculties that do not produce the perfect Christian character. The true practical Christian possesses a vigorous and enlightened intellect, and moral affections glowing with gratitude to God and love to man; but how can the people at large be enabled to realize this condition of mind, if stimulus for the intellect and the nobler sentiments be excluded by the daily routine of their occupations?

In some districts of England, the operatives lately demanded an abridgment of labour without abatement of wages. This project was unjust, and proved unsuccessful. They should have given up first one hour's labour, and the price of it, and waited till the increase of capital and of demand brought up wages to their former rate; which, if they had restrained population, would certainly have happened. They should have then abated a second hour, submitting again to a reduction, and again waited for a reaction; and so on, till they ad limited their labour to eight or nine hours a-day. he change must be gradual, and the end must be obcained by moral means, else it will never be accomplished at all.

The objection ha been stated, that, even in the most

and weaving, a human being would have needed to la- | improved conditior of the great body of the people, there will still be a considerable proportion of them so deficient in talent, so incapable of improvement, and so ignorant, that their labour will be worth little : that, as they must obtain subsistence, no alternative will be left to them but to compensate by protracted exertion for their deficiency in skill; and that their long-continued labour, furnished at a cheap rate, will affect all the classes above them, and indeed prevent the views now advocated from ever being realized. This objection resolves itself into the proposition, That the people have been destined by the Creator to be labouring animals, and that, from their inherent mental defects, they are incapable, generally, of being raised to any more honourable station; which is just the great point at issue between the old and the new philosophy. If mankind at large (for the industrious classes constitute so very great a majority of the race, that I may be allowed to speak of them as the whole) had been intended for mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, I do not believe that the moral and intellectual faculties, which they unquestionably possess, would have been bestowed on them; and as they do enjoy the rudiments of all the feelings and capacities which adorn the highest of men, and as these faculties are improvable. I cannot subscribe to the doctrine of the permanent incapacity of the race. I consider the operatives to be capable of learning, in the course of successive generations, to act as rational beings: and that whenever the great majority of them shall have acquired a sense of the true dignity of their nature, and a relish for the enjoyments afforded by their higher powers, they will so regulate the supply of labour in reference to the demand, as to obtain the means of subsistence in return for moderate exertion. In fine, I hope that few of the imbeciles, before alluded to, will exist, and that these few will be directed and provided for, by the multitude of generous and enlightened minds which will exist around them.

At the same time, there is much force in the objection, considered in reference to the present and several succeeding generations. In throwing out these views, I embrace centuries of time. I see the slow progress of the human race in the past, and do not anticipate miracles in the future. If a sound principle, however, be developed—one having its roots in nature—there is a certainty that it will wax strong and bear fruit in due season; but that season, from the character of the plant, may be a distant one. All who aim at benefiting mankind should keep this truth constantly in view. most every scheme is judged of by its effects on the living generation; whereas no great fountain of happiness ever flowed clear at first, or yielded its full sweets to the generation which discovered it.

It is now an established principle in political economy, that Government ought not to interfere with industry. This maxim was highly necessary when rulers were grossly ignorant of all the natural laws which regulate production and the private interests of men; because their enactments, in general, were then absurd -they often did much harm, and rarely good. " Men, says Lord Kames, in reference to the English poor law, " will always be mending: What a confused jumble do they make, when they attempt to mend the laws of Nature! Leave Nature to her own operations; she understands them the best."* But if the science of human nature were once fully and clearly developed, it is probable that this rule might, with great advantage, be relaxed, and that the legislature might considerably accelerate improvements, by adding the constraining authority of human laws to enactments already proclaimed by the Creator. Natural laws do exist, and the Creator punishes if they are not obeyed. The evils of life 'are these punishments. Now, if the great body of intelligent men in any state saw clearly, that a course of action pursued by the ill informed of their fellow-subjects was

* Sketches, B. ii. Sk 10

the source of continual suffering, not only to the evildoers themselves, but to the whole community, it appears to me allowable that they should avert it by legislative enactment. If the majority of the middle classes resident in towns were to request Parliament to ordain shops in general to be shut at eight o'clock, or even at an earlier hour, to allow time for the cultivation of the rational faculties of the individuals engaged in them, it would be no stretch of power to give effect to the petition: no evil would ensue, although the avaricious were prevented by law from continuing ignorant, and from forcing all their competitors in trade to resemble them in their defects. If the Creator have so constituted the world that men may execute all necessary business, and still have time to spare for the cultivation of their rational faculties, any enactments of the legislature calculated to facilitate arrangements for accomplishing both ends, would be beneficial and successful, because accordant with nature; although the prejudiced and ignorant of the present generation might complain, and probably resist them. The right of interference would go much farther; for its only limits seem to me to be those of the real knowledge of nature: as long as the legislature enacts in conformity with nature, the result will be successful. At present, ignorance is too extensive and prevalent to authorize Parliament to venture far. From indications which already appear, however, I think it probable that the labouring classes will ere long recognise Phrenology and the natural laws, as deeply interesting to themselves; and whenever their minds shall be opened to rational views of their own constitution as men, and their position as members of scciety, I venture to predict that they will devote themselves to improvement, with a zeal and earnestness that in a few generations will change the condition of their order.

The consequences to the middle ranks of the community, of departing from the moral law, are in accordance with the effects on the lower. Uncertain gains,-continual fluctuations in fortune,-the absence of all reliance, in their pursuits, on moral and intellectual principles,-a gambling spirit,-an insatiable appetite for wealth,-alternately the extravagant joys of excessive prosperity and the bitter miseries of disappointed ambition,-render the lives of manufacturers and merchants, too often scenes of vanity and vexation of spirit. the chief occupations of the British nation, manufactures and commerce, are disowned by reason; for, as now conducted, they imply the permanent degradation of the great mass of the people. They already constitute England's weakness; and, unless they shall be regulated by sounder views than those which at present prevail, they will involve the population in unspeakable misery. The oscillations of fortune, which almost the whole of the middle ranks of Britain experience, in consequence of the alternate depression and elevation of commerce and manufactures, are attended with extensive and severe individual suffering. Deep, though often silent, agonies pierce the heart, when ruin is seen stealing, by slow but certain steps, on a young and helpless family; the mental struggle often undermines the parent's health, and conducts him prematurely to the grave. No death can be imagined more painful than that which arises from a broken spirit, robbed of its treasures, disappointed in its ambition, and conscious of failure in the whole scheme of life. The best affections of the soul are lacerated and agonized at the prospect of leaving their dearest objects to struggle, without provision, with a cold and selfish world. Thousands of the middle ranks in Britain, unhappily, experience these misfortunes in every passing year. Nothing is more essential to human happiness than fixed principles of action, on which we can rely for our present safety and future welfare; and the Creator's laws, when seen and followed, afford this support and delight to our faculties in a high degree. It is one, not the least, of the punishments that overtake the middle classes for neglecting

these laws, that they do not, as a permanent condition of mind, feel secure and internally at peace with themselves. In days of prosperity, they continue to fear adversity. They live in a constant struggle with fortune; and when the excitement of business has subsided, vacuity and craving are experienced. These proceed from the moral and intellectual faculties calling aloud for gratification; but, owing to an imperfect education, either idleness, gossiping conversation, fashionable amusements, or intoxicating liquors, are resorted to, and with these a vain attempt is made to fill up the void of life. I know that this class ardently desires a change that would remove the evils here described, and will zealously co-operate in diffusing knowledge, by means of which alone it can be introduced.

The punishment which overtakes the higher classes is equally obvious. If they do not engage in some active pursuit, so as to give scope to their energies, they suffer the evils of ennui, morbid irritability, and excessive relaxation of the functions of mind and body; which carry in their train more suffering than even that which is entailed on the operatives by excessive labour. If they pursue ambition in the senate or the field, in literature or philosophy, their real success is in exact proportion to the approach which they make to observance of the supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect .- Sully, Franklin, and Washington, may be contrasted with Sheridan and Buonaparte, as illustrations. Sheridan and Napoleon did not, systematically, pursue objects sanctioned by the higher sentiments and intellect, as the end of their exertions; and no person who is a judge of human emotions can read the history of their lives, and consider what must have passed within their minds, without coming to the conclusion, that even in their most brilliant moments of external prosperity the canker was gnawing within, and that there was no moral relish of the present, or reliance on the future, but a mingled tumult of inferior propensities and intellect, carrying with it an habitual feeling of unsatisfied desires.

Let us now consider the effect of the moral law on NATIONAL prosperity.

If the Creator has constituted the world in harmony with the dictates of the moral sentiments, the highest prosperity of each particular nation should be thoroughly compatible with that of every other: Hence England, by sedulously cultivating her own soil, pursuing her own courses of industry, and regulating her internal institutions and her external relations by the principles of Benevolence, Veneration, and Justice, which imply abstine ce from wars of aggression, from conquest, and from all selfish designs of commercial monopoly,-should be in the highest condition of prosperity and enjoyment that nature admits of; and every step that she deviates from these principles, should carry an inevitable punishment along with it. The same statement may be made with respect to France and every other nation. According to this principle, also, the Creator should have conferred on each nation such peculiar advantages of soil, climate, situation, or genius. as should enable it to carry on amicable intercourse with its fellow states, in a beneficial exchange of the products peculiar to each; so that the higher one nation rose in morality, intelligence, and riches, the more estimable and valuable it should become as a neighbour to all the surrounding states. This is so obviously the real constitution of nature, that proof of it would be superfluous.

England, however, as a nation, has set this law at defiance. She has led the way in taking the propensities as her guides, in founding her laws and institutions on them, and in following them in her practical conduct. England placed restrictions on trade, and carried them to the greatest height; she conquered colonies, and ruled them in the full spirit of selfishness

she encouraged lotteries, fostered the slave-trade, and carried paper money and the most avaricious spirit of manufacturing and speculating in commerce to their highest pitch; she defended corruption in Parliament, and distributed churches and seats on the bench of justice, on principles purely selfish; all in direct opposition to the supremacy of the moral law. If the world had been created in harmony with the predominance of the animal faculties, England would have been a most felicitous nation; but as the reverse is the case, it was natural that a severe national retribution should follow these departures from the Divine institutions,—and grievous accordingly has been, and, I fear, will be, the punishment.

The principle which appears to regulate national chastisements is, that the precise combination of faculties which leads to the transgression, carries in its train the punishment. Nations as well as individuals are under the moral and intellectual law. A carter who half starves his horse, and unmercifully beats it, to supply, by the stimulus of pain, the vigour that nature intended to flow from abundance of food, may be supposed to practise this barbarity with impunity in this world, if he evade the eye of the police; but this is not the case. The hand of Providence reaches him by a direct punishment: he fails in his object; for blows cannot supply the vigour which, by the constitution of the horse, will flow only from sufficiency of wholesome provender. In his conduct, he manifests excessive Destructiveness, with deficient Benevolence, Veneration, Justice, and Intellect; and he cannot reverse this character by merely averting his eyes and his hand from the horse. He carries these dispositions into the bosom of his family and into the company of his associates, and a variety of evil consequences ensue. The delights that spring from active moral sentiments and intellectual powers are necessarily unknown to him; and the difference between these pleasures and the sensations attendant on his moral and intellectual condition, are as great as between the external splendour of a king and the naked poverty of a beggar. It is true that he has never felt the enjoyment, and does not know the extent of his loss; but still the difference exists; we see it, and know that, as a direct consequence of his state of mind, he is excluded from a great and exalted pleasure. Farther, his active animal faculties rouse the Combativeness, Destructiveness, Self-Esteem, Secretiveness, and Cautiousness, of his wife, children, and associates, against him, and they inflict on him animal punishment. He, no doubt, goes on to eat, drink, blaspheme, and abuse his horse, day after day, apparently as if Providence took no note of his conduct; but he neither feels, nor can any one who attends to his condition believe him to feel, happy: he is uneasy, discontented, and conscious of being disliked-all which sensations are his punishment; and it is owing solely to his own grossness and ignorance that he does not connect it with his offence. Let us apply these remarks

England, under the impulses of excessively strong Acquisitiveness, Self-Esteem, and Destructiveness, for a long time protected the slave-trade. During the periods of her greatest sin in this respect, the same combination of faculties should, according to the law which I am explaining, be found working most vigorously in her other institutions, and producing punishment for that offence. In these periods, a general spirit of domineering and rapacity should appear in her public men, rendering them little mindful of the welfare of the people; injustice and harshness in her taxations and public laws; and a spirit of aggression and hostility towards other nations, provoking retaliation of her insults. And accordingly I have been informed, as a matter of fact, that while these measures of injustice were publicly patronised by the government, its scrvants vied with each other in injustice towards it,

and its subjects dedicated their talents and enterprise towards corrupting its officers, and cheating it of its due. Every trader who was liable to excise or custom duties evaded the one-half of them, and did not feel that there was any disgrace in doing so. A gentleman, who was subject to the excise-laws fifty years ago, described to me the condition of his trade at that time. The excise-officers, he said, regarded it as an understood matter, that at least one-half of the goods manufactured were to be smuggled without being charged with duty; but then, said he, "they made us pay a moral and pecuniary penalty that was at once galling and debasing. We were constrained to ask them to our table at all meals, and place them at the head of it in our holiday parties: when they fell into debt, we were obliged to help them out of it; when they moved from one house to another, our servants and carts were in requisition to transport their effects. By way of keeping up discipline upon us, and also to make a show of duty, they chose every now and then to step in and detect us in a fraud, and get us fined: if we submitted quietly, they told us that they would make us amends by winking at another fraud, and they generally did so; but if our indignation rendered passive obedience impossible, and we gave utterance to our opinion of their character and conduct, they enforced the law on us, while they relaxed it on our neighbours; and these, being rivals in trade, undersold us in the market, carried away our customers, and ruined our business. Nor did the bondage end here. We could not smuggle without the aid of our servants; and as they could, on occasion of any offence given to themselves, carry information to the head-quarters of excise, we were slaves to them also, and were obliged tamely to submit to a degree of drunkenness and insolence that appears to me now perfectly intolerable. Farther, this evasion and oppression did us no good; for all the trade were alike, and we just sold our goods so much the cheaper the more duty we evaded: so that our individual success did not depend upon superior skill and superior morality, in making an excellent article at a moderate price, but upon superior capacity for fraud, meanness, sycophancy, and every possible baseness. Our lives were any thing but enviable. Conscience, although greatly blunted by practices that were universal and viewed as inevitable, still whispered that they were wrong; our self-respect very frequently revolted at the insults to which we were exposed; and there was a constant feeling of insecurity arising from our dependence upon wretches whom we internally despised. When the government took a higher tone, and infused more principle and greater strictness into the collection of the duties, we thought ourselves ruined. The reverse, however, has been the case. The duties, no doubt, are now excessively burdensome from their amount; but that is their least evil. Were it possible to collect them from every trader with perfect equality, our independence would be complete, and our competition would be confined to superiority in morality and skill. Matters are much nearer this point now than they were fifty years ago; but still they would admit of considerable improvement." The same individual mentioned, that, in his youth, now seventy years ago, the civil liberty of the people of Scotland was held by a weak tenure. About 1760, he k 1ew instances of soldiers being sent, in time of war, to the farm-houses, to carry off, by force, young men for the army: as this was against the law, they were accused of some imaginary offence, such as a trespass or an assault, which was proved by false witnesses; and the magistrate, perfeetly aware of the farce and its object, threatened the victim with transportation to the colonies, as a felon, if he would not enlist-which, unprotected and overwhelmed by power and injustice,-he was, of course, compelled to do.

If the same minute representation were given of other

departments of private life, during the time of the greatest immoralities on the part of the government, we should find that this paltering with conscience and character in the national proceedings, tended to keep down the morality of the people, and fostered in them a rapacious and gambling spirit, to which many of the evils that have since overtaken us have owed their origin.

But we may take a more extensive view of the sub-

ject of national responsibility.

In the American war Britain desired to gratify her Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem, in opposition to Benevolence and Justice, at the expense of her transatlantic colonies. This roused the animal resentment of the latter, and the propensities of the two nations came into collision; that is to say, they made war on each other-Britain, to support a dominion in direct hostility to the principles which regulate the moral government of the world, in the expectation of becoming rich and powerful by success in that enterprise; the Americans to assert the supremacy of the higher sentiments, and to become free and independent. According to the principles which I am now unfolding, the greatest misfortune that could have befallen Britain would have been success, and the greatest advantage, failure in her attempt; and the result is now acknowledged to be in exact accordance with this view. If Britain had subdued the colonies in the American war, every one must see to what an extent her Self-Esteem, Acquisitiveness, and Destructiveness, would have been let loose upon them. This, in the first place, would have roused the animal faculties of the conquered party, and led them to give her all the annoyance in their power; and the expense of the fleets and armies requisite to repress this spirit, would have far counterbalanced the profits she could have wrung out of the colonists by extortion and oppression. In the second place, the very exercise of these animal faculties by herself, in opposition to the moral sentiments, would have rendered her government at home an exact parallel of that of the carter in his own family. The same malevolent principles would have overflowed on her own subjects: the government would have felt uneasy, and the people rebellious, discontented, and unhappy; and the moral law would have been amply vindicated by the suffering which would have everywhere abounded. The consequences of her failure have been the reverse. America has sprung up into a great and moral nation, and actually contributes ten times more to the wealth of Britain, standing as she now does in her natural relation to this country, than she ever could have done as a discontented and oppressed colony. This advantage is reaped without any loss, anxiety, or expense; it flows from the divine institutions, and both nations profit by and rejoice under it. The moral and intellectual rivalry of America, instead of prolonging the ascendency of the propensities in Britain, tends strongly to excite the moral sentiments in her people and government; and every day that we live, we are reaping the benefits of this improvement in wiser institutions, deliverance from abuses, and a higher and purer spirit pervading every department of the executive administration of the country. Britain, however, did not escape the penalty of her attempt at the infringement of the moral laws. The pages of her history, during the American war, are dark with suffering and gloom, and at this day we groan under the debt and difficulties then partly incurred.

If the world be constituted on the principle of the supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect, the practice of one nation seeking riches and power, by conquering, devastating, or obstructing the prosperity of another, must be essentially futile: Being in opposition to the moral constitution of creation, it must occasion misery while in progress, and can lead to no result except the impoverishment and mortification of the people who pursue it. It is narrated that Themistocles told the Athenians that he had conceived a project which

would be of the greatest advantage to Athens, but that the profoundest secrecy was necessary to ensure its success. They desired him to communicate it to Aristides, and promised, if he approved, to execute it. Themistocles took Aristides aside, and told him that he proposed, unawares, to burn the ships of the Spartans, then in profound peace with the Athenian state and not expecting an attack; which would very much weaken the Spartan power. Aristides reported, that nothing could be more advantageous, but nothing more unjust, than the project in view. The people refused to hear or to execute it.* Here the intellect of Aristides appears to have viewed the execution of the scheme as beneficial, while his sentiment of Conscientiousness distinctly denounced it as morally wrong; and the question is, Whether external nature is so constituted, that the intellect can, in any case, possess sufficient data for inferring actual benefit from conduct which is disowned and denounced by the moral sentiments? It appears to me that it cannot. Let us trace the project of Themistocles to its results.

The inhabitants of Sparta possessed the faculties of Self-Esteem, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Intellect, Benevolence, and Conscientiousness. The proposed destruction of their ships, in time of profound peace, would have outraged the higher sentiments and intellect, and these would have kindled Combativeness and Destructiveness into the most intense activity. The greater the injustice of the act, the fiercer would the flame of opposition, retaliation, and revenge, have glowed; and not only so, but the more grossly and wantonly the moral sentiments were outraged by the act, the higher would have been the class of minds which would have instinctively burned with the desire of revenge. Athenians, then, by the very constitution of nature, would have been assailed by this fearful storm of moral indignation and animal resentment, rendered doubly terrible by the most virtuous and intelligent being converted into the most determined of their opponents. Turning to their own state again, -- only those individuals among themselves in whom intellect and moral sentiment were inferior to Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem, which give rise to selfishness and the lust of power, could have cordially approved of the deed. The virtuous would have turned from the contemplation of it with shame and sorrow; and thus both the character and number of the defenders would have been diminished in the very ratio of the atrocity of the crime, while the power of the assailants, as we have seen, would, by that very circumstance, have been proportionally increased. It was impossible, therefore, that advantage to Athens could ultimately have resulted from such a flagrant act of iniquity; and the apparent opposition, in the judgment of Aristides, between the justice of the deed and the benefits to be expected from it, arose from his intellect not being sufficiently profound and comprehensive to grasp the whole springs which the enterprise would call into action, and to trace out the ultimate results. In point of fact, there would have been no opposition between the dictates of Conscientiousness, and those of an intellect that could have accurately surveyed the whole causes and effects which the unjust enterprise would have set in motionbut the reverse; and the Athenians, in following the suggestions of the moral sentiment, actually adopted the most advantageous course which it was possible for them to pursue. The trite observation, that honesty is the best policy, thus becomes a profound philosophical maxim, when traced to its foundation in the constitution of human nature.

The national debt of Britain has been contracted chiefly in wars, originating in commercial jealousy and thirst for conquest; in short, under the suggestions of Combativeness, Destructiveness, Acquisitiveness, and Self-Esteem.† Did not our ancestors, therefore, im-

^{*} Cicero de Officiis, lib. iii.

[†] Of 127 years, terminating in 1815, England spent 65 in

pede their own prosperity and happiness, by engaging in these contests? and have any consequences of them reached us, except the burden of paying nearly thirty millions of taxes annually, as the price of the gratification of the propensities of our ignorant forefathers? Would a statesman, who believed in the doctrines maintained in this work, have recommended these wars as essential to national prosperity? If the twentieth part of the sums had been spent in effecting objects recognised by the moral sentiments—in instituting, for example, seminaries of education and penitentiaries, and in making roads, canals, and public granaries—how different would have been the present condition of the country!

After the American followed the French revolutionary war. Opinions are at present more divided upon this subject; but my view of it, offered with the great-est deference, is the following: When the French Revolution broke out, the domestic institutions of Britain were, to a considerable extent, founded and administered on principles in opposition to the supremacy of the moral sentiments. A clamour was raised by the nation for reform of abuses. If my leading principle be sound, every departure from the moral law, in nations as well as individuals, carries its punishment with it, from the hour of its commencement till its final cessation; and if Britain's institutions were then, to any extent, corrupt and defective, she could not have too speedily abandoned them, and adopted purer and loftier arrangements. Her government, however, clung to the suggestions of the propensities, and resisted every innovation. To divert the national mind from causing a revolution at home, they embarked in a war abroad; and, for a period of twenty-three years, let loose the propensities on France with headstrong fury and a fearful perseverance. France, no doubt, threatened the different nations of Europe with the most violent interference with their governments; a menace wholly unjustifiable, and one which called for resistance. But the rulers of that country were preparing their own destruction, in exact proportion to their departure from the moral law; and a statesman, who knew and had confidence in the constitution of the world as now explained, could have listened to the storm with perfect composure, prepared to repel actual aggression; and could have left the exploding of French infatuation to the Ruler of the Universe, in unhesitating reliance on the efficacy of His laws. Britain preferred a war of aggression. If this conduct was in accordance with the dictates of the higher sentiments, we should now, like America, be reaping the reward of our obedience to the moral law, and plenty and rejoicing should flow down our streets like a stream. But mark the contrast. This island exhibits the spectacle of millions of men toiling to the extremity of human endurance, for a pittance scarcely sufficient to war and 62 in peace. The war of 1688, after lasting nine years, and raising our expenditure in that period 36 millions, was ended by the treaty of Ryswick in 1697. Then came the war of the Spanish succession, which began in 1702, concluded in 1713, and absorbed 623 millions of our money. Next was the Spanish war of 1739, settled finally at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, after costing us nearly 54 millions. Then came the seven years' war of 1756, which terminated with the treaty of Paris in 1763, and in course of which we spent 112 millions. The next was the American war of 1775, which lasted eight years. Our national expenditure in this war was 136 millions. The French Revolutionary war began in 1793, lasted nine years, and exhibited an expenditure of 464 millions. The war against Buonaparte began in 1803, and ended in 1815: during these twelve years, we spent 1159 millions, 771 of which were raised by taxes, and 388 by loans. In the revolutionary war we borrowed 201 millions; in the American, 104 millions; in the seven years' war, 60 millions; in the Spanish war of 1739, 29 millions; in the war of the Spanish succession, 822 millions; in the war of 1688, 20 millions. Total borrowed in the seven wars during 65 years, about 834 millions. In the same time, we raised by taxes 1189 millions; thus forming a total expenditure on war of TWO THOUSAND AND TWENTY-THREE MILLIONS OF POEMDS STEBLING .- Weekly Review

sustain life; weavers labouring for fourteen or slxteen hours a-day for eightpence, and frequently unable to procure work even on these terms; other artisans, exhausted almost to death by laborious drudgery, and who, if better recompensed, seek compensation and enjoyment in the grossest sensual debauchery, drunkenness, and gluttony; master-traders and manufacturers anxiously labouring for wealth, now gay in the fond hope that all their expectations will be realized, then sunk in despair by the ploughshare of ruin having passed over them; landholders and tenants now reaping unmeasured returns from their properties, then pining in penury amidst an overflow of every species of produce; the government cramped by an overwhelming debt and the prevalence of ignorance and selfishness on every side, so that it is impossible for it to follow with a bold step the most obvious dictates of expediency and justice, by reason of the countless prejudices and imaginary interests which everywhere obstruct the path of improvement. This much more resembles punishment for transgression than reward for obedience to the Divine laws.

If every man in Britain will turn his attention inwards, and reckon the pangs of disappointment which he has felt at the subversion of his own most darling schemes by unexpected turns of public events, or the deep inroads on his happiness which such misfortunes, overtaking his dearest relations and friends, have occasioned to him; the numberless little enjoyments in domestic life, which he is forced to deny himself, in consequence of the taxation with which they are loaded; the obstructions to the fair exercise of his industry and talents, presented by stamps, licenses, excise-laws, custom-house duties, et hoc genus omne; he will discover the extent of responsibility attached by the Creator to national transgressions. From my own observation, I would say, that the miseries inflicted upon individuals and families, by fiscal prosecutions, founded on exciselaws, stamp-laws, post-office laws, &c., all originating in the necessity of providing for the national debt, are equal to those arising from some of the most extensive natural calamities. It is true, that few persons are prosecuted without having offended; but the evil consists in presenting men with enormous temptations to infringe mere financial regulations, not always in accordance with natural morality, and then inflicting ruinous penalties for transgression. Men have hitherto expected the punishment of their offences in the thunderbolt or the yawning earthquake, and have believed that because the sea did not swallow them up, or the mountains fall upon them and crush them to atoms, heaven was taking no cognizance of their sins; while, in point of fact, an omnipotent, an all-just, and an all-wise Gop, had arranged, before they erred, an ample retribution in the very consequences of their transgressions. It is by looking to the principles in the mind, from which transgressions flow, and attending to their whole operations and results, that we discover the real theory of the Divine government. When men shall be instructed in the laws of creation, they will discriminate more accurately than heretofore between natural and factitious evils, and become less tolerant of the latter.

Since the foregoing observations were written, the great measure of Parliamentary Reform has been carried into effect in Britain and Ireland, and already considerable progress has been made in rectifying our national institutions. For the first time in the annals of the world, a nation has voluntarily contributed a large sum of money for the advancement of pure benevolence and justice. We have agreed to pay twenty millions sterling for the freedom of 800,000 human beings, whom our unprincipled forefathers had led into hopeless slavery. Sinecures have been abolished, monopolies destroyed, unmerited pensions checked, and taxation lightened; and there is a spirit abroad which demands the reform of all other abuses in church and state. The high gratification which I experience in contemplating these

changes, arises from the perception that they have all | bilities of the Negroes, it was a heinous moral transthe tendency to place the institutions of the country, and the administration of them, in harmony with the dictates of reason and the moral sentiments; the effect of which will infallibly be, not only to increase the physical enjoyments, but greatly to advance the moral, intellectual, and religious condition, of the people. Example is the most powerful means of instruction, and it was in vain for a priesthood allied to the state to preach truth, justice, and benevolence to the people, while force, oppression, and many other species of abuse, were practised by our rulers and the church itself. No more effectual means of purifying the hearts of the people can be devised, than that of purifying all public institutions, and exhibiting justice and kindly affection as the animating motives of public men and national measures.

Of all national enormities, that of legalising the purchase of human beings, and conducting them into slavery, is probably the most atrocious and disgraceful; and Britain was long chargeable with this iniquity. The callous inhumanity, the intense selfishness, and the utter disregard of justice, implied in the practice, must have overflowed in numerous evils on the people of Britain themselves. Indeed, the state of wretched destitution in which the Irish peasantry are allowed to remain, and the unheeded increase of ignorance, poverty, and toil, in the manufacturing districts, appear to be legitimate fruits of the same spirit which patronized slavery; and these probably are preparing punishment for the nation, if repentance shall not speedily appear. Slavery, however, has now been abolished by Britain, and I hail this as the first step in a glorious career of moral legislation. The North Americans have been left behind by England, for once, in the march of Christian practice. In the United States, Negro slavery continues to deface the moral brightness of her legislative page; and on no subject does prejudice appear to be so inveterately powerful in that country as on slavery. Greatly as I respect the character of the Americans, it is impossible to approve of their treatment of the Negro population. The ancestors of the present American people stole, or acquired by an unprincipled purchase, the ancestors of the existing Negroes, and doomed them to a degrading bondage. This act was utterly at variance with the dictates of the moral sentiments, and of Christianity, Their posterity have retained the blacks in thraldom, treated them with contumely, and at this day regard them as scarcely human beings. This also is a grievous transgression of the natural and revealed law of moral duty. Evil and suffering must flow from these transgressions to the American people themselves, if a just God really governs the world.

The argument that the negroes are incapable of civilization and freedom, is prematurely urged, and not re-levant although it were based upon fact. The Negro head presents great varieties of moral and intellectual development, and I have seen several which appeared fully equal to the discharge of the ordinary duties of civilized men. But the race has never received justice from its European and American masters; and until its treatment shall have become moral, its capabilities cannot be fairly estimated, and the judgment against it is therefore premature.* But, whatever be the capa-

* The reader will find, in the 46th number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal (15th Dec. 1832), a very interesting account of a Negro of high moral and intellectual qualities, who lived for a considerable time near Hawick. Another Negro, named Eustache, of whose head there is a cast in the Phrenological Society's collection, displayed a degree of shrewdness and disinterested benevolence very rare even in Europe; and his head, while it presents an excellent anterior development, is more prominent at the organ of Benevolence than any other head which has fallen under my observation. An account of Eustache will be found in the Phrenological Journal, vol. ix. p. 134, and Journal de la Société Phrenologique de Paris, April 1835. Mr Lawrence has collected, in the eighth chapter of his admirable Lectures on Physiology, Zoology,

gression to transport them, by violent means, from the region where they had been placed by a wise and benevolent God, and to plant them in a new soil, and amidst institutions, for which they were never intended; and the punishment of this offence will rather be aggravated than averted, by losing sight of the source of the transgression, and charging the consequences of it on the Negroes, as if they were to blame for their alleged incapacity to glide gracefully into the ranks of American civilization. The Negroes must either be improved by culture and intermarriage with the white race, or retransferred to their native climate, before America can escape from the hands of divine justice. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the details of American social life, to be able to point out the practical form in which the punishment is inflicted; but if there be truth in the principles now expounded, no doubt can be entertained of its existence.

The alternative of incorporating the negroes, by intermarriage, with the European race, appears revolting to the feelings of the latter; while they also declare it to be impossible to retransport the blacks to Africa, on account of their overwhelming numbers. much force in both of these objections, but the following considerations have still greater weight:-the white race is exclusively to blame for the origin of the evil. and for all its consequences; the natural laws never relax in their operation; and hence the existing evils will go on augmenting until a remedy be adopted, and this will become more painful the longer it is delayed. If the present state of things shall be continued for a century, it is probable that it will end in a war of extermination between the black and the white population, or in an attempt by the blacks to conquer and exclusively possess one or more of the southern states of the Union as an independent kingdom for themselves.

At the time when I write these pages, the planters of Jamaica and of the other West India Islands are complaining of the ruinous consequences to them of Negro emancipation, and blaming the British Government for having abrogated slavery. These men apparently do not believe in the moral government of the world, or they do not know the manner in which it is administered. If they did, they would acknowledge that those who sow the wind have no right to complain when they reap the whirlwind. The permanence of Negro slavery in the West Indies was impossible; because it was a system of gross injustice, cruelty, and oppression, and no such social fabric can permanently endure. Its fruits have long been poisonous and bitter, and the planters are suffering the penalty of having reared them. They ought, however, to thank the justice and repentant generosity of the mother country, which, by purchasing the freedom of the slaves, has so greatly mitigated their punishment; for they may rest assured, that the annovances now suffered are light and transient compared with the calamities which would have befallen them had slavery been prolonged until it had wrought out its own termination. Another generation will probably see and acknowledge this truth.

and the Natural History of Man, a great variety of facts tending to prove that the Negroes, though morally and intellectually inferior to the white race, are by no means near the bottom of the scale of humanity; and he expresses the wellgrounded opinion, " that of the dark-coloured people none have distinguished themselves by stronger proofs of capacity for literary and scientific investigation, and, consequently, that none approach more nearly than the Negro to the polished nations of the globe,"

May 1. 1841.—Since the text was written, I have visited the United States of North America, and examined numerous skulls and heads of Negroes, and can now confirm, from observation, the opinion of Mr Lawrence .- See my Notes on the United States of North America, vol. ii. pp. 77, 112, 292, vol. iii. pp. 76, 168, for a fuller exposition of this point.

But, in the mean time, I remark, that, be the sufferings of the West India planters at present what they may, they, as the representatives of the original transgressors, are justly sustaining the penalty; and, in their instance, as in that of a patient undergoing a severe operation to escape from a dangerous disease, delay would only have protracted their affliction, and augmented the ultimate

pain and the danger of the remedy.

The Spaniards, under the influence of selfish rapacity and ambition, conquered South America, inflicted upon its wretched inhabitants the most atrocious cruelties, and continued, for 300 years, to weigh like a moral incubus upon that quarter of the globe. The punish. ment is now endured. By the laws of the Creator, na tions must obey the moral law to be happy; that is, to cultivate the arts of peace, and to be industrious, up right, intelligent, pious, and humane. The reward of such conduct is individual happiness, and national greatness and glory: there shall then be none to make them afraid. The Spaniards disobeyed all these laws in the conquest of America; they looked to rapine and foreign gold, and not to industry, for wealth; and this fostered avarice and pride in the government, baseness in the nobles, and indolence, ignorance, and mental depravity in the people,-it led them to imagine happiness to consist, not in the exercise of the moral and intellectual powers, but in the gratification of all the inferior, to the outrage of the higher feelings. Intellectual cultivation was neglected, the sentiments ran astray into bigotry and superstition, and the propensities acquired a fearful ascendency. These causes made them the prey of internal discord and foreign invaders, and Spain at this moment suffers an awful retribution.

Cowper recognises these principles of divine government as to nations, and has embodied them in the fol-

lowing powerful verses :---

The hand that slew till it could slay no more, Was glued to the sword hilt with Indian gore. Their prince, as justly scated on his throne As vain imperial Philip on his own, Tricked out of all his royalty by art, That stripped him bare, and broke his honest heart, Died by the sentence of a shaven priest, For scorning what they taught him to detes!. How dark the veil, that intercepts the place Of Heaven's mysterious purposes and ways! Gon stood not, though he seemed to stand, aloof; -And at this hour the conqueror feels the proof: The wreath he won drew down an instant curse,-The fretting plague is in the public purse, The cankered spoil corrodes the pining state, Starved by that indolence their minds create.

Oh! could their uncient Incas rise again, How would they take up Israel's taunting strain! Art thou too fallen, Iberia? Do we see The robber and the murd'rer weak as we ? Thou that hast wasted earth, and dared despise Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies, Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid Low in the pits thine avariee has made. We come with joy from our eternal rest, To see th' oppressor in his turn oppressed. Art thou the god, the thunder of whose hand Rolled over all our desolated land, Shook principalities and kingdoms down, And made the mountains tremble at his frown? The sword shall light upon thy boasted powers, And waste them, as the sword has wasted ours. 'Tis thus Omnipotence his law fulfils, And Vengeance executes what Justice wills.

Comper's Poems .- Charity.

The question has frequently been discussed, whether the civilization of savages may be more easily effected by forcible or by pacific measures? By one class of reasoners, including the late excellent Sir Stamford Raffles, it is contended that civilized nations may, in their endeavours to improve and enlighten savage tribes, employ with advantage the superior power with which they are armed: but, on the principle of the supremacy of the moral sentiments, we are entitled to conclude,

a priors, that such a method of proceeding would be found ineffectual. The employment of compulsion is calculated to rouse chiefly the propensities, while the very essence of civilization is the predominance of the moral and intellectual powers.* This subject is ably handled by a very acute anonymous writer in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.† History, he remarks, does not warrant the opinion that any nation has ever been civilized by the sword; and the improvement which followed the Roman conquests appears to have been brought about, not by compulsion, but by the exhibition of "a standard and pattern of comfort and elegance which the barbarians could hardly fail first to admire, and afterwards to imitate." The Romans do not seem to have violently interfered with the established customs and institutions of conquered nations. "The inferior animals," says the excellent writer alluded to, "can only be reduced to obedience by constraint; but men are formed to be tamed by other methods. Example, persuasion, instruction, are the only means we may lawfully make use of to wean savages from their barbarism; and they are also the best fitted to accomplish that object. It is not even pretended that an exercise of what are falsely called the rights of conquest for such a purpose would have any chance of being successful till after the lapse of at least two or three generations-till the conquered people, in fact, have become mixed and amalgamated with their conquerors, or, from not having been permitted to follow the customs of their ancestors, have actually forgotten them. In some cases the natives have been absolutely extirpated before this has happened, as was the case almost universally on the South American continent, and of which we have a more remarkable instance in the attempts of the Spanish Jesuits to christianize by main force the inhabitants of the Marianas, which were terminated in a few years by the almost entire depopulation of that beautiful archipelago." ;

In surveying the present aspect of Europe, we perceive astonishing improvements achieved in physical science. How much is implied in the mere names of the steam-engine, power-looms, rail-roads, steam-boats, canals, and gas-lights; and yet of how much misery are several of these inventions at present the direct sources, in consequence of being almost exclusively dedicated to the gratification of the propensities! The leading purpose to which the steam-engine in almost all its forms of application is devoted, is the accumulation of wealth, or the gratification of Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem; and few have proposed to lessen, by its means, the hours of toil of the lower orders of society, so as to afford them opportunity and leisure for the cultivation of their moral and intellectual faculties, and thereby to enable them to render a more perfect obedience to the Creator's institutions. Physical has far outstripped moral science; and it appears to me, that, unless mankind shall have their eyes opened to the real constitution of the world, and be at length induced to regulate their conduct in harmony with the laws of the Creator, their future physical discoveries will tend only to deepen their wretchedness. Intellect, acting as the ministering servant of the propensities, will lead them only farther astray. The science of man's whole nature, animal, moral, and intellectual, was never more required to guide him than at present, when he seems to wield a giant's power, but in the application of it to display the ignorant selfishness, wilfulness, and absurdity of an overgrown child. History has not yielded half her fruits, and cannot yield them until mankind shall possess a true theory of their own nature.

† The New Zealanders, p. 402-410.

^{*} See Observations on the Phrenological Standard of Civi lization, Phren. Jour. ∞ . 360.

^{*} See the narrative of these extraordinary proceedings, though related by a pen in the interest of their authors, in Father Legobien's Histoire des Iles Mariannes."

Many persons believe that they discover evidence against the moral government of the world, in the success of individuals not greatly gifted with moral and intellectual qualities, in attaining to great wealth, rank, and social consideration, while men of far superior merit remain in obscurity and poverty. But the solution of this difficulty is to be found in the consideration, that success in society depends on the possession, in an ample degree, of the qualities which society needs and appreciates, and that these bear reference to the state in which society finds itself at the time when the observation is made. In the savage and barbarous conditions, bodily strength, courage, fortitude, and skill in war, lead a man to the highest honours; in a society like that of modern England, commercial or manufacturing industry may crown an individual with riches, and great talents of debate may carry him to the summit of political ambition. In proportion as society advances in moral and intellectual acquirements, it will make larger demands for high qualities in its favourites. The reality of the moral government of the world is discernible in the different degrees of happiness which individuals and society enjoy in these different states. If unprincipled commercial and political adventurers were happy in proportion to their apparent success; or if nations were as prosperous under the dominion of reckless warriors as under that of benevolent and enlightened rulers; or if the individuals who compose a nation enjoyed as much serenity and joy of mind when they advanced bold, selfish, and unprincipled men to places of trust and power, as when they chose the upright, benevolent, and pious,-the dominion of a just Creator might well be doubted. But the facts are the reverse of these.

CHAPTER VI.

ON PUNISHMENT.

1. On punishment as inflicted under the natural laws-Laws may be instituted either for the selfish gratification of the legislator, or for the benefit of the governed—Gessler's order to the Swiss, an instance of the former; the natural laws of God, of the latter-The object of punishment for disobedience to the divine laws is to arrest the offender, and save him from greater miseries-Beneficial effects of this arrangement-Laws of combustion; advantages attending them, and mode in which man is enabled to enjoy these and escape from the danger to which he is subjected by fire-Utility of pain-God's punishments in this world have for their object to bring the sufferers back to obedience for their own welfare, and to terminate their misery by death when the error is irreparable -Punishments mutually inflicted by the lower animals-Punishments mutually inflicted by men-Criminal laws hitherto framed on the principle of animal resentment-Inefficacy of these. from overlooking the causes of crime, and leaving them to operate with unabated energy after the infliction-Moral in preference to animal retribution, suggested as a mode of treatment-Every crime proceeds from an abuse of some faculty or other-The question, Whence originates the tendency to abuse? answered by the aid of Phrenology-Crime extinguishable only by removing its causes-The effects of animal and moral punishment compared-Remarks on the natural distinction between right and wrong -The objections considered, That, according to the proposed moral system of treating offenders, punishment would be abrogated and crime encouraged; and That the author's views on this subject are Utopian, and, in the present state of society, impracticable.—II. Moral advantages of punishment—The mental improvement of man not the primary object for which suffering is sent-Errors of some religious sects adverted to-Bishop Butler teaches, more rationally, that a large proportion of our sufferings is the result of our own misconduct-The objection, that punishments are often disproportionately severe, considered -Recapitulation of the advantages flowing from obedience, and misfortunes from disobedience, to the moral laws,

SECT. 1.—ON PUNISHMENT AS INFLICTED UNDER THE NATURAL LAWS.

THE last point connected with the Natural Laws,

which I consider, is the principle on which punishment for infringement of them, is inflicted in this world.

Every law prescribed to intelligent beings presupposes a superior, who establishes it, and subjects who are called on to obey. The superior may be supposed to act under the dictates of the animal faculties, or under those of the moral sentiments. The former being selfish, whatever they desire is for selfish gratification. Hence laws instituted by a superior inspired by the animal powers, would have for their leading object the individual advantage of the law-giver, with no systematic regard to the enjoyment or welfare of his sub-The moral sentiments, on the other hand, are altogether generous, disinterested, and just; they delight in the happiness of others, and do not seek individual advantage as their supreme end. Laws instituted by a law-giver inspired by them, would have for their grand object the advantage and enjoyment of those who were required to yield obedience. The story of William Tell will illustrate my meaning. Gessler, an Austrian governor of the canton of Uri, placed his hat upon a pole, and required the Swiss peasants to pay the same honours to it that were due to himself. The object of this requisition was obviously the gratification of the Austrian's Self-Esteem, in witnessing the humiliation of the Swiss. It was framed without the least regard to their happiness; because such abject slavery could gratify no faculty in their minds, and ameliorate no principle of their nature, but, on the contrary, was calculated to cause the greatest pain to their feelings.

Before punishment for breaking a law can be justly inflicted, it seems reasonable that the people called on to obey it should not only possess the power of doing so, but likewise be benefited by their obedience. If it was certain, that, by the very constitution of their minds, it was impossible for the Swiss to reverence the hat of the tyrant, and that, if they had pretended to do so, they would have manifested only baseness and hypocrisy,—then the law was unjust, and all punishment for disobedience was pure tyranny and oppression on the part of the governor. In punishing, he employed Destructiveness as a means of procuring gratification to his Self-Esteem.

Let us imagine, on the other hand, a law promulgated by a sovereign whose sole motive was the happiness of his subjects, and that the edict was, Thou shalt not steal. If the law-giver were placed far above the reach of theft by his subjects, and if respect to each other's rights were indispensable to the welfare of his people themselves, then it is obvious, that, so far as he was personally concerned, their stealing or not stealing would be of no importance whatever, while it would be of the highest moment to themselves. Let us suppose, then, that, in order to prevent the evils which the subjects would bring upon themselves by stealing, he were to add as a penalty, that every man who stole should be locked up, and instructed in his duty until he became capable of abstaining from theft,-the justice and benevolence of this sentence would be unquestionable, because it would prove advantageous both to society and to the offender. Suppose that the latter was born with large organs of Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness, and deficient Conscientiousness, and that when he committed the offence he really could not help stealing,-still there would be no cruelty and no injustice in locking him up, and instructing him in moral duty until he learned to abstain from theft; because, if this were not done, and if all men were to follow his example and only steal, the human race, and he, as a member of it, would necessarily starve and become extinct.

The Creator's natural laws, so far as I have been able to perceive them, are instituted solely on the latter principle; that is to say, there is not the slightest indication of the object of any of the arrangements of creation being to gratify an inferior feeling in the Creator himself. No well-constituted mind, indeed, could con-

ceive him commanding beings whom He called into existence, and whom He could annihilate in a moment, to do any act of homage which had reference merely to the acknowledgment of His authority, solely for His personal gratification, and without regard to their own welfare and enjoyment. We cannot, without absolute outrage to the moral sentiments and intellect, imagine Him doing any thing analogous to the act of the Swiss governor-placing an emblem of His authority on high, and requiring His creatures to obey it, merely to gratify Himself by their homage, to their own disparagement and distress. Accordingly, every natural law, so far as I can discover, appears clearly instituted for the purpose of adding to the enjoyment of the creatures who are called on to obey it. The object of the punishment inflicted for disobedience is to arrest the offender in his departure from the laws; which departure, if permitted to proceed to its natural termination, would involve him in tenfold greater miseries. This arrangement greatly promotes the activity of the faculties; and active faculties being fountains of pleasure, the penalties themselves become benevolent and just. For example,

Under one of the physical laws, all organic bodies are liable to combustion. Timber, coal, oils, and animal substances, when heated to a certain extent, catch fire and burn: And the question occurs, Was this quality bestowed on them for a benevolent purpose or not? Let us look to the advantages attending it. By means of fire we obtain warmth in cold latitudes, and light after the sun has set: it enables us to cook, thereby rendering our food more wholesome and savoury; and by its aid we soften and fuse the metals. I need go no farther; every one will acknowledge, that, by the law under which organic bodies are liable to combustion, countless benefits are conferred on the human race.

The human body itself, however, is organized, and in consequence is subject to this law; so that, if placed in a great fire, it is utterly dissipated in a few minutes. Some years ago, a woman, in a fit of insanity, threw herself into an iron smelting-furnace, in full blaze: she was observed by a man working on the spot, who instantly put off the steam-engine that was blowing the bellows, and came to take her out; but he then saw only a small black speck on the surface of the fire, and in a few minutes more even it had disappeared. effect of a less degree of heat is to disorganize the tex ture of the body. What mode, then, has the Creator followed to preserve men from the danger to which they are subjected by fire? He has caused their nerves to communicate sensations from heat, agreeable while the temperature is such as to benefit the body; slightly uncasy when it becomes so high as to be in some measure hurtful; positively painful when the heat approaches that degree at which it would seriously injure the organized system; and horribly agonizing whenever it becomes so elevated as to destroy the organs. The principle of all this is very obviously benevolent. Combustion brings us innumerable advanages; and when we place ourselves in accordance with the law intended to regulate our relation to it, we reap unmingled benefits and pleasure. But we are in danger from its excessive action; and so kind is the Creator, that he does not trust to the guardianship of our own Cautiousness and intellect alone to protect us from infringement, but has established a monitor in every sentient nerve, whose admonitions increase in intensity through imperceptible gradations, exquisitely adjusted to the degrees of danger, till at last, in pressing circumstances, they urge in a voice so clamant as to excite the whole physical and mental energy of the offender to withdraw him from the impending destruction.

Many persons imagine that this mode of admonition would be altogether unexceptionable if the offender always possessed the power to avoid incurring it, but that, on the other hand, when a child, or an aged person, stumbles into the fire, through mere lack of bodily

strength to keep out of it, it cannot be just and bene volent to visit him with the tortures that follow from This, however, is a short-sighted objection. If, to remedy the evil supposed, the law of combustion were altogether suspended as to children and old men, so that, as far as they were concerned, fire did not exist. then they would be deprived of the light, warmth, and other benefits which it affords. This would be a fearful deprivation; for warmth is grateful and necessary to them, in consequence of the very feebleness of their frames. Or we may suppose that their nerves were constituted to feel no pain from burning-an arrangement which would effectually guarantee them against the tortures of falling in the fire: But, in the first place, nerves feel pain under the same law that enables them to feel pleasure—the agony of burning arises altogether from an excessive degree of the stimulus of heat, which, when moderate, is genial and pleasant; and, secondly, if no pain were felt when in the fire, the child and old man would have no urgent motive to keep out of it. Under the present system, the pain would excite an intense desire to escape; it would increase their muscular energy, or make them cry aloud for assistance; in short, it would compel them to get out of the fire, by some means or other, and thus if possible escape from death. As they fell into the fire in consequence of a deficiency of mental or bodily power to keep out of it, the conclusion is obvious, that if no pain attended their contact with the flames, they might repose there as contentedly as on a bed of down; and the fond mother might find a black cinder for her child, or a pious daughter a half-charred mass of bones for her father, although she had been only in an adjoining apartment, from which the slightest cry or groan would have brought her to arrest the calamity.

In this instance, then, the law of combustion under which punishment is inflicted, is benevolent, even when pain visits persons who were incapable of avoiding the offence, because the object of the law is the welfare of these very unconscious offenders themselves, so that if it were subverted, they would be greatly injured, and would loudly petition for its re-establishment.

Let us take another example. Opium, by its inherent qualities, and the relationship established by the Creator between it and the nervous system of man, operates, if taken in one proportion, as a stimulant; if the proportion be increased, it becomes a sedative; and if still increased, it paralyzes the nervous system altogether, and death ensues. Now, it is generally admitted, that there is no want of benevolence and justice, when a full-grown and intelligent man loses his life, if he deliberately swallow an overdose of opium, knowing its qualities and their effects; because, it is said, he exposed himself to these effects voluntarily: When, however, an ignorant child, groping about for something to eat and drink, in order to satisfy the craving of its natural curiosity and appetite, stumbles on a phial of laudanum, intended for the use of some sick relative, pulls the cork, drinks, and dies,-many persons imagine that it is very difficult to discover justice and benevolence in this severe, and, as they say, unmerited catastrophe.

But the real view of the law under which both events happen, appears to me to be this. The inherent qualities of opium, and its relationship to the nervous system, are obviously benevolent, and are the sources of manifest advantages to man. If, in order to avoid every chance of accidents, opium, in so far as children are concerned, were deprived of its qualities, so that their nervous systems received no greater impression from it than from tepid water, it is clear that they would be sufferers. The greatest advantages of the drug are derived from its scale of efficiency, by which it can be made to produce, first a stimulating effect, then a gently sedative, and afterwards a higher and a higher degree of sedative influence, until, by insensible degrees, absolute paralysis ensues. A dose which kills in

health will cure in disease; and, if its range were limited to effects beneficial in health, its advantages in disease, arising from higher action, would necessarily be lost-so that children, by the supposed arrangement, would be cut off from its beneficial administration. The parallel between it and the law of combustion is discernible. If we could never have commanded a degree of heat higher than that which gently warms the human body, we must have wanted all the advantages now derivable from the intense heats used in cooking, baking, and manufacturing; if we could never have commanded more than the gently stimulant and sedative effects of opium on the body in a state of health, we should necessarily have been deprived of its powerful remedial action in cases of disease. The proper question then is, Whether is it more benevolent and just that children, after they have been exposed, from whatever cause, to that high degree of its influence, which, although beneficial in disease, is adverse to the healthy action of the nervous system, should be preserved alive in this miserable condition, or that life should at once be terminated? It appears advantageous to the offender himself, that death should relieve him from the unhappy condition into which his organized frame has been brought by the abuse of this substance, calculated, when discreetly used, to confer on him no mean advan tages.

The principle that Divine punishments are founded in benevolence, even to the sufferer, is strongly elucidated in the case of the organic laws. When inflammation, for example, has seized any vital organ, if there were no pain, there could be no intimation that an organic law had been infringed; the disease would proceed quietly in its invasions; and death would ensue without the least previous warning. The pain attending an acute disease, therefore, appears to be instituted to warn the sufferer, by the most forcible of all admonitions, to return to obedience to the law which he has infringed. In the case of a broken limb, or a deep cut, the principle becomes exceedingly obvious. The bone of a leg will reunite, if the broken edges be preserved in close contact; and the subsequent serviceable condition of the limb will depend upon the degree of exactness with which they have been made to re-approach and been preserved in their natural position. Now, in the first place, the pain attending a broken limb gives a most peremptory intimation that an injury has been sustained; secondly, it excites the individual most forcibly to the reparation of it; and, thirdly, after the healing process has commenced, it recurs with a degree of violence proportioned to the disturbance of the parts, and thus acts like a sentinel with a drawn sword, compelling the patient to avoid everything that may impede his recovery. The same observations apply to a flesh-wound. The pain serves to intimate the injury, and to excite the patient to have it removed. The dissevered edges of the skin, nerves, and muscles, when skilfully made to re-approach, will, by the organic law, reunite if left in repose. As an accession of pain follows every disturbance of their condition, when in the process of healing, it serves as an effectual and benevolent guardian of the welfare of the individual. If these views be correct, what person would dispense with the pain which attends the infringement of the organic laws, although such a boon were offered for his acceptance? It is obvious, that, if he possessed the least glimmering of understanding, he would thank the Creator for the institution, and beg in mercy to be allowed the benefits attending it; especially if he considered the fact, that, after the possibility of recovery ceases, death steps in to terminate the suffering.

The point to which I request the reader's special attention is, that the power of the individual to avoid or not to avoid the infringement of the law in the particular instance which brings the punishment, is not an indispensable circumstance in rendering the indiction irresistible; neither do they concern themselves about

benevolent and just. The infliction is approved of by the moral sentiments and intellect, because the law, in its legitimate operation, is calculated altogether for the advantage of the subject; and because the punishment has no object but to bring him back to obedience for his own welfare, or to terminate his sufferings when he has erred too widely to return.

Let us now inquire whether the same principle prevails in regard to the infringement of the Moral and Intellectual Laws. This investigation is attended with great difficulty; and it may be best elucidated by attending, in the first place, to the liability to punishment for their actions, under which the lower animals are placed.

The physical and organic laws affect the inferior creatures in the same manner as they regulate man, so that nothing need be said on these points. The animals are endowed with propensities impelling them to act. and a certain degree of intellect enabling them to perceive the consequences of their actions. These faculties prompt them to inflict punishment on each other for infringement of their rights, although they possess no sentiments pointing out the moral guilt of such conduct. For example, dogs possess Acquisitiveness, which gives them the sense of property: when one is in possession of a bone, and another attempts to steal it, this act instantly excites the Combativeness and Destructiveness of the proprietor of the bone, and he proceeds to worry the assailant. Or a cock, on a dunghill, finds a rival intruding on his domain, and under the instinctive inspiration of Combativeness and offended Self-Esteem. he attacks him and drives him off. I call this inflicting animal punishment. In these cases it is not supposed that the aggressors possess moral faculties, intimating that their trespass is wrong, or free will by which they could avoid it. I view them as inspired by their propensities, and rushing blindly to gratification. Nevertheless, in the effect which the aggression produces on the propensities of the animal assailed, we perceive an arrangement instituted by the Creator for checking outrage, and arresting its progress.

Before the penalty inflicted could be viewed by man as just in such cases, it would be necessary to perceive that it was instituted for the benefit of the aggressors themselves; and, in truth, this is observed to be the case. If all dogs neglected to seek bones, and dedicated themselves solely to stealing; and if cocks, in general, deserted their own domains, and gave themselves up only to felonious inroads on each other's territories, it is evident that the races of these animals would soon become extinct. It follows, also, that any individual among them who should habitually abandon himself to such transgressions, would speedily lose his life by violence or starvation. If, then, it is beneficial for the race, and also for the individual offender himself, in these instances, to be arrested in his progress, his chastisement is decidedly benevolent and just.

It is interesting to observe, that various provisions are made, under the animal law, for bringing about substantial justice, even in creatures destitute of the sentiment of Conscientiousness. The lower animals make perfectly sure of punishing only the real offender; for he must be caught in the act, otherwise he is not visited by their resentment. In the next place, it appears to be the general law of animal nature, that, unless the offender has carried his inroad to an extreme extent, the punishment is relaxed the moment he desists; that is to say, the master of the bone or dunghill is generally satisfied with simple defence, and rarely abandons his treasure to pursue the offender for the sake of mere re-

Farther, the animals, in inflicting punishment, make no inquiry into the cause of the offence. With them it affords no alleviation that the aggressor is himself in a state of the greatest destitution, or that his appetite is his fate after they have made him undergo the penalty. | He may die of the wounds they have inflicted upon him, or of absolute starvation, before their eyes, without their enjoyment being in the least disturbed. This arises from their faculties consisting entirely of those powers which regard only self. They are deficient in the faculties which inquire into causes and trace consequences; and in the moral sentiments, which desire, with a disinterested affection, the welfare of other beings.

Nevertheless, the punishment which they inflict is in itself just, and serves, as we have seen, a decidedly beneficial end. Let us now direct our attention to man.

Man possesses the same animal propensities as those of the lower creatures, and, under their instigation, he inflicts punishment on principles precisely analogous to those under which they chastise. Indeed, it is curious to remark, that hitherto the criminal laws, even of civilized nations, have been framed on the principles of animal punishment exclusively. A thief, for example, breaks into a dwelling-house and steals. The reflecting faculties are employed to discover the offender, and find evidence of the offence. Judges and juries assemble to determine whether the evidence is sufficient; and if they find it to be so, the offender is ordered to be banished, imprisoned, or hanged. We are apt to imagine that there is something moral in the trial. But the sole object of it is to ascertain that a crime has been committed, and that the accused is the offender. The dog and cock make equally certain of both points; because they never punish except when the individual is caught in the offence. Guilt being ascertained, and the offender identified, the dog shakes and worries him, and then lets him go; while man scourges his back, or makes him mount the steps of a tread-mill, and then turns him adrift. If the offender has been very presumptuous and pertinacious in his aggression, the dog sometimes, although rarely, throttles him outright; and man, in similar circumstances, very generally strangles him with a rope, or cuts off his head. The dog, in his proceeding, makes no inquiry into the causes which led to the crime or into the consequences upon the offender, of the punishment which he inflicts. In this also he is imitated by the human race. Man inflicts his vengeance with as little inquiry into the causes which led to the offence,-and, except when he puts him to death, he turns the culprit adrift upon the world after he has undergone his punishment, with as little concern about what shall next befall him as is shewn by his canine prototype. The dog acts in this manner, because he is inspired by animal propensities, and higher faculties have been denied him. Man imitates him, because he too has received animal faculties, and because, although he possesses, in addition to them, moral sentiments and reflecting intellect, he has not yet discovered the practical application of these to the subject of criminal legis-

The animal punishment is not without advantage even in the case of man, although it is far short, in this respect, of what he might obtain by following the guidance of his moral sentiments and enlightened intellect. Man as a mere animal could not exist in society, unless some check were instituted against abuses of the propensities; and hence it is quite obvious, that animal vengeance, rude as it is, carries with it results beneficial even to the offender, except where it puts him to death-a degree of punishment which, as we have seen, the lower animals rarely inflict on each other of the same species. Unless the outrages of Destructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Self-Esteem, and the other animal faculties, were checked, human society would be dissolved, and by that result the offenders themselves would suffer more grievous calamities than under any moderate form of animal castigation.

The world is arranged, in so far as regards the lower creatures, with a wise relation to the faculties bestowed

fective in their case. In consequence of their not possessing reflecting faculties, they are incapable of forming deep or extensive schemes for mutual aggression, and are not led to speculate on the chances of escaping detection in their misdeeds. Their offences are limited to casual overflowings of their propensities when excited by momentary temptation; which are checked by counter overflowings of other propensities, momentarily excited in the animals aggrieved.

In regard to man, however, the world has been arranged on the principle of supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect; and, in consequence, animal retribution is not equally effectual in his case. For example, a human offender employs his intellect in devising means to enable him to escape detection, or to defend himself against punishment; and hence, although he sees punishment staring him in the face, his hope deludes him into the belief that he may escape it. Farther, if the real cause of human offences be excessive size and activity of the organs of the animal propensities, it follows that mere punishment cannot put a stop to crime; because it overlooks the cause, and leaves it to operate with unabated energy after the infliction has been endured. The history of the world, accordingly, presents us with a regular succession of crimes and punishments, and at present the series appears to be as far removed from a termination as at any previous period of the annals of

If the world, in regard to man, has been arranged on the principle of supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect, we might expect better success were moral retribution, of which I now proceed to treat, resorted

The motive which prompts the dog to worry, and the cock to peck and spur his assailant, is, as we have seen, mere animal resentment. His propensities are disagreeably affected, and Combativeness and Destructiveness instinctively start into activity to repel the aggression. The animal resentment of man is precisely analogous. A thief is odious to Acquisitiveness, because he robs it of its treasures; a murderer is offensive to our feelings, because he extinguishes life. And, these faculties being offended, Combativeness and Destructiveness rush to their aid in man while under the animal dominion, as instinctively as in the dog,-and punish the offender on principles, and in a way, exactly similar.

The case is different with the proper human facul ties. Benevolence, contemplating outrage and murder, disapproves of them because they are hostile to its inherent constitution, and because they occasion calamities to those who are its objects, and misery to the perpetrators themselves. Conscientiousness is pained by the perception of theft, because its very nature revolts at every infringement of right, and because justice is essential to the welfare of all intelligent beings. Veneration is offended at reckless insult and indignity, because its desire is to respect the intelligent creatures of the God whom it adores, believing that they are all the objects of his love. Hence, when crime is presented to the moral sentiments, they all ardently and instinctively desire that it should be stopped, and its recurrence prevented, because it is in direct opposition to their very nature; and this impression, on their part, is not dependent on the power of the criminal to offend or to forbear. Benevolence grieves at death inflicted by a madman, and calls aloud that it should be averted; Conscientiousness disavows theft, although committed by an idiot, and requires that he should be restrained; while Veneration recoils at the irreverences even of the phrensied. The circumstance of the offenders being involuntary agents, incapable of restraining their propensities, does not alter the aversion of the moral faculties to their actions; and the reasons of this are obvious: first, these faculties hate evil because it is conon them. Accordingly, animal recontment is really of- trary to their nature, from whatever source it springs;

necessary agent, does not diminish the calamity inflicted on the sufferer. It is as painful to be killed by a madman as by a deliberate assassin; and it is as destructive to property to be robbed by a cunning idiot, as by an acute and practised thief.

We perceive, therefore, as the first feature of the moral and intellectual law, that the higher sentiments, absolutely and in all circumstances, declare against offences, and demand imperatively that they shall be

brought to an end.

There is a great difference, however, between the means which they suggest for accomplishing this object, and those prompted by the propensities. The latter, as I have said, blindly inflict animal resentment without the slightest regard to the causes which led to the crime, or the consequences of the punishment. They seize the aggressor, and worry, bite, or strangle him; and there their operations begin and terminate.

The moral and intellectual faculties, on the other hand, embrace even the criminal himself within the range of their sympathies. Benevolence desires to render him virtuous, and thereafter happy, as well as to rescue his victim. Veneration desires that he should be treated as a man; and Conscientiousness declares that it cannot with satisfaction acquiesce in any administration towards him that does not tend to remove the motives of his misconduct, and to prevent their recurrence. The first step, then, which the moral and intellectual faculties combine in demanding, is a full exposition of the causes of the offence, and the consequences of the mode of treatment proposed.

Let us, then, pursue this investigation; and here it may be observed, that we are now in condition to do so with something like a chance of success; for, by the aid of Phrenology, we have obtained a tolerably clear view of the elementary faculties of the mind, and the effects of organization on their activity and vigour.

The leading fact, then, which arrests our attention in this inquiry, is, that every crime proceeds from an abuse of some faculty or other; and the question immediately arises, Whence originates the tendency to abuse? Phrenology enables us to answer, From three sources: first, from particular organs being too large and spontaneously too active; secondly, from great excitement produced by external causes; or, thirdly, from ignorance of what are uses and what are abuses of the faculties.

The moral and intellectual powers next demand, What is the cause of particular organs being too large and too active in individuals? Phrenology, for answer, points to the law of hereditary descent, by which the organs most energetic in the parents determine those which shall predominate in the child. Intellect, then, infers that, according to this view, certain individuals are unfortunate at birth, in having received organs from their parents so ill proportioned, that abuse of some of them is almost an inevitable consequence, if they are left to the sole guidance of their own suggestions. Phrenology replies, that the fact appears to be exactly so. In the Museum of the Phrenological Society is exhibited a large assemblage of skulls and casts of the heads of criminals, collected from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; and an undeniable feature in them all, is a great preponderance of the organs of the animal faculties over those of the moral sentiments and intellect.

In the next place, great excitement may arise from the individual being pressed by animal want, stimulated by intoxicating liquors, seduced by evil example, and from a variety of similar influences.

And, thirdly, abuses may arise from sheer want of information concerning the constitution of the mind, and its relations to external objects. Persecution for opinion, for example, is a crime obviously referrible to this source.

I have examined the cerebral development of a con-

and, secondly, the circumstance of the aggressor being a | siderable number of criminals, and inquired into the external circumstances in which they had been placed, and have no hesitation in saying, that if, in the case of every offender, the three sources of crime here enumerated had been investigated, reported on, and published, the conviction would have become general that the individual had been the victim of his nature and external condition, and penitentiaries would be resorted to as the only means of at once abating crime and satisfying the moral feelings of the community. The public err through ignorance, and knowledge only is needed, to ensure their going into the right path.

Moreover, intellect perceives, and the moral sentiments acknowledge, that these causes exist independently of the will of the offender. The criminal, for example, is not the cause of the unfortunate preponderance of the animal organs in his own brain; neither is he the creator of the external circumstances which lead his propensities into abuse, or of the ignorance in which he is involved. Nevertheless, the moral and intellectual faculties of the indifferent spectator of his condition do not, on this account, admit that, either for his own sake or for that of society, he should be permitted to proceed in an unrestricted course of crime. They absolutely insist on arresting his progress, and their first question is, How may this best be done? Intellect answers, By removing the causes which produce the of-

The first cause—the great preponderance of the animal organs--cannot, by any means yet known, be summarily removed. Intellect, therefore, points out another alternative-that of supplying, by moral and physical restraint, the control which, in a brain better constituted, is afforded by large moral and intellectual organs; in short, of placing the offender under such a degree of effective control as absolutely to prevent the abuses of his faculties. Benevolence acknowledges this proceeding to be kind, Veneration to be respectful, and Conscientiousness to be just, at once to the offender himself and to society; and Intellect perceives that, whenever it is adopted, it will form an important step towards preventing a repetition of crimes.

The second cause, viz. great excitement from without, may be removed by withdrawing the individual from the influence of the unfavourable external circumstances to which he is exposed. The very restraint and control which serve to effect the first object, will directly tend to accomplish this second one at the same time.

The third cause-namely, ignorance-may be removed by conveying instruction to the intellectual powers.

If these principles be sound, the measures now recommended, when viewed in all their consequences. should be not only the most just and benevolent, but at the same time the most advantageous that could be adopted. Let us contrast their results with those of the animal method.

Under the animal system, as we have already seen, no measures except the excitement of terror, are taken to prevent the commission of crime. Under the moral plan, as soon as a tendency to abuse the faculties should appear in any individual, means of prevention would be resorted to, because the sentiments could not be satisfied unless this were done. Under the animal system, no inquiry is made into the future proceedings of the offender, and he is turned loose upon society under the unabated influence of all the causes which led to his infringement of the law; and, as effects never cease while their causes continue to operate, he repeats his offence, and becomes the object of a new animal infliction. Under the moral system, the causes would be removed, and the evil effects would cease.

Under the animal system, the propensities of the offender and society are maintained in habitual excitement; for the punishment proceeds from the animal faculties, and is likewise addressed to them., Flogging, for instance, proceeds from Destructiveness, and is ad

dressed solely to sensation and fear. The tread-mill springs from Destructiveness in a milder form, and, as its sole object is to cause annoyance to the offender, it is obviously addressed only to Cautiousness and his selfish feelings. Hanging and decapitation undeniably spring from Destructiveness, and are administered as terrors to the propensities of persons criminally disposed. These punishments, again, especially the last, are calculated to gratify the animal faculties and none else, in the spectators who witness them. The execution of a criminal obviously interests and excites Destructiveness, Cautiousness, and Self-Esteem, in the beholder, and nothing can be farther removed than such exhibitions from the proper food of Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness.

Under the moral system, again, the faculties exercised and addressed in restraining and instructing the offender are, as exclusively as possible, the human powers. The propensities are employed merely as the servants of the moral sentiments in accomplishing their benignant purposes, and Benevolence is as actively engaged in behalf of the offender as of society at large. The whole influence of the proceeding is ameliorating and

elevating.

Under the animal system the offspring of parents who have been recently engaged in either suffering, inflicting, or witnessing punishment, inherit, by the organic law, large and active animal organs, occasioned by the excitement of these organs in the parents. Thus a public execution, from the violent stimulus which it produces in the lower faculties of the spectators, may, within twenty-four hours of its exhibition, be the direct cause of a new crop of victims for the gallows.

Under the moral system, children born of parents actively engaged in undergoing, executing, or witnessing the elevating and ennobling process of moral reformation, will, by the organic law, inherit an increased development of the moral and intellectual organs, and be farther removed than their parents from the risk of

lapsing into crime.

Under the animal system, spectators of crime, and accomplices, need to be bribed with large rewards to induce them to communicate their knowledge of the offence; and witnesses require to be compelled by penalties to bear testimony to what they have seen concerning it. Many will recollect the affecting picture of mental agony drawn by the author of Waverley, when Jeanie Deans, at the bar of the High Court of Justiciary, gives evidence against her sister, which was to deprive that sister of life. Parallel cases occur too frequently in actual experience. The real cause of this aversion to betray, and internal repugnance to give evidence, is, that the moral sentiments are revolted by the delivery of the culprit to the cruelty of animal resentment.

Under the moral system, the higher sentiments and intellect of the spectator of a crime, and those of the nearest relatives of the offender, would unite with those of society in a unanimous desire to deliver him up, with the utmost speed, to the ameliorating influence of moral treatment, as the highest act of benevolence even to himself.

Under the animal system, the office of public executioner is odious, execrable, and universally contemmed. If it were necessary by the Creator's institutions, it would present the extraordinary anomaly of a necessary duty being execrated by the moral sentiments. This would be a direct inconsistency between the dictates of the superior faculties and the arrangements of the external world. But the animal executioner is not acknowledged as necessary by the human faculties. Under the moral system, the criminal would be committed to persons whose duties would be identical with those of the clergyman, the physician, and the teacher. These are the executioners under the moral law; and, just because

their avocations are highly grateful to the superior sentiments, they are the most esteemed of mankind.

The highest and the most important object of this long exposition of the principles of punishment under the natural laws, remains to be unfolded.

We are all liable to abuse our faculties; and the inquiry is exceedingly interesting, what, in our cases, are the causes of the infringement of the moral law. offences which we daily commit, are neither more nor less than minor degrees of abuse of the very same faculties of which crimes are the greater. For example, if in private life we backbite or slander our neighbour, we commit abuses of Self-Esteem and Destructiveness, which, if increased merely in intensity, without at all changing their nature, might end, as in Ireland, in maiming his cattle, or, as in Spain or Italy, in murdering him outright. If, in any transaction of life, we deliberately give false representations as to any article we have for sale, or overcharge it in price, this is just a minor abuse of Secretiveness and Acquisitiveness acting in absence of the moral sentiments, of which abuse pocket-picking and stealing are higher degrees. I need not carry the parallel farther. It is so obvious that every offence against the moral law is an abuse of some faculty or other, and that great crimes are merely great abuses, and smaller offences more slight aberrations, that every one must perceive the fact to be so.

Reverting to what I observed in regard to crime, I repeat that every infringement of the moral law, the smallest as well as the greatest, is denounced by the moral sentiments and intellect, just because it is opposed to their nature, and they desire absolutely to bring all abuses to an end, from whatever source they

spring, be they voluntary or involuntary.

Animal resentment is, according to the present practice of society, resorted to as the chief method of dealing with the minor, just as it is with the higher, abuses of our faculties. If one gentleman insults another, the offended party makes no inquiry into the state of mind and other causes that produced the insult, but proceeds to knock him on the head, to challenge and thereafter to shoot him, or to prosecute him in a jury court and inflict pain by depriving him of money. These are the common methods by which men inflict animal retribution on each other, and in their essential character they do not much differ from those followed by the lower creatures.

I do not say that these proceedings are absolutely without beneficial effect. The animal faculties are selfish, and these inroads upon their enjoyment have undoubtedly a tendency to check them. It is painful to a gentleman to be knocked down or shot; and, in consequence, many individuals of low principles, who would not be restrained from insulting their neighbours by the dictates of their own feelings, are induced to modify their conduct by the fear of these forms of retaliation : but here the benefit terminates. The infliction of the chastisement gratifies only the animal faculties of the injured party, and it is addressed exclusively to the animal part of the offender's mind. Habitual morality, however, cannot exist without supreme activity of the moral sentiments; and the whole code of animal law, and animal punishment, does exceedingly little to establish this as a permanent condition of mind.

Under the moral and intellectual law, everything is different. The intellectual faculties inquire into the causes of abuses, and the moral sentiments desire to remove them with kindness and respect even for the offender himself. If one person insult another, the intellect, aided by Phrenology, perceives that he must of necessity do so either from extreme predominance of Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Self-Esteem in his own brain, whence arises an impulsive tendency to insult; just as some ill-natured dogs and horses have a tendency to bite without provocation; or, secondly, from excessive external stimulus,—that is to say, from some

aggression offered to his lower faculties by other indi- | of arriving at a correct view of the question is to supviduals; or, thirdly, from intellectual ignorance,-that is, erroneously supposing unreal motives and intentions in the party whom he insults. If one person cheat another, intellect, with the assistance of Phrenology, perceives that he can do so only because Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness predominate in him over Conscientiousness; -because the external temptation to cheat is too powerful for his faculties to resist; -or because he is ignorant that cheating is equally fatal to his own interest as injurious to that of his victim. In short, no abuse of the animal faculties can be committed that may not be traced to these or similar causes.

But intellect and the moral sentiments desire to remove the causes as the most effectual way of putting an end to the effects, and their method is one congenial to their own constitution. If a man be by nature irritable, and prone to injure every one with whom he comes into contact, they desire most sedulously to remove every influence that may tend to exasperate his propensities, and also to surround him with a pure moral and intellectual atmosphere. If he be exposed to temptation, they desire to withdraw it; if he be misinformed, ignorant, or deceived, they desire to instruct him, or to give him correct information. After we have suffered injury from another, if we perceive the causes from which it has proceeded to be really such as I have now explained, and if we comprehend and believe in the supremacy of the moral law, it will be impossible for us to prefer the method of redress by animal resentment.

The question naturally presents itself, What is the distinction between right and wrong, under this system? If offences proceed from unfortunate development of brain, not fashioned by the individual himself,-from external temptations which he did not make, -or from want of knowledge which he never had it in his power to acquire,-how are the distinctions between right and wrong, merit and demerit, to be explained and maintained? The answer is simple.

The natural distinction between right and wrong, so far as man is concerned, depends on the constitution of his faculties. The act of wantonly killing another is wrong, because it is in direct opposition to the dictates of Benevolence. The act of appropriating to ourselves effects belonging to another is wrong, because it is distirctly denounced by Conscientiousness; and so with The authority of the moral law, in all other misdeeds. forbidding these offences, depends on the whole arrangements of creation being constituted to enforce its dictates. If Benevolence and Conscientiousness denounce murder, and if the whole other faculties of the mind, and the external order of things, harmonize with their dictates and combine to punish the offender, the foundation and sanctions of the moral law appear abundantly strong. It has been objected, that, in Tartary, to steal from strangers is honourable; but Dr T. Brown has well answered this objection. There are more principles in the mind than Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness; and it is quite possible to misinform the intellect, and thereby misdirect the propensities and sentiments. For example, the Tartars are taught to believe, that all men beyond their own tribes are their enemies, and would rob and murder them if they could; and, of course, as long as this intellectual conviction lasts, strangers become the objects of their animal resentment. Every foreigner is, in their eyes, a criminal, clearly convicted of deliberate purpose to rob and murder. In Britain, under Lord Ellenborough's act, when men are convicted in a court of this intention, they are delivered over to the hangman to be executed; and we might as well maintain, as a general proposition, that the English are fond of hanging one another, as that the Tartars approve of robbery and murder. Strangers whom the latter maltreat in this manner, actually stand convicted in their minds of an intention of using them in the same way if they could. The real method

pose the conviction complete in a Tartar's mind, that other men love him and make him an object of their most sedulous benevolence, and then ask him whether he approves of robbing and murdering a benefactor. There is no instance of human nature, in a state of sanity, regarding such a deed as virtuous. The moral law, therefore, when cleared of other principles that may act along with it, but are not part of it, is obviously universal and inflexible in its dictates.*

The views contained in this chapter were printed and distributed among a few friends in 1827, and I was favoured by them with several remarks. Two of these

appear to me to merit a reply.

It is objected, that, according to the moral system of treating offenders, punishment would be abrogated and crime encouraged.

I respectfully answer, that if this system be right in itself and suited to the nature of man, it will carry in itself all the punishment that will be needed, or that can serve any beneficial end. I believe that to an individual whose mind consists chiefly of animal propensities and intellect,-confinement, compulsory labour, and the enforcement of moral conduct, will be highly disagreeable, and that this is the punishment which the Creator designed should attend that unfortunate combination of mental qualities. It is analogous to the pain of a wound; the object of which is, to induce the patient to avoid injuring himself again. The irksomeness and suffering to a criminal, inseparable from confinement and forced labour, are intended as inducements to him to avoid infringements of the moral law; and when perceived by himself to arise from the connexion established by the Creator between crime and the most humane means of restraining it, he will learn to submit to the infliction, without those rebellious feelings which are generally excited by pure animal retribution. It appears to me that the call for more suffering than would accompany the moral method of treatment, proceeds to a great extent from the yet untamed barbarism of our own minds; just as it was the savageness of the hearts of our ancestors which led them to regard torture and burning as necessary in their administration of criminal justice. In proportion as the higher sentiments shall gain ascendency among men, severity will be less in demand, and its inutility will be more generally perceived. The Americans, in their penitentiaries, have set an admirable example to Europe in regard to criminal legislation. Their views still admit of improvement, but they have entered on the right path by which success is to be attained. Dr Caldwell of Louisville has offered them excellent counsel, which I hope they will appreciate and follow.

Another objection is, that the views now advocated, even supposing them to be true, are Utopian, and can-not be carried into effect in the present condition of society. I deny the first branch of this objection; but admit the second to be well-founded. No system of morals which is true, can be Utopian—this term being understood to mean visionary and impracticable. a true system may not be reducible to practice, on its first announcement, by a people who do not know one jot of its principles, and whose guides sedulously divert their minds from studying it. Christianity itself has not yet been generally practised; but does any rational man on this account denounce it as Utopian and worthless? It would be folly to expect judges and juries to abandon the existing practice of criminal jurisprudence, and to adopt that which is here recommended, before they, and the society for whom they act, understand and approve of its principles; and no one who bears in mind by what slow and laborious steps truth makes its way, and how long a period is necessary before it can develope itself in practice, will expect any new system

^{*} This subject is more fully trated of in my work on Moral Philosophy.

to triumph in the age in which it was first promulgated. | I have frequently repeated in this work, that, by the moral law, we cannot enjoy the full fruits even of our own intelligence and virtue, until our neighbours have been rendered as wise and amiable as ourselves. No reasonable man, therefore, can expect to see the principles expounded in this work, although true, generally diffused and adopted in society, until the natural means of communicating a knowledge of them, and producing a general conviction of their truth and utility, shall have been perseveringly employed for a period sufficient to accomplish this end. In the mean time, the established practices of society must be supported, if not respected; and he is no friend to the real progress of mankind, who, the moment after he has planted his own principles, would attempt to gather the fruit of them before he has allowed summer and autumn to bring the product to maturity. The rational philanthropist will zealously teach his principles, and introduce them into practice as favourable opportunities occur; not doubting that he will thereby sooner accomplish his object, than by making premature attempts at realizing them, which must inevitably end in disappointment.*

SECT. II .- MORAL ADVANTAGES OF PUNISHMENT.

After the mind has embraced the principles of the Divine administration, wisdom, benevolence, and justice, are discernible in the punishments annexed to the natural laws. Punishment endured by one individual, also serves to warn others against transgression. These facts appear to indicate that one object of the arrangements of creation is the improvement of the moral and intellectual nature of man. So strikingly conspicuous, indeed, is the ameliorating influence of suffering, that many persons have supposed this to be the primary object for which it is sent; a notion which, with great deference, I cannot help regarding as unfounded in principle, and dangerous in practice. If evils and misfortunes are mere mercies of Providence, it follows that a headach consequent on a debauch is not intended to prevent repetition of drunkenness, so much as to prepare the debauchee for the invisible world; and that shipwreck in a crazy vessel is not so directly designed to render the merchant cautious, as to lead him to heaven.

It is undeniable, that in innumerable instances pain and sorrow are the direct consequences of our own misconduct; while at the same time it is obviously benevolent in the Deity to render them beneficial directly, as a warning against future transgression, and indirectly, as a means of leading to the purification of the mind. Nevertheless, if we shall imagine that in some instances pain is dispensed as a direct punishment for particular transgressions, and in others only on account of sin in general, and with the view of ameliorating the spirit of the sufferer, we may ascribe inconsistency to the Creator, and expose ourselves to the danger of attributing our own afflictions to his favour, and those of other men to his wrath; thus fostering in our minds self-conceit and uncharitableness. Individuals who entertain the belief that bad health, worldly ruin, and sinister accidents, befalling them, are not punishments for infringe-

* The leading ideas expounded in this chapter have been most ably and eloquently followed out by Dr Charles Caldwell, Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the University of Lexington, Kentucky, in his "New Views of Penitentiary Discipline, and Moral Education and Reformation of Criminals," published at Philadelphia in 1829, and reprinted in the Phrenological Journal, vol. viii. pp. 385, 493. Mr Simpson also has treated the subject with great ability in the same journal, vol. iv. p. 481, and in the appendix to his work on the "Necessity of Popular Education,"—a work in which he has expounded and applied many principles of the present treatise with much acuteness and felicity of illustration. In 1841, Mr M. B. Sampson pub.ished a valuable exposition of the same principles under the title of "Criminal Jurisprudence considered in relation to Mental Organization."

ment of the laws of nature, but particular manifestations of the love of the Creator towards themselves, make slight inquiry into the natural causes of their miseries, and bestow few efforts to remove them. consequence, the chastisements endured by them, neither correct their own conduct, nor deter others from committing similar transgressions. Some religious sects, who entertain these views of the divine government, literally act upon them, and refuse to inoculate their children with the cow-pox, or take other means of avoiding natural calamities. Regarding these as dispensations of Providence sent to prepare them for a future world, they conceive that the more that befall them the better. Farther, these ideas, besides being repugnant to the common sense of mankind, are at variance with the principle that the world is arranged so as to favour virtue and discountenance vice; because favouring virtue means obviously that the favoured virtuous will enjoy more happiness, and negatively suffer fewer misfortunes, than the vicious. The view, therefore, now advocated, appears less exceptionable, viz. that punishment serves a double purpose-directly to warn us against transgression, and indirectly (when rightly apprehended) to subdue our lower propensities, and purify and vivify our moral and intellectual powers.

Bishop Butler coincides in this interpretation of natural calamities. "Now," says he, "in the present state, all which we enjoy, and a great part of what we suffer, is put in our own power.* For pleasure and pain are the consequences of our actions; and we are endued by the Author of our nature with capacities of foreseeing these consequences." "I know not that we have any one kind or degree of enjoyment, but by the means of our own actions. And, by prudence and care, we may, for the most part, pass our days in tolerable ease and quiet: or, on the contrary, we may, by rashness, ungoverned passion, wilfulness, or even by negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please. And many do please to make themselves extremely miserable; i. e. they do what they knew beforehand will render them so. They follow those ways, the fruit of which they know, by instruction, example, experience, will be disgrace, and poverty, and sickness, and untimely death. This every one observes to be the general course of things; though it is to be allowed, we cannot find by experience, that all our sufferings are owing to our own follies."-Analogy, part i. ch. 2. In accordance with this last remark, I have treated of hereditary diseases; and evils resulting from earthquakes, volcanoes, hurricanes, and other convulsions of nature, may be added to the same class.

It has been objected that such punishments as the breaking of an arm by a fall, are often so disproportionately severe, that, in appointing them, the Creator must have had in view some other and more important object than that of making them serve as mere motives to the observance of the physical laws; and that that object must be to influence the mind of the sufferer, and draw his attention to concerns of higher import.

In answer I remark, that the human body is liable to destruction by severe injuries; and that the degree of suffering, in general, bears a just proportion to the danger connected with the transgression. Thus, a slight surfeit is attended only with headach or general uneasiness, because it does not endanger life; a fall on any muscular part of the body is followed either with no pain, or with only a slight indisposition, for the reason that it is not seriously injurious to life; but when a leg or arm is broken, the pain is intensely severe, because the bones of these limbs stand high in the scale of utility to man. The human body is so framed that it may fall nine times and suffer little damage, but the tenth time a limb may be broken, which will entail a painful chastisement. By this arrangement the mind is kept alive to danger to such an extent as to ensure general

* These words are printed in Italies in the original.

safety, while at the same time it is not overwhelmed with terror by punishments too severe and too frequently repeated. In particular states of the body, a slight wound may be followed by inflammation and death; but these are the results not simply of the wound, but of a previous derangement of health, occasioned by departures from the organic laws.

On the whole, therefore, no adequate reason appears for regarding the consequences of physical accidents in any other light than as direct punishments for infringement of the natural laws, and indirectly as a means of accomplishing moral and religious improvement. On page 79 I have pointed out the distinction between merit and demerit in human actions, and do not consider it

necessary here to revert to that topic.

In the preceding chapters we have obtained glimpses of some of the sanctions of the moral law, which may be briefly recapitulated. If we obey it, many desirable results ensue. In the first place, we enjoy the highest gratifications of which our nature is susceptible, in habitual and sustained activity of our noblest faculties. Secondly, We become objects of esteem and affection to our fellow-men, and enjoy exalted social pleasure. Thirdly, Whatever we undertake, being projected in harmony with the course of nature, will prosper. Fourthly, By observing the moral law, we shall place ourselves in the most favourable condition for obeying the organic law, and then enjoy health of body and buoyancy of Fifthly, By obeying the moral, intellectual, and organic laws, we shall place ourselves in the best condition for observing the physical laws, and thereby reap the countless benefits conferred by them.

To perceive, on the other hand, the penalties by which the Creator punishes infringements of the moral law, we need only to reverse the picture. There is denial of that elevated, refined, and steady enjoyment, which springs from the supreme activity of the moral sentiments and intellect, and from the perception of the harmony between them and the institutions of creation. By infringing the moral law we become objects of dislike and aversion to our fellow-men; and this carries denial of gratification to many of our social faculties. Whatever we undertake in opposition to the moral law, being an enterprise against the course of nature, cannot succeed; and its fruits must therefore be disappointment and vexation. Inattention to the moral and intellectual law incapacitates us for obedience to the organic and physical laws; and sickness, pain, and poverty overtake us. The whole scheme of creation, then, appears constituted for the purpose of enforcing obedience to the moral law: virtue, religion, and happiness, seem to be founded in the inherent constitution of the human faculties, and in the adaptation of the external world to them; and not to depend on the will, the fancies, or the desires of man.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE COMBINED OPERATION OF THE NATURAL LAWS.

Combined operation of the natural laws illustrated by reference to the defects of the arrangements for jury trial in Scotland,—the great fires in Edinburgh in 1824,—shipwrecks from ignorance or irrational conduct in the commander,-Captain Lyon's unsuccessful attempt to reach Repulse Bay,-foundering of decayed and ill-equipped vessels at sea, and the mercantile distress which overspread Britain in 1825-26.

HAVING now unfolded several of the natural laws, and their effects, and having also attempted to shew that each is inflexible and independent in itself, and requires absolute obedience (so that a man who neglects the physical law will suffer the physical punishment, although he may be very attentive to the moral law; that one who infringes the organic law will suffer or- laws of nature, which never cease to operate, the effect

ganic punishment, although he may obey the physical law; and that a person who violates the moral law will suffer the moral punishment, although he should observe the other two), I proceed to consider the relationship among these laws, and to adduce some instances of their joint operation.

The defective administration of justice is a fertile source of human suffering in all countries; yet it is surprising how rude are the arrangements which are still in use, even in free and enlightened countries, for

accomplishing this important end.

A jury in a civil cause in Edinburgh consists of twelve men, eight or ten of whom are frequently summoned from the country, within a distance of twenty or thirty miles round the capital. These individuals hold the plough, wield the hammer or the hatchet, or carry on some other useful and respectable but laborious occupation, for six days in the week. Their muscular systems are in constant exercise, and their brains are rarely called on for any great exertion. They are not accustomed to read beyond the Bible and a weekly newspaper; they are still less in the habit of thinking; and in general they live much in the open air.

In this condition they are placed in a jury-box at ten o'clock in the morning, after having travelled probably from seven to twenty-five miles to reach the court: counsel address long speeches to them; numerous witnesses are examined; and the cause is branched out into complicated details of fact, and wire-worn distinctions in argument. The court is a small and ill-ventilated apartment, and in consequence is generally crowded and over-heated. Without being allowed to breathe fresh air, or to take exercise or food, they are confined to their seats till eight or ten in the evening,-when they retire to return a verdict, by which they may dispose of thousands of pounds, and in which they are re-

quired by law to be unanimous.

There is here a tissue of errors which could not exist for a day if the natural laws were generally understood. First, the daily habits and occupations of such jurors render their brains inactive, and their intellects consequently incapable of attending to, and comprehending, complicated cases of fact and argument. Secondly, their memories cannot retain the facts, while their skill in penmanship and literature is not sufficient to enable them to take notes; and their reflecting faculties are not capable of generalizing. Their education and daily pursuits, therefore, do not furnish them with principles of thinking, and power of mental action, sufficient to enable them to unravel the web of intricacies presented to their understandings. Thirdly, protracted confinement in a close apartment, amidst vitiated air, operates injuriously on the most vivacious temperaments:-on such men it has a tenfold effect in lowering the action of the brain and inducing mental incapacity, because it is diametrically opposed to their usual condition. Add to these considerations, that occasionally a jury trial lasts two, three, or even four days, each of which presents a repetition of the circumstances here described; and then the reader may judge whether such jurors are the fittest instruments, and in the best condition, for disposing of the fortunes of a people who boast of their love of justice, and of their admirable institutions for obtaining it.

The influence of the bodily condition of a human being on his mental capacity seems never to have entered the imaginations of our legislators as a matter of importance in the administration of justice. In the Circuit Courts of Scotland, the judges frequently sit for several days in succession in a crowded apartment, intently engaged in business, from ten o'clock in the morning till eight, ten, or twelve at night, without any extensive intermission or exercise. They go to their hotel at these late hours, dine, take wine, retire to bed, and next morning resume their seats on the bench. By the

intellectual organs, and, by constraint, want of exercise, and obstruction of the bodily functions, to irritate and exalt the activity of the animal organs; so that, at the close of a circuit, even the strongest and most estimable and talented individual is physically deteriorated, and mentally incapacitated for the distribution of justice, compared with himself when he began his labours. It is accordingly matter of observation, that in proportion as a long and heavy session in circuit advances, irritability, impatience, and intellectual obscuration, appear in the judges. The accused who go to trial first, therefore, have a far higher chance of obtaining justice, than those who appear last on the roll.

In these instances there are evident infringements of the organic and moral laws; and the combined result is the maladministration of justice, of which the country so loudly complains. The proper remedies will be found in educating the people more effectually, in training them to the exercise of their mental faculties, and in observing the organic laws in the structure of courtrooms, and in the proceedings that take place within

Another example of the combined operation of the natural laws is afforded by the great fires which occurred in Edinburgh in November 1824, when the Parliament Square and a part of the High Street were consumed. That calamity may be viewed in the following light:-The Creator constituted England and Scotland with such qualities, and placed them in such relationship, that the inhabitants of both kingdoms would be most happy in acting towards each other, and pursuing their separate vocations, under the supremacy of the moral sentiments. We have lived to see this practised, and to reap the reward. But the ancestors of the two nations did not believe in this constitution of the world, and they preferred acting according to the suggestions of the propensities; that is to say, they waged furious wars, and committed wasting devastations on each other's properties and lives. vious from history that the two nations were equally ferocious, and delighted reciprocally in each other's ca-This was clearly a violent infringement of the moral law; and one effect of it was to render the possession of a stronghold an object of paramount importance. The hill on which the Old Town of Edinburgh is built, was naturally surrounded by marshes, and presented a perpendicular front to the west, capable of being crowned with a castle. It was appropriated with avidity, and the metropolis of Scotland was founded there, obviously and undeniably under the inspiration purely of the animal faculties. It was fenced round with ramparts, built to exclude the fierce warriors who then inhabited the country lying south of the Tweed, and also to protect the inhabitants from the feudal banditti who infested their own soil. The space within the walls, however, was limited and narrow; the attractions to the spot were numerous; and to make the most of it, our ancestors erected the enormous masses of high and crowded buildings which now compose the High Street, and the wynds or alleys on its two sides. These abodes, moreover, were constructed, to a great extent, of timber; for not only the joists and floors, but the partitions between the rooms, were made of massive wood. Our ancestors did all this in the perfect knowledge of the physical law, that wood ignited by fire not only is consumed itself, but envelopes in inevitable destruction every combustible object within its influence. Farther, their successors, even when the necessity for close building had ceased, persevered in the original error; and, though well knowing that every year added to the age of these fabrics increased their liability to burn, they not only allowed them to be occupied as shops filled with paper, spirituous liquors, and other highly inflammable materials, but let the upper flcors for brothels,-introducing thereby into the heart of

of this conduct is to impair the vigour of the moral and | this magazine of combustibles the most reckless and immoral of mankind. The consummation was the two tremendous fires of November 1824 (the one originating in a whisky-cellar, and the other in a garret-brothel), which consumed the Parliament Square and a portion of the High Street, destroying property to the extent of many thousands of pounds, and spreading misery and ruin over a considerable part of the population of the city. Wonder, consternation, and awe, were forcibly excited at the vastness of the calamity; and in the sermons that were preached, and the dissertations that were written upon it, much was said of the inscrutable ways of Providence, which sent such visitations on the people, enveloping the innocent and the guilty in one common scene of destruction.

According to the exposition of the ways of Providence which I have ventured to give, there was nothing wonderful, nothing vengeful, nothing arbitrary, in the whole occurrence. The only reason for surprise was, The nethat it did not take place generations before. cessity for these fabrics originated in gross violation of the moral law; they were constructed in high contempt of the physical law; and, latterly, the moral law was set at defiance, by placing in them inhabitants abandoned to the worst habits of recklessness and intoxication. The Creator had bestowed on men faculties to perceive all this, and to avoid the calamity, whenever they chose to exert them; and the destruction that ensued was the punishment of following the propensities, in preference to the dictates of intellect and morality. The object of the destruction, as a natural event, was to lead men to avoid repetition of the offences: but the principles of the divine government are not yet comprehended. Acquisitiveness whispers that more money may be made of houses consisting of five or six floors under one roof, than of houses consisting of only two or three; and erections the very counterparts of the former, have since been reared on the spot where the others stood, and, sooner or later, they also will be overtaken by the natural laws, which never slumber or

The true method of arriving at a sound view of calamities of this kind, is to direct our attention, in the first instance, to the law of nature, from the operation of which they have originated; then to find out the uses and advantages of that law, when observed; and to discover whether or not the evils under consideration have arisen from violation of it. In the present instance, we should never lose sight of the fact, that the houses in question stood erect, and the furniture in safety, by the very same law of gravitation which made them topple to the foundation when it was infringed; and that mankind enjoy all the benefits which result from the combustibility of the timber as fuel, by the very same law which makes it, when unduly ignited, the cause of a destructive conflagration.

This instance affords a striking illustration of the manner in which the physical and organic laws are constituted in harmony with, and in subserviency to, the moral law. The motive which led to the construction of the houses in the Old Town of Edinburgh (with the deprivation of free air, and liability to combustion that attended them), is found in the excessive predominance of Combativeness, Destructiveness, Self-Esteem, and Acquisitiveness, in our ancestors; and although the ancient personages who erected these monuments of animal supremacy had no conception that, in doing so they were laying the foundations of a severe punishment to themselves and their posterity,-yet, when we compare the comforts and advantages that would have accompanied dwellings constructed under the inspira tion of Benevolence, Ideality, and enlightened Intellect. with the contaminating, debasing, and dangerous effects of their actual workmanship, we perceive most clearly that our ancestors were really the instruments of chastising their own transgressions, and of transmitting that chastisement to their posterity so long as the animal supremacy shall be prolonged. Another example may be given. Men, by uniting under one leader, may, in virtue of the social law, acquire great advantages to themselves, which singly they could not obtain; and, as formerly stated, the condition under which the benefits of that law are permitted is, that the leader shall know and obey the natural laws connected with his enterprise: If he neglect these, then the same principle which gives the social body the benefit of his observing them, involves it in the punishment of his infringement; and this is just, because, under the natural law, the leader must necessarily be chosen by his followers, and they are responsible for not attending to his natural qualities. Some illustrations of the consequences of neglecting this law may be stated, in which the mixed operation of the physical and moral laws will

During the French war, a squadron of English ships was sent to the Baltic with military stores, and, in returning home up the North Sea, they were beset, for two or three days, by a thick fog. It was about the middle of December, and no correct knowledge of their exact situation was possessed. Some of the commanders proposed lying-to all night, and proceeding only during day, to avoid running ashore unawares. The commodore was exceedingly attached to his wife and family, and, stating his determination to pass Christmas with them in England if possible, ordered that the ships should prosecute their voyage. The very same night they all struck on a sand-bank off the coast of Holland; two ships of the line were dashed to pieces, and every man on board perished. The third ship drawing less water, was forced over the bank by the waves and stranded on the beach; the crew were saved, but led to a captivity of many years' duration. These vessels were destroyed under the physical laws; but this calamity owed its origin to the predominance of the animal over the moral and intellectual faculties in the commodore. The gratification which he sought to obtain was individual and selfish; and, if his Benevolence, Veneration, Conscientiousness, and Intellect, had been as alert as his domestic affections, and carried as forcibly home to his mind the welfare of the men under his charge as that of his own family, nay, if these faculties had been sufficiently alive to see the danger to which he exposed even his own life, and the happiness of his wife and children, he never could have followed the precipitate course which consigned himself and so many brave men to a watery grave.

Some years ago, the Ogle Castle, East Indiaman, was offered a pilot coming up the Channel; but the captain refused assistance, professing his own skill to be sufficient. In a few hours the ship ran aground on a sandbank, and every human being on board perished in the waves. This accident also arose from physical causes; but their unfavourable operation sprang from Self-Esteem, pretending to knowledge which the Intellect did not possess; and, as it is only by employing the latter that obedience can be yielded to the physical laws, the destruction of the ship was indirectly the consequence of the infringement of the moral and intellectual laws.

An old sailor, whom I met on the Queensferry passage, told me that he had been nearly fifty years at sea, and once was in a fifty-gun ship in the West Indies. The captain, he said, was a "fine man;" he new the climate, and foresaw a hurricane coming, by its natural signs;—on one occasion in particular, he struck the topmasts, lowered the yards, lashed the guns, and made each man supply himself with food for thirty-six hours; and scarcely was this done when the hurricane came. The ship lay for four hours on her beam-ends in the water, but all was prepared; the men were kept in vigour during the storm, and fit for every exertion; the ship at last righted, suffered little damage, and pro-

ceeded on her voyage. The fleet which she convoyed was dispersed, and a great number of the ships foundered. Here we see the benefits accruing from the supremacy of the moral and intellectual faculties, and discover to what a surprising extent these present a guarantee against even the fury of the physical elements in their highest state of agitation.

A striking illustration of the kind of protection afforded by high moral and intellectual qualities, even amidst the most desperate physical circumstances, is furnished by the following letter written by the late Admiral Lord Exmouth to a friend: "Why do you ask me to relate the wreck of the Dutton?" says his Lordship. "Susan (Lady Exmouth) and I were driving to a dinner-party at Plymouth, when we saw crowds running to the Hoe; and learning it was a wreck, I left the carriage to take her on, and joined the crowd. I saw the loss of the whole five or six hundred men. was inevitable without somebody to direct them, for the last officer was pulled on shore as I reached the surf. I urged their return, which was refused; upon which I made the rope fast to myself, and was hauled through the surf on board,-established order, and did not leave her until every soul was saved but the boatswain, who would not go before me. I got safe, and so did he, and the ship went all to pieces."

Indeed, there is reason to believe that the human intellect will, in time, be able, by means of science and observation, to arrive at a correct anticipation of approaching storms, and thus obtain protection against their effects. The New Zealanders, it is said, predict the changes of the weather with extraordinary skill. "One evening, when Captain Cruise and some of his friends were returning from a long excursion up one of the rivers, although the sky was at the time without a cloud, a native, who sat in the boat with them, remarked that there would be heavy rain the next day; a prediction which they were the more inclined to believe by finding, when they returned on board the ship, that the barometer had fallen very much, and which the deluge of the following morning completely confirmed."*

The utility of the marine barometer, or the symplesometer, in indicating approaching storms, is strikingly shewn by the following extract from the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

"The correspondent (Mr Stevenson, civil engineer) to whom we are indebted for the notice regarding the Scotch fisheries, inserted in this number (p. 129), informs us, that having occasion, towards the conclusion of his voyage, in the beginning of September last, to. visit the Isle of Man, he beheld the interesting spectacle. of about three hundred large fishing-boats, each from fifteen to twenty tons' burden, leaving their various harbours at that island in an apparently fine afternoon, and standing directly out to sea, with the intention of prosecuting the fishery under night. He at the same time remarked, that both the common marine barometer. and Adie's symplesometer, which were in the cabin of his vessel, indicated an approaching change of weather; the mercury falling to 29.5 inches. It became painful. therefore, to witness the scene; more than a thousand: industrious fishermen, lulled to security by the fineness. of the day, scattering their little barks over the face of the ocean, and thus rushing forward to imminent danger, or probable destruction. At sunset, accordingly, the sky became cloudy and threatening; and in the course of the night it blew a very hard gale, which afterwards continued for three days successively. This gale completely dispersed the fleet of boats, and it was not without the utmost difficulty that many of them reached the various creeks of the island. It is believed no lives were lost on this occasion; but the boats were damaged, much tackle was destroyed, and the men were unneces-

* Library of Entertaining Knowledge; The New Zealanders
p 381.

sarily exposed to danger and fatigue. During the same storm, it may be remarked, thirteen vessels were either totally lost, or stranded between the Isle of Anglesey and St Bee's Headin Lancashire. Mr Stevenson remarks how much it is to be regretted that the barometer is so little in use in the mercantile marine of Great Britain, compared with the trading vessels of Holland; and observes, that though the common marine barometer is perhaps too cumbersome for the ordinary run of fishing and coasting vessels. yet Adie's symplesometer is so extremely portable, that it may be carried even in a Manx boat. Each lot of such vessels has a commodore, under whose orders the fleet sails; it would therefore be a most desirable thing that a sympiesometer should be attached to each commodore's boat, from which a preconcerted signal of an expected gale or change of weather, as indicated by the sympiesometer, could easily be given."- Edin. Phil. Journ. ii. 196.

Dr Neil Arnot, in mentioning the great utility of the marine barometer, states that he himself was " one of a numerous crew who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning. It was in a southern latitude. The sun had just set with placid appearance, closing a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's order came to prepare with all haste for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet the oldest sailors had not perceived even a threatening in the sky, and were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations ; but the required measures were not completed, when a more awful hurricane burst upon them than the most experienced had ever braved."-" In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given the warning, neither the strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, could have saved one man to tell the tale."*

One of the most instructive illustrations of the connection between the different natural laws is presented in Captain Lyon's Brief Narrative of an unsuccessful attempt to reach Repulse Bay, in his Majesty's ship

Griper, in the year 1824.

Captain Lyon mentions, that he sailed in the Griper on 13th June 1824, in company with his Majesty's surveying vessel Snap, as a store-tender. The Griper was 180 tons burden, and "drew 16 feet 1 inch abaft, and 15 feet 10 inches forward." On the 26th, he "was sorry to observe that the Griper, from her great depth and sharpness forward, pitched very deeply."-She sailed so ill, that, "in a stiff breeze, and with studdingsails set, he was unable to get above four knots an hour out of her, and she was twice whirled round in an eddy in the Pentland Firth, from which she could not escape."-On the 3d July, he says, "being now fairly at sea, I caused the Snap to take us in tow, which I had declined doing as we passed up the east coast of England, although our little companion had much difficulty in keeping under sufficiently low sail for us, and by noon we had passed the Stack Back." "The Snap was of the greatest assistance, the Griper frequently towing at the rate of five knots, in cases where she would not have zone three."-" On the forenoon of the 16th, the Snap came and took us in tow; but, at noon on the 17th, strong breezes and a heavy swell obliged us again to cast off. We scudded while able, but our depth in the water caused us to ship so many heavy seas, that I most reluctantly brought to under storm stay-sails. This was rendered exceedingly mortifying, by observing that our companion was perfectly dry, and not af-

* Arnot's Elements of Physics, i. 350. Theory of storms, based on numerous and extensive observations, has recently been propounded by Mr Espy of Philadelphia, which explains, on philosophical principles, the causes of the depression of the barometer previous to a hurricane, and also of the succeding storm itself. There is a prospect, therefore, of the laws which govern even storms being at length ascertained.

fected by the sea."—" When our stores were all on board, we found our narrow decks completely crowded by them. The gangways, forecastle, and abaft the mizzen-mast, were filled with casks, hawsers, whale-lines, and stream-cables, while on our straitened lower decks we were obliged to place casks and other stores, in every part but that allotted to the ship's company's messtables; and even my cabin had a quantity of things stowed away in it."—" It may be proper to mention, that the Fury and Hecla, which were enabled to stow three years' provisions, were each exactly double the size of the Griper, and the Griper carried two years' and a half's provisions."

Having arrived in the Polar Seas, they were visited by a storm, of which Captain Lyon gives the following description :- "We soon, however, came to fifteen fathoms, and I kept right away, but had then only ten; when, being unable to see far around us, and observing, from the whiteness of the water, that we were on a bank, I rounded to at seven A. M., and tried to bring up with the starboard anchor and seventy fathoms chain, but the stiff breeze and heavy sea caused this to part in half an hour, and we again made sail to the north-eastward; but finding we came suddenly to seven fathoms, and that the ship could not possibly work out again, as she would not face the sea, or keep steerage-way on her, I most reluctantly brought her up with three bowers and a stream in succession, yet not before we had shoaled to five and a half. This was between eight and nine A. M., the ship pitching bows under, and a tremendous sea running. At noon, the starboard-bower anchor parted, but the others held.

" As there was every reason to fear the falling of the tide, which we knew to be from twelve to fifteen feet on this coast, and in that case the total destruction of the ship, I caused the long-boat to be hoisted out, and with the four smaller ones, to be stored to a certain extent with arms and provisions. The officers drew lots for their respective boats, and the ship's company were stationed to them. The long-boat having been filled full of stores which could not be put below, it became requisite to throw them overboard, as there was no room for them on our very small and crowded decks, over which heavy seas were constantly sweeping. In making these preparations for taking to the boats, it was evident to all, that the long-boat was the only one that had the slightest chance of living under the lee of the ship, should she be wrecked; but every man and officer drew his lot with the greatest composure, though two of our boats would have swamped the instant they were lowered. Yet, such was the noble feeling of those around me, that it was evident, that, had I ordered the boats in question to be manned, their crews would have entered them without a murmur. In the afternoon, on the weather clearing a little, we discovered a low beach all around astern of us, on which the surf was running to an awful height, and it appeared evident that no human power could save us. At three P. M., the tide had fallen to twenty-two feet (only six more than we drew), and the ship, having been lifted by a tremendous sea, struck with great violence the length of her keel. 'This we naturally conceived was the forerunner of her total wreck, and we stood in readiness to take the boats, and endeavour to hang under her lee. She continued to strike with sufficient force to have burst any less fortified vessel, at intervals of a few minutes whenever an unusual heavy sea passed us. And as the water was so shallow, these might be called breakers rather than waves, for each in passing burst with great force over our gangways, and, as every sea 'topped,' our decks were continually, and frequently deeply, flooded. All hands took a little refreshment, for some had scarcely been below for twenty-four hours, and I had not been in bed for three nights. Although few or none of us had any idea that we should survive the gale, we did not think that our

comforts should be entirely neglected, and an order was

therefore given to the men to put on their best and warmest clothing, to enable them to support life as long as possible. Every man, therefore, brought his bag on deck, and dressed himself; and in the fine athletic forms which stood before me, I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm. The officers each secured some useful instrument about them, for the purpose of observation, although it was acknowledged by all that not the slightest hope remained. And now that everything in our power had been done, I called all hands aft, and to a merciful God offered prayers for our preservation. I thanked every one for his excellent conduct, and cautioned them, as we should in all probability soon appear before our Maker, to enter his presence as men resigned to their fate. We then all sat down in groups, and, sheltered from the wash of the sea by whatever we could find, many of us endeavoured to obtain a little sleep. Never, perhaps, was witnessed a finer scene than on the deck of my little ship, when all the hope of life had left us. Noble as the character of the British sailor is always allowed to be in cases of danger, yet I did not believe it to be possible, that, amongst forty-one persons, not one repining word should have been uttered. The officers sat about, wherever they could find a shelter from the sea, and the men lay down conversing with each other with the most perfect calmness. Each was at peace with his neighbour and all the world, and I am firmly persuaded that the resignation which was then shewn to the will of the Almighty, was the means of obtaining his mercy. At about six P. M., the rudder, which had already received some very heavy blows, rose, and broke up the afterlockers, and this was the last severe shock that the ship received. We found by the well that she made no water, and by dark she struck no more. God was merciful to us, and the tide, almost miraculously, fell no lower. At dark heavy rain fell, but was borne in patience, for it beat down the gale, and brought with it a light air from the northward. At nine P. M. the water had deepened to five fathoms. The ship kept off the ground all night, and our exhausted crew obtained some broken rest."-P. 76.

In humble gratitude for his deliverance, he called the place "The Bay of God's mercy," and "offered up thanks and praises to God, for the mercy he had shewn to us."

On 12th September, they had another gale of wind, with cutting showers of sleet, and a heavy sea. "At such a moment as this," says Captain Lyon, "we had fresh cause to deplore the extreme dulness of the Griper's sailing; for though almost any other vessel would have worked off this lee-shore, we made little or no progress on a wind, but remained actually pitching, forecastle under, with scarcely steerage-way, to preserve which, I was ultimately obliged to keep her nearly two points off the wind."—P. 98.

Another storm overtook them, which is described as follows :- " Never shall I forget the dreariness of this most anxious night. Our ship pitched at such rate, that it was not possible to stand, even below; while on deck we were unable to move, without holding by ropes, which were stretched from side to side. The drift snow flew in such sharp heavy flakes, that we could not look to windward, and it froze on deck to above a foot in depth. The sea made incessant, breaches quite fore and aft the ship, and the temporary warmth it gave while it washed over us, was most painfully checked, by its almost immediately freezing on our clothes. To these discomforts were added the horrible uncertainty as to whether the cables would hold until daylight, and the conviction also, that if they failed us, we should instantly be dashed to pieces, the wind blowing directly to the quarter in which we knew the shore must lie. Again, should they continue to hold us, we feared, by the ship's complaining so much forward, that the bits would be torn up, or that she would settle down at her anchors, overpowered by some of the tremendous seas which burst over her. At dawn on the 13th, thirty minutes after four A. M., we found that the best bower cable had parted; and, as the gale now blew with terrific violence from the north, there was little reason to expect that the other anchors would hold long; or, if they did, we pitched so deeply, and lifted so great a body of tater each time, that it was feared the windlass and forecastle would be torn up, or she must go down at her anchors: although the ports were knocked out, and a considerable portion of the bulwark cut away, she could scarcely discharge one sea before shipping another, and the decks were frequently flooded to an alarming depth.

"At six A. M. all farther doubts on this particular account were at an end; for, having received two overwhelming seas, both the other cables went at the same moment, and we were left helpless, without anchors, or any means of saving ourselves, should the shore, as we had every reason to expect, be close astern. And here, again, I had the happiness of witnessing the same general tranquillity as was shewn on the 1st of September. There was no outcry that the cables were gone; but my friend Mr Manico, with Mr Carr the gunner, came aft as soon as they recovered their legs, and, in the lowest whisper, informed me that the cables had all parted. The ship, in trending to the wind, lay quite down on her broadside, and, as it then became evident that nothing held her, and that she was quite helpless, each man instinctively took his station; while the seamen at the leads, having secured themselves as well as was in their power, repeated their soundings, on which our preservation depended, with as much composure as if we had been entering a friendly port. Here, again, that Almighty power, which had before so mercifully preserved us, granted us his protection."-P. 100.

Nothing can be more interesting and moving than this narrative; it displays a great predominance of the moral sentiments and intellect, but sadly unenlightened as to the natural laws. I have quoted, in Captain Lyon's own words, his description of the Griper, loaded to such excess that she drew sixteen feet waterthat she was incapable of sailing—that she was whirled round in an eddy in the Pentland Frith-and that seas broke over her which did not wet the deck of the little Snap, not half her size. Captain Lyon knew all this, and also the roughness of the climate to which he was steering; and, with these outrages of the physical law staring him in the face, he proceeded on his voyage, without addressing, so far as appears from his narrative, one remonstrance to the Lords of the Admiralty on the subject of this infringement of the principles of common prudence. My opinion is, that Captain Lyon was not blind to the errors committed in his equipment, or to their probable consequences; but that his powerful sentiment of Veneration, combined with Cautiousness and Love of Approbation (misdirected in this instance), deprived him of courage to complain to the Admiralty, through fear of giving offence; or that, if he did com plain, they prevented him from stating the fact in his narrative. To the tempestuous north he sailed; and his greatest dangers were clearly referrible to the very infringements of the physical laws which he describes. When the tide ebbed, his ship reached to within six feet of the bottom, and, in the hollow of every wave, struck with great violence: but she was loaded at least four feet too deeply, by his own account; so that, if he had done his duty, she would have had four feet of additional water, or ten feet in all, between her and the bottom, even in the hollow of the wave-a matter of the very last importance in such a critical situation. Indeed, with four feet more water, she would not have struck; besides, if less loaded, she would have struck less violently. Again, when pressed upon a lce-shore, her incapability of sailing was a most obvious cause of danger. In short, if Providence is to be regarded as the cause of these calamities, there is no indiscretion

which it is possible for man to commit, that may not, on the same principles, be charged against the Creator.

But the moral law again shines forth in delightful splendour in the conduct of Captain Lyon and his crew, when in the most forlorn condition. Piety, resignation, and manly resolution, then animated them to the noblest efforts. On the principle, that the power of accommodating our conduct to the natural laws depends on the activity of the moral sentiments and intellect, and that the more numerous the faculties that are excited, the greater is the energy communicated to the whole system, I would say, that while Captain Lyon's sufferings were, in a great degree, brought on by his infringements of the physical laws, his escape was greatly promoted by his obedience to the moral law; and that Providence, in the whole occurrences, proceeded on the broad and general principle, which sends advantage uniformly as the reward of obedience, and evil as the punishment of infringement, of every particular law of creation.

That storms and tempests have been instituted for some benevolent end, may, perhaps, be acknowledged when their causes and effects are fully known, which at present is not the case. But even amidst all our ignorance of these, it is surprising how small a portion of evil they would occasion if men obeyed the laws which are actually ascertained. How many ships perish from being sent to sea in an old worn-out condition, and illequipped, through mere Acquisitiveness; and how many more, from captains and crews being chosen who are greatly deficient in knowledge, intelligence, and morality, in consequence of which they infringe the physical laws! The London Courier, of 29th April 1834, contains a list of ten British brigs of war, mostly employed as packet ships, which had foundered at sea within the preceding twelve years, owing to bad construction and bad condition; while, it is remarked, not one American private packet ship, out of the vast number constantly sailing between Liverpool and New York, is recollected to have perished in that manner. Such facts shew how little Nature is to blame for the calamities of shipwreck, and to how great an extent they arise from human negligence and folly. We ought to look to all these matters, before we complain of storms as natural institutions.

The last example of the mixed operation of the natural laws which I shall notice, is the result of the mercantile distress in 1825-6. I have traced the origin of that visitation to excessive activity of Acquisitiveness, and a general ascendency of the animal and selfish faculties over the moral and intellectual powers. The punishments of these offences were manifold. The excesses infringed the moral law, and the chastisement for this, was deprivation of the tranquil steady enjoyment that flows only from the moral sentiments, with severe suffering in the ruin of fortune and blasting of hope. These disappointments produced mental anguish and depression, which occasioned an unhealthy state of the brain. The action of the brain being disturbed, a morbid nervous influence was transmitted to the whole corporeal system; bodily disease was superadded to mental sorrow; and, in some instances, the unhappy sufferers committed suicide to escape from these aggravated evils. Under the organic law, the children produced in this period of mental depression, bodily distress, and organic derangement, will inherit weak bodies, with feeble and irritable minds-a hereditary chastisement for their father's transgressions.

In the instances now given, we discover the various laws acting in perfect harmony, and in subordination to the moral and intellectual laws. ... If our ancestors had not forsaken the supremacy of the moral sentiments, such fabrics as the houses in the old town of Edinburgh never would have been built; and if the modern proprietors had returned to that law, and kept profligate and drunken inhabitants out of them, the conflagration

might still have been avoided. In the case of the ships, we see that wherever intellect and morality have been relaxed, and animal motives permitted to assume the supremacy, evil has speedily followed; and that where the higher powers were called forth, safety had been obtained. And, finally, in the case of the merchants and manufacturers, we trace their calamities directly to placing Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem above intellect and moral sentiment.

Formidable and appalling, then, as these punishments are,—yet, when we attend to the laws under which they occur, and porceive that the object and legitimate operation of every one of those laws, when observed, is to produce happiness to man, and that the punishments have in view the sole object of forcing him back to happiness,—we cannot, under the supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect, fail to bow in humility before them, as at once wise, benevolent, and just.

CHAPTER VIII.

INFLUENCE OF THE NATURAL LAWS ON THE HAPPINESS OF INDIVIDUALS.

The objection considered, that although, when viewed abstractly, the natural laws appear beneficent and just, yet they are undeniably the cause of extensive, severe, and unavoidable suffering to individuals—Their justice and benevolence, in reference to individuals, illustrated by imaginary cases of the suspension of various physical, organic, and social laws.

A FORMIDABLE objection has often been stated against the preceding views of the Natural Laws-namely, that although, when considered abstractly, they appear beneficent and just, yet, when applied to individuals, they are undeniably the causes of extensive, severe, and unavoidable suffering: and that while, theoretically, the moral horizon seems to be cleared, nevertheless, practically and substantially, the obscurity and intricacy remain undiminished. In answer, I observe, that, as the whole is but an aggregate of all the parts,-if any natural institution, when viewed in its effects in regard to the race, be just and beneficent, it cannot well be cruel and unjust to individuals, who are the component parts of that whole; a proposition which I humbly conceive admits of something approaching to demonstration. The form of a dialogue is perhaps the best adapted for illustrating the subject; and if, in initation of some of the classic fabulists, we suppose the suffering individuals to make an appeal to Jupiter, the law of gravitation may be exemplified as follows:

It happened in a remote period, that a slater slipped from the roof of a high building, in consequence of a stone of the ridge having given way as he walked up-right along it; he fell to the ground, had a leg broken, and was otherwise severely bruised. As he lay in bed suffering severe pain from his misfortune, he addressed Jupiter in these words: "O Jupiter, thou art a cruel god; for thou hast made me so frail and imperfect a being, that I had not faculties to perceive my danger, nor power to arrest my fall. It were better for me that I had never been." Jupiter, graciously bending his ear, heard the address, and answered, "Of what law of mine dost thou complain?" "Of the law of gravitation," replied the slater; "by its operation, my foot slipt upon a stone, which, unknown to me, was loose, I was precipitated to the earth, and my body, never calculated to resist such violence, was severely injured." "I restore thee to thy station on the roof," said Jupiter; "I heal all thy bruises; and, to convince thee of my benevolence, I suspend the law of gravitation as to thy body and all that is related to it: art thou now content ?"

The slater, in deep emotion, offered up gratitude and | thanks, and expressed the profoundest reverence for so just and beneficent a deity. In the very act of doing so, he found himself in perfect health, erect upon the ridge of the roof; and, rejoicing, gazed around. His wonder at so strange an event having at last abated, he endeavoured to walk along the ridge to arrive at the spot which he intended to repair. But the law of gravitation was suspended, and his body did not press upon the roof. There being no pressure, there was no resistance, and his legs moved backwards and forwards in the air without any progress being made by his body. Alarmed at this occurrence, he stooped, seized his trowel, lifted it full of mortar, and made the motion of throwing it on the slates; but the mortar, freed from the trowel, hung in mid air-the law of gravitation was suspended as to it also. Nearly frantic with terror at such unexpected novelties, he endeavoured to descend in order to seek relief; but the law of gravitation was suspended as to his body, and it hung poised at the level of the ridge, like a balloon in the air. He tried to fling himself down, to get rid of the uneasy sensation, but his body floated erect, and would not move downwards.

In an agony of consternation, he called once more upon Jupiter. The god, ever kind and compassionate, heard his cry and pitied his distress; and asked, "What evil hath befallen thee now, that thou art not yet content? have I not suspended, at thy request, the law which made thee fall? Now thou art safe from bruises and from broken limbs; why, then, dost thou still complain?"

The slater answered: "In deep humiliation, I acknowledge my ignorance and presumption; restore me to my couch of pain, but give me back the benefits of

thy law of gravitation."

"Thy wish is granted," said Jupiter in reply. The slater in a moment lay on his bed of sickness, endured the castigation of the organic law, was restored to health, and again mounted to the roof that had caused his recent suffering. He thanked Jupiter anew, from the depths of his soul, for the law of gravitation with its numberless benefits; and applied his faculties to study and obey it during the remainder of his life. This study opened up to him new and delightful perceptions of the Creator's beneficence and wisdom, of which he had never before even dreamed; and these views so excited and gratified his moral and intellectual powers, that he seemed to himself to have entered on a new existence. Ever afterwards he observed the law of gravitation; and, in a good old age, when his organic frame was fairly worn out by natural decay, he transmitted his trade, his house, and much experience and wisdom, to his son, and died, thanking and blessing Jupiter for having opened his eyes to the true theory of his scheme of creation.

The attention of Jupiter was next attracted by the loud groans and severe complaints of a husbandman, who addressed him thus: "O Jupiter, I lie here racked with pain, and pass the hours in agony without relief. Why hast thou created me so miserable a being?" Jupiter answered: "What aileth thee, and of what institution of mine dost thou complain?" "The earth which thou hast made," replied the husbandman, "will yield me no food, unless I till and sow it; and no in crease, except it be watered by thy rain. While I guided my plough in obedience to thy law, thy rain came, and it fell not only on the earth, but also on me; it penetrated through the clothes which I had been obliged to make for myself, because thou hadst left me naked; it cooled my skin, which thou hadst rendered delicate and sensible; it disordered all the functions of my body; and now rheumatic fever parches my blood, and agonises every muscle. O Jupiter, thou art not a kind father to thy children."

Jupiter heard the complaint, and graciously replied:
"My physical and organic laws were established for thy advantage and enjoyment, and thou hast grievously in-

fringed them; the pain thou sufferest is intended to reclaim thee to thy duty, and I have constituted thy duty the highest joy of thy existence: but say, what dost thou desire?"

The husbandman answered: "What, O Jupiter, signify the purposes of thy laws to me, when thou hast denied me faculties competent to discover and obey them?—Frail and fallible as I am, they cause me only pain; deliver me from their effects, and I ask no other boon."

"Thy prayer is granted," said Jupiter: "I restore thee to perfect health; and, for thy gratification, I suspend the laws that have offended thee. Henceforth water shall not wet thee or thine, thy skin shall feel cold no more, and thy muscles shall never ache. Art thou now content?"

" Most gracious Jupiter," said the husbandman, "my soul is melted with deepest gratitude, and I now adore

thee as supremely good."

While he spoke he found himself afield behind his team, healthful and vigorous, jocund and gay, and again blessed Jupiter for his merciful dispensation. The season was spring, when yet the chill blast of the north, the bright blaze of a powerful sun, and passing showers of rain, interchanged in quick and varying succession. As he drove his team along, the rain descended, but it wet not him; the sharp winds blew, but they chilled no fibre in his frame; the flood of heat next poured upon his brow, but no perspiration started from its pores: the physical and organic laws were suspended as to him.

Rejoicing in his freedom from annoyance and pain, he returned gladly home to meet his smiling family, after the labours of the day. It had been his custom in the evening to put off the garments in which he had toiled, to clothe himself in fresh linen, to sup on milk prepared by his wife with savoury fruits and spices, and to press his children to his bosom with all the fervour of a parent's love; and he used to feel a thrill of pleasure pervading every nerve, as they acknowledged and returned the affectionate embrace.

He looked to find the linen clean, cool, delicately dressed, and lying in its accustomed place; but it was not there. He called to his wife to fetch it, half chiding her for neglect. With wonder and dismay depicted in every feature, she narrated a strange adventure. With the morning sun she had risen to accomplish her wonted duty, but, although the water wetted every thread that clothed other individuals, it moistened not a fibre of his. She boiled it over a powerful fire, and applied every means that intellect, stimulated by affection, could devise; but the result was still the same: the water glided over his clothes and would not wet them. "The physical law," said the husband within himself, "is suspended as to me; henceforth water wetteth not me or mine." He said no more, but placed himself at table, smiling over his lovely family. He lifted the youngest child upon his knee, a girl just opening in her bloom,-pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her ruddy cheek. But he started when he experienced no sensation. He saw her with his eyes, and heard her speak, but had no feeling of her presence. His knee was as stone, his bosom as marble, and his lips as steel; no sensation penetrated through his skin. He placed her on the floor, looked wistfully on her form, graceful, vivacious, and instinct with love; and, as if determined to enjoy the well-remembered pleasure now withheld, he clasped her to his bosom with an embrace so ardent that she screamed with pain. Still he was all adamant; no sensation reached his mind. Heaving a deep sigh, he sent her away, and again the thought entered the very depths of his soul-" The organic law is suspended as to me!" Recollecting well the sweet gratifications of his evening meal, he seized a bowl, and delicately began to sip, exciting every papilla of the tongue to catch the grateful savour. But no savour was perceptible; the liquid glided over his gustatory

mirror, without impression, and without leaving a trace He now started in horror, and his spirit sank within him when he thought that thenceforth he should live without sensation. He rushed into the fields, and called aloud on Jupiter: " O Jupiter, I am the most miserable of men; I am a being without sensation. Why hast thou made me thus?"

Jupiter heard his cry and answered: "I have suspended the physical and organic laws, to which thou didst ascribe thy fever and thy pain; henceforth no pang shall cause thy nerves to ache, or thy muscles to quiver: why, then, art thou thus unhappy, and why

discontented with thy new condition ?"

"True, O Jupiter," replied the husbandman; "but thou hast taken away from me sensation: I no longer feel the grateful breath of morn fanning my cheek as I drive my team afield; the rose diffuses its fragrance for me in vain; the ruddy grape, the luscious fig, and the cooling orange, to me are now savourless as adamant or air; my children are as stones: O Jupiter; I am utterly wretched; I am a man without sensation!"

"Unhappy mortal," replied the god, how can I afford thee satisfaction? When I gave thee nerves to feel, and muscles to execute the purposes of thy mind,-when I bestowed on thee water to refresh thy palate, and made thy whole frame one great inlet of enjoyment,thou wert not content. I made thy nerves liable to pain, to warn thee of thy departures from my laws. The rain that was sent fell to fructify and refresh the earth, and not to injure thee. I saw thee, while the showers descended, stay abroad, regardless of its influence on thy frame. The northern blast received from me its piercing cold, to warn thee of its effects; and yet I saw thee, wet and shivering, stand in its course, regardless of its power. In the voice of the storm I spake to thy understanding, but thou didst not comprehend me. The fever that parched thy blood was sent to arrest thee in thy departures from my organic laws. If I restore thee to the benefit of my institutions, thou mayst again forget my ways, and in misery impeach my justice.

"O most gracious Jupiter," cried the husbandman, " now I see thy power and wisdom, and my own folly and presumption. I accept thy laws, and gratefully acknowledge that, even in the chastisements they inflict, they are beneficent. Restore to me the enjoyments of sensation; permit me once more to reap the advantages that flow from the just uses of my nerves and muscles, and I bow with resignation to the punishment of misapplying them." Jupiter granted his request. His fever and pains returned, but by medicine he was relieved. He slowly recovered health and strength, and never afterwards embraced his children, or enjoyed a meal, without pouring forth a deeper offering of gratitude than he had done before. He was now instructed concerning the sources of his enjoyments; he studied the laws of his nature and obeyed them; and when he suffered for occasional deviations, he hastened back to the right path, and never again underwent so severe a punishment.

Just as the husbandman resumed his wonted labours, a new voice was heard calling loudly to Jupiter for relief. It proceeded from a young heir writhing in agony, who cried, " O Jupiter, my father committed debaucheries, for which my bones are pierced with aching pains; gout teareth my flesh asunder; thou actest not justly in punishing me for his transgressions: deliver me, O Jupiter, or renounce thy character for benevolence and "Thou complainest of my law of hereditary justice.' descent?" said Jupiter; " hast thou derived from thy father any other quality besides liability to gout?" "O Jupiter," replied the sufferer, " I have derived nerves that feel sweet pleasure when the gout ceaseth its gnaw-'ng, muscles that execute the purposes of my will, Inses that are inlets of joy, and faculties that survey

organs like quicksilver over the smooth surface of a | and rejoice in thy fair creation: But why didst thou permit gout to descend from him who sinned, to me?"

" Short-sighted mortal," said Jupiter, " thy father was afflicted because he infringed my institutions; by my organic law, thou hast received a frame constituted as was that of thy father when thy life commenced; the delicate sensibility of his nerves transmitted the same susceptibility to thine; the vigour of his muscles has been transferred into thine; and by the same law, the liability to pain that existed in his bones from debauchery, constitutes an inseparable element of thine: If this law afflict thee, speak the word, and I shall suspend it as to thee."

"Bountiful Jupiter!" exclaimed the sufferer; "but tell me first-if thou suspendest thy law, shall I lose all that I inherited by it from my father; vigour of nerves, muscles, senses, and faculties, and all that constitutes my delight when the gout afflicteth me not ?"-"Assuredly thou shalt," said Jupiter; "but thy body will be free from pain."

" Forbear, most bounteous deity," replied the sufferer; " I gratefully accept the gift of thy organic laws, with all their chastisements annexed: But say, O Jupiter, if this pain was inflicted on my father for transgressing thy law, may it not be lessened or removed if

I obey ?"

" The very object of my law," said Jupiter, " is that it should be lessened. Hadst thou proceeded as thy father did, thy whole frame would have become one great centre of disease. The pain was transmitted to thee to guard thee by a powerful monitor from pursuing his sinful ways, that thou mightst escape this greater misery. Adopt a course in accordance with my institutions, and then thy pain shall abate, and thy children shall be free from its effects."

The heir expressed profound resignation to the will of Jupiter, blessed him for his organic law, and entered upon a life of new and strict obedience. His pain in time diminished, and his enjoyments increased.

after he was grateful for the law.

A feeble voice next reached the vault of heaven: it was that of a child, sick and in pain. "What is thy distress, poor boy," said Jupiter, "and of what dost thou complain?" Half drowned in sobs, the feeble voice replied, " I suffer under thy organic law. A father's sickness, and the disorders of a mother's frame, have been transmitted in combined intensity to me. I am all over exhaustion and pain." " Hast thou received no other gift," inquired Jupiter, " but sickness and disease-no pleasure to thy nerves, thy muscles, or thy mental powers?" "All are so feeble," replied the child, "that I exist, not to enjoy, but only to suffer." "Poor victim," said Jupiter, "my organic law shall soon deliver thee, and I will take thee to myself." The organic law instantly operated; the body of the child lay a lifeless mass, and suffered no more; its spirit dwelt with Jupiter.

The next prayer was addressed by a merchant struggling on the Mediterranean waves, and near sinking in their foam. "What evil dost thou charge against me,"

said Jupiter, " and what dost thou require?"

"O Jupiter," answered the supplicant, "I sailed from Tyre to Rome in a ship, which thou seest on fire, loaded with all the merchandise acquired by my previous toils. As I lay here at anchor off the port of Syracuse, whither business called me, a sailor, made by thee, thirsted after wine, stole it from my store, and, in intoxication, set my ship and goods on fire; and I am now plunged in the waves to die by drowning, to escape the severer pain of being consumed by fire. 'Why, if thou are just, should the innocent thus suffer for the guilty ?"

"Thou complainest, then," said Jupiter, " of my social law? Since this law displeaseth thee, I restore thee to thy ship, and suspend it as to thee."

The merchant, in a moment, saw his ship entire; the

blazing embers restored to vigorous planks; himself and all his crew sound in limb, and gay in mind, upon her deck. Joyous and grateful, he addressed thanksgiving to the god, and called to his crew to weigh the anchor, set the sails, and turn the helm for Rome. But no sailor heard him speak, and no movement followed his words. Astonished at their ndolence and sloth, he cried in a yet louder voice, and inquired why none obeyed his call. But still no answer was given. He saw the crew move and speak, act and converse; but they seemed not to observe him. He entreated, remonstrated, and upbraided; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, could obtain no reply. All seemed unconscious of his presence. Unconscious of his presence! The awful thought rushed into his mind, that the social law was suspended as to him. He now saw, in all its horror, the import of the words of Jupiter, which before he had not fully comprehended. Terrified, he seized a rope, and set a sail. Every physical law was in force, and obeyed his will. The sail filled, and strained forward from the mast. He ran to the helm it obeyed his muscles, and the ship moved as he directed it. But its course was short: the anchor was down, and stopped its progress in the sea. He lowered the sail, seized a handspoke, and attempted to weigh; but in vain. The strength of ten men was required to gaise so ponderous an anchor. Again he called to his crew; but again he found that the social law was suspended as to him: he was absolved thenceforth from all suffering caused by the misconduct of others, but he was cut off from every enjoyment and advantage derivable from their assistance.

In despair he seized the boat, rowed it into the port of Syracuse, and proceeded straight to his commercial correspondent there, to beg his aid in delivering him from the indolence of his crew. He saw his friend, addressed him, and told him of his fruitless endeavours to leave the anchorage; but his friend seemed quite unconscious of his presence. He did not even look upon him, but proceeded in business of his own, with which he seemed entirely occupied. The merchant, wearied with fatigue, and almost frantic with alarm, hurried to a tavern on the quay, where he used to dine; and, entering, called for wine to recruit his exhausted strength. But the servants seemed unconscious of his presence; no movement was made; and he remained as if in a vast solitude, amidst large companies of merchants, servants, and assistants, who all bustled in active gaiety, each fulfilling his duty in his own department. The merchant now comprehended all the horrors of his situation, and called aloud to Jupiter-" O Jupiter, death in the waves, or by consuming flame, were better than the life thou hast assigned to me. Let me die, for my cup of misery is full beyond endurance; or restore me the enjoyments of thy social law, and I shall cease to complain of the pains which it inflicts."

"But," said Jupiter, "if I restore to thee my social law, thy ship will be consumed, thou and thy crew will escape in a boat, but thou shalt be a very beggar; and, in thy poverty, thou wilt upbraid me for dealing unjustly by thee."

"O bountiful Jupiter," replied the merchant, "I never knew till now what enjoyments I owed to thy social law; how rich it renders me, even when all else is gone; and how poor I should be, with all the world for a possession, if denied its blessings. True, I shall be poor; but my nerves, muscles, senses, propensities, sentiments, and intellect, will be left me: now I see that employment of these is the only pleasure of existence; poverty will not cut me off from exercising these powers in obedience to thy laws, but will rather add new motives exciting me to do so. Under thy social law, will not the sweet voice of friendship cheer me in poverty; will not the aid of kindred and of my fellow-men sooth the remainder of my days? and, besides, now that I see thy designs. I shall avoid employing my fellow-men

in situations unsuitable to their talents, and thereby escape the penalties of infringing thy social law. Most merciful Jupiter, restore to me the benefit of all thy laws, and I accept the penalties attached to their infringement." His request was granted; afterwards he made Jupiter's laws and the nature of man his study; he obeyed those laws, became moderately rich, and found himself happier than he had ever been in his days of selfishness and ignorance.

Jupiter was assailed by many other prayers from unfortunate sufferers under the effects of infringement of his laws; but, instead of hearing each in endless succession, he assembled his petitioners, and introduced to them the slater, the husbandman, the young heir, and the merchant, whom he requested to narrate their knowledge and experience of the natural laws; and he intimated, that if, after listening to their account, any petitioner should still be dissatisfied with his condition, he would suspend for him the particular law which caused the discontent. But no application followed. Jupiter saw his creatures employ themselves with earnestness in studying and conforming to his institutions, and ever afterwards they offered up to him only gratitude and adoration for his infinite goodness and wisdom.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE RELATION BETWEEN SCIENCE AND SCRIPTURE.

Science, being an exposition of the Creator's works, cannot be at variance with Scripture correctly interpreted-Archbishop Whately and Professor Sedgwick quoted on the impropriety of testing science by Scripture—In all ages, new doctrines have been branded as impious—Christianity itself no exception-Phrenology may be expected to lead to the abandonment of prevailing interpretations of some parts of Scripture-Bearing of Phrenology upon the realization of practical Christianity-New direction to the pursuits of the religious instructors of mankind anticipated-History demonstrates that Christianity, while unaided by arts and science, was corrupted itself, and had little influence in improving the human race-The inefficacy of Scripture alone to produce moral and rational conduct, illustrated py a narrative of the persecutions for witchcraft in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries-Necessity for using all our lights in searching for the meaning of Scripture-Illustrative quotations from Bishop Taylor, on the obscurity of Scripture, the corruptions which the text has undergone, and the difficulty of translating it accurately-Another illustration cited from the Rev. Dr Fraser-Consideration of the objection, That, according to the doctrine of the natural laws, prayer must be irrational and useless. This objection grounded on the false assumption that the object of prayer is to influence the Deity-Decision of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, that prayer has no effect but upon the mind of the supplicant-This taught by Drs Leechman and Blair-Opinion of Lord Kames on prayer, and on public worship-The natural effects of great size and activity in the moral organs mistaken by some persons for the direct influence of the Holy Spirit in causing pure and religious emotions to spring up in the mind.

SINCE the first edition of this work was published, objections have been stated that the views maintained in it are at variance with Scripture, and hostile to the interests of religion. It is gratifying, however, to know, that these objections have not been urged by any individual of the least eminence in theology, or countenanced by persons of enlarged views of Christian doctrine. On the contrary, many excellent individuals, of unquestionable piety and benevolence, have widely recommended this work as containing the philosophy of practical Christianity, and have aided in its diffusion. It is therefore rather on account of the interest of the inquiry itself, than from any feeling of the necessity of a defence, that I enter into the following discussi of the relation between Scripture and Science; and as in a question of this nature authorities are entitled to

great weight, I shall commence by citing the opinion of one of the most learned, talented, and accomplished divines of the present day, the Archbishop of Dublin.

A few years ago, a Professorship of Political Economy was founded in Oxford by Mr Drummond, with a The professor holds his office for novel constitution. only five years, and it is a condition that one lecture, at least, shall be published every year. Dr Whately, now Archbishop of Dublin, was the second individual elected to the chair, and, in compliance with the statute, he published, in 1831, eight lectures on the science. They are introductory in their character, being intended chiefly to dispel popular prejudices against political economy, and to unfold its objects. They contain several admirable observations, calculated to remove prejudices against new truths, directly applicable to the subject of the present work. On this account I present them to the reader.

"It has been my first object," says Dr Whately, in his preface, "to combat the prevailing prejudices against the study, and especially those which represent it as un-

favourable to religion."

"In proportion," he continues, "as any branch of study leads to important and useful results,-in proportion as it gains ground in public estimation, -in proportion as it tends to overthrow prevailing errors,-in the same degree it may be expected to call forth angry declamation from those who are trying to despise what they will not learn, and wedded to prejudices which they cannot defend. Galileo probably would have escaped persecution, if his discoveries could have been disproved, and his reasonings refuted." "That political economy should have been complained of as hostile to religion, will probably be regarded a century hence (should the fact be then on record) with the same wonder, almost approaching to incredulity, with which we, of the present day, hear of men sincerely opposing, on religious grounds, the Copernican system. But till the advocates of Christianity shall have become universally much better acquainted with the true character of their religion, than, universally, they have ever yet been, we must always expect that every branch of study, every scientific theory that is brought into notice, will be assailed on religious grounds, by those who either have not studied the subject, or who are incompetent judges of it; or again, who are addressing themselves to such persons as are so circumstanced, and wish to excite and to take advantage of the passions of the ignorant. Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo. Some there are who sincerely believe that the Scriptures contain revelations of truths the most distinct from religion. Such persons procured, accordingly, a formal condemnation (very lately rescinded) of the theory of the earth's motion, as at variance with Scripture. In Protestant countries, and now, it seems, even in Popish, this point has been conceded; but that the erroneous principlethat of appealing to revelation on questions of physical science-has not yet been entirely cleared away, is evident from the objections which most of you probably may have heard to the researches of geology. jections against astronomy have been abandoned, rather, perhaps, from its having been made to appear, that the Scripture accounts of the phenomena of the heavens may be reconciled with the conclusions of science, than from its being understood that Scripture is not the test by which the conclusions of science are to be tried." "It is not a sign of faith-on the contrary, it indicates rather a want of faith, or else a culpable indolence-to decline meeting any theorist on his own ground, and to cut short the controversy by an appeal to the authority of Scripture. For, if we really are convinced of the truth of Scripture, and consequently of the falsity of any theory (of the earth, for instance) which is really at variance with it, we must needs believe that that theory is also at variance with observable phenomena; and we ought not therefore to shrink from trying the

question by an appeal to these." "God has not revealed to us a system of morality, such as would have been needed for a being who had no other means of distinguishing right and wrong. On the contrary, the inculcation of virtue and reprobation of vice in Scripture, are in such a tone as seems to presuppose a natural power, or a capacity for acquiring the power, to distinguish them. And if a man, denying or renouncing all claims of natural conscience, should practise without scruple every thing he did not find expressly forbidden in Scripture, and think himself not bound to do any thing that is not there expressly enjoined, exclaiming at every turn—

" Is it so nominated in the Bond,"

he would be leading a life very unlike what a Christian's should be. Since, then, we are bound to use our own natural faculties in the search after all truth that is within the reach of those faculties, most especially ought we to try, by their own proper evidence, questions which form no part of revelation properly so called, but which are incidentally alluded to in the Sacred Writings. If we appeal to the Scriptures on any such points, it should be merely as to an ancient book, not in reference to their sacred character; in short, not as Scripture."—Pp. 29–36.

These observations are highly philosophical and worthy of attention; the more so that their author is a divine, and now a high dignitary in the church of Ire-

land.

The science of geology, also, has been fiercely attacked as hostile to religion, and been ably defended by the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, one of its most eminent professors. In the Appendix to his Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge, he has published some valuable and instructive notes, in the last of which he reproves, with great eloquence and severity, the bigoted and ignorant individuals who "dare to affirm that the pursuits of natural science are hostile to religion." He also chastises those writers who have endeavoured to falsify the facts and conclusions of geology, for the purpose of flattering the religious prejudices of the public. "There is another class of men," says he, "who pursue geology by a nearer road, and are guided by a different light. Well-intentioned they may be; but they have betrayed no small self-sufficiency, along with a shameful want of knowledge of the fundamental facts they presume to write about: hence they have dishonoured the literature of this country by Mosaic Geology, Scripture Geology, and other works of cosmogony with kindred titles, wherein they have overlooked the aim and end of revelation, tortured the book of life out of its proper meaning, and wantonly contrived to bring about a collision between natural phenomena and the word of God."-P. 150.

The following observations of the same author are exceedingly just:—"A Brahmin crushed with a stone the microscope that first shewed him living things among the vegetables of his daily food. The spirit of the Brahmin lives in Christendom. The bad principles of our nature are not bounded by caste or climate; and men are still to be found, who, if not restrained by the wise and humane laws of their country, would try to stifle by personal violence, and crush by brute force, every truth not hatched among their own conceits, and confined within the narrow fences of their own ignorance.

"We are told by the wise man not to answer a fool according to his folly; and it would indeed be a vain and idle task to engage in controversy with this school of false philosophy—to waste our breath in the forms of exact reasoning unfitted to the comprehension of our antagonists—to draw our weapons in a combat where victory could give no honour. Before a geologist can condescend to reason with such men, they must first learn geology.* It is too much to call upon us to scat-

* This remark is peculiarly applicable to those who oppose

ter our seed on a soil at once both barren and unreclaimed-it is folly to think that we can in the same hour be stubbing up the thorns and reaping the harvest. All the writers of this school have not indeed sinned against plain sense to the same degree. With some of them, there is perhaps a perception of the light of natural truth, which may lead them after a time to follow it in the right road: but the case of others is beyond all hope from the powers of rational argument. Their position is impregnable while they remain within the fences of their ignorance, which is to them as a wall of brass: for (as was well said, if I remember right, by Bishop Warburton, of some bustling fanatics of his own day) there is no weak side of common sense whereat we may attack them. If cases like these yield at all, it must be to some treatment which suits the inveteracy of their nature, and not to the weapons of reason. As psychological phenomena, they are, however, well deserving of our study; teaching us, among other things, how prone man is to turn his best faculties to evil purposes-and how, at the suggestions of vanity and other bad principles of his heart, he can become so far deluded as to fancy that he is doing honour to religion, while he is sacrificing the common charities of life, and arraigning the very workmanship of God."-Pp. 151, 152.

After the examples which these passages afford, of mislirected zeal for religion leading to opposition against the most useful and interesting investigations, we need "ot be surprised that the doctrine of the natural laws has met with a similar reception. The charge is made that it leads to infidelity, and that its principles are

irreconcilable with Scripture.

It may be useful to observe, that in all ages new doctrines have been branded as impious, and that Christianity itself has offered no exception to this rule. Greeks and Romans charged Christianity with "impiety and novelty." In Cave's Primitive Christianity, we are informed that "the Christians were everywhere accounted a pack of Atheists, and their religion the Atheism." They were denominated "mountebank impostors," and "men of a desperate and unlawful faction." They were represented as "destructive and pernicious to human society," and were accused of "sacrilege, sedition, and high treason." The same system of misrepresentation and abuse was practised by the Roman Catholics against the Protestants, at the Reformation: "Some called their dogs Calvin; and others transformed Calvin into Cain." In France, "the old and stale calumnies, formerly invented against the first Christians, were again revived by Pemochares, a doctor of the Sorbonne, pretending that all the disasters of the state were to be attributed to Protestants alone."

If the views of human nature expounded in this work be untrue, the proper answer to them is a demonstration of their falsity. If they be true, they are mere enunciations of the institutions of the Creator; and it argues superstitious, and not religious, feelings to fear evil consequences from the knowledge of what Divine Wisdom has appointed. The argument that the results of the doctrine are obviously at variance with Scripture, and that therefore the doctrines cannot be true, is not admissible; "for," in the words of Dr Whately, "if we really are convinced of the truth of Scripture, and consequently of the falsity of any theory (of the earth, for instance) which is really at variance with it, we must needs believe that that theory is also at variance with observable phenomena; and we ought not therefore to shrink from trying the question by an appeal to these."

Galileo was told, from high authority in the church, that his doctrine of the revolution of the globe was obviously at variance with Scripture, and that therefore it could not be true; but, as his opinions were founded on palpable facts, which could be neither concealed nor Phrenology and the doctrine of the Natural Laws. Such of

them as are serious, do so in profound ignorance of the whole

subject.

denied, they necessarily prevailed. If there had been a real opposition between Scripture and nature, the only result would have been a demonstration that Scripture in this particular instance was erroneously interpreted; because the evidence of physical nature is imperishable and insuperable, and cannot give way to any authority whatever. The same consequence will evidently happen in regard to Phrenology. If any fact in physiology does actually and directly contradict any interpretation of Scripture, it is not difficult to perceive which must The human understanding cannot resist evidence founded on observation; and even if it did resist, Nature would not bend, but continue to operate in her own way in spite of the resistance, and a new and more correct interpretation of Scripture would ultimately become inevitable. Opposition between science and religion must be impossible, when facts in nature are correctly observed, and Scripture is rightly interpreted. I put the case thus strongly to call the attention of serious persons to the mischievous consequences of rashly denouncing, as adverse to religion, any doctrine professing to be founded on natural facts. Every instance in which the charge is made falsely, is an outrage against religion itself, and tends to lead men to regard it as an obstacle to the progress of science and civilization.

All existing interpretations of Scripture have been adopted in ignorance of the facts, that every person in whose brain the animal organs preponderate greatly over the moral and intellectual organs, has a native and instinctive tendency to immoral conduct, and vice versa; and that the influence of organization is fundamentalthat is to say, that no means are yet known by which an ill-formed brain may be made to manifest the moral and intellectual faculties with the same success as a brain of an excellent configuration. An individual possessing a brain like that of Melancthon, represented on p. 41, is naturally adapted to receive, comprehend, and practise the precepts of Christianity; whereas it will be found extremely difficult to render persons with brains like those of Hare, p. 41, Pope Alexander VI., p. 42, Vitellius, p. 43, or the Carib, p. 50, practical Christians amidst the ordinary temptations of the world. Only phrenologists, who have observed, for many years, in various situations, and under different influences, the conduct of individuals constituted in these different ways, can conceive the importance of the relative development of the cerebral organs; but after it is discovered, the inferences from it are irresistible. The religious teachers of mankind are yet ignorant of the most momentous fact which nature presents in regard to the moral and intellectual improvement of the race. I have heard it said that Christianity affords a better and a more instantaneous remedy for human depravity, than improvement of the cerebral organization; because the moment a man is penetrated by the love of God in Christ, his moral and religious affections become far stronger and more elevated, whatever his brain may be,-than those of any individual whatever without that love, however noble his cerebral development, and however much he may be instructed in natural knowledge. I observe, however, that in this life a man cannot become penetrated by the love of God, except through the aid of sound and efficient material organs. fact is directly proved by cases of madness and idiocy. Disease in the organs is the cause of insanity, and mere deficiency of their size is one and an invariable cause of idiocy. See figure of idiot head on p. 52. In neither of these states can the mind receive the advantages of the Christian doctrine. It is, therefore, obvious that the power of receiving and appreciating Christianity itself is modified by the condition of the brain; and I venture to affirm, that the influence of the organs does not terminate with these extreme cases, but operates in all circumstances and in every individual, aiding or impeding the reception and efficacy of every doctrine.

If this were not the case, there would be in operation | a power capable of influencing the human mind, during life, without the intervention of material organs; and, accordingly, many excellent persons believe this to be scriptural truth, and matter of experience also. those who entertain this opinion are not instructed in the functions of the brain; they are not aware of the universally admitted facts, which establish that while life continues the mind cannot act or be acted upon except through the medium of organs; nor do they bring forward one example of idiots and madmen being rendered pious, practical, and enlightened Christians by this power, notwithstanding the state of their brains. Cases indeed occur in which religious feelings co-exist with partial idiocy or partial insanity; but in them the organs of these sentiments will be discovered to be well developed,-and if the feelings be sane, the organs will be found unaffected by disease.

Serious persons who are offended by this doctrine, constantly forget that the reciprocal influence of the mind and brain is not of man's devising, but that God himself established it, and conferred on the organs those qualities which He saw to be necessary for executing the purposes to which He had appointed them. statements now made be unfounded, I shall be the first to give them up; but, believing them to be true, I cannot avoid adhering to them. When, therefore, I add, that I have never seen an individual with large organs of the animal, and small organs of the moral and intellectual faculties, whose conduct was steadily moral, under the ordinary temptations of life, however high his religious professions might be, I merely state a fact which the Creator himself has decreed to exist. Indeed. I have seen several striking instances of persons, who, after making a great profession of religion, ultimately disgraced it; and I have observed that in all these instances, without one exception, the organs of the inferior propensities were large, and those of one or more of the moral sentiments deficient; and I am convinced that the same conclusion, after sufficiently accurate and extensive observations, will force itself upon all candid and reflecting minds.

My inference, therefore, is, that the Divine Spirit, mentioned in Scripture as a power influencing the human mind, invariably acts in harmony with the laws of organization; because the latter, as emanating from the same source, can never be in contradiction with the former; and because a well-constituted brain is a condition essential to the manifestation of Christian dispositions. If this be really the fact, and if the constitution of the brain be in any degree regulated by the laws of physiology, it is impossible to doubt that a knowledge of the natural laws is destined to exercise a vast influence in rendering men capable of appreciating and practising Christianity. The manner in which it will do so, is explained in Dr Combe's treatise on "Physiology applied to Health and Education," already alluded That work contains an exposition of the laws of action of the brain, and its connexion with, and influence on, the rest of the system, and, therefore, of its relations generally to human improvement.

An admirable portion of Christianity is that in which the supremacy of the moral sentiments is explained and enforced as a practical doctrine. Love thy neighbour as thyself; all mankind are thy neighbours; blessed are the meek and the merciful; love those that hate you and despitefully use you; seek that which is pure, and holy, and of good report;—these are precepts to be found in Scripture. Now, I have endeavoured to shew, that the human faculties, and external nature, are so constituted as to admit of such precepts being reduced to practice on earth—an idea which few philosophers have believed to be practicable. If the philosophy now explained shall carry home to rational men the conviction that the order of nature fairly admits of the practical exemplification of these precepts by the develop-

ment of its inherent resources, a new direction must necessarily be given to the pursuits of the religious instructors of mankind. Christianity, after its establishment by Constantine, was left to exert its own influence over the Roman Empire, unaided by printing and natural science. It is recorded in history, that it did not suffice to arrest the decline of morals and the downfall of the State, but was itself corrupted and perverted. In the dark ages which followed the subversion of that Empire, it was again left, unaided by human learning, to do its best for the regeneration of mankind; and it became a vast system of superstition. Nor was it till after the invention of printing, and the revival of letters, that the barbarous superstructures which had been raised on the simple foundations of the Gospel were cleared away. But the period from the revival of letters to the present day, has been the age of scholastic learning, as contradistinguished from that of philosophy and science. Christianity stands before us, therefore, at present, as interpreted by men who knew extremely little of the science of either external nature or the human mind. They have represented it as a system of spiritual influences, of internal operations on the soul, and of repentant preparation for another life; ratherthan an exposition of pure and lofty principles addressed to responding faculties in human nature itself, and therefore capable of being practically applied in this

It is a common accusation against philosophy, that the study of it renders men infidels; and this alleged fact is brought forward as a proof that human nature is corrupt, blind, and perverse, turning what ought to be its proper food into mortal poison. But if this were really a well-founded charge, the conclusion which I should draw from it would be, that there must be essential errors in the popular interpretations of Scripture, when the effect of a knowledge of nature on the mind is to lead to infidelity. Science is of modern growth; and, down to the present hour, the mass of Christians in every country have embraced their faith without the possibility of comparing it with the revelation of the Divine Will contained in the constitution of external nature, which, philosophically speaking, was unknown to them. The facts unfolded by science were unknown to the divines who first denied the capability of mankind to attain, by the development of their natural powers, a higher moral condition than any they have hitherto reached; and, hence, their decision against the capabilities of human nature has been pronounced causa non cognità (the merits being unknown), and must be open for reconsideration. If Christianity was freed from many errors by the revival and spread of mere scholastic learning in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, much more may we expect that the interpretations of Scripture will be farther purified, corrected, and elucidated, by the flood of light which the sciences of human and physical nature, now in the course of cultivation, will one day shed upon religion.

According to my view, the study of the human constitution, of external nature, and of their relations, will become an object of paramount importance, with reference to a just appreciation of the true meaning of Scripture. Civilized man sees infinitely more of true and practical wisdom in Scripture than the savage of the wilderness, even supposing that the latter could read and understand the words of the sacred volume; and, in like manner, man, when thoroughly instructed in his own constitution and in that of external nature, will discover still profounder truths and more admirable precepts in that record, than are found in it by ignorant, contentious, blind, conceited man, such as he has hitherto existed.

History is full of instruction concerning the insufficiency of mere theological knowledge to protect men from practical errors, when their understandings are unenlightened in regard to philosophy and the constitu-

of Europe acted in regard to witchcraft, affords one

striking proof of the truth of this remark.

It was not till towards the close of the 15th century, that persecutions for witchcraft began to prevail in Europe. By a bull of Pope Innocent VIII. in 1484, death was, for the first time, denounced without mercy to all who should be convicted of witchcraft, or of dealings with Satan; and a form of process for the trial was regularly laid down by a wretch of the name of Sprenger, whom the Pope had placed at the head of a commission of fire and sword. The succeeding Popes, Alexander VI. and even Leo X. lent their aid in accelerating the course of this havoc-spreading engine. So far, however, were the commissions from being attended with beneficial consequences, that their only effect was to render the evil every day more formidable; till, at last, if we are to believe the testimony of contemporary historians, Europe was little better than a large suburb of Pandemonium. One-half of the population was either bewitching or bewitched. About the year 1515, 500 witches were executed in Geneva in three months. thousand were executed in one year in the diocese of Como; and they went on burning at the rate of 100 per annum for some time after. In Lorraine, from 1580 to 1595, Remigius boasts of having burned 900. France, the multitude of executions about 1520 is in-One historian calls it "an almost infinite credible. number of sorcerers."

Germany was so fertile a soil for the supernatural, that, from the publication of Innocent's bull to the suppression of persecution for witchcraft, the number of victims could not be less than 100,000! In the town of Wurtzburg alone, in the course of two years-1627-29-there were twenty-nine acts of conflagration, and more than 157 persons burnt; including not only old women, but even children as young as nine years. Lindheim, from 1660 to 1664, a twentieth part of the whole population was consumed. Other places furnished their full contingent; and so familiarized was the public with these atrocious scenes, that it relished and gloried in them: singing the events of them to popular airs, and representing them in hideous engravings, with devils dragging away "their own;" while the clergy preached solemn discourses, called "witch-sermons, upon occasion of every sacrifice—the effect of which was, of course, to inspire with fresh zeal to collect fuel for another.

England was not free from the same madness. Three thousand victims were executed during the reign of the Long Parliament alone; and it is a melancholy spectacle to find a man like Sir Matthew Hale condemning wretches to destruction, on evidence which a child would now be disposed to laugh at. A better order of things commenced with the Chief-Justiceship of Holt, in consequence of whose firm charge to the jury on one of these trials, a verdict of not guilty-almost the first then on record in a trial for witchcraft—was found. In about ten other trials by Holt, from 1694 to 1701, the result was the same. Yet, in 1716, a Mrs Hicks, and her daughter aged nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap! With this crowning atrocity, the catalogue of murders in England closes, the penal statutes against witchcraft being repealed in 1736, and the pretended exercise of such arts being punished in future by imprisonment and

Barrington, in his observations on the statute of 20th Henry VI., does not hesitate to estimate the number of individuals put to death in England, on the charge of witchcraft, at 30,000.

Scotland, too, must bear her share of the bloody stain of these abominable doings. Till the Reformation, little or no regard was paid to this subject; but soon after that event, a raging thirst for destruction took posses-

tion of nature. The part which the religious teachers | sion of the nation. In 1563, an act of Parliament was passed, enacting the punishment of death against witches and consultors with witches. The consequences of this authoritative recognition of the creed of witchcraft became immediately obvious in the reign of James VI., which followed. Witchcraft became the all-engrossing topic of the day; and it was the ordinary accusation resorted to, whenever it was the object of one individual to ruin another. A number of the trials are reported in Mr Pitcairn's recent and valuable publication of the records of the Court of Justiciary. The first case is in 1572, of which no particulars are given, except the name of the unfortunate woman, and the doom-" convict and brynt." Thirty-five trials are recorded subsequently, to the end of James's reign, in all of which the horrid result is the same. The trials proceeded, during many years, and the confessions were obtained by torture with thumbscrews and boots, and prickling with sharp instruments; while stranglings and burnings followed of course. The scene darkens towards the close of the reign of Charles I., with the increasing dominion of the puritans. In 1640, the General Assembly passed an act, that all ministers should take particular note of witches and charmers, and that the commissioners should recommend to the supreme judicature the unsparing application of the laws against them. In 1643, after setting forth the increase of the crime, they recommended the granting of a standing commission from the Privy Council or Justiciary, to " any understanding gentlemen or magistrates," to apprehend, try, and execute justice against delinquents. By the urgency of the General Assembly, who resumed the subject in 1644, 1645, and 1649, an act of Parliament was passed in the last-named year, confirming and extending the statute of Queen Mary, passed in 1563. As was to be expected, convictions, which had been fewer since James's time, increased, and the cases were more horrible. Thirty trials appear on the record between 1649 and 1660, in which there seems to have been only one acquittal; while at one western circuit, in 1659, seventeen persons were convicted and burnt for the imputed crime. Numerous, however, as are the cases in the records of Justiciary, these afford a most inadequate idea of the extent to which this pest prevailed over the country; for the Privy Council was in the habit of granting commissions to resident gentlemen and ministers, to examine, and afterwards to try and execute, witches all over Scotland; and so numerous were these commissions, that one author expresses his astonishment at the number found in the registers. Under these commissions, multitudes were burnt in every part of the king-

> It is matter of history, that, in cases of this kind, the clergy displayed the most intemperate zeal. It was before them that the poor wretches were first brought for examination,-in most cases after a preparatory course of solitary confinement, cold, famine, want of sleep, or actual torture. On some occasions, the clergy themselves actually performed the part of the prickers, and inserted long pins into the flesh of the witches, in order to try their sensibility; and, in all cases, they laboured with the most persevering investigations to obtain from the accused a confession which might afterwards be used against them on their trial, and which, in more than one instance, formed, although retracted, the solo evidence on which the conviction took place.

> After 1662, the violence of the mania in Scotland began to decline; and to the great lawyers of the time is due the credit of first stemming the foul torrent. "From the horridness of the crime," says Sir George Mackenzie in his Criminal Law, "I do conclude, that of all crimes it requires the clearest relevancy and most convincing probature; and I condemn, next to the wretches themselves, those cruel and too forward judges, who burn persons by thousands as guilty of this crime." The trials after this became fewer and fewer, and the

last execution took place at Dornoch in 1722. The sta-

tutes were finally repealed in 1735.*

So little light did the Bible afford regarding the atrocity of the proceedings against witches, that the Secession Church of Scotland, comprising many intelligent clergymen and a large number of the most serious and religious of the people, complained, in their annual Confession of personal and national sins (printed in an act of their Associate Presbytery at Edinburgh in 1743), of "the penal statutes against witches having been repealed by Parliament, contrary to the express law of God" This defection is classed by Dr John Brown of Haddington, one of the great leaders of the Secession Church about the middle and end of last century, among "the practical backslidings from the once attained to and covenanted work of reformation, which have happened in the preceding and present age, as abuses of the singular favours of God."

During the whole of these proceedings, the Scriptures were in the hands of the clergy, both Catholic and Protestant, as fully and freely as they are at the prosent day; and nearly a century before their cessation the Reformation had been completed and the people, in Scotland in particular, had been put in possession of the Bible, and taught to read it with intelligence. Not only so, but the Bible itself was perversely used by both the clergy and laity as the warrant of their atrocities, and religion itself was employed to fan the flame of cruelty and superstition. If any facts can prove that the Creator intended man to use his intellectual faculties, and to study the revelation of His will contained in the works of nature, in addition to the Bible, as a guide to his conduct,-and that the Bible is not calculated to supersede the necessity of all other knowledge, -those now detailed must have this effect. The great difference between Christians of the present day, who regard these executions as great crimes, and the pious ministers who inflicted and the serious people who witnessed them, consists in the superior knowledge possessed by the moderns, of physical science, which has opened up to their understandings views of nature and of God, widely different from those entertained by their ancestors under the guidance of the Bible alone.

Nothing can afford more striking evidence of the necessity of using all the lights in our power, by which to ascertain the true meaning of Scripture and the soundness of our interpretations of it, than the wide diversity of the opinions which even the most learned and pious divines have based upon the Bible. Another fact of some importance in relation to this subject is, that the manuscripts which have handed down the sacred writings to us from ancient times, vary in many important passages, sometimes through the ignorance and carelessness of transcribers, and sometimes in consequence of wilful corruption and interpolations by contending sects. The following passages, extracted from a celebrated treatise by one of the greatest ornaments of the Church of England, Bishop Taylor, are instructive on this subject. "There are," says he, "so many thousands of copies, that were written by persons of several interests and persuasions,-such different understandings and tempers, -such distinct abilities and weaknesses,-that it is no wonder there is so great a variety of readings both in the Old Testament and in the New. In the Old Testament, the Jews pretend that the Christians have corrupted many places, on purpose to make symphony between both the Testaments. On the other side, the Christians have had so much reason to suspect the Jews, that when Aquila had translated the Bible in their schools, and had been taught by them, they rejected the edition, many of them, and some of them called it heresy to follow it. And Justin Mar-

* These particulars respecting persecutions for witchcraft are given on the authority of a learned and elaborate article, understood to be from the pen of Professor Moir of Edinburgh, in the 11th Number of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

tyr justified it to Tryphon, that the Jews had defalked many sayings from the books of the old prophets....l shall not need to urge, that there are some words so near in sound that the scribes might easily mistake.... The instances of this kind are too many, as appears in the variety of readings in several copies, proceeding from the negligence or ignorance of the transcribers, or the malicious endeavour of heretics, or the inserting marginal notes into the text, or the nearness of several words....But so it is that this variety of reading is not of slight consideration; for although it be demonstrably true, that all things necessary to faith and good manners are preserved from alteration and corruption, because they are of things necessary, and they could not be necessary unless they were delivered to us,-God, in his goodness and his justice, having obliged himself to preserve that which he hath bound us to observe and keep; yet, in other things which God hath not obliged himself so punctually to preserve, in these things, since variety of reading is crept in, every reading takes away a degree of certainty from any proposition derivative from those places so read: and if some copies, especially if they be public and notable, omit a verse or a tittle, every argument from such a tittle or verse loses much of its strength and reputation."-Discourse of the Liberty of Prophesying, sect. iii. § 4.

As to consulting the Scriptures in the original tongues, this, says the Bishop, "is to small purpose: for indeed it will expound the Hebrew and the Greek, and rectify translations; but I know no man that says that the Scriptures in Hebrew and Greek are easy and certain. to be understood, and that they are hard in Latin and English: the difficulty is in the thing, however it be expressed—the least is in the language. If the original languages were our mother-tongue, Scripture is not much the easier to us; and a natural Greek or a Jew can with no more reason or authority obtrude his interpretations upon other men's consciences, than a man of another nation. Add to this, that the inspection of the original is no more certain way of interpretation of Scripture now, than it was to the fathers and primitive age of the Church; and yet he that observes what infinite variety of translations were in the first ages of the Church (as St Jerome observes), and never a one like another, will think that we shall differ as much in our interpretations as they did, and that the medium is as uncertain to us as it was to them; and so it is: witness the great number of late translations, and the infinite number of commentaries, which are too pregnant an argument that we neither agree in the understanding of the words nor of the sense." "Men," he adds most justly, "do not learn their doctrines from Scripture, but come to the understanding of Scripture with preconceptions and ideas of doctrines of their own; and then no wonder that scriptures look like pictures, wherein every man in the room believes they look on him only, and that wheresoever he stands or how often soever he changes his station."-Sect. iv. § 5, 6.

The error of setting up any isolated passage of Scripture against truths brought to light by experiment and observation, is rendered still more obvious by what Bishop Taylor says respecting the extreme difficulty of discovering the real meaning of many parts of the Bible, even where there are sufficient grounds for believing the text to be genuine. "Since there are in Scripture," he observes, "many other mysteries, and matters of question, upon which there is a veil; since there are so many copies with infinite varieties of reading; since a various interpunction, a parenthesis, a letter, an accent, may much alter the sense; since some places have divers literal senses, many have spiritual, mystical, and allegorical meanings; since there are so many tropes, metonymies, ironies, hyperboles, proprieties and improprieties of language, whose understanding depends upon. such circumstances that it is almost impossible to know the proper interpretation, now that the knowledge of

such circumstances and particular stories is irrevocably lost: since there are some mysteries which, at the best advantage of expression, are not easy to be apprehended; and whose explication, by reason of our imperfections, must needs be dark, sometimes weak, sometimes unintelligible: and, lastly, since those ordinary means of expounding Scripture, as searching the originals, conference of places, parity of reason, and analogy of faith, are all dubious, uncertain, and very fallible; he that is wisest, and, by consequence, the likeliest to expound truest in all probability of reason, will be very far from confidence; because every one of these, and many more, are like so many degrees of improbability and uncertainty, all depressing our certainty of finding out truth in such mysteries, and amidst so many difficulties. And therefore a wise man, that considers this, would not willingly be prescribed to by others; and therefore, if he also be a just man, he will not impose upon others; for it is best every man should be left in that liberty from which no man can justly take him, unless he could secure him from error."-Sect. iv. § 8.

On this subject the reader is referred also to an able " Essay on the Plenary and Verbal Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, by Donald Fraser, D.D., Minister of the Gospel, Kennoway, Fifeshire."* The following passage illustrates the propriety of acting upon Bishop Taylor's suggestions :- " Be it observed, that when the New Testament writers, in quoting from the Old, affirm that the Scripture was fulfilled, they do not always mean than an ancient prediction was literally accomplished. In some instances they apply this term to the verification of a type; as when John, after relating the circumstance of the soldiers not breaking the legs of Jesus, adds a quotation respecting the paschal lamb: ' These things were done that the Scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken.' (Chap. xix. 36, compared with Exod. xii. 36.) In other places they only accommodate the citation to the subject of their narrative. Thus, Matthew, after relating Herod's cruel murder of the babes in Bethlehem and its vicinity, immediately adds: 'Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying, In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.' (Matth. ii. 17, 18, compared with Jer. xxxi. 15.) That is to say, the great lamentation and inconsolable grief amongst the mothers of Bethlehem, occasioned by Herod's embruing his hands in the blood of their unoffending children, may be happily illustrated by the prophet's description of the sorrows attending the Babylonish captivity; where, by a beautiful figure, he represents Rachel as bitterly deploring the loss of her offspring.

"An important critical observation of the late Dr Campbell's must not be here omitted. He justly observes, that, in many passages of the New Testament, it would have been proper to render the original term wangow by the English word verify, in preference to fulfil; for this last word 'has a much more limited signification, and gives a handle to cavillers where the original gives none. It makes the sacred penmen appear to call those things predictions which plainly were not, and which they never meant to denominate predictions. Verify is, accordingly, the term which that distinguished interpreter usually prefers in his own Translation of the Four Gospels."—Chap. iii. § 7.

In the remarks offered in the present chapter I do not depreciate the importance of the Bible; I only very humbly endeavour to vindicate the study of the Creator's will in his works as well as in his word,-to shew that the human mind needs illumination from both to direct our conduct towards virtue, -and to prove that,

without knowledge of the former, we may grievously * Affleck, Edinburgh, and Rutherglen and Co. Glasgow,

misunderstand the meaning of the latter. In the words of Archbishop Whately, I consider that "we are bound to use our own natural faculties in the search after all that is within the reach of these faculties! and that most especially ought we to try, by their own proper evidence, questions which form no part of revelation properly so called, but which are incidentally alluded to in the Sacred Writings." "If it be true that man's duty coincides with his real interest, both in this world and in the next, the better he is qualified, by intellectual culture and diffusion of knowledge, to understand his duty and his interests, the greater prospect there would seem to be (other points being equal) of his moral improvement.'

An objection has been stated against the doctrine of the divine government of the world by established laws. that it is inconsistent with belief in the efficacy of prayer. This objection has been often urged and answered; indeed it has been deliberately settled by the Church of Scotland itself, in harmony with the views advocated in this treatise. In a Sermon on Prayer, by the Rev. William Leechman, D.D., Principal, and Professor of Divinity, in the College of Glasgow, the following passage occurs :-- " It is objected," says he, " That, since God is infinite in goodness, he is always disposed to bestow on his creatures whatever is proper for them; and. since he is infinite in wisdom, he will always choose the fittest time, and best manner of bestowing it. To what purpose, then, do we entreat him to do what he certainly will do without any solicitation or importunity? this it may be answered, That, as it is not the design of prayer to give information to our Creator of things he was not acquainted with before; so neither is it the design of it to move his affections, as good speakers move the hearts of their hearers, by the pathetic arts of oratory; nor to raise his pity, as beggars, by their importunities and tears, work upon the compassion of the bystanders. God is not subject to those sudden passions and emotions of mind which we feel; nor to any change of his measures and conduct by their influence: he is not wrought upon and changed by our prayers; for with him there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. Prayer only works its effect upon us, as it contributes to change the temper of our minds, to beget or improve right dispositions in them, to lay them open to the impressions of spiritual objects, and thus qualify us for receiving the favour and approbation of our Maker, and all those assistances which he has promised to those who call upon him in sincerity and in truth. The efficacy of prayer does not lie in the mere asking; but in its being the means of producing that frame of mind which qualifies us to receive."*

Dr Leechman was prosecuted for the alleged heresy of these doctrines before the Presbytery of Glasgow, in February 1744. The opinion of the Presbytery was unfavourable; but the question was appealed to the Synod, which "found no reason to charge the said Professor with any unsoundness in the faith, expressed in the passages of the sermon complained of." The case was afterwards carried by appeal to the General Assembly. "That Court," says Dr Wodrow, in his Life of Dr Leechman, prefixed to the Sermons, "when the cause came before them, wisely referred it to a select committee, and adopted their judgment without a vote. They found, 'That the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr had sufficient reason to take into their own hands the cognizance of the inquiry touching the sermon.' They confirmed the judgment passed by that Synod, and ' prohibited the Presbytery of Glasgow to commence or carry on any further or other proceedings against the Professor, on account of that sermon."

Since this decision, the views delivered by Professor Leechman have been unhesitatingly taught by Scotch divines. Dr Blair, in his sermon "On the Unchange-

* Dr Leechman's Sermons, Lond. 1789, Serm. iii. p. 192.

proper to begin this head of discourse by removing an objection which the doctrine I have illustrated may appear to form against religious services, and, in particular, against the duty of prayer. To what purpose, it may be urged, is homage addressed to a Being whose purpose is unalterably fixed; to whom our righteousness extendeth not; whom by no arguments we can persuade, and by no supplications we can mollify? The objection would have weight, if our religious addresses were designed to work any alteration on God; either by giving him information of what he did not know, or by exciting affections which he did not possess; or by inducing him to change measures which he had previously formed. But they are only crude and imperfect notions of religion which can suggest such ideas. The change which our devotions are intended to make, is upon ourselves, not upon the Almighty. Their chief efficacy is derived from the good dispositions which they raise and cherish in the human soul. By pouring out pious sentiments and desires before God, by adoring his perfection and confessing our own unworthiness, by expressing our dependence on his aid, our gratitude for his past favours, our submission to his present will, our trust in his future mercy, we cultivate such affections as suit our place and station in the universe, and are thereby prepared for becoming objects of the divine grace."-Vol. ii.

The same views were taught by the philosophers of the last century. " The Being that made the world," says Lord Kames, "governs it by laws that are inflexible, because they are the best; and to imagine that he can be moved by prayers, oblations, or sacrifices, to vary his plan of government, is an impious thought, degrading the Deity to a level with ourselves." His Lordship's opinion relative to the advantage of public worship, shews that he did not conceive the foregoing view of prayer to be in the least inconsistent with its reasonableness and utility. "The principle of devotion," he says, " like most of our other principles, partakes of the imperfection of our nature; yet, however faint originally, it is capable of being greatly invigorated by cultivation and exercise. Private exercise is not sufficient. Nature, and consequently the God of nature, require public exercise or public worship; for devotion is communicative, like joy or grief; and, by mutual communication in a numerous assembly, is greatly invigorated. A regular habit of expressing publicly our gratitude and resignation never fails to purify the mind, tending to wean it from every unlawful pursuit. This is the true motive of public worship; not what is commonly inculcated—that it is required from us as a testimony to our Maker of our obedience to his laws: God, who knows the heart, needs no such testimony."*

These views are also very ancient. St Augustine, in his 130th Epistle " To Proba," t says, " It may surprise us, until we understand, that our Lord and God does not wish our will to be made clear to Him, which he cannot but know, but that, our desire being exercised in prayers, we may be able to receive what he prepares to give." * * * " We ask God in words, at certain intervals of hours and times, that by these outward signs we may admonish ourselves, and may see ourselves, what progress we have made in this desire, and may stimulate ourselves the more to heighten it."

In closing this chapter, I may observe, that many excellent and sincere Christians, to whom I am most anxious to avoid giving effence, labour under great disadvantages in judging of the truth and importance of several of the views stated in this Work, in consequence of their ignorance of the functions of the brain, and the laws of its activity. Many of them have been educated in the belief, that human nature is entirely corrupt and wicked; and when, in consequence of private or public

ableness of the Divine Nature," observes: "It will be | devotion, they become conscious of vivid love to God and benevolence to men, and of aspirations after general purity and excellence, springing up in their minds, they ascribe these emotions exclusively to the direct influence of the Divine Spirit, -without being in the least aware of the extent to which a large development of the moral organs, combined with an active temperament, contributes to this effect. The organs are the means by which these emotions are experienced, and the emotions themselves vary in power and intensity according to the size and condition of the organs. Deficiency in size is accompanied by feebleness, deficiency in activity by dulness, while excess in size and activity often leads to fanaticism and a persuasion of inspiration, such as occurred in Bunyan, Swedenborg, and the late Edward Irving. I examined the head of the Rev. Edward Irving before he had become known to the public, and noted the organs of Imitation, Wonder, Ideality, Veneration, Self-Esteem, Conscientiousness, and Firmness as large: Wonder, Self-Esteem, and Firmness predominated; and these appear to have attained almost to diseased activity in the latter years of his life. Diseased activity produces belief in actual communication with heaven. Christianity cannot fail to be benefited by the light which Phrenology is shedding on the organs in a state of health as well as of disease.*

CONCLUSION.

What is the practical use of Phrenology, even supposing it to be true ?- Its utility pointed out in reference to politics, legislation, education, morals and religion, and the professions, pursuits, hours of exertion, and amusements of individuals-The precepts of Christianity impracticable in the present state of society-Improvement anticipated from the diffusion of the true philosophy of mind-The change, however, will be gradual-What ought education to cmbrace ?-and what religious instruction ?

THE question has frequently been asked, What is the practical use of Phrenology, even supposing it to be true? A few observations will suffice to answer this inquiry, and, at the same time, to present a brief summary of the doctrine of the preceding work.

Prior to the age of Copernicus, the earth and sun presented to the eye phenomena exactly similar to those which they now exhibit; but their motions appeared in a very different light to the understanding.

Before the age of Newton, the revolutions of the planets were known as matter of fact; but mankind was ignorant of the principle of their motions.

Previously to the dawn of modern chemistry, many of the qualities of physical substances were ascertained by observation: but their ultimate principles and relations were not understood.

Knowledge, as I observed in the Introduction, may be made beneficial in two ways-either by rendering the substance discovered directly subservient to human enjoyment; or, where this is impossible, by modifying human conduct in harmony with its qualities. While knowledge of any department of nature remains imperfect and empirical, the unknown qualities of the objects comprehended in it, may render our efforts either to apply, or to act in accordance with those which are known, altogether abortive. Hence it is only after ultimate principles have been discovered, their relations ascertained, and this knowledge systematised, that science can attain its full character of utility.

* See on this subject Dr Andrew Combe's Observations on Mental Derangement, pp. 184-189; System of Phrenology, section on Wonder; Remarks on Demonology and Witchcraft, in the Phren. Jour. vi. 504; and, in the 44th and 45th Numbers of the same Journal, "Observations on Religious Fanaticism, illustrated by a Comparison of the Belief and Conduct of noted Religious Enthusiasts with those of Patients in the Montrose Lunatic Asylum. By W. A. F. Browne, Esq. Medical Superintendent of that Institution."

^{*} Sketches, B. iii. Sk. 3. Ch. iii. § 1. † Quoted in " The Church of the Fathers," 1840, p. 260

dered this service to astronomy.

Before the appearance of Drs Gall and Spurzheim, mankind were practically acquainted with the feelings and intellectual operations of their own minds, and anatomists knew the appearances of the brain. But the science of mind was very much in the same state as that of the heavenly bodies prior to the times of Copernicus and Newton.

First, No unanimity prevailed among philosophers concerning the elementary feelings and intellectual powers of man. Individuals deficient in Conscientiousness, for instance, denied that the sentiment of justice was a primitive mental quality: others, deficient in Veneration, asserted that man was not naturally prone to worship, and ascribed religion to the invention of priests.

Secondly, The extent to which the primitive faculties differ in strength, in different individuals, was matter of dispute, or of vague conjecture; and, concerning many attainments, there was no agreement among philosophers whether they were the gifts of nature or the results of mere cultivation.

Thirdly, Different modes or states of the same feeling were often mistaken for different feelings; and modes of action of all the intellectual faculties were mistaken for distinct faculties.

Fourthly, The brain, confessedly the most important organ of the body, and that with which the nerves of the senses, of motion, and of feeling communicate, had no ascertained functions. Mankind were ignorant of its uses, and of its influence on the mental faculties. They indeed still dispute that its different parts are the organs of different mental powers, and that the vigour of each faculty bears a proportion, cæteris paribus, to the size of its organ.

If, in physics, imperfect and empirical knowledge renders the unknown qualities of bodies liable to frustrate the efforts of man to apply or to accommodate his conduct to their known qualities, -and if only a complete and systematic exhibition of ultimate principles, and their relations, can confer on science its full character of utility,-the same doctrine applies with equal or greater force to the philosophy of mind.

The science of Politics embraces forms of government, and the relations between different states. All government is designed to combine the efforts of individuals, and to regulate their conduct when united. To arrive at the best means of accomplishing this end, systematic knowledge of the nature of man seems highly important. A despotism, for example, may restrain some abuses of the propensities, but it assuredly impedes the exercise of reflection, and others of the highest and noblest powers. A form of government can be suited to the nature of man only when it is calculated to permit the legitimate use, and to restrain the abuses, of all his mental feelings and capacities: and how can such a government be devised, while these faculties, with their spheres of action and external relations, are imperfectly known? Again, all relations between different states must also be in accordance with the nature of man, to prove permanently beneficial; and the question recurs, How are these to be framed while that nature is a matter of conjecture? Napoleon disbelieved in a sentiment of justice as an innate quality of the mind, and, in his relations with other states, relied on fear and interest as the grand motives of conduct: but that sentiment existed, and, combined with other faculties which he outraged, prompted Europe to hurl him from his throne. If Napoleon had comprehended the principles of human nature, and their relations, as forcibly and clearly as the principles of mathematics, in which he excelled, his understanding would have greatly modified his conduct, and Europe would have escaped prodigious calamities.

LEGISLATION, civil and criminal, is intended to regu-

merits of Copernicus and Newton consist in having ren- | late and direct the human faculties in their efforts at gratification; and laws, to be useful, must accord with the constitution of these faculties. But how can salutary laws be enacted, while the subject to be governed, or human nature, is not accurately understood? The inconsistency and intricacy of the laws, even in enlightened nations, have afforded themes for the satirist in every age ;-yet how could the case be otherwise? Legislators provided rules for directing the qualities of human nature, which they conceived themselves to know; but either error in their conceptions, or the effects of other qualities unknown or unattended to, defeated their intentions. The law, for example, punishing heresy with burning, was addressed by our ancestors to Cautiousness and the Love of Life; but, Intellect, Veneration, Conscientiousness, and Firmness, were omitted in their estimate of human principles of action ;-and these set the law at defiance. There are many laws still in the statute-book, equally at variance with the nature of man.

EDUCATION is intended to enlighten the intellect, to train it and the moral sentiments to vigour, and to repress the too great activity of the selfish feelings. But how can this be successfully accomplished, when the faculties and sentiments themselves, the laws to which they are subjected, and their relations to external objects, are unascertained? Accordingly, the theories and practices observed in education are innumerable and contradictory; which could not happen if men knew the constitution of the object which they were training.

In an "Essai sur la Statistique morale de la France," by Mons. A. M. Guerry, published at Paris in 1833, it is stated that crimes against property and person are most numerous in proportion to the population in those departments of France-the north and east-in which the people are the best educated, the richest, and the most industrious. This must be owing in part to the increased power which education confers of doing either good or evil, and partly to defects in the education afforded.* The philosophy of man being unknown, chil-

* It is proper to remark, however, that M. Guerry's statement, supposing it to be grounded on sufficient data, does not shew that education tends to increase rather than diminish crime; for, as a writer in the Phrenological Journal observes, "until it be proved that education has the same kind of subjects to operate on in every part of France, its effects cannot be judged of from such data as those furnished by M. Guerry." After stating reasons for concluding that the generality of heads are better in some parts of France than in others, the writer adds: " Now, this important fact ought not to be everlooked, as it has hitherto been, in judging of the influence of education; for it can hardly be doubted, that educated but inferior minds will display less morality than minds which are uneducated but naturally much superior. What should we say of a man who should call in question the efficacy of medical treatment, because a patient tainted from birth with consumption, and who had been long under the care of a physician, was not so healthy as a person with naturally sound lungs, who had never taken medical advice in his life? But for the treatment, the consumptive man would have been much worse than he actually was, and probably would have died in early youth. To judge correctly, therefore, of the question at issue, we must compare the present amount of crime in particular departments of France, with its amount in the same departments when there was either very little instruction or none at all. In this manner we shall also avoid being misled by the effects of other influences; such as the density or thinness of the population,the employment of the people in agriculture or manufactures, and their residence on the coast, in the interior, or in mountainous or fertile districts. Were such a trial made, I think it would almost without exception be found, in cases where no great change of circumstances had occurred, that in exact proportion to the increase of education there had been an obvious diminution of crime. I am well aware that, by the system of instruction generally pursued, the moral feelings, which restrain from crime, are wholly neglected: but cultivation even of the intellect appears favourable to morality; first, by giving periods of repose to the lower pro- , dren are not taught any rational views of the plan of life; they are not instructed in the constitution of society, and obtain no sufficient information concerning the sources of real enjoyment. They are not taught any system of morals based on the nature of man and his social relations, but are left each to grope his way to happiness according to the dictates of his individual mind. They see the rich pursuing pleasure and fashion; and, if they follow such examples, they must resort to crime for the means of gratification: yet there is no solid instruction given to them, sufficient to satisfy their understandings that the rich themselves are straying from the paths that lead to solid and lasting happiness, and that it is to be found only in other and higher occupations.

MORALS and Religion, also, cannot assume a systematic and thoroughly demonstrable character, until the elementary faculties of the mind, and their relations, shall be ascertained.

It is presumable that the Deity, in creating the moral powers and the external world, really adapted the one to the other; and that individuals and nations, in pursuing morality, must, in every instance, be promoting their best interests, while, in departing from it, they must be sacrificing them to passion or to illusory notions of advantage. But, until the nature of man, and the relationship between it and the external world, shall be scientifically ascertained, and systematically expounded, it will be impossible to support morality by the powerful demonstration that interest coincides with it. The tendency in most men to view expediency as not always coincident with justice, affords a striking proof of the limited knowledge of the constitution of man and the external world still existing in society.

The diversities of doctrine in religion, too, obviously owe their origin to ignorance of the primitive faculties and their relations. The relative strength of the faculties differs in different individuals, and each person is most alive to objects and views connected with the powers predominant in himself. Hence, in reading the Scriptures, one is convinced that they establish Calvinism; another, possessing a different combination of faculties, discovers in them Lutheranism; and a third is satisfied that Unitarianism is the only true interpretation. These individuals have, in general, no distinct conception that the views which strike them most forcibly, appear in a different light to minds differently constituted. A correct interpretation of Scripture must harmonize with all the faculties acting harmoniously, or in cases of conflict, with the dictates of the moral sentiments and well-informed intellect, holding the animal propensities in subordination. It may legitimately go beyond what they, unaided, could reach; but it cannot contradict them: because this would be setting the Bible in opposition to the legitimate dictates of faculties constituted by the Creator. Mankind, however, will never reach general agreement in their interpretations, while each individual takes his own mind as a standard of human nature in general, and conceives that his own impressions are identical with absolute truth. The establishment of the philosophy of man, therefore, on a scientific basis, and in a systematic form, must aid the cause both of morality and religion.

The PROFESSIONS, PURSUITS, HOURS OF EXERTION, and AMUSEMENTS of individuals, ought also to bear reference

pensities, of whose excessive activity crime is the result; secondly, by promoting the formation of habits of regularity, subordination, and obedience; and, thirdly, by strengthening and informing the intellect, and thereby enabling it to see more clearly the dangerous consequences of crime. No doubt there are criminals on whom an excellent intellectual education has been bestowed; but instead of thence inferring that education increases the liability of mankind to crime, I think it may with great reason be asked, whether, had the same individuals wanted education altogether, their crimes would not have been ten times more atrocious."—Phren. Jour. vol. ix. p. 268.

dren are not taught any rational views of the plan of life; they are not instructed in the constitution of society, and obtain no sufficient information concerning the sources of real enjoyment. They are not taught any

In consequence of the want of a philosophy of man, there is little harmony between the different departments of human pursuit. God is one; and as He is intelligent, benevolent, and powerful, we may reasonably conclude that creation is one harmonious system, in which the physical is adapted to the moral, the moral to the physical, and every department of these grand divisions to the whole. But at present, many principles clearly revealed by philosophy are impracticable because the institutions of society have not been founded with a due regard to their existence. An educated lady, for example, or a member of one of the learned professions, may perceive with the clearest conviction that God, by the manner in which he has constituted the body, and connected the mind with the brain, has positively enjoined muscular exertion, as indispensable to the possession of sound health, the enjoyment of life, and the rearing of a healthy offspring; and, nevertheless, they may find themselves so hedged round by routine of employment, the fashions of society, the influence of opinion, and the positive absence of all arrangements suited to the purpose, that they may be rendered nearly as incapable of yielding this obedience to God's law as if they were imprisoned in a dungeon.

By religion we are commanded to set our affections on things above, and not to permit our minds to be engrossed with the cares of this world; we are desired to seek godliness, and eschew selfishness, contention, and the vanities of life. These precepts must have been intended to be practically followed, otherwise it was a mockery of mankind to give them forth: But if they were intended to be practised, God must have arranged the inherent constitution of man, and that of the world, in such a manner as to admit of their being obeyed, -and not only so, but to render men happy in proportion as they should practise, and miserable as they should neglect them. Nevertheless, when we survey human society in the forms in which it has hitherto existed, and in which it now exists, these precepts appear to have been, and to be now, absolutely impracticable to ninety-nine out of every hundred of civilized men. Suppose the most eloquent and irresistibly convincing discourse on the Christian duties to be delivered on Sunday to a congregation of Manchester manufacturers and their operatives, or to London merchants, Essex farmers, or Westminster lawyers, how would they find their respective spheres of life adapted for acting practically on their convictions? They are all commanded to love God with their whole heart and soul, and to resist the world and the flesh, or, in philosophical language, to support their moral affections and intellectual powers in habitual activity-to direct them to noble, clevating, and beneficial objects -and to resist the subjugation of these higher attributes of their minds to animal pleasure, sordid selfishness, and worldly ambition. The moral and intellectual powers assent to the reasonableness of these precepts, and rejoice in the prospect of their practical application; but, on Monday morning, the manufacturers, owing to the institutions of society, and the department of life into which they have been cast before they had either reason or moral perception to direct their choice, must commence a course of ceaseless toil,-the workmen that they may support life, and the masters that they may avoid ruin, or accumulate wealth. Saturday evening finds them worn out with mental and bodily exertion, continued through all the intermediate days, and directed to pursuits connected with this world alone. Sunday dawns upon them in a state of mind widely at variance with the Christian condition. In like manner, the merchant must devote himself to his bargains, the farmer to his plough, and the lawyer to his briefs, with corresponding assiduity; so that their moral powers

have neither objects presented to them, nor vigour left for enjoyments befitting their nature and desires. It is in vain to say to individuals that they err in acting thus: individuals are carried along in the great stream of social institutions and pursuits. The operative labourer is compelled to follow his routine of toil under pain of absolute starvation. The master-manufacturer, the merchant, the farmer, and the lawyer, are pursued by competitors so active, that if they relax in selfish ardour, they will be speedily plunged into ruin. If God has so constituted the human mind and body, and so arranged external nature, that all this is unavoidably necessary for man, then the Christian precepts are scarcely more suited to human nature and circumstances in this world, than the command to fly would be to the nature of the horse. If, on the other hand, man's nature and circumstances do in themselves admit of the Christian precepts being realized, it is obvious that a great revolution must take place in our notions, principles of action, practices, and social institutions, before this can be accomplished. That many Christian teachers believe this improvement possible, and desire its execution, I cannot doubt; but through want of knowledge of the constituent elements of human nature, and their relations-through want, in short, of a philosophy of mind and of physical naturethey have never been able to perceive what God has rendered man capable of attaining, -how it may be attained,-or on what principles the moral and physical government of the world in regard to man is conducted. Consequently, they have not acted generally on the idea of religion being a branch of an all-comprehending philosophy; they have relied chiefly on inculcating the precepts of their Master, threatening future punishments for disobedience, and promising future rewards for observance,-without proving philosophically to society, not only that its institutions, practices, and principles, must be erected on loftier ground than they are at present before it can become truly Christian,-but that these improvements are actually within the compass of human nature, aided by science and Scripture. Individuals in whom there is a strong aspiration after the realization of the Christian state of society, but whose intellects cannot perceive any natural means by which it can be produced, take refuge in the regions of prophecy, and expect a miraculous reign of saints in the Millennium. How much more profitable would it be to study the philosophy of man's nature, which is obviously the work of God, and endeavour to introduce morality and happiness by the means appointed by Him in creation! Supernatural agency has long since ceased to interfere with human affairs; and whenever it shall operate again, we may presume that it will be neither assisted nor retarded by human opinions and speculations.

We need only attend to the scenes daily presenting themselves in society, to obtain an irresistible conviction that many evil consequences result from the want of a true theory of human nature, and its relations. Every preceptor in schools—every professor in colleges every author, editor, and pamphleteer-every member of Parliament, councillor, and judge-has a set of notions of his own, which, in his mind, holds the place of a system of the philosophy of man; and although he may not have methodised his ideas, or even acknowledged them to himself as a theory, yet they constitute a standard to him by which he practically judges of all questions in morals, politics, and religion: he advocates whatever views coincide with them, and condemns all that differ from them, with as unhesitating a dogmatism as the most pertinacious theorist on earth. Each also despises the notions of his fellows, in so far as they differ from his own. In short, the human faculties too generally operate simply as impulses, exhibiting all the confliction and uncertainty of mere feeling, unenlightened by perception of their own nature and objects. Hence public measures in general, whether relating to

education, religion, trade, manufactures, the poor, criminal law, or any other subject linked with the dearest interests of society, instead of being treated as branches of one general system of economy, and adjusted on scientific principles each in harmony with all the rest, are supported or opposed on narrow and empirical grounds, and often call forth displays of ignorance, prejudice, selfishness, intolerance, and bigotry, that greatly obstruct the progress of improvement. Indeed, any important approach to unanimity, even among sensible and virtuous men, will be impossible, so long as no standard of mental philosophy is admitted to guide individual feelings and perceptions. But the state of things now described could not exist, if education embraced a true-system of human nature and its relations.

If, then, the doctrine of the natural laws here expounded be true, it will, when matured, supply the de-

ficiencies now pointed out.

But here another question naturally presents itself-How are the views explained in this work, supposing them to contain some portion of truth, to be rendered practical? Sound views of human nature and of the divine government come home to the feelings and understandings of men; they perceive them to possess a substantive existence and reality, which rivet attention and command respect. If the doctrine unfolded in the present treatise be in any degree true, it is destined to operate on the character of all public instruction,especially that from the pulpit. Individuals whose minds have embraced the views which it contains, inform me that many sermons appear to them inconsistent in their different propositions, at variance with sound views of human nature, and so vague as to have little relation to practical life and conduct. They partake of the abstractedness of the scholastic philosophy. The first divine of comprehensive intellect and powerful moral feelings who shall take courage and introduce the natural laws into his discourses, and teach the people the works and institutions of the Creator, will reap a great reward in usefulness and pleasure. If this course shall, as heretofore, be neglected, the people, who are daily increasing in knowledge of philosophy and practical science, will in a few years look with disrespect on their clerical guides, and probably force them, by "pressure from without," to remodel the entire system of pulpit-instruction.

The institutions and manners of society indicate the state of mind of the influential classes at the time when they prevail. The trial and burning of old women as witches, point out clearly the predominance of Destructiveness and Wonder over Intellect and Benevolence, in those who were guilty of such cruel absurdities. The practices of wager of battle, and ordeal by fire and water, indicate great activity of Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Veneration, in those who permitted them, combined with lamentable ignorance of the natural constitution of the world. In like manner, the enormous sums willingly expended in war, and the small sums grudgingly paid for public improvements,-the intense energy displayed in the pursuit of wealth,-and the general apathy evinced in the search after knowledge and virtue,-unequivocally proclaim activity of Combativeness, Destructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Self-Esteem, and Love of Approbation, with comparatively moderate vivacity of Benevolence and Conscientiousness in the present generation. Before, therefore, the practices of mankind can be altered, the state of their minds must be changed. It is an error to impose institutions on a people greatly in advance of their mental condition. The rational method is, first to instruct the intellect, then to interest the sentiments, and, last of all, to form arrangements in harmony with these and resting on them as their basis.

The views developed in the preceding chapters, if founded in nature, may be expected to lead, ultimately, to considerable changes in many of the customs and

pursuits of society; but to accomplish this effect, the principles themselves must first be ascertained to be true; next they must be sedulously taught; and only thereafter will they be practically applied. It appears to me that a long series of years will probably elapse before even nations now regarded as civilized, will model their institutions and manners in harmony with the natural laws.

The first step should be to teach these laws to the young. Their minds, not being occupied by prejudice, will recognise them as congenial to their constitution; the first generation that shall embrace them from infancy will proceed to modify the institutions of society into accordance with their dictates; and in the course of ages they may at length be found to be practically useful. A perception of the importance of the natural laws will lead to their observance, and this will be attended with an improved development of brain, thereby increasing the desire and capacity for obedience. All true theories have ultimately been adopted and influenced practice; and I see no reason to fear that the present, if true, will prove an exception. The failure of all previous systems is the natural consequence of their having been unfounded; if this resemble them, it will deserve, and assuredly will meet, a similar

The present work may be regarded as, in one sense, an introduction to an essay on education. If the views unfolded in it be in general sound, it will follow that education has scarcely yet commenced. If the Creator has bestowed on the body, on the mind, and on external nature, determinate constitutions, and has arranged them to act on each other, and to produce happiness or misery to man, according to certain definite principles, -and if this action goes on invariably, inflexibly, and irresistibly whether men attend to it or not,-it is obvious that the very basis of useful knowledge must consist in an acquaintance with these natural arrangements ; - and that education will be valuable in the exact degree in which it communicates such information, and trains the faculties to act upon it. Reading, writing, and accounts, which make up the instruction enjoyed by the lower orders, are merely means of acquiring knowledge, but do not constitute it. Greek, Latin, and mathematics, which are added in the education of the middle and upper classes, are still only means of obtaining information: hence, with the exception of the few who pursue physical science, society dedicates very little attention to the study of the natural laws. In attempting to give effect to the views now discussed, I respectfully recommend that each individual, according as he becomes acquainted with the natural laws, should obey them, and communicate his experience of their operations to others; avoiding at the same time, the subversion, by violence, of established institutions, and all outrages on public sentiment by intemperate discussions. The doctrines before unfolded, if true, authorize us to predicate that the most successful method of ameliorating the condition of mankind will be that which appeals most directly to their moral sentiments and intellect; and I may add from experience and observation, that, in proportion as any individual becomes acquainted with the real constitution of the human mind, will his conviction of the efficacy of this method increase.

Finally, if it be true that the natural laws must be obeyed as a preliminary condition to happiness in this world, and if virtue and happiness be inseparably allied, the religious instructors of mankind may probably discover in the general and prevalent ignorance of these laws one reason of the limited success which has hitherto

attended their efforts to improve the condition of mankind; and they may perhaps perceive it to be not inconsistent with their sacred office, to instruct men in the natural institutions of the Creator, as well as in Scripture doctrines, and to recommend obedience to both. They exercise so vast an influence over the best members of society, that their countenance may hasten, or their opposition retard, by a century, the general adoption of the natural laws as sound guides to human conduct.

If the excessive toil of the manufacturer be inconsister; with that elevation of the moral and intellectual faculties of man which is commanded by religion, and if the moral and physical welfare of mankind be not at variance with each other (which they cannot be), the institutions of society out of which the necessity for that labour arises, must, philosophically speaking, be pernicious to the interests of the state as a political body, and to the temporal welfare of the individuals who compose it; and whenever we shall be in possession of a correct knowledge of the elements of human nature, and the principles on which God has constituted the world, the philosophical evidence that these practices are detrimental to our temporal welfare, will be as clear as that of their inconsistency with our religious duties. Until, however, divines shall become acquainted with this relation between philosophy and religion, they will not possess adequate means of rendering their precepts practical in this world; they will not carry the intellectual perceptions of their hearers fully along with them; they will be incapable of controlling the force of the animal propensities; and they will never lead society to the fulfilment of its highest destinies. At present, the animal propensities are fortified in the strong entrenchments of social institutions: Acquisitiveness, for example, is protected and fostered by our arrangements for accumulating wealth; a worldly spirit, by our constant struggle to obtain the means of subsistence; pride and vanity, by our artificial distinctions of rank and fashion; and Combativeness and Destructiveness by our warlike professions. The divine assails the vices and inordinate passions of mankind by the denunciations of the Gospel; but as long as society shall be animated by different principles, and maintain in vigour institutions whose spirit is diametrically opposite to its doctrines, so long will it be difficult for him to effect the realization of his precepts in practice. Yet it appears to me, that, by teaching mankind the philosophy of their own nature and of the world in which they live-by proving to them the coincidence between the dictates of this philosophy and Christian morality, and the inconsistency of their own practices with both-they may be induced to modify the latter, and to entrench the moral powers in social institutions; and then the triumph of virtue and religion will be more complete. Those who advocate the exclusive importance of spiritual religion for the improvement of mankind, appear to me to err in overlooking too much the necessity for complying with the natural conditions on which all improvement depends; and I anticipate, that when schools and colleges shall expound the various branches of philosophy as portions of the institutions of the Creator-when the pulpit shall deal with the same principles, shew their practical application to man's duties and enjoyments, and add the sanctions of religion to enforce the observance of the natural laws-and when the busy scenes of life shall be so arranged as to become a field for the practice at once of our philosophy and of our religionthen will man assume his station as a rational being, and Christianity achieve her triumph.

APPENDIX.

No. I .- NATURAL LAWS.

Text, p. 8.

It is mentioned in the text that many philosophers have treated of the Laws of Nature. The following are examples:—

Montesquieu introduces his Spirit of Laws with the following observations:—" Laws in their most general signification, are the necessary relations derived from the nature of things. In this sense, all beings have their laws; the Deity has his laws; the material world its laws; the intelligences superior to man have their laws; the beasts their laws; man his laws.

"Those who assert that a blind fatality produced the various effects we behold in this world, are guilty of a very great absurdity; for can anything be more absurd than to pretend that a blind fatality could be productive of intelligent beings?

"There is, then, a primitive reason; and laws are the relations which subsist between it and different beings, and the relations of these beings among themselves.

"God is related to the universe as creator and preserver; the laws by which he has created all things are those by which he preserves them. He acts according to these rules because he knows them; he knows them because he has made them, and he made them because they are relative to his wisdom and power, &c.

"Man, as a physical being, is, like other bodies, governed by invariable laws."—Spirit of Laws, b. i. c. i.

Justice Blackstone observes, that "Law, in its most general and comprehensive sense, signifies a rule of action; and is applied indiscriminately to all kinds of action, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational. Thus we say the laws of motion, of gravitation, of optics, or mechanics, as well as the laws of nature and of nations." -" Thus, when the supreme Being formed the universe and created matter out of nothing, he impressed certain principles upon that matter, from which it can never depart, and without which it would cease to be. When he put that matter into motion, he established certain laws of motion, to which all moveable bodies must conform." -" If we farther advance from mere inactive matter to vegetable and animal life, WE SHALL FIND THEM STILL GO-VERNED BY LAWS: more numerous, indeed, but equally fixed and invariable. The whole progress of plants from the seed to the root, and from thence to the seed againthe method of animal nutrition, digestion, secretion, and all other branches of vital economy-are not left to chance, or the will of the creature itself, but are performed in a wondrous involuntary manner, and guided by unerring rules laid down by the great Creator. then, is the general signification of law, a rule of action dictated by some superior being; and, in those creatures that have neither power to think nor to will, such laws must be invariably obeyed, so long as the creature itself subsists; for its existence depends on that obedience."-Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, vol. i. sect. 2.

"The word law," says Mr Erskine, "is frequently made use of, both by divines and philosophers, in a large acceptation, to express the settled method of God's providence, by which he preserves the order of the MATERIAL WORLD in such a manner, that nothing in it may deviate from that uniform course which he has appointed for it. And as brute matter is merely passive, without the least degree of choice upon its part, these laws are INVIOLABLY

OBSERVED in the material creation, every part of which continues to act, immutably, according to the rules that were from the beginning prescribed to it by infinite wisdom. Thus philosophers have given the appellation of law to that motion which incessantly pervades and agitates the universe, and is ever changing the form and substance of things; dissolving some, and raising others, as from their ashes, to fill up the void; yet so that, amidst all the fluctuations by which particular things are affected, the universe is still preserved without diminution. Thus also they speak of the laws of fluids, of gravitation, &c. and the word is used in this sense in several passages of the Sacred Writings; in the book of Job, and in Proverbs viii. 29, where God is said to have given his law to the seas that they should not pass his commandment."-Erskine's Institutes of the Law of Scotland, book i. tit. i. sect. 1.

Cowper, in his Table Talk, after stating that vice disposes the mind to submit to the usurped command of tyranny, exclaims—

"A dire effect, by one of Nature's laws, Unchangeably connected with its cause."

Discussions about the Laws of Nature, rather than inquiries into them, were common in France at the time of the Revolution; and, having become associated in imagination with the crimes and horrors of that period. they continue to be regarded, by some individuals, as inconsistent with religion and morality. A coincidence between the views maintained in the preceding pages, and a passage in Volney, has been pointed out to me as an objection to the whole doctrine. Volney's words are the following:-" It is a law of nature, that water flows from an upper to a lower situation; that it seeks its level; that it is heavier than air; that all bodies tend towards the earth; that flame rises towards the sky; that it destroys the organization of vegetables and animals: that air is essential to the life of certain animals; that, in certain cases, water suffocates and kills them; that certain juices of plants and certain minerals, attack their organs, and destroy their life; and the same of a variety of facts.

" Now, since these facts, and many similar ones, are constant, regular, and immutable, they become so many real commands, to which man is bound to conform under the express penalty of punishment attached to their infraction, or well-being connected with their observance. So that if a man were to pretend to see clearly in the dark, or is regardless of the progress of the seasons, or the action of the elements; if he pretends to exist under water without drowning, to handle fire without burning himself, to deprive himself of air without suffocating, or to drink poison without destroying himself; he receives, for each infraction of the law of nature, a corporal punishment proportioned to his transgression. If, on the contrary, he observes these laws and founds his practice on the precise and regular relation which they bear to him, he preserves his existence, and renders it as happy as it is capable of being rendered: and since all these laws, considered in relation to the human species, have in view only one common end, that of their preservation and their happiness, it has been agreed to assemble together the different ideas, and express them by a single word, and call them collectively by the name of the Law of Nature."-Volney's Law of Nature, 3d edit. p. 21-24.

I feel no embarrassment on account of this coinci-

dence; but remark, first, That various authors, quoted in the text and in this note, advocated the importance of the laws of nature, long before the French Revolution was heard of; secondly, That the existence of the laws of nature is as obvious to the understanding, as the existence of the external world, and of the human body itself, to the senses; thirdly, That these laws, being inherent in creation, must have proceeded from the Deity; fourthly, That if the Deity is powerful, just, and benevolent, they must harmonize with the constitution of man; and, lastly, That if the laws of nature have been instituted by the Deity, and been framed in wise, benevolent, and just relationship to the human constitution, they must at all times form the highest and most important subjects of human investigation, and remain altogether unaffected by the errors, follies, and crimes of those who have endeavoured to expound them: just as religion continues holy, venerable, and uncontaminated, notwithstanding the hypocrisy, wickedness, and inconsistency of individuals professing themselves her interpreters and friends.

That the views of the natural laws themselves, advocated in this work, are diametrically opposite to the practical conduct of the French revolutionary ruffians, requires no demonstration. My fundamental principle is, that man can enjoy happiness on earth only by preserving his habitual conduct under the direction of the moral sentiments and intellect, and that this is the law of his nature. No doctrine can be more opposed than this to fraud, robbery, blasphemy, and murder.

It may be urged, that all past speculations about the laws of nature have proved more imposing than useful; and that, while the laws themselves afford materials for elevated declamation, they form no secure guides even to the learned, and much less to the illiterate, in practical conduct. In answer, I would respectfully repeat what has frequently been urged in the text, that before we can discover the laws of nature applicable to man, we must know, first, the constitution of man himself; secondly, the constitution of external nature; and, thirdly, we must compare the two. But, until the discovery of Phrenology, the mental constitution of man was a matter of vague conjecture and endless debate; and the connexion between his mental powers and his organized system was involved in the deepest obscurity. The brain, the most important organ of the body, had no ascertained functions. Before the introduction of this science, therefore, men were rather impressed with the unspeakable importance of the knowledge of the laws of nature, than extensively acquainted with those laws themselves; and even the knowledge of the external world actually possessed, could not, in many instances, be rendered available, on account of its relationship to the qualities of man being unascertained, and unascertainable so long as these qualities themselves were unknown.

The adaptation of the constitution of man and animals to the circumstances in which they are placed, has been noticed by former writers.

Lord Kames observes, that "The wisdom of Providence is in no instance more conspicuous than in adjusting the constitution of man to his external circumstances."—(Sketches, b. i. sk. 7.); and again, "The hand of God is nowhere more visible than in the nice adjustment of our internal frame to our situation in this world."—B. iii. sk. 2. chap. i. sect. i.

Mr Stewart says: "To examine the economy of nature in the phenomena of the lower animals, and to compare their instincts with the physical circumstances of their external situation, forms one of the finest speculations of Natural History; and yet it is a speculation to which the attention of the natural historian has seldom been directed. Not only Buffon, but Ray and Derham, have passed it over slightly; nor, indeed, do I know of any one who has made it the object of a parti-

cular consideration but Lord Kames, in a short Appendix to one of his Sketches."—Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, vol. iii. p. 368.

Mr Stewart also uses the following words:—" Numberless examples shew that Nature has done no more for man than was necessary for his preservation, leaving him to make many acquisitions for himself, which she has imparted immediately to the brutes.

"My own idea is, as I have said on a different occasion, that both instinct and experience are here concerned, and that the share which belongs to each in producing the result, can be ascertained by an appeal to facts

alone."-Vol. iii. p. 338.

The following is extracted from the Quarterly Review, vol. xxxi. p. 51:—" Each must coincide in the desire of the Stoic to harmonize his conduct with the physical and moral order of the universe. When to the knowledge of each the Christian adds a deeper insight into the government of the Almighty, and learns that to act in concert with the system of the universe is to promote his own eternal as well as his temporal happiness, his inducements are still stronger to employ the powers of self-government with which he has been gifted, in conforming his feelings and actions to the plan of the great Architect."

No. II.—Muscular Labour.

Text, p. 13.

So little ought the necessity for bodily exertion to be regarded as a curse, that in reality (as Dr Thomas Brown has eloquently illustrated in his 66th lecture) there is no human desire more powerful and universal than the desire of action, and none the denial of whose gratification is productive of greater uneasiness.

"To be happy," says Dr B., "it is necessary that we be occupied; and, without our thinking of the happiness which results from it, nature has given us a constant desire of occupation. We must exert our limbs, or we must exert our thought; and when we exert neither, we feel that languor of which we did not think before, but which, when it is felt, convinces us how admirably our desire of action is adapted for the prevention of this very evil, of which we had not thought; as our appetites of hunger and thirst are given to us for the preservation of health, of which we think as little during the indulgence of our appetites, as we think, during our occupation, of the languor which would overwhelm us if wholly unoccupied. How wretched would be the boy if he were to be forced to lie even on the softest couch during a whole day, while he heard at intervals the gay voices of his playmates without, and could distinguish, by these very sounds, the particular pastimes in which they were engaged! How wretched, in these circumstances, is man himself; and what fretfulness do we perceive even on brows of more deliberate thought-on brows, too, perhaps, that, in other circumstances, are seldom overcast-if a few successive days of wet and boisterous weather have rendered all escape into the open air, and the exercises which this escape would afford, impossible!

"Without the knowledge of the pleasure that is thus felt in mere exertion, it would not be easy for us to look with satisfaction on the scene of human toil around us—which assumes instantly a different aspect when we consider this happy principle of our mental constitution. Though we are apt to think of those who are labouring for others, as if they were not labouring for themselves also—and though unquestionably, from our natural love of freedom, any task which is imposed cannot be as agreeable as an occupation spontaneously chosen—we yet must not think that the labour itself is necessarily an evil from which it would be happiness for man to be freed. Nature has not dealt so hardly with the great multitude; in comparison with whom the smaller number, for whose accommodation she seems to have formed

a more sumptuous provision, are truly insignificant..... How different would the busy scene of the world appear, if we could conceive that no pleasure attended the occupations to which so great a majority of our race would then seem to be condemned, almost like slaves that are fettered to the very instruments of their daily task! How different from that scene, in which, though we perceive many labouring and a few at rest, we perceive in the labourer a pleasure of occupation, which those who rest would often be happy to purchase from him, and which they do sometimes endeavour to purchase, by the same means by which he has acquired it; by exercises as violent and unremitted as his, and which have the distinction only of being of less advantage to the world than those toils by which he at once promotes his own happiness and contributes to the accommodation of others! It is pleasing thus to perceive a source of enjoyment in the very circumstance which might seem most hostile to happiness; to perceive in the labour itself, of which the necessity is imposed on man, a consolation for the loss of that very freedom which it constrains."- Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, vol. iii. p. 409-412.

No. III .- PROGRESS OF PHRENOLOGY.

Text, p. 29.

On its first introduction into Britain, in 1815, Phrenology was received by the press and the public with a unanimous shout of derision. The Edinburgh Review took the leading part in the work of abuse, boldly denouncing it as "trash," "despicable trumpery," "a collection of mere absurdities, without truth, connexion, or consistency," and "a piece of thorough quackery from beginning to end." To Phrenology, the following sentence, applied by Dr Chalmers to the philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton, is equally applicable :- " Authority scowled upon it, and taste was disgusted by it, and fashion was ashamed of it, and all the beauteous speculation of former days was cruelly broken up by this new announcement of the better philosophy, and scattered like the fragments of an aerial vision, over which the past generations of the world had been slumbering their profound and their pleasing reverie."-(Astronom. Discourses, ii. 55.) For a few years, the progress of Phrenology was completely stopped; but Dr Spurzheim having published a decisive reply to the reviewer, and in his lectures convinced many that the science had been most unfairly dealt with, the study was eagerly taken up in Edinburgh and other parts of Britain. The Phrenological Society, projected by the Rev. David Welsh, now Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh, was instituted in that city on the 22d of February 1820; and, in 1823, several of its members commenced the publication of a quarterly periodical, "The Phrenological Journal and Miscellany," which has now (July 1835) extended to forty-four numbers, or nearly nine octavo volumes. In 1824, the Society printed a volume of Transactions. The effect of these and other phrenological publications-and of the lectures of various phrenologists in different parts of the kingdom, particularly those of Dr Spurzheim himself -has been to diffuse the science far more rapidly than even its most sanguine advocates ventured fifteen years ago to anticipate. In France, a Phrenological Journal has for several years been published, under the superintendence of the Phrenological Society of Paris; and, in October 1833, there appeared at Boston, U. S., the first number of a periodical entitled "Annals of Phrenology," conducted by members of the Boston Phrenological Society, and a volume of which is now complete. In Britain, Phrenology has been from time to time attacked by various writers; but the effect has always been a decided acceleration of its progress—the defences of phrenologists having apparently been considered triumphant by the public.

The following is a list of places in which, so far as I am aware, Phrenological Societies have been formed:—

SCOTLAND.—1820; Edinburgh.—1826; Glasgow, Dundee, Kilmarnock.—1828; Dunferuline.—1833; Greenock.—1834; Alyth, Stirling.

England.—1824; London, Wakefield, Exeter.—1827; Hull.—1829; Liverpool.—1830; Manchester.—1832: Portsmouth.—1834; Warwick.

IRELAND.—1826: Belfast.—1829; Dublin.

France.—1831; Paris.

India.—1825; Calcutta.

UNITED STATES. — 1824; Philadelphia. — 1826, Washington. — 1832; Boston. — 1834; Hingham, Nantucket, Brunswick, Andover, Amherst, Hanover, Reading, Leicester, Worcester, Providence, Hartford, Oneida.

Other Phrenological Societies, of which I have not heard, have probably been instituted elsewhere; and it is understood that some of those mentioned in the foregoing list are at present in a dormant condition.

Among the members of the medical profession, Phrenology has many talented defenders and admirers. Professor Elliotson of London declares that "Gall has the immortal honour of having discovered particular parts of the brain to be the seat of different faculties, sentiments, and propensities."-(Transl. of Blumenbach's Physiology, 4th edit. p. 204.) Mr Abernethy says, "I readily acknowledge my inability to offer any rational objections to Gall and Spurzheim's system of Phrenology, as affording a satisfactory explanation of the motives of human actions."-(Reflections on Gall and Spurzheim's System, &c. p. 48.) - Dr Barlow, Physician to the Bath United Hospital and Infirmary, alludes to Phrenology as a science in which he "has no hesitation to avow his firm belief; and which, justly estimated, has more power of contributing to the welfare and happiness of mankind, than any other with which we are acquainted."- (Cyclop. of Pract. Med., art. Education, Physical.) Dr Conolly, lately one of the Medical Professors in the London University, and now President of the Phrenological Society of Warwick, says, "I can see nothing which merits the praise of being philosophical in the real or affected contempt professed by so many anatomists and physiologists," for the science of Phrenology. (On the Indications of Insanity, p. 135.) Dr Mackintosh says, "Although I must confess that I have had neither time nor opportunity to examine the system of those distinguished anatomists and physiologists, Gall and Spurzheim, with that care and attention which the importance of the subject demands, and which might enable me to give a decided opinion respecting the truth of all its parts, yet experience and observation oblige me to state, that much of their doctrines appears to be true, and that science owes a great deal to the labours of the gentlemen who have been engaged in phrenological inquiry."—(Principles of Pathology, 3d edit. ii. 4.) "The science," says Mr Macnish, "is entirely one of observation; by that it must stand or fall, and by that alone ought it to be tested. The phrenological system appears to me the only one capable of affording a rational and easy explanation of the phenomena of mind. It is impossible to account for dreaming, idiocy, spectral illusions, monomania, and partial genius, in any other way. For these reasons, and for the much stronger one, that having studied the science for several years with a mind rather hostile than otherwise to its doctrines, and found that nature invariably vindicated their truth, I could come to no other conclusion than that of adopting them as a matter of belief, and employing them for the explanation of phenomena which they alone seem calculated to elucidate satisfactorily. The system of Gall is gaining ground rapidly among scientific men, both in Europe and America. Some of the ablest physiologists in both quarters of the globe have admitted its accordance with nature; and, at this moment, if poasts a

greater number of proselytes than at any previous period of its career. The prejudices still existing against it result from ignorance of its real character. As people get better acquainted with the science, and the formidable evidence by which it is supported, they will think differently."-(Philosophy of Sleep, 2d edition, preface.) Similar passages might be quoted from other esteemed medical writers; but it is sufficient to add, that Andral, one of the highest medical authorities in Europe, was recently President of the Phrenological Society of Paris; that the celebrated Broussais expounds and defends the science in his lectures: that the Medico-Chirurgical Review, which is unquestionably at the head of the British medical periodicals, has for many years adopted Phrenology as founded in nature; and that a conviction of the truth and importance of the science is daily forcing itself upon many, who, before making themselves acquainted with it, were among its bitter opponents. The simplicity and practical character of the phrenological philosophy have induced not a few to doubt the possibility of its being founded on physiological error. If, as has been well remarked, the truth and beauty of Gall and Spurzheim's philosophical opinions be admitted, one of two conclusions is inevitable: We must either grant the soundness of the organology from which those opinions sprung, or ascribe to the individuals who first taught thein an amount of knowledge and talent which they would have blushed to hear attributed to them, and their possession of which is far more incredible than the entire body of phrenological science.

No. IV .- ORGANIC LAWS.

Text, p. 33.

On the subject of the sufferings of women in childbed, the following authorities may be referred to:—

"One thing," says Mr Alison, " is very remarkable, and occurs in most cases of concealment and childmurder, viz. the strength and capability for exertion evinced by women in the inferior ranks shortly after childbirth-appearances so totally different from those exhibited in the higher orders, that, to persons acquainted only with cases among the latter, they would appear incredible. In the case just mentioned (that of Catherine Butler or Anderson, at Aberdeen, in spring 1829), the mother, two or three days after her delivery, walked from Inverury to Huntly, a distance of twentyeight miles, in a single day, with her child on her back. Similar occurrences daily are proved in cases of this description. It is not unusual to find women engaged in reaping retire to a little distance, effect their delivery by themselves, return to their fellow-labourers, and go on with their work during the remainder of the day, without any other change of appearance but looking a little paler and thinner. Such a fact occurred in the case of Jean Smith, Ayr, spring 1824. Again, in the case of Ann Macdougall, Aberdeen, spring 1823, it appeared that the pannel, who was sleeping in bed with two other servants, rose, was delivered, and returned to bed, without any of them being conscious of what had occurred. Instances have even occurred in which women have walked six and eight miles on the very day of their delivery, without any sensible inconvenience. Many respectable medical practitioners, judging from what they have observed among the higher ranks, would pronounce such facts impossible; but they occur so frequently among the labouring classes as to form a point worthy of knowledge in criminal jurisprudence; and to render perfectly cradible what is said of the female American Indians, that they fall behind for a little, on their journeys through the forests, deliver themselves, and shortly make up to their husbands, and continue their journey with their offspring on their back."-Alison's Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland, pp. 161, 162.

Mr Lawrence observes, that " the very easy labours

of Negresses, native Americans, and other women in the savage state, have been often noticed by travellers. This point is not explicable by any prerogative of physical formation; for the pelvis is rather smaller in these dark-coloured races than in the European and other white people. Simple diet, constant and laborious exertion, give to these children of nature a hardiness of constitution, and exempt them from most of the ills which afflict the indolent and luxurious females of civilized societies. In the latter, however, the hard-working women of the lower classes in the country often suffer as little from childbirth as those of any other race. Analogous differences, from the like causes, may be seen in the animal kingdom. Cows kept in towns, and other animals deprived of their healthful exercise, and accustomed to unnatural food and habits, often have difficult labours, and suffer much in parturition."-Laurence's Lectures on Physiology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man. 1822. Vol. ii. p. 190.

Among the Araucanian Indians of South America, "a mother, immediately on her delivery, takes her child, and going down to the nearest stream of water, washes herself and it, and returns to the usual labours of her station."—Stevenson's Twenty Years' Residence in South America. Vol. i. p. 9.

No. V.—HEREDITARY DESCENT OF NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.

Text, p. 45.

National features descend unchanged through many centuries, as is shewn by Dr W. C. Edwards, in his work on "The Physiological Characters of Races of Mankind considered in their relations to History," published at Paris in 1829. An excellent abstract of this work, by Dr William Gregory, will be found in the Phrenological Journal, vol. ix. p. 97. Dr Edwards has adduced, as an example, the Jews. "In the first place, Jews in all countries resemble each other, and differ from the people among whom they live. Secondly, at distant periods, they had the same external characters. In the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, this painter, who was an excellent naturalist and close observer, has painted faces which might be portraits of living Jews. This was 300 years ago; but we have evidence, that 3000 years ago the Jews had the same characters.

"In the copy of the paintings adorning the tomb of an Egyptian king, exhibited in London about ten years ago, there are representations of four different races in procession:—lst, The natives, very numerous, of a dark brown tint, but without the woolly hair of the Negro; 2d, Negroes, with the black skin, thick lips, and woolly hair of that race; 3d, Persians; and, 4th, Jews, distinguished, says Belzoni, by their complexion and physiognomy. Dr Edwards says, 'I had seen, on the previous day, Jews in the streets of London; I thought that I now saw their portraits."

No. VI .- HEREDITARY COMPLEXION.

Text, p. 47.

Mr W. B. Stevenson, in his "Narrative of Twenty Years' Residence in South America," vol. i. p. 286, says, that he has "always remarked, that in cases where parents are of different castes, the child receives more of the colour of the father than of the mother." made extensive observations during a long residence in Lima; a place, he remarks, than which there cannot be any more favourable for an examination of the influence of " the configuration of the human face, or of its colour, on the intellectual faculties." He gives the following Table, shewing the mixture of the different castes, under their common or distinguishing names. But "this table," says he, "which I have endeavoured to make as correct as possible from personal observation, must be considered as general, and not including particular cases."

Father.	Mother.	Children.	Colour
European Creole		Creole	White.
		,	6-8ths White, 2-8ths In-
White	Indian	Mestiso	dian—Fair.
Indian	White	Mestiso	4-8ths White, 4-8ths Indian.
White	Mestiso	Creole	White-often very fair.
Mestiso	White	Creole	White-but rather sallow.
Mestiso	Mestiso	Creole	Sallow-often light hair.
White	Negro	Mulatto	7-8ths White, 1-8th Negro—often fair.
Negro	White	Zambo	4-8ths White, 4-8ths Ne- gro-dark copper.
White	Mulatto	Quarteron	6-8ths White, 2-8ths Negro—Fair.
Mulatto	White	Mulatto	5-8ths White, 3-8ths Negro—Tawny.
White	Quarteron	Quinteron	7-8ths White, 1-8th Negro-very fair.
Quarteron	White	Quarteron	6.8hts White, 2-8ths Negro—Tawny.
White	Quinteron	Creole	White—light eyes, fair hair.
Negro	Indian	Chino	4-8ths Negro, 4-8ths Indian.
Indian	Negro	Chino	2-8ths Negro, 6-8ths In-
Negro	Mulatto	Zambo	5-8ths Negro, 3-8ths White.
Mulatto	Negro	Zambo	4-8ths Negro, 4-8ths White.
Negro	Zambo	Zambo	15-16ths Negro, 1-16th White—Dark,
Zambo	Negro	Zambo	7-8ths Negro, 1-8th White.
Negro	Chino {	Zambo- Chino	{15-16ths Negro, 1-16th Indian
Chino	Negro {	Zambo-	7-8ths Negro, 1-8th Indian.
Negro	Negro	Negro	į.

No. VII .- HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF QUALITIES.

Text. p. 48.

Fortified by the observations made at the commencement of the second section of Chapter V., I venture to cite some additional authorities, and to record some farther facts, observed by myself or communicated by persons on whose accuracy reliance may be placed, in support of the doctrine of the transmission of qualities by hereditary descent.

" The advice which I am now about to give, is indeed no other than what hath been given by those who have undertaken this argument before me. You will ask me, what is that? 'Tis this, that no man keep company with his wife for issue sake, but when he is sober-as not having before either drunk any wine, or, at least, not to such a quantity as to distemper him; for they usually prove winebibbers and drunkards whose parents begot them when they were drunk: wherefore Diogenes said to a stripling somewhat crack-brained and halfwitted, Surely, young man, thy father begot thee when he was drunk."—Plutarch's Morals, translation published at London, 1718, vol. i. p. 2.

It is remarked by Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy, that " if a drunken man gets a child, it will never, likely, have a good brain."

The passion for intoxicating liquors is sometimes hereditary. Dr Gall mentions a Russian family, in which the father and grandfather fell victims in early life to their propensity to drunkenness. The son, although he foresaw the consequences of this pernicious habit, continued to abandon himself to it, in spite of every resolution to the contrary; and the grandson, who was only five years of age when Dr Gall wrote, displayed even then a most decided inclination for spirituous liquors .- Sur les Fonctions du Cerveau. i. 410. As these facts can hardly be explained by referring to the influence of example, it follows that a peculiar state of the organization, giving rise to the mental peculiarity, was in this case transmitted from one generation to another. In point of fact, Dr Caldwell has shewn much reason for considering the irresistible desire for intoxicating liquors as a symptom of cerebral disease, having its special seat probably in the organ of Alimentiveness. As long as this disease exists, the desire is strongly felt, and every appeal to the understanding of this principle expounded remarked, that there was a

the repentant and unhappy patient is in vain. "Am I asked," says Dr Caldwell, "how drunkenness then is to be cured, and the tormenting propensity which leads to it eradicated? I answer, by the same means which are found successful in the treatment of other forms of insanity where the cerebral excitement is preternaturally high. These are, seclusion and tranquillity, bleeding, puking, purging, cold water, and low diet. In this prescription I am serious; and if it be opportunely adopted and resolutely persevered in, I freely peril my reputation on its success......If interrogated on the subject, the resident physician of the Kentucky Lunatic Asylum will state that he finds, in the institution he superintends, no difficulty in curing mania a potu by the treatment here directed."—Transylvania Journal of Medicine for July, August, and September, 1832, p. 332-3. See also Phren. Jour. vol. viii, p. 624. Dr Caldwell admits, however, that it is only recent and acute cases which can be speedily cured; those of long standing are much less tractable, and occasionally the disease may be found incurable. He thinks very justly, that nothing would tend more to diminish the prevalence of habitual drunkenness, than to have it deemed and proclaimed a form of madness, and dealt with accordingly. Hospitals erected for the reception of drunkards, and authority given to confine them there, would be among the most important institutions that could be established, and would effect an immense saving of live, health, property, and reputation. In regard to the hereditary transmission of this miserable tendency, Dr Caldwell ob serves :-- " Every constitutional quality, whether good or bad, may descend, by inheritance, from parent to child. And a long-continued habit of drunkenness becomes as essentially constitutional, as a predisposition to gout or pulmonary consumption. This increases, in a manifold degree, the responsibility of parents in relation to temperance. By habits of intemperance, they not only de grade and ruin themselves, but transmit the elements of like degradation and ruin to their posterity. This is no visionary conjecture, the fruit of a favourite and long-cherished theory. It is a settled belief resulting from observation—an inference derived from innumorable facts. In hundreds and thousands of instances, parents, having had children born to them while their habits were temperate, have become afterwards intemperate, and had other children subsequently born. In such cases, it is a matter of notoriety, that the younger children have become addicted to the practice of intoxi cation much more frequently than the elder-in the proportion of five to one. Let me not be told that this is owing to the younger children being neglected, and having corrupt and seducing examples constantly before The same neglects and profligate examples have been extended to all; yet all have not been equally in. jured by them. The children of the earlier births have escaped, while those of the subsequent ones have suffered. The reason is plain. The latter children had a deeper animal taint than the former."—Transylvania Journal, p. 341-2.

The following case is recorded in the Phrenological Journal:-" I now proceed to give some facts strongly illustrative of the doctrine, that the faculties which predominate in power and activity in the parents, when the organic existence of the child commences, determine its future mental dispositions. This is a doctrine to which, from its great practical importance, I would beg leave to call your serious attention. It was remarked by the celebrated Esquirol, 'that the children whose existence dated from the horrors of the first French Revolution, turned out to be weak, nervous, and irritable in mind, extremely susceptible of impressions, and liable to be thrown by the least extraordinary excite ment into absolute insanity.' Sometimes, too, family calamiv . produce serious effects upon the offspring. A very irtelligent and respectable mother, upon hearing very wide difference in the intellectual and moral development between one of her children and the others: and accounted for this difference by the fact, that, during pregnancy, she received intelligence that the crew of the ship, on board of which was her son, had mutinied -that when the ship arrived in the West Indies, some of the mutineers, and also her son, had been put in irons -and that they were all to be sent home for trial. This intelligence acted so strongly upon hor, that she suffered a temporary alienation of judgment. The report turned out to be erroneous, but this did not avert the consequences of the agitated state of the mother's feelings upon the daughter she afterwards gave birth to. That daughter is now a woman, but she is and will continue to be a being of impulses, incapable of reflection, and in other respects greatly inferior to her sisters."

Shakspeare seems to recognise the law of the transmission of temporary mental qualities, so much insisted on in the text:—

"Come on, ye cowards; ye were got in fear,
Though ye were born in Rome."

Coriolanus, Act 1. Sc. 6.

A gentleman, who has paid much attention to the rearing of horses, informed me, that the male racehorse, when excited, but not exhausted, by running, has been found by experience to be in the most favourable condition for transmitting swiftness and vivacity to his offspring. Another gentleman stated, that he was himself present when the pale grey colour of a male horse was objected to; that the groom thereupon presented before the eyes of the male another female from the stable, of a very particular but pleasing variety of colours, asserting that the latter would determine the complexion of the offspring; and that in point of fact it did so. The experiment was tried in the case of a second female, and the result was so completely the same, that the two young horses, in point of colour, could scarcely be distinguished although their spots were extremely uncommon. The account of Laban and the pecled rods laid before the cattle to produce spotted calves, is an example of the same kind.

The subjoined observations are extracted from " Outlines of the Veterinary Art, by Delabere Blaine," 3d edition, London, 1826, p. 327:-" That the organization of the mare, her qualities, and even her diseases, are imprinted on her offspring, is hardly to be wondered at; but how are we to account for the effects which even her imagination has over the young within ?--and that such is the case, we have innumerable proofs. As early as the patriarchal time, the fact was known and acted on. These anomalies in the gestation of the horse are less frequent than in the more closely domesticated animals, as dogs; yet there are not wanting instances of these mental impressions sinking deeply into the mind of the mare also, and being called into recollection and action in every future pregnancy. Lord Morton bred from a male quagga and a chestnut mare. The mare was afterwards bred from by a black Arabian horse; but still the progeny exhibited, in colour and mane, a striking resemblance to the quagga. D. Giles, Esq. had a sow of the black and white kind, which was bred from by a boar of the wild breed, of a deep chestnut colour: the pigs produced by this intercourse were duly mixed, the colour of the boar being in some very predominant. The sow was afterwards bred from by two of Mr Western's boars, and in both instances chestnut marks were prevalent in the latter, which in other instances had never presented any appearance of the kind. -Phil. Trans. 1821. See many other instances detailed in the Canine Pathology, 3d edition, p. 94."

The same writer gives some interesting details to shew the necessity for attending to the qualities of both parents in the breeding of horses. "The general characteristic form of the animal," says he, "is arbitrarily settled by nature, but the individualities of character in

the separate organs is divided between the parents in nearly equal proportions.* This is exemplified in the breed which arises from the intermixture of the blood with the cart breed, where the extreme difference in form and character is nicely blended, yet the peculiarities of each remain distinguishable.† This proves the great error committed by the generality of farmers and small breeders, who, careless about the dam, breed from any mare they happen to possess or can procure, though it may even be unfitted for work by disease or age; and expect, provided they gain a leap from a tolerable stallion, to procure a valuable progeny. But it is in vain to hope for good form and useful qualities under such circumstances; for it will be generally found that the properties of each parent are equally proportioned in the progeny-and this fact is so well known to judicious breeders that they select both sire and dam with equal care. This dependence on the law by which the distribution of form and qualities is equally dependent on both parents, leads to the correction of defects in particular breeds, by selecting one parent eminent for a form or quality for which the other is as notoriously defective. Should a mare, otherwise valuable, present a low heavy forehand beyond even that which is her sexual characteristic, by choosing her a male more than usually thin and elevated in his crest, the defect will be remedied; whereas, if this be not attended to, whatever other properties each may possess, a serious defect is propagated and increased, and the produce can be of little value. It is also by a judicious attention to these circumstances that particular breeds are preserved with their original integrity, or new varieties introduced."-"It is by the choice of such parents as have the specified and definite form in the greatest perfection that we are enabled in the progeny to perpetuate the same, and by future selections to improve it. The merits and defects of each parent should be previously subjected to careful examination; and it is only by a judicious balancing of the one against the other that perfect success is to be expected. It is thus that our racers have outstripped all competitors; it is thus that a Russell, a Coke, a Bakewell, and an Ellman, have raised our ruminants to their present state; and it is by the same art that a Meynell, a Rivers, or a Topham, have produced unrivalled dogs. Our power over the animal form and qualities, by the selection of parents, and subjecting their progeny to particular nurture, careful domestication, restraint and discipline, is truly surprising. The shepherd's dog is in some breeds born with a short tail; thus the very base of the machine, that which of all the parts is the least subjected to alteration by any physical or moral agency, the bones, even become subjected to our caprice. The Hereford ox can be bred to a white face, or a half white face, and the length of the horns of others can be ensured to an inch. The Spitalfields weavers assert that they can ensure almost to a certainty in the Marlborough breed of spaniels, which flourishes among them, any given quantity of colour, length of coat and texture of it, and regulate its disposition to curl or remain straight. The colour of the game-cock is arbitrarily imposed by the handler and

* "It is by no means intended here to deny that the external characters of some breeds are not principally derived from the male, and of others from the female; but these anomalies, for which we cannot account, do not tend to alter the general similitude observed towards both parents. In the multiparous animals, it is often observed that the influence of one parent preponderates in a part of the progeny, and of the other in another part of it. Thus it happens that, when a pointer and setter breed together, it is not unusual to find part of the whelps almost perfect pointers, and the remainder as nearly true setters."

† "The hybrid mule divides in equal proportions the æquine and asinine characters, at the same time it must be allowed that the hinny, or produce of the stallion and ass, is more allied to the horse than the mule, or progeny from the male ass

and mare."

feeder; and the experienced pigeon-fancier can breed to a feather. It should not be lost sight of, that qualities, as well mental as personal, are also to be cultivated and handed down in the breed. Many qualities may be considered as dependent on the organization; such are hardihood, particular excellence in one pace, &c. These, it may be expected, a priori, might be perpetuated; and we are not surprised at a son of Eclipse or Matchem having speed in his gallop, or the produce of a Norfolk trotter excelling in that pace; but it is not equally taken into the account that temper, courage, docility, and patience under restraint, are equally handed down in hereditary descent as the peculiarities of form."

—P. 321–328.

Mr Blaine expresses himself not hostile to in and-in breeding; in defence of which he adduces several arguments and authorities, as well as his own experience, and says he "could quote innumerable other authorities" to the same effect. "But candour," he adds, "obliges me also to own, that there exists a large number of able antagonists to it also. My limits only allow me to add, that many practical breeders who are averse to breeding in succession from near relationship by blood, are favourable to it in a remote degree, which is particularly the case with some rearers of game-fowls, who seek the intercourse of a third remove, which they call From these conflicting testimonies, the matter will, with many, be considered as problematical. With me, the only arguments against it which it appears cannot be satisfactorily answered are, that as hereditary diseases in some breeds are considerable, by this mode of breeding they would be perpetuated and probably increased; and likewise, that when breeding by relationship is a settled practice, accidental defects are too apt to be passed over unobserved."-P. 325.

Mr Blaine notices also a very important circumstance in relation to hereditary transmission-what is popularly denominated breeding back: that is to say, the appearance in the second or third generation, of qualities of the progenitors, not observable in the first generation. "It is observed," he says, "that the progeny of the horse, of man, and of most domestic animals, shall bear a more striking resemblance to the grand-dam or grandfather than to their own immediate parents. It is evident that this is more likely where a common character has been preserved during successive generations, or, in turf language, where the blood has been preserved pure. A practical hint naturally presents itself on the extreme importance, therefore, of admitting no accidental admixture of blood, where it is peculiarly requisite that it should flow in true lineal descent; seeing that its debasing consequences are carried through whole generations, and unexpectedly appear in a third or fourth."-P. 326.

Dr Elliotson, in a note to the fourth edition of his Translation of Blumenbach's Physiology, p. 569, observes, that "experience teaches us that changes brought about in an animal after birth are not in general transmitted to the offspring. The causes of change in a species must therefore operate, not by altering the parents, but by disposing them to produce an offspring more or less different from themselves. Such is John Hunter's view of the question, and it is certainly confirmed by every fact. I fear that John Hunter has not generally the credit of this observation, but the following passage shews it to be clearly his :-- 'As animals are known to produce young which are different from themselves in colour, form, and disposition, arising from what may be called the unnatural mode of life, it shews this curious power of accommodation in the animal economy, that although education can produce no change in the colour, form, or disposition of the animal, yet it is capable of producing a principle which becomes so natural to the animal, that it shall beget young different in solour and form; and so altered in disposition as to be more easily trained up to the offices in which they have

been usually employed; and having these dispositions suitable to such changes of form.'—Hunter on the Wolf, Jackal, and Dog." Dr Elliotson adds a variety of illustrations, to which the reader is referred.

It is stated by Dr W. C. Edwards, in the work alluded to in No. V. of this appendix, that when animals of different species are crossed, they produce an animal of an intermediate type, or a mule; but that when different varieties of the same species are mixed, the result is often quite different. M. Coladon of Geneva, he says, made a very striking experiment, which bears strongly on this point. He procured a great number of white mice, as well as of common brown mice, studied their habits, and found means to cause them to breed. In his experiments he always put together mice of different colours, expecting a mixed race; but this did not occur in one instance. All the young mice were either white or brown, but each type was produced always in a state of purity. Even in the case of varieties of the same species, adds Dr Edwards, we have an intermediate type or mule; but this is when the varieties differ most from each other: when, as in the case of the mice, they approach very nearly, mules are not produced. In both cases we see one common principle, namely, that the mother often produces a being of a type different from her own-less so, however, in the latter case. This principle is seen even in the same variety; for here also the mother, in producing a male, gives birth to a being whose type differs, and in some cases differs very much, from her own. Now, says Dr E., the same is observed in man. The varieties which differ most strongly, such as the Negro and white, when crossed, produce mulattoes; and when varieties more nearly resembling each other are crossed, the descendants sometimes resemble one parent, sometimes the other, sometimes both. This Dr Edwards looks upon as the cause of the great variety observable in modern nations; among which, however, he thinks we can always observe specimens of the pure types which have entered into their composition. Thus, even if two races having considerable resemblance to each other, and in equal numbers, were to mix without limitation, the original types would still, in his opinion, frequently occur in their descendants. Dr Edwards very ingeniously applies to the elucidation of history, these and other principles connected with the physiological characteristics of races of mankind. For details, I refer to the Phrenological Journal, vol. ix. p. 97-108.

In the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, No. I., there are several valuable articles illustrative of hereditary transmission in the inferior animals. I select the following examples:—

" Every one knows that the hen of any bird will lay eggs although no male be permitted to come near her; and that those eggs are only wanting in the vital principle which the impregnation of the male conveys to them. Here, then, we see the female able to make an egg, with yolk and white, shell and every part, just as it ought to be, so that we might, at the first glance, suppose that here, at all events, the female has the greatest influence. But see the change which the male produces. Put a Bantam cock to a large-sized hen, and she will instantly lay a small egg; the chick will be short in the leg, have feathers to the foot, and put on the appearance of the cock : so that it is a frequent complaint where Bantams are kept, that they make the hens lay small eggs, and spoil the breed. Reverse the case; put a large dunghill cock to Bantam hens, and instantly they will lay larger eggs, and the chicks will be good-sized birds, and the Bantam will have nearly disappeared. Here, then, are a number of facts known to every one, or at least open to be known by every one, clearly proving the influence of the male in some animals; and as I hold it to be an axiom that nature never acts by contraries, never outrages the law

clearly fixed in one species, by adopting the opposite course in another—therefore, as in the case of an equilateral triangle on the length of one side being given, we can with certainty demonstrate that of the remaining; so, having found these laws to exist in one race of animals, we are entitled to assume that every species is subjected to the self-same rules—the whole bearing, in fact, the same relation to each other as the radii of a circle."

Very young hens lay small eggs; but a breeder of fowls will never set these to be hatched, because the animals produced would be feeble and imperfectly developed. He selects the largest and freshest eggs, and endeavours to rear the healthiest stock possible.

"A method of obtaining a greater number of One Sex, at the option of the Proprietor, in the Breeding of Live Stock."—Extracted from the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, No. I. p. 63.

"In the Annales de l'Agriculture Française, vols. 37 and 38, some very interesting experiments are recorded, which have lately been made in France, on the Breeding of Live Stock. M. Charles Girou de Buzareingues proposed at a meeting of the Agricultural Society of Séverac, on the 3d of July 1826, to divide a flock of sheep into two equal parts, so that a greater number of males or females, at the choice of the proprietor, should be produced from each of them. Two of the members of the Society offered their flocks to become the subjects of his experiments, and the results have now been communicated, which are in accordance with the author's expectations.

"The first experiment was conducted in the following manner:—He recommended very young rams to be put to the flock of ewes, from which the proprietor wished the greater number of females in their offspring; and also, that, during the season when the rams were with the ewes, they should have more abundant pasture than the other; while, to the flock from which the proprietor wished to obtain male lambs chiefly, he recommended him to put strong and vigorous rams four or five years old. The following tabular view contains the

result of this experiment :-

FLOCK FOR FEMALE LAMES.			FLOCK FOR MALE LAMBS.				
of the Mothers.	Sex of the Lambs.		Age of the Mothers.	of the	Sex of the Lambs.		
Two years, Three years, Four years, Total, Five years and older, Total,	Males. 14 16 5 35 18 53	Females 26 29 21 76 8 84	Two years, Three years, Four years, Total, Five years and older, Total,	Males. 7 15 33 55 25 80	Females. 3 14 14 31 24 55		

N. B. There were three twinbirths in this flock. Two rams served 14, one fifteen months, the other nearly two years old. other five years old, served it.

"The general law, as far as we are able to detect it, seems to be, that, when animals are in good condition, plentifully supplied with food, and kept from breeding as fast as they might do, they are most likely to produce females. Or, in other words, when a race of animals is in circumstances favourable for its increase, nature produces the greatest number of that sex which, in animals that do not pair, is most efficient for increasing the numbers of the race: But if they are in a bad climate or on stinted pasture, or if they have already given birth to a numerous offspring, then nature, setting limits to the increase of the race, produces more males than females. Yet, perhaps, it may be premature to attempt to deduce any law from experiments which have not yet been sufficiently extended. M. Girou is disposed to ascribe much of the effect to the age of the ram, independent of the condition of the ewe.

No. VIII.—LAWS RELATIVE TO MARRIAGE AND EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

Text, p. 49.

"It cannot be altogether foreign to natural history," says Mr Loudon, "to notice the influence of climate, food, and political and religious regulations, on the human species; and we are unwilling to leave Germany without saying something on so interesting a people as the Germans. It will not be denied that man is subject to the same laws as other animals, and that his natural or inborn character must depend principally on the climate and products of the soil where he is placed. His factitious or civilized character will as certainly depend on his education, taking that word in its most extensive sense, as including parental care and example, scholastic tuition, religion, and government. In warm fertile countries, where nature produces everything spontaneously, man becomes inactive, and has naturally few labours and few enjoyments. In extremely cold and inhospitable climates, the enjoyments of man are also few, because the labour necessary to overcome natural objects is too great for his powers. It would seem, therefore, that intermediate climates are more favourable for human happiness than either extremes; but whether such are at all times temperate, as those of many parts of Italy and Spain, or such as are alternately temperate and severe, as those of the south of Germany and the north of France, are the best, may perhaps be doubted. It appears that a climate where the winters are severe, has a considerable influence on the human character, by the necessity which it induces of forethought, in the laying up a provision of food for winter, and the greater attention and labour that are requisite in the article of clothing for that season. is certain, on the other hand, that, in climates at all times temperate, the health, other circumstances being alike, must be better than in severe climates, where it is impaired by the artificial atmosphere of apartments during the winter season; and constant good health must necessarily have a considerable influence on the character. Supposing, therefore, all the artificial circumstances to be the same in two climates, such as that of the south of Germany, and that of Italy or the central parts of France, it seems reasonable to conclude that man would attain to a higher degree of perfection in the latter climates than in the former. So much for our theory of the influence of soil and climate on man; and, for farther details, we refer the reader to Dr Falconer's work on the subject.

"Of all the artificial or accidental circumstances which influence the character, personal education must be allowed to be the greatest; and next, religion and government. Manner of life, occupations, and pursuits, and even amusements, have an important influence. To do more than premise these matters, would be unsuitable to this Magazine; but what has been said became necessary as an introduction to what is to follow.

" Applying the above theory to the three states of Germany which we have passed through, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Baden, the climate and soil of these states seem favourable in the second degree; education, to a certain extent, is there universal; religion is, on the whole, more simple than in some other countries; and the laws and governments seem, at least, equal, in constitutional merits and impartial administration, to those of any people in Europe. The manner of life, or occupation, is chiefly agricultural; which, though not favourable to luxury or refinement, seems, without doubt, for the great mass of the people, the happiest mode of existence. Local and personal attachments are universally felt to be essential sources of happiness: and in no way can this feeling be gratified so easily and effectually as by the possession of land. In the three countries named, the great majority of the population are occupiers, in perpetuity, of a portion of the soil, either as absolute

proprietors or as perpetual renters. This state of things is far from being favourable to what is called making money; but it is highly favourable to health and contentment. It is a great deal for a poor man to have something which he can call his own; something on which he can bestow labour, and from which he can, in consequence, extract enjoyment. The absolute necessities of life are few, and derived directly from the soil; the labouring man, therefore, who has a house and a few roods of land, is certain of a home and food; he increases the interest of his home by a wife; and parental care and solicitude, with connubial and filial attachment, fill up the measure of his happiness. These are the essential purposes and enjoyments of life, which nature intended for all men; which the poor man can enjoy as well as the rich; and for which no other enjoyment, either of the rich or the poor, the wise or the learned, can entirely compensate. In no part of Europe have we seen, or thought we have seen, these enjoyments so generally diffused as in the countries we have recently passed through, and more especially Wurtemberg. We entered on these countries, expecting to find the people not much better off than in France: but we could not resist the conviction produced by constant observation, and the result of various inquiry, that comfort and happiness exist to a much greater degree among the labouring classes of society in the south of Germany, than they do in Britaiu. The people, at first sight, have a milder and more civilized aspect. The dress of the country labourers, male and female, does not consist of such fine materials as in England; but one part of the dress is of a quality consistent with the others, and the whole is in a superior style, compared with the dress of the other classes of society. There is no such thing, in this part of Germany, as a man or woman in rags, or with a coat or gown of the best quality, and the hat or stockings in tatters, as is frequently the case, not only among labourers, but even among mechanics, in England. In short, the dress in Germany is in much better keeping. Both men and women of the labouring class here are more intelligent in their aspect, much more civil and polite on a first acquaintance, and much better furnished with conversation than the British labourers. What struck us particularly were, the great rarity of exceptions to this general description, the general uniformity of manner and character throughout the whole country, and the total absence of public beggars. On inquiry, we found that there were few or no poor supported publicly, though every parish is obliged to support its poor when unable to work; and also, that there were few people in prison, either for debt or for crime of any kind.

"This state of things more particularly applies to Wurtemberg: and the causes, we think, may be very easily traced. The first and principal cause is a law respecting schools, which has existed, more or less, in the states of the south of Germany for above a century, but which has been greatly improved within the last thirty years. By this law, parents are compelled to send their children to school, from the age of six to fourteen years, where they must be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, but where they may acquire as much additional instruction in other branches as their parents choose to pay for. To many of the schools of Bavaria large gardens are attached, in which the boys are taught the principal operations of agriculture and gardening in their hours of play; and, in all the schools of the three states, the girls, in addition to the same instruction as the boys, are taught knitting, sewing, embroidery, &c. It is the duty of the police and priest (which may be considered equivalent to our parish vestries) of each commune or parish, to see that the law is duly executed, the children sent regularly, and instructed daily. If the parents are partially or wholly unable to pay for their children, the commune makes up the deficiency. Religion is taught by the priest of the village or ham-

let: and where, as is frequently the case in Wurtemberg, there are two or three religions in one parish, each child is taught by the priest of its parents; all of which priests are, from their office, members of the committee or vestry of the commune. The priest or priests of the parish have the regular inspection of the schoolmaster, and are required by the government to see that he does his duty; while each priest, at the same time, sees that the children of his flock attend regularly. After the child has been the appointed number of years at school, it receives from the schoolmaster, and the priest of the religion to which it belongs, a certificate, without which it cannot procure employment. To employ any person under twenty-one, without such a certificate, is illegal, and punished by a fixed fine, as is almost every other offence in this part of Germany; and the fines are never remitted, which makes punishment always certain. The schoolmaster is paid much in the same way as in Scotland; by a house, a garden, and sometimes a field, and by a small salary from the parish; and by fixed rates for the children.

"A second law, which is coeval with the school-law, renders it illegal for any young man to marry before he is twenty-five, or any young woman before she is eighteen; and a young man, at whatever age he wishes to marry, must shew to the police and the priest of the commune where he resides, that he is able, and has the prospect, to provide for a wife and family.

" There are minor causes, but these two laws, and the general possession of land both by labourers and tradesmen, are the chief. Amongst the minor causes are the general simplicity of their forms of religion, and universal toleration; even the Catholic faith in Wurtemberg is unattended with the ceremony and spectacle with which it is exhibited in various parts of Germany and France. The equal footing on which the different religions are placed, is also favourable to liberality of sentiment and good neighbourhood. That particular mildness of feature and character, so different from what is met with in the labouring classes in England, is no doubt partly owing to the greater proportion of vegetables and fruits which enter into the general diet of the population; the almost total abstinence from strong liquors or spirits, the general drink being wine; and, perhaps, to the almost unremitted smoking of tobacco from morning to night."-Magazine of Natural History.

No. IX.—DEATH.

Text, p. 58.

The fact of a decrease in the mortality of England is strikingly supported by the following extract from the Scotsman of 16th April 1828. It is well known that this paper is edited by Mr Charles Maclaren, a gentleman whose extensive information, and scrupulous regard to accuracy and truth, stamp the highest value on his statements of fact; and whose profound and comprehensive intellect warrants a well-grounded reliance on his philosophical conclusions.

"DIMINISHED MORTALITY IN ENGLAND. - The diminution of the annual mortality in England amidst an alleged increase of crime, misery, and pauperism, is an extraordinary and startling fact, which merits a more careful investigation than it has received. We have not time to go deeply into the subject; but we shall offer a remark or two on the question, how the apparent annual mortality is affected by the introduction of the cow-pox, and the stationary or progressive state of the population. In 1780, according to Mr Rickman, the annual deaths were 1 in 40, or one-fortieth part of the population died every year; in 1821, the proportion was l in 58. It follows, that, out of any given number of persons, 1000 or 10,000, scarcely more than two deaths take place now for three that took place in 1780, or the mortality has diminished 45 per cent. The parochial registers of burials in England, from which

this statement is derived, are known to be incorrect; but as they continue to be kept without alteration in the same way, the errors of one year are justly conceived to balance those of another, and they thus afford comparative results, upon which considerable reliance

may be placed.

" A community is made up of persons of many various ages, among whom the law of mortality is very different. Thus, according to the Swedish tables, the deaths among children from the moment of birth up to 10 years of age, are 1 in 22 per annum; from 10 to 20, the deaths are only 1 in 185. Among the old, again, mortality is of course great. From 70 to 80, the deaths are 1 in 9; from 80 to 90 they are 1 in 4. Now, a community like that of New York or Ohio, where marriages are made early and the births are numerous, necessarily contains a large proportion of young persons, among whom the proportional mortality is low, and a small proportion of the old, who die off rapidly. A community in which the births are numerous, is like a regiment receiving a vast number of young and healthy recruits, and in which, of course, as a whole, the annual deaths will be few compared with those in another regiment chiefly filled with veterans, though among the persons at any particular age, such as 20, 40, or 50, the mortality will be as great in the one regiment as in the other. It may thus happen, that the annual mortality among 1000 persons in Ohio may be considerably less than in France, while the Expectation of Life, or the chance which an individual has to reach to a certain age, may be no greater in the former country than in the latter; and hence we see that a diminution in the rate of mortality is not a certain proof of an increase in the value of life, or an improvement in the condition of

"But the effect produced by an increased number of births is less than might be imagined, owing to the very great mortality among infants in the first year of their age. Not having time for the calculations necessary to get at the precise result, which are pretty complex, we avail ourselves of some statements given by Mr Milne in his work on Annuities. Taking the Swedish tables as a basis, and supposing the law of mortality to remain the same for each period of life, he has compared the proportional number of deaths in a population which is stationary, and in one which increases 15 per cent. in The result is, that when the mortality in 20 years. the stationary society is one in 36.13, that in the progressive society is one in 37.33, a difference equal to 31 per cent. Now, the population of England and Wales increased 34.3 per cent. in the 20 years ending in 1821, but in the interval from 1811 to 1821, the rate was equivalent to 391 per cent. upon 20 years; and the apparent diminution of mortality arising from this circumstance must of course have been about 81 per We are assuming, however, that the population was absolutely stationary at 1780, which was not the case. According to Mr Milne (p. 437), the average annual increase in the five years ending 1784, was 1 in 55; in the ten years ending 1821, according to the census, it was 1 in 60. Deducting, then, the proportional part corresponding to the former, which is 31, there remains 51. If Mr Milne's Tables, therefore, are correct, we may infer that the progressive state of the population causes a diminution of 51 per cent. in the annual mortality-a diminution which is only apparent, because it arises entirely from the great proportion of births, and is not accompanied with any real increase in the value of human life.

"A much greater change—not apparent but realwas produced by the introduction of vaccination in 1798. It was computed, that, in 1795, when the population of the British Isles was 15,000,000, the deaths produced by the small-pox amounted to 36,000, or nearly 11 per cent. of the whole annual mortality. (See article Vaccination in the Supplement to Encyclopædia Brittannica,

p. 713.) Now, since not more than one case in 330 terminates fatally under the cow-pox system, either di rectly by the primary infection, or from the other dis eases supervening; the whole of the young persons de stroyed by the small-pox might be considered as saved, were vaccination universal, and always properly per-This is not precisely the case, but one or one and a half per cent. will cover the deficiencies; and we may therefore conclude, that vaccination has diminished the annual mortality fully nine per cent. After we had arrived at this conclusion by the process described, we found it confirmed by the authority of Mr Milne, who estimates, in a note to one of his tables, that the mortality of 1 in 40 would be diminished to 1 in 43-45, by exterminating the small-pox. Now this is almost precisely 9 per cent.

"We stated, that the diminution of the annual mortality between 1790 and 1821 was 45 per cent., according to Mr Rickman. If we deduct from this 9 per cent. for the effect of vaccination, and 5 per cent. as only apparent, resulting from the increasing proportion of births-31 per cent. remains, which, we apprehend, can only be accounted for by an improvement in the habits, morals, and physical condition of the people. Independently, then, of the two causes alluded to, the value of human life since 1780 has increased in a ratio which would diminish the annual mortality from 1 in 40 to 1 in 523a fact which is indisputably of great importance, and worth volumes of declamation in illustrating the true situation of the labouring classes. We have founded our conclusion on data derived entirely from English returns; but there is no doubt that it applies equally to Scotland. It is consoling to find, from this very unexceptionable species of evidence, that though there is much privation and suffering in the country, the situation of the people has been, on the whole, progressively improving during the last forty years. But how much greater would the advance have been, had they been less taxed, and better treated! and how much room is there still for future amelioration, by spreading instruction, amending our laws, lessening the temptations to crime, and improving the means of correction and reform! In the mean time, it ought to be some encouragement to philanthropy to learn that it has not to struggle against invincible obstacles, and that even when the prospect was least cheering to the eye, its efforts were silently benefiting society.'

Extract from Edinburgh Advertiser, 13th January 1829: "The following comparative table of the average duration of life at Geneva, during the last 260 years, is very remarkable. The growing improvement affords a striking proof of the benefits resulting from the progress of civilization and the useful arts.

						duration. Months.
From	1560	to	1600,		18	5
	1604	to	1700,		23	5
	1701	to	1760,		32	
	1761	to	1800,		33	7
	1801				38	6
			1826,		38	10"

It has been mentioned to me, that the late Dr Monro. in his anatomical lectures, stated, that, as far as he could observe, the human body, as a machine, was perfect-that it bore within itself no marks by which we could possibly predict its decay—that it was apparently calculated to go on for ever-and that we learned only by experience that it would not do so; and some persons have conceived this to be an authority against the doctrine maintained in Chap. III. Sect. 2, that death is apparently inherent in organization. In answer, 1 beg to observe, that if we were to look at the sun only for one moment of time, say at noon, no circumstance in its appearance would indicate that it had ever risen, or that it would ever set; but if we had traced its progress from the horizon to the meridian, and down again

till the long shadows of evening prevailed, we should have ample grounds for inferring, that, if the same causes that had produced these changes continued to operate, it would undoubtedly at length disappear. In the same way, if we were to confine our observations on the human body to a mere point of time, it is certain that, from the appearances of that moment, we could not infer that it had grown up by gradual increase, or that it would decay; but this is the case only because our faculties are not fitted to penetrate into the essential nature and dependences of things. Any man who had seen the body decrease in old age, could, without hesitation, predicate, that, if the same causes which had produced that effect went on operating, dissolution would at last inevitably occur; and, if his Causality were well developed, he would not hesitate to say that a cause of the decrease and dissolution must exist, although he could not tell by examining the body what it was. By analysing alcohol, no person could predicate, independently of experience, that it would produce intoxication; and, nevertheless, there must be a cause in the constitution of the alcohol, in that of the body, and in the relationship between them, why it produces this effect. The notion, therefore, of Dr Monro, does not prove that death is not an essential law of organization, but only that the human faculties are not able, by dissection, to discover that the cause of it is inherent in the bodily constitution itself. It does not follow, however, that this inference may not be legitimately drawn from phenomena collected from the whole period of corporeal existence.

No. X .- Infringement of Moral Laws.

Text, p. 64.

The deterioration of the operative classes of Britain, which I attribute to excessive labour, joined with great alternations of high and low wages, and occasionally with absolute idleness and want, is illustrated by the following extract from a Report on Emigration, by a Committee of the House of Commons:—

"Joseph Foster, a weaver, and one of the deputies of an emigration society in Glasgow, states that the labour is all paid by the piece; the hours of working are various, sometimes eighteen or nineteen out of twentyfour, and even all night once or twice a-week; and that the wages made by such labour, after deducting the necessary expenses, will not amount to more than 4s. 6d. to 7s. per week, some kinds of work paying better than others. When he commenced as a weaver, from 1800 to 1805, the same amount of labour that now yields 4s. 6d. or 5s. would have yielded 20s. There are about 11,000 hand-looms going in Glasgow and its suburbs, some of which are worked by boys and girls, and he estimates the average net earnings of each hand-weaver at 5s. 6d. The principal subsistence of the weavers is oatmeal and potatoes, with occasionally some salt herrings.

Major Thomas Moodie, who had made careful inquiries into the state of the poor at Manchester, states, that the calico and other light plain work at Bolton and Blackburn yields the weaver from 4s. to 5s. per week, by fourteen hours of daily labour. In the power-loom work, one man attends two looms, and earns from 7s. 6d. to 14s. per week, according to the fineness of the work. He understood that, during the last ten years, weavers' wages had fallen on an average about 15s. per week.

"Mr Thomas Hutton, manufacturer, Carlisle, states, that there are in Carlisle and its neighbourhood about 5500 families, or from 18,000 to 20,000 persons dependent on weaving. They are all hand-weavers, and are now in a very depressed state, in consequence of the increase of power-loom and factory weaving in Man-

chester and elsewhere. Taking fifteen of his men, he finds that five of them, who are employed on the best work, had earned 5s. 6d. per week for the preceding month, deducting the necessary expenses of loom-rent, candles, tackling, &c.; the next five, who are upon work of the second quality, earned 3s. 11d.; and the third five earned 3s. 7½d. per week. They work from fourteen to sixteen hours a-day, and live chiefly on potatoes, butter-milk, and herrings.

"Mr W. H. Hyett, Secretary to the Charity Committee in London, gives a detailed statement, to show, that, in the Hundred of Blackburn, comprising a population of 150,000 persons, 90,000 were out of employment in 1826! In April last, when he gave his evidence before the Committee, these persons had generally found work again, but at very low wages. They were labouring from twelve to fourteen hours a-day, and gaining from 4s. to 5s. 6d. per week.

"Extract from Lord Advocate Sir William Rae's Speech in the House of Commons, 11th March 1828, on the additional Circuit Court of Glasgow.

"The Lord Advocate, in rising to move for leave to bring in a bill to 'authorize an additional Court of Justiciary to be held at Glasgow, and to facilitate criminal trial in Scotland,' said, he did not anticipate any opposition to the motion. A great deal had been said of the progress of crime in this country, but he was sorry to say crime in Scotland had kept pace with that increase. A return had been made of the number of criminal commitments in each year, so far back as the year 1805. In that year the number of criminal commitments for all Scotland amounted only to 85. 1809, it had risen to between 200 and 300; in 1819-20, it had increased to 400; and, by the last return, it appeared, that, in 1827, 661 persons had been committed for trial. He was inclined to think that the great increase of crime, particularly in the west of Scotland, was attributable, in no small degree, to the number of Irish who daily and weekly arrived there. He did not mean to say that the Irish themselves were in the habit of committing more crime than their neighbours; but he was of opinion that their numbers tended to reduce the price of labour, and that an increase of crime was the consequence. Another cause was the great disregard manifested by parents for the moral education of their children. Formerly, the people of Scotland were remarkable for the paternal care which they took of their offspring. That had ceased in many instances to be the case. Not only were parents found who did not pay attention to the welfare of their children, but who were actually parties to their criminal pursuits, and participated in the fruits of their unlawful proceedings. When crime was thus on the increase, it was necessary to take measures for its speedy punishment. The great city of Glasgow, which contained 150,000 inhabitants, and to which his proposed measure was meant chiefly to apply, stood greatly in need of some additional jurisdic-This would appear evident, when it was considered that the court met there for the trial of capital offences, had also to act in the districts of Renfrew, Lanark, and Dumbarton. In 1812, the whole number of criminals tried in Glasgow was only 31; in 1820, it was 83; in 1823, it was 85; and in 1827, 211.—The learned lord concluded by moving for leave to bring in a bill to authorize an additional circuit court of justiciary to be held at Glasgow, and to facilitate criminal trial in Scotland."

* In what is called factory-weaving, an improved species of hand-loom is employed, in which the dressing and preparation of the web is effected by machinery, and the weaver merely sits and drives the shuttle.



MAMMON;

or,

COVETOUSNESS THE SIN OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

BY THE

REV. JOHN HARRIS, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT TEACHER," ETC.

(0)

PATERNOSTER ROW.

n.d. "

Covetousnes: Riberality J. T. CONQUEST, M.D. F.L.S. &c.

This Essay,

ORIGINATED BY HIS LIBERALITY,

AND

ACCOMPANIED BY THE PRAYER

THAT IT MAY PROMOTE HIS BENEVOLENT OBJECT,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

B₹

THE AUTHOR.

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ORIGINAL ADVERTISEMENT.

Many of the wisest and best of men are of opinion, that there is no sin so prevalent among professors of the gospel as the love of money, and yet there is no subject on which so little has been written well. The late Andrew Fuller says, "It will, in all probability, prove the eternal overthrow of more characters among professing people, than any other sin, because it is almost the only crime which can be indulged, and a profession of religion at the same time supported." One hundred guineas, besides the profits of its publication, will be presented to the author of the best Essay on Preference will be given to the this subject. most scriptural, poignant, and affectionate appeal to the judgment and conscience of those who professedly recognise the authority of revelation on avaricious hoarding, and on unchristian-like ex-penditure to gratify the lust of the eye and the pride of life, whilst they avow their obligations to redeeming mercy, and profess that themselves

and all they have is not their own, but belongs and must be accounted for to Him who has said "Occupy till I come;" then "give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward." The work wanted is one that will bear on selfishness, as it leads us to live to ourselves, and not for God and our fellow-men. It is requested that reference may be made to the different estimates of man who blesseth, and of God who abhorreth the covetous, Psalm x. 3; and to the tremendous consequences of accumulating property, as this sin is associated with the vilest of crimes, which exclude from the kingdom of heaven, Ephes. v. 5. The manuscript is to be sent to Dr. Conquest, 13, Finsbury-square, on or before the 1st of November, 1835, with a sealed letter containing the address of the writer. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, and the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith, have kindly engaged to be the arbitrators, and the award will be adjudged on the 1st of May, 1836.

ADJUDICATORS' ADVERTISEMENT.

In the early part of the last year, we were made acquainted with the proposal of a Christian friend, John Tricker Conquest, M.D., F.L.S., to confer a prize of one hundred guineas (which, with the accompanying expenses, amounts to the donation of about one hundred and fifty guineas) upon any Essay produced in competition, with the usual precautions to preserve the secrecy of the authors, upon the Sin of Covetousness; particularly with regard to the duties of piety and beneficence which, at the present time, are so incumbent on all men, but especially on those who would not abdicate the name of Christians. The request was made that we would be the umpires in determining to whom, in such a friendly competition, that prize would be the most righteously due. To that request we assented with many feelings of difficulty and reluctance; but the opinion of duty induced us to suppress them.

The requisite care was taken, that, till we had given our decision, we should not have the slightest knowledge, or any ground of conjecture whatsoever, concerning the writers of the Essays, which were no fewer than one hundred and forty-three.

After much thought, and humbly seeking, by prayer and supplication, that we might be enabled to form a right judgment, we saw it to be our duty

to declare the work now given to the public, to be the one entitled to Dr. Conquest's munificent prize. But we did not arrive at this determination without a high feeling of gratitude and admiration at the mass of sanctified talent which had been brought before our view. Many of the Treatises, some of which are considerable volumes, are so replete with knowledge of the divine word, of the heart and character of man, and are so marked with comprehensive research, deep penetration, and Christian candour, as to have made us feel considerable regret at the thought of their being withheld from the public. We are conscientiously satisfied with the decision which we thus announce; but it is, at the same time, our earnest desire that some others of the Essays should be published. We are persuaded that the subject is not exhausted; and if, by the respective authors, our request for the publication should be granted, we trust the great cause of religion will be eminently served, and that the minds of those excellent persons will enjoy the delight which flows from extensive and the most important usefulness.

> J. PYE SMITH. BAPTIST W. NOEL.

Near London, June 3, 1836.

PREFACE.

THE history of this Essay is sufficiently explained by the Advertisements prefixed. But concerning its plan, as the reader may possibly expect that the following pages are confined exclusively to the subject of Covetousness, the writer may be permitted to state the reasons which have led him to introduce two other topics—Selfishness, and Christian Liberality.

A glance at the original Advertisement will show, that while the sin of covetousness was the principal object in the eye of the benevolent Proposer, yet it was viewed and spoken of by him only as a part of the great system of selfishness. The writer felt himself, therefore, not merely permitted, but virtually required, to give this parent evil a primary place in his Essay. He is,

however, free to confess, that had he not done so from a sense of obligation, he should most likely have done it from choice, since he deems it an appropriate introduction to the principal subject. On this account, then, Selfishness, as the great antagonist of Christanity, and the source of Covetousness, forms the First Part.

Covetousness-the prevailing form of selfishness—is the Second, and principal, Part. Had the writer concluded with this part, he could not have considered the Essay complete unless a closing section had been added on the Cure of the evil under consideration. In that case, it would have been obvious to insist on a variety of familiar prudential maxims. But the love of money can only be remedied by "the expulsive power of a new affection." If we would not have the ivy to creep on the ground, we must erect an object which it can embrace, and, by embracing, ascend; and if we would detach the heart from embracing the dust, we must give it to another and a nobler object. The utter inefficacy of every thing short of this is evident. Hippocrates advised a consultation of all the physicians in the world for the cure of covetousness. The animadversions and appeals of Socrates not only failed to remedy the evil as it existed at Athens, but, judging from certain expressions in Plato's Apology of Socrates, they were the means of enraging his enemies, and of procuring his condemnation. And about the time that the apostle Paul was denouncing the sin in his epistle to Timothy, Seneca was decrying the same evil, and composing his ethics; but as if to show the impotence of his own precepts, "he was accused of having amassed the most ample riches,"-a circumstance which, though not the ostensible, was no doubt the real, cause of his finally falling a victim to the jealousy of Nero. But if such be the inefficacy of the precepts of the heathen philosopher, what is the prescription of the Christian apostle? Aware that the same means which destroy cupidity produce liberality, he does not concern himself so much with the death of covetousness as with the birth of charity. He says less about the sin when seeking its removal, than about the duty which is to displace it. He commands benevolence. He enjoins the "man of God" not only to flee the evil, but to follow the opposite virtues, and to flee the one by following the other. "O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness . . . Charge them that are rich in this world that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

Instead, therefore, of ending with a section on the cure of covetousness, the writer thinks he has copied inspired example, and increased the practical effect of the Essay, and better consulted the intentions of the party who has occasioned it, by

adding a Third Part, on Christian Liberality. The cross of Christ is not merely a perpetual protest against the selfishness of the world; it has given a new object to our affections, and a new motive to our obedience—that object is Christ, and that motive is the love we bear to Till this love possess us, the sublimest maxims will fail to reach the heart; but from the moment we begin to be actuated by it, cupidity and all the baser passions are doomed to destruc-

Diodorus Siculus relates that the forest of the Pyrenean mountains being set on fire, and the heat penetrating to the soil, a pure stream of silver gushed forth from the bosom of the earth, and revealed for the first time the existence of those rich lodes afterwards so celebrated. Covetousness yields up its pelf for sacred uses as unwillingly as if it were appointed to succeed the earth in the office of holding and concealing it; but let the melting influence of the cross be felt, let the fire of the gospel be kindled in the church, and its ample stores shall be seen flowing forth from their hidden recesses, and becoming "the

fine gold of the sanctuary."

The title which the writer has adopted for the Essay designates covetousness the sin of the Christian church. He is aware that by bringing even an ordinary evil near to the eye, and prolonging one's gaze at it, it may go on swelling and enlarging in the apprehension, till it has come to fill the whole sphere of vision, to the exclusion and temporary oblivion of other evils of superior magnitude. That covetousness is not the only evil which the Christian church has to confessthat it is only one of many evils-he is quite sensible; and he trusts that the view which he has taken of its surpassing enormity is by no means chargeable with the effect of lessening our convictions of those other evils. All the sins of the Christian church stand closely related; by action and reaction they are constantly producing and strengthening each other; and it is to its superior activity and influence in the production of those other sins that eupidity owes its bad pre-eminence. If the love of money then be the root of the evils in question, a description of its deadly nature should have the effect, not of diminishing, but augmenting our aversion to its destructive fruits. The writer feels convinced that the best mode of acquiring a clear, comprehensive, and impressive view of all the existing defects of the Christian church, as a whole, is to view them first separately and in succession; and that he who succeeds in laying open and correcting one of these defects, has gone far towards remedying all the rest. With the sincere desire that he may be the means of inflicting if only a single blow on the root of all evil, and of thus aiding the growth of that plant "which is from above . . . full of mercy and of good fruits," he would place this Essay at the feet of Him who deigns to commend the widow's mite.

MAMMON.

PART THE FIRST.

SELFISHNESS THE ANTAGONIST OF THE GOSPEL.

SECTION I.

THE UNIVERSE DESIGNED TO DISPLAY AND ENJOY THE LOVE OF GOD.

"God is love:"—and the true theory of the universe is, that it is a vehicle or medium constructed expressly for the circulation and diffusion of his love. Full of blessedness himself, his goodness bursts forth, at first, into a celestial creation, replenished with bright intelligences, invested with the high prerogative of approaching as near to the Fountain of excellence as created natures can, to derive their happiness immediately from himself, and to derive it to the full amount of their capacity for enjoyment.

But heaven, with all its amplitude, was too confined for Infinite Love: he must enlarge the sphere of his beneficence; again his unconfined goodness overflowed, and this terrestrial creation appeared—an enlargement of heaven. On that occasion, however, he chose to diversify the form of his love in the production of man,-a creature whose happiness, though equally with that of angels derived from Himself, should reach him through more indirect and circuitous channels. By creating, at first, one common father of the species, he designed that each individual should feel himself allied to all the rest, and pledged to promote their happiness. And by rendering us necessary to each other's welfare, he sought to train us to an humble imitation of his own goodness, to teach us the divine art of benevolenceto find and fabricate our own happiness from the happiness of others.

Now, if the former, the angelic creation, was meant to exemplify how much his creatures could enjoy, the latter was intended to show how much they could impart; for he meant every heart and every hand to be a consecrated channel for his love to flow in. Had his great idea been realized, the world would have exhibited the glorious spectacle of a whole race in family compact; clothed in a robe of happiness, with charity for a girdle; feasting at a perpetual banquet of beneficence; hailing the accession of every new-born member as the advent of an angel, an addition to their common fund of enjoyment; and finding greater blessedness than that of passively receiving hap-

piness in exercising the godlike prerogative of imparting it;—a whole order of intelligent beings, having one heart and one mind; a heart beating in concert with heaven, and diffusing, with every pulse, life, and health, and joy, to the remotest members of the body. The mere outline of the scene, as sketched by God in paradise, called forth audible expressions of his divine complacency; on surveying it from the height of the excellent glory, he pronounced it good, and the light of his countenance fell full upon it.

SECTION II.

SIN, AS SELFISHNESS, IS THE FRUSTRATION OF THE DIVINE PLAN.

But the awful invasion of sin frustrated the divine intention, destroyed it even in its type and model. Man aspired to be as God; and from that fatal moment, his great quarrel with his Maker has been, a determination to assert a state of independence altogether alien to his nature and condition. The standard of revolt was then erected, and the history of all his subsequent conduct has been the history of an insane endeavour to construct an empire, governed by laws, and replenished with resources, independent of God. The idolarty and sensuality, the unbelief, irreligion, and all the multiform sins of man, are resolvable into this proud and infernal attempt. Having by his apostasy cut himself off from God, he affects to be a god to himself, to be his own sufficiency, his own first and last.

Such, however, is the intimate dependence of man on man, that it is impossible for him to attempt to realize this enormous fiction without being brought at every step into violent collision with the interests of his fellows. Love to God is the all-combining principle which was to hold each individual in adhesion to all the rest, and the whole in affinity with God; the loss of that, therefore, like the loss of the great law of attraction in the material world, leaves all the several parts in a state of repulsion to each other, as well as the whole disjoined from God. Having lost its proper centre in God, the world attempts not to find any common point of repose, but spends itself in fruitless efforts to erect an infinity of independent interests. Every kingdom and province, every family, every individual, discovers a pro-pensity to insulate himself from the common brotherhood, and to constitute himself the centre of an all-subordinating and ever-enlarging circle. Such is the natural egotism of the heart, that each individual, following his unrestrained bent, acts as if he were a whole kingdom in himself, and as if the general well-being depended on subjection to his supremacy. Setting up for himself, to the exclusion of every other being, he would fain be his own end,—the reason of all he does.

Under the disorganizing influence of sin, then, the tendency of mankind is towards a state of universal misanthropy; and were it not that some of their selfish ends can be attained only by partial confederations, the world would disband, society in all its forms would break up, every man's hand would be turned into a weapon, and all the earth become a battle-field in which the issues to be decided would be as numerous as the combatants, so that the conflict could end only with the destruction of every antagonist.

There is, be it observed, a wide difference between selfishness and legitimate self-love. This is a principle necessary to all sentient existence. In man, it is the principle which impels him to preserve his own life, and promote his own happiness. Not only is it consistent with piety, it is the stock on which all piety, in lapsed man, is grafted. Piety is only the principle of self-love carried out in the right direction, and seeking its supreme happiness in God. It is the act or habit of a man who so loves himself that he gives himself to God. Selfishness, is fallen self-love. It is self-love in excess, blind to the existence and excellence of God, and seeking its happiness in inferior objects by aiming to subdue them to its own purposes.

SECTION III.

ALL SIN IS SELFISHNESS.

Accordingly, selfishness, as we have already intimated, is the universal form of human depravity; every sin that can be named is only a modification of it. What is avarice, but selfishness grasping and hoarding? What is prodigality, but selfishness decorating and indulging itself-a man sacrificing to himself as his own god? What is sloth, but that god asleep, and refusing to attend to the loud calls of duty? And what is idolatry, but that god enshrined—man worshipping the reflection of his own image? Sensuality, and, indeed, all the sins of the flesh, are only selfishness setting itself above law, and gratifying itself at the expense of all restraint. And all the sins of the spirit are only the same principle impatient of contradiction, and refusing to acknowledge superiority, or to bend to any will but its own. What is egotism, but selfishness speaking? Or crime, but selfishness, without its mask, in earnest, and acting? Or offensive war, but selfishness confederated, armed, and bent on aggrandizing itself by violence and blood? An offensive army is the selfishness of a nation embodied, and moving to the attainment of its object over the wrecks of human happiness and life. "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts?" And what are all these irregular and passionate desires, but that inordinate self-love which acknowledges no law, and will be confined by no rules-that selfishness which is the heart of depravity?—and what but this has set the world at variance, and filled it with strife? The first presumed sin of the angels that kept not their first estate, as well as the first sin of man,—what was it but selfishness insane? an irrational and mad attempt to pass the limits proper to the creature, to invade the throne, and to seize the rights, of the Deity? And were we to analyze the very last sin of which we ourselves are conscious, we should discover that selfishness, in one or other of its thousand forms, was its parent. Thus, if love was the pervading principle of the unfallen creation, it is equally certain that selfishness is the reigning law of the world ravaged and disorganized by sin.

It must be obvious, then, that the great want of fallen humanity, is, a specific against selfishness, the epidemic disease of our nature. The expedient which should profess to remedy our condition, and yet leave this want unprovided for, whatever its other recommendations might be, would be leaving the seat and core of our disease untouched. And it would be easy to show that in this radical defect consists the impotence of every system of false religion, and of every heterodox modification of the true religion, to restore our disordered nature to happiness and God. And equally easy is it to show that the gospel, evangelically interpreted, not only takes cognizance of this peculiar feature of our malady, but actually treats it as the very root of our depravity, and addresses itself directly to the task of its destruction,—that, as the first effect of sin was to produce selfishness, so the first effect of the gospel remedy is to destroy that evil, and to replace it with benevolence.

SECTION IV.

THE GOSPEL, AS A SYSTEM OF BENEVOLENCE, OFFOSED TO SELFISHNESS.

It is the glory of the gospel that it was calculated and arranged on the principle of restoring to the world the lost spirit of benevolence. To realize this enterprise of boundless mercy, Jehovah resolved on first presenting to mankind an unparalleled exhibition of grace—an exhibition which, if it failed to rekindle the extinguished love of man, should, at least, have the effect of converting his angels into scraphs, and his scraphs into flames of fire. The ocean of the divine love was stirred to its utmost depths. The entire Godhead was-if with profound reverence it may be said—put into activity. The three glorious sub-sistences in the Divine Essence moved towards our earth. Every attribute and distinction of the Divine Nature was displayed: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, embarked their infinite treasures in the cause of human happiness.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He could not give us more: and the vast propensions of his grace could not be satisfied by bestowing less. He would not leave it possible to be said that he could give us more: he resolved to pour

out the whole treasury of heaven, to give us his all at once. "Herein is love!"—love defying all computation; the very mention of which should surcharge our hearts with gratitude, give us an idea of infinity, and replace our selfishness with a sentiment of generous and diffusive benevolence.

Jesus Christ came into the world as the embodied love of God. He came and stood before the world with the hoarded love of eternity in his heart, offering to make us the heirs of all its wealth. He so unveiled and presented the character of God, that every human being should feel it to be looking on himself, casting an aspect of benignity on himself. "He pleased not himself." He did nothing for himself; whatever he did was for the advantage of man. Selfishness stood abashed in his presence. "He went about doing good." He assumed our nature expressly that he might be able to suffer in our stead; for the distinct and deliberate object of pouring out its blood, and of making its soul an offering for sin. He planted a cross, and presented to the world a prodigy of mercy of which this is the only solution, that he "so loved us." "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." He took our place in the universe, absorbed our interest, opened his bosom, and welcomed to his heart the stroke which we had deserved.

And in all he did, he thought of the world. He loved man as man; he came to be the light and life of the world. He came and stood as the centre of attraction to a race of beings scattered and dissipated by the repulsive power of selfishness. He proposed by the power of the cross to "draw all men unto him." His heart had room for the whole race; and, opening his arms, he invited all to come unto him. The whole of his course was a history of pure and disinterested benevolence; one continued act of condescension; a vast and unbroken descent from the heights of heaven, to the form of a servant, the life of an outcast, the death of a malefactor. His character is a study of goodness—a study for the universe; it is the conception of a Being of infinite amiableness seeking to engage and enamour the heart of a selfish world. The world, having lost the original idea of goodness and sunk into a state of universal selfishness, his character was calculated and formed on the principle of a laborious endeavour to recall the departed spirit of benevolence-to baptize it afresh in the element of love.

The office of the Holy Spirit is appointed and concurs to the same end. The world could not be surprised out of its selfishness, and charmed into benevolence by the mere spectacle even of divine love. That love can be understood only by sympathy; but for this, sin had disqualified us. According to the economy of grace, therefore, the exhibition of that love in God is to be made the means of producing love in us; the glorious spectacle of love as beheld in God, is to be turned into a living principle in us. For this end, the holy, unconfined, and infinite Spirit came down. His emblem is the wind; he came like a rushing mighty wind, came with a fulness and a power as if he sought to fill every heart, to replenish the church, to be the soul of the world, to encircle the earth with an atmosphere of grace as real and universal as the elemental air which

encompasses and circulates around the globe itself, that whoever inhaled it might have eternal life.

In the prosecution of his office he was to take of the things of Christ, and show them unto men. Heaven stooping to earth; God becoming man, dying upon the cross; infinite benevolence pouring out all its treasures for human happiness, -these were the things which he was to reveal,-the softening and subduing elements with which he was to approach and enter the human heart. In his hands, these truths were to become spirit and life. From the moment they were felt, men were to be conscious of a change in their relation both to God and to each other. A view of the great love wherewith he had loved them, was to fill their minds with a grand and overpowering sentiment of benevolence, which should melt their obduracy, cause them to glow with gratitude, and bind them fast to himself in the strongest bands of love. That love, with all the communicativeness of fire, was to extend to their fellow-men. Every weapon of revenge was to fall from their hands; every epithet of anger was to die on their lips; and where, before, they saw nothing but foes, they were henceforth to behold magnificent objects of affection, immortal beings, whom it would be happiness to love, and godlike to bless. The love of Christ would constrain them; glowing and circulating in their spiritual system, like the life-blood in their hearts, it would impel them to be active for his glory. Having communed with the heart of Infinite Love, they were to go forth and mingle with their race, filled with a benevolence like that which brought their Lord from heaven. Placing themselves at his disposal, they were to find that they were no longer detached from the species, but restored and related to all around; the sworn and appointed agents of happiness to the world.

The institution of a church, is only the continuation and application of the great scheme of love. Its offices were not to terminate on itself. It was constructed on the principle of consolidating and facilitating the operations of divine benevolence upon the world. The Son of God-the great manifestation of that love-must personally withdraw from the earth; but his church, consisting of the aggregate of all on whom that love had taken effect, would continue to give visibility and activity to that love. He stopped not at the bare exhibition of his grace, but turned that exhibition into a means of implanting a kindred principle of love in the human heart; he stopped not at the implantation of this principle, but instituted a church for the express purpose of employing it for the benefit of the world; of employing it on the largest scale and with the greatest effect, and of thus conferring on it the power of propagating itself.

In the Christian church, every thing would conspire to keep alive in its members the new principle which Christ had brought into the world, and to give efficiency to its benign operations. Love was the principle which would bring them together, which would draw them from their distant and detached positions, harmonize their jarring natures, and fuse all their hearts and interests into one. Converging from the

most opposite points, they would meet at the cross; and the principle which had drawn them to that would bind them to each other. Each would behold in every other a living memorial of his Lord; and see, in the grace of Christ to the whole, a token of that grace to himself in particular. Here, love, as an agent or instrument, either giving or receiving, was to find itself in perpetual exercise, and to behold its

image reflected in every face.

But love is diffusive; it would not confine its offices to those only who could repay them; bursting the limits of the church, it would seek the world. Every heart in which it glowed finding itself allied to every other Christian heart, and the whole feeling themselves reinforced with the benevolence of heaven, would meditate the conversion of the world. As often as they approached the throne of grace, they would find themselves touching the springs of universal and almighty love,-and would they not yearn to behold these springs in activity for the world? As often as they thought of that love embracing themselves, their own love would burn with tenfold fervour; the selfishness of their nature would be consumed, the most enlarged designs of benevolence would seem too small, the most costly sacrifices too cheap; they would feel as if they must precipitate themselves into some boundless field of beneficence; as if they could only breathe and act in a sphere which knows no circumference. As often as they surveyed their infinite resources in Christ, and perceived that when all their own necessities were supplied those resources were infinite still, they would naturally remember the exigencies of others; would feel that they had access to the whole, that they might instrumentally impart of that abundance to others. The feast would be prepared, the provisions infinite; and when they were seated at the banquet, and contrasted that plenitude of food with the fewness of the guests, they would conceive a fixed determination not to cease inviting till all the world should be sitting with them at the feast of salvation. The name they were to bear would perpetually remind them of him from whom they had derived it; and would it be possible for them to have their minds in-habited by the glorious idea of Christ, without receiving corresponding impressions of greatness?-it would be associated in their minds with all things great, beneficent, godlike, impelling them to imitate to the utmost his diffusive goodness. But not only their name, from him they would have derived their nature; by necessity of nature, therefore, they would pant to behold universal happiness. Not only would they feel that every accession to their number was an increase of their happiness; as long as the least portion of the world remained un-blessed and unsaved, they would feel that their happiness was incomplete. Nothing less than the salvation of the whole world would be regarded by them as the complement of their number, the fulfilment of their office, the consummation of their joy.

Thus the Christian church, like the leaven hid in the meal, was to pervade and assimilate the entire mass of humanity. At first, it would re-

semble an imperium in imperio, a dominion of love flourishing amidst arid wastes of selfishness; but extending on all sides its peaceful conquests, it would be seen transforming and encompassing the world. Combining and con-centrating all the elements of moral power, it would move only to conquer, and conquer only to increase the means of conquest. It would behold its foes converted into friends; and then, assigning to each an appropriate station of duty, would bid him forthwith go and try upon others the power of that principle which had subdued his own opposition—the omnipotent power of love. Thus thawing, and turning into its own substance the icy selfishness of humanity, the great principle of benevolence would flow through the world with all the majesty of a river, widening and deepening at every point of its progress by the accession of a thousand streams, till it covered the earth as the waters cover the sea. who, under the reign of selfishness, had sought to contract the circle of happiness around them till they had reduced it to their own little centre, under the benign and expansive influence of the gospel would not only seek to enlarge that circle to embrace the world, but to multiply and diffuse themselves in happiness to its utmost circumference. Feeling that good is indivisible; that to be enjoyed in perfection by one, it must be shared and possessed by all; they would labour till all the race were blended in a family compact, and were partaking together the rich blessings of salvation; till, by their instrumentality, the hand of Christ had carried a golden chain of love round the world, binding the whole together, and all to the throne of God.

It is clear, then, that the entire economy of salvation is constructed on the principle of restoring to the world the lost spirit of love; this is its boast and glory. Its advent was an era in the universe. It was bringing to a trial the relative strength of love and hatred;—the darling principle of heaven, and the great principle of all revolt and sin. It was confronting selfishness in its own native region, with a system of benevolence prepared, as its avowed antagonist, by the hand of God itself. So that, unless we would impugn the skill and power of its Author, we must suppose that it was studiously adapted for the lofty encounter. With this conviction, therefore, we should have been justified in sayiug, had we been placed in a situation to say it, "Nothing but the treachery of its professed friends can defeat it; if they attempt a compromise with the spirit of selfishness, there is every thing to be feared; but let the heavenly system be worked fairly, and there is every thing to be expected,—its triumph is certain."

But has its object been realized? More than

But has its object been realized? More than eighteen hundred years have elapsed since it was brought into operation,—has its design succeeded? Succeeded! Alas! the question seems a taunt, a mockery. We pass, in thought, from the picture we have drawn of what the gospel was intended to effect, to the contemplation of things as they are, and the contrast appals us. We lift our eyes from the picture, and, like a person awaking from a dream of happiness to find the cup of wretchedness in his hand, the

pleasing vision has fled. Selfishness is every

where rife and rampant.

But why is it thus? why has the gospel been hitherto threatened with the failure of a mere hu-man experiment? When first put into activity, did it discover any want of adaptation to its pro-fessed purpose? The recollection that God is its Author, forbids the thought. It is the wisdom of God, and the power of God. But besides this, as if to anticipate the question, and to suggest the only reply, -as if in all ages to agitate an inquiry into the apparent inefficacy of the gospel, and to flash conviction in the face of the church as often as the question is raised, when first the gospel commenced its career, it triumphed in every place. No form of selfishness could stand before it. It went forth conquering and to conquer. "And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need." They went every where preaching the gospel. They felt that they held in their hands the bread of life for a famishing world, and they "could not but" break and dispense it. The love of Christ constrained them. As if his last command were constantly sounding in their ears, they burned to preach the gospel to every creature. They felt the dignity and glory of their position,—that they were constituted trustees for the world; executors of a Saviour who had bequeathed happiness to man; guardians of the most sacred rights in the universe. In the execution of their godlike trust, death confronted them at every step: persecution, armed, brought out all its apparatus of terror and torture, and planted itself full in their path;—but none of these things moved them; they scarcely saw them; they went on prosecuting their lofty task of making the world happy, for they were actuated by a love stronger than death. The world was taken by surprise,—never before had it beheld such men,—every thing gave way before them-city after city, and province after province capitulated,—yet the whole secret of their power was love. Diversified as they were in mind, country, condition, age, one interest prevailed; one subject of emulation swallowed up every other-which should do most for the enlargement of the reign of love. A fire had been kindled in the earth, which consumed the selfishness of men wherever it came.

SECTION V.

SELFISHNESS, THE SIN OF THE WORLD, HAS LONG SINCE BECOME THE SIN OF THE CHURCH.

AGAIN, then, we repeat the momentous inquiry; -and we would repeat it slowly, solemnly, and with a desire to receive the full impression of the only answer which can be given to it; -what has prevented the gospel from fulfilling its first promise, and completely taking effect? what has hindered it from filling every heart, every province, the whole world, the entire mass of humanity, with the one spirit of divine benevolence? why, on the contrary, has the gospel, the great

instrument of divine love, been threatened, age after age, with failure? Owing, solely, to the treachery of those who have had the administration of it: owing, entirely, to the selfishness of the church. No element essential to success has been left out of its arrangements; all those elements have always been in the possession of the church; no new form of evil has arisen in the world; no antagonist has appeared there, which the gospel did not encounter and subdue in its first onset; yet at this advanced stage of its existence, when it ought to be reposing from the conquest of the world, the church listens to an account of its early triumphs, as if they were meant only for a wonder, and not for imitation; as if they partook too much of the romance of benevolence to be again attempted;—now, when it ought to be holding the world in fee, it is barely occupying a few scattered provinces as if by sufferance, and has to begin its conflicts again. And, we repeat, the only adequate explanation of this appalling fact is, that selfishness, the sin of the world, has become the prevailing sin of the church.

This statement, indeed, may, at first sight, appear inconsistent with the truth, that the church is the only depository and instrument of divine benevolence. But to reconcile the two, it is only necessary to remember that every component part of that church, each Christian heart taken individually, is only an epitome of the state of the world-partially sanctified and partially depraved-containing in it, indeed, a divine principle of renovation, and a principle which is destined finally to triumph, but which has, meanwhile, to maintain its ground by perpetual conflict, and, at times, to struggle even for existence. While, viewed collectively, the church may be regarded in the light of a vast hospital, filled with those who are all, indeed, under cure, but who have all to complain of the inveteracy of their disease, and of the consequent slowness of the healing process. It depends, therefore, on the degree to which they avail themselves of the means of recovery, whether or not they shall become active and instrumental in the recovery of their perishing fellow-men. And the charge alleged against them is, that they have not abandoned themselves to the divine specific, the great remedy of the gospel; in consequence of which, they continue to labour all their lifetime under the disqualifying effects of their original disease, and their healing instrumentality is entirely lost to the diseased and dying world. Selfishness, the disease of the world, is the prevailing malady of the church.

It would be easy and interesting to trace the steps of that awful transition by which the church passed from the ardour of its first love, to the cold selfishness which it afterwards exhibited. Viewed in its primitive state, it appears a flaming sacrifice, offering itself up in the fires of a self-consuming zeal for the salvation of the world. But viewed again after the lapse of a few centuries-how changed the spectacle !- it is offering up that very world to its own selfishness! Its own fires are burnt out; and it is seen kindling the strange fires of another sacrifice; devoting and presenting the world as a victim at its various shrines of wealth, and pride, and power. From being an image of the divine disinterestedness and love, extorting the admiration of the world, and winning men to an imitation of its benevolence, it passed through the various stages of spiritual declension, calculating consequences, growing indifferent to its peculiar duties, turning its influence into worldly channels, subordinating every thing sacred to worldly greatness and gain, till it had become a monstrous personification of an all-grasping selfishness, from which the world itself might derive hints and lessons on the art of self-aggrandisement, but derive

them in vain for its own escape.

Instead, however, of enlarging on the early operations of selfishness, it will be more relevant to the design before us to show the fact and mode of its operation in the church at present. For long and triumphant as its reign has been, its days are numbered. The gospel is not to sustain a final defeat. The church of Christ is yet to realize the glorious intentions of its Heavenly Founder-to refill the world with love. Its failure hitherto is only to be regarded in the light of a severe, indeed, but temporary, reverse. final victory is not contingent. The past has, at least, demonstrated its vitality; the present is evincing its elasticity; the future shall bear witness to its triumphs. So that in aiming to indicate the movements and operations of its great antagonist, selfishness, we feel that we are contributing, in however humble a degree, to retrieve its lost honours, and to point it the way to victory.

SECTION VI.

THE FORMS OF SELFISHNESS IN THE CHURCH.

Or selfishness it may be said, as of its archetype, Satan, that it "takes all shapes that serve its dark designs." One of the most frequent forms in which it appears is that of party spirit; and which, for the sake of distinction, may be denominated, the selfishness of the sect. Circumstances, perhaps, inevitable to humanity in its present probationary state, have distributed the Christian church into sections; but as the points of difference which have divided it are, for the most part, of much less importance than the vital points in which these sections agree, there is nothing in the nature of such differences to necessitate more than circumstantial division, there is every thing in their principles of agreement to produce and perpetuate substantial oneness, and cordial love. But this the demon of selfishness forbids. It erects the points of difference into tests of piety. It resents any real indignity of-fered by the world to the entire church, far less than it resents any supposed insult offered by other sections of the church to its own party. The general welfare is nothing in its eye, compared with its own particular aggrandisement. When Christians should have been making common cause against the world, selfishness is calling on its followers to arm, and, turning each section of the church into a battlemented fortress, frowns defiance on all the rest. It is blind to the fact that God, meanwhile, is employing them all,

and smiling upon them all; or, if compelled to behold it, eyeing it askance with a feeling which prevents it from rejoicing in their joy. When the church should have been spending its energies for the good of man, devoting its passions like so much consecrated fuel, for offering up the great sacrifice of love which God is waiting to receive, it is wasting its feelings in the fire of unholy contention till that fire has almost become its native element. And thus Christianity is made to present to the eye of an indiscriminating world the unamiable and paradoxical spectacle of a system which has the power of attracting all classes to itself, but of repelling them all from each other; -forgetting that in the former they see Christianity triumphing over selfishness, and in the

latter selfishness defeating Christianity.

Bigotry, is another of the forms in which an inordinate self-love delights-the selfishness of the creed. In this capacity, as in the former, its element is to sow division where nothing should be seen but union-among the members of the family of Christ. The great scheme of mercy originated in a love which consented to overlook the enmity and fierce rebellion of its objects, or, rather, which looked on that enmity only to pity and provide for its removal; but those who profess to have been the objects of that love, will not allow each other the liberty of the slightest conscientious difference, without resenting that difference as a personal and meditated affront; as if the natural enmity of their hearts against God had only changed its direction, and had found its legitimate objects in his people. Under a pretence of zeal for God, bigotry violates the sanctuary of conscience, and creates an inquisition in the midst of the church. Erecting its own creed into a standard of universal belief, it would fain call down fire from heaven, or kindle a furnace seven times hotter than an ordinary anger would demand, for all who presume to question its in-fallibility;—thus justifying the world in representing the odium theologicum as a concentration of all that is fierce, bitter, and destructive, in the human heart. The Lord they profess to obey, would have them to embrace with a comprehensive affection all who exhibit the least traces of his image; but the strongest traits, the most marked conformity to his likeness, is a very uncertain introduction to their hearts compared with a likeness of creed.

Nearly akin to this is, what, for the sake of convenience, may be denominated, the selfishness of the pulpit: that fearful spirit which presumes to limit what God meant to be universal-the overtures of redemption to a ruined world. Selfishness, indeed, in this repulsive form, is of comparatively limited existence; and, as if by a judicial arrangement of providence, it is commonly, in our day, associated with errors and tempers so unamiable, that its own nature forbids it to become general. It daringly undertakes to "number Israel;" to determine not only that few will be saved, but who that few will be. Its ministers, faithful to their creed, stand before the cross and hide it; lest men should see it who are not entitled or intended to behold it; —a danger which they jealously avoid, a responsibility they would tremble to incur. The

gospel charters redemption to the world,-but they have heard that there are divine decrees; and until they can logically reconcile their views of the divine inflexibility with the universality of the divine compassion, the charter must stand over; and souls perish unwept; and the gospel of Christ, God's great gift, the adequate image of the infinitude of his love, be branded with the stigma of exclusiveness. Put the affairs of the kingdom of Christ into their hands,-and, under the affectation of a pious dread of contravening the sovereign purposes of God, or of forestalling his appointed time,—they would forthwith call home the agents of mercy in distant lands, break up the institutions, and stop the whole machinery, of Christian benevolence. In the midst of a famishing world, they would establish a monopoly of the bread of life; and, though assailed on all sides by the cries of a race in the pains of death, would not cease to exchange smiles radiant with self-complacency while continuing to cater to their own pampered appetites. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." "Father, forgive They them, for they know not what they do." know not that they are perverting that which was meant to be the destruction of selfishness, into its very aliment and nurse; they know not, that, next to the destruction of the gospel, they could not furnish Satan with a greater triumph than thus to silence its inviting voice, and to suppress the agencies of its disciples. It is to arrest the course of the angel having the everlasting gospel and flying through the midst of heaven, and to confine him to their own contracted horizon; to demonstrate that nothing is too monstrous to be apprehended from our nature when its selfish tendencies are the materials employed, since it can construct a system out of the gospel itself, whose most appropriate title would be "Christianity made selfishness."

The selfishness of the pew, is another form of the same pervading evil; incomparably less pernicious, indeed, than the last mentioned, but far more extensive in its existence. This is that modification of selfish piety which lives only to be personally comforted; which, in all its reading and hearing, makes its own individual comfort, not a means, but an end; and which, in pursuit of that end, goes up and down in the world, crying, "Give, give, and is never satisfied." divine Redeemer describes the faithful shepherd as leaving the ninety and nine sheep for a time, to traverse the wilderness in quest of the one wanderer. But this unlovely spirit, reversing the touching picture, would have him neglect ninety and nine wanderers, to attend exclusively to one folded sheep. An epicure in comfort, it is impatient if the cup of consolation be removed from its lips for a moment, though that moment was only seized to say to a famishing multitude, "Come now, for all things are ready." Devout only in little things, it cannot bear to have its mind diverted from its own personal and particular state, even though the sight to which its attention is called is the wants of a world. will consent to listen just once a year to the claims of the perishing heathen; but it feels as if more than that were too much, were pressing the subject unnecessarily on its attention. The ampli-

tude of the divine love seeks to comprehend the universe in its large and life-giving embrace, and calls on our affections to arise and follow it in its vast diffusion; but this selfishness stays at home, builds itself in, sees no glory in that love but as it embraces a single point, and that point itself.

Consistent with itself, this same spirit, if followed from public into private, is found to become the selfishness of the closet. It penetrates even to the throne of God, and there where, if any where, a man should give himself up to what is godlike, there, where he should go to engage an almighty agency in the behalf of his race, it banishes from his thoughts every interest but his own, rendering him a suppliant for himself alone. It makes him as exclusively intent on his own individual advantage, as if spiritual, like worldly good, could not be shared by others without diminishing the portion to be enjoyed by himself.

Let us place ourselves in imagination near to the throne of God,—and what do we behold?—a number of needy suppliants returning daily to his throne, a large proportion of whom are as unmindful of each other as if each came from a different world, and represented a distinct race of beings; as completely absorbed in their respective interests as if the welfare of the species depended on their individual success. There, where each should think of all, and feel himself blended with the great whole, he virtually disowns kindred with all, deserts the common interest, and strives for himself alone. They come and lay their hand upon the springs of an agency, which, if put into motion, would diffuse happiness through the world; but they leave that agency unsolicited and unmoved. The blessed God calls them into his presence, partly, that they might catch the radiance of his throne, and transmit it to a world immersed in the shadow of death; but provided they catch a ray of that light for themselves, the gloom of the world may remain unrelieved. points out the infinity of their resources in himself, gives them access to more than they need for themselves, in order that they may go and instrumentally administer to the wants of others. He calls them to his throne as a royal priesthood, as intercessors for the race; but instead of im-ploring the divine attention to the wants of the world, each of them virtually calls it off from every other object to concentrate it upon a unit, and that unit himself. He has so laid his vast and gracious plans, that he can be enjoyed fully only in communion, in the great assembly of heaven; but, in contravention of these plans, each one seeks to contract for himself separately with God, as if he would fain engross to himself the whole of the divine goodness. What an affecting view is this of the power of selfishness! and of the infinite patience of God in bearing with it!

But the form under which this Protean evil works more insidiously and extensively, perhaps, than in any which have been specified, is that of a worldly spirit;—we will venture to call it the selfishness of the purse.

It was the design of Christ, in redeeming and saving his people by the sacrifice of himself, to convince them that his interest and theirs were identical, that he and they were one, that to enjoy

any prosperity distinct from the prosperity and glory of his kingdom was impossible. And by further proposing to employ their instrumentality for the enlargement of his kingdom, he intended to give them an opportunity of evincing their love to his name, and of consecrating all the means they could abstract from the necessary demands of time, to the great cause of salvation. It was only warrantable to expect, that the exhibition of his love, and the claims of his kingdom, coming with full force upon their hearts, would overwhelm all worldly considerations; that they would bring forth their wealth, and present it with the ardent devotion of an offering; that henceforth they would desire to prosper in the world only that they might have the more to lay at his feet; that they would instantly devise a plan of self-denial, each one for himself, the object of which should be to augment to the utmost their contributions to his cause; that nothing but the fruits of such self-denial would be dignified with the name of Christian charity; and that the absence of such self-denial, and the consequent fruits of it, would be regarded as a forfeiture of the Christian name; that the church, as "the bride, the Lamb's wife," would feel that she had, that she could have, no interest apart from his, that all her worldly possessions belonged to him, and that she would gratefully and cheerfully surrender them to him, wishing that for his dear sake they had been ten thousand-fold more.

To ask if such is the conduct of the Christian church would be worse than trifling. "All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." As if their interest and his were two, separate, opposite, irreconcilable things; or, as if they had never heard of the grace, the claims, or even the name of Christ, the great majority of Christian professors may be seen, from age to age, pursuing their own ends as eagerly, and wasting their substance as selfishly, as the world around them.

They seek their worldly prosperity. They know of nothing equal to that. Every thing is made to give way to that. The cause of Christ itself must wait for that, and is only held secondary to it. What! neglect any thing which tends to increase their gains!—they would deem themselves mad to think of it; even though the salvation of an immortal soul had to wait in consequence. And thus, while God has to complain of them as slothful and unfaithful in his service, Mammon can boast of them as among his most diligent and devoted servants.

They seek their worldly ease and enjoyment. Self, self, is the idol to which they are perpetually sacrificing; the monster, whose ravenous appetite they are perpetually feasting, and which eats up nearly all they have. So great is the cost of dressing and decorating this idol, of serving and feasting it, of consulting its voracious appetites, and ministering to its various gratifications, that but little is left for the cause of Christ. It is "a soul-wasting monster, that is fed and sustained at a dearer rate, and with more costly sacrifices and repasts, than can be paralleled by either sacred or other history; that hath made more desolation in the souls of men, than ever was made in their towns and cities where idols were served with only human sacrifices, or monstrous

creatures satiated only with such food; or where the lives and safety of the majority were to be purchased by the constant tribute of the blood of not a few! that hath devoured more and preyed more cruelly upon human lives than Moloch or the Minotaur!"* Self, is Dives in the mansion, clothed in purple, and faring sumptuously every day,—the cause of Christ, is Lazarus laying at his gate, and fed only with the crumbs which fall from his table.

These are some of the leading forms of that demon of selfishness, whose name is Legion; and which, in every age, has been the great antagonist of the gospel, threatening at times even to drive the principle of benevolence from the world. What but this is it which keeps the piety of the individual professor, joyless to himself?—which renders many a congregation of professing Christians, a company of inactive, useless men, assembling merely for their own religious ends, and separating only to pursue their own worldly ends, as regardless of the welfare of others as if none but themselves inhabited the earth?—which turns the several denominations of which the Christian church is composed, into so many sources of mutual disquietude and weakness?—and which makes that church the scorn of an infidel world, instead of its boast and glory? It has defrauded millions of the offer of eternal life:-and what but selfishness is, at this moment, defrauding God of his glory long since due, and the church of its promised prosperity, and the world of the re-demption provided for it? Well has self been denominated the great Antichrist; for, though it may not be the antichrist of prophecy which is to appear in the latter day, it is the antichrist of every day, and every age; the great usurper of the rights of Christ, the great antagonist and obstacle to his universal reign. "For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's.

That we do not exaggerate its pernicious power, let it only be supposed that selfishness, in all the forms we have specified, has been banished from the church,—and what would ensue? nomination of Christians, without sacrificing its distinctive character, would embrace and seek to ally itself as closely with all the rest as a community of interest, hope, and affection, could bind it. Each creed would have the necessity and divinity of brotherly love among its primary articles; teaching the Christian that a heart glowing with affection to "the brethren," exhales the incense most acceptable to God, that such love is God in man. Devotion, no longer terminating in itself, would go to God, and plead for the world. Piety, no longer seeking after comfort as an end, would find it without seeking; find it in the paths of Christian activity and usefulness. Like the piety of apostolic times, it would be exempted from all the morbid complaints of a slothful religion, and would find its health and enjoyment in living to Christ. The whole church would be kindled into a sacrificial flame for his glory, into which every Christian would cast the savings of his self-denial as appropriate fuel for feeding a flame so sacred. A love which would yearn over the whole human race; a zeal which would be constantly devising fresh methods of useful-

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ness, denying itself, and laying itself out for God; and a perseverance which would never rest till the whole family of man should be seated at the banquet of salvation-these would be the prevailing features of the entire Christian community. From such a scene the eternal Spirit could not be absent; its very existence would demonstrate his presence. The tabernacle of God would be with men upon the earth. God would bless us, and all the ends of the earth would fear him.

Now of all this, selfishness is defrauding us. It is keeping the universe in suspense. Like a spring-season held back by the chilling breath of winter, all things are waiting for the desired change, when the Christian church, bursting forth as in the vernal beauty of its youth, shall become another paradise, full of melody, incense, and joy.

PART THE SECOND.

COVETOUSNESS .- THE PRINCIPAL FORM OF SELF-ISHNESS,-IN ITS NATURE, FORMS, PREVA-LENCE, ESPECIALLY IN BRITAIN, DISGUISES, TESTS, EVILS, DOOM, AND PLEAS.

SECTION I.

THE NATURE OF COVETOUSNESS.

Ir selfishness be the prevailing form of sin, covetousness may be regarded as the prevailing form of selfishness. This is strikingly intimated by the apostle Paul, when, describing the "perilous times" of the final apostasy, he represents self-ishness as the prolific root of all the evils which will then prevail, and covetousness as its first fruit. "For men shall be lovers of their own

selves, covetous.'

In passing, therefore, from the preceding outline of selfishness in general, to a consideration of this form of it in particular, we feel that we need not labour to magnify its importance. A very little reflection will suffice to show that, while the other forms of selfishness are partial in their existence, this is universal; that it lies in our daily path, and surrounds us like the atmosphere; that it exceeds all others in the plausibility of its pretences, and the insidiousness of its operations; that it is, commonly, the last form of selfishness which leaves the heart; and that Christians, who have comparatively escaped from all the others, may still be unconsciously enslaved by this. If there be ground to fear that covetousness "will, in all probability, prove the eternal overthrow of more characters among professing people than any other sin, because it is almost the only crime which can be indulged, and a profession of religion at the same time supported;" and if it be true also, that it operates more than any other sin to hold the church in apparent league with the world, and to defeat its design, and rob it of its honours, as the instrument of the world's conversion; surely nothing more can be necessary to reveal the appalling magnitude of the evil, and justify every attempt that may be made to sound an alarm against it.

Covetousness, denotes the state of a mind from

which the Supreme Good has been lost, labouring to replace him by some subordinate form of enjoyment. The determinate direction which this craving takes after money, is purely accidental; and arises from the general consent of society, that money shall be the representative of all property; and, as such, the key to all the avenues of worldly enjoyment. But as the existence of this conventional arrangement renders the possession of some amount of property indispensable, the application of the term covetousness has come to be confined almost exclusively to an inordinate

and selfish regard for money.

Our liability to this sin arises, we say, from the erception that "money answereth all things." Riches in themselves, indeed, are no evil. Nor is the bare possession of them wrong. Nor is the desire to possess them sinful, provided that desire exist under certain restrictions. For in almost every stage of civilization money is requisite to procure the conveniences, and even the necessaries of life; to desire it therefore as the means of life, is as innocent as to live. In its higher application it may be made the instrument of great relative usefulness; to seek it, then, as the means of doing good, is not a vice but a virtue. But perceiving that money is so important an agent in society;that it not only fences off the wants and woes of poverty, but that like a centre of attraction it can draw to itself every object of worldly desire from the farthest circumference;—the temptation arises of desiring it inordinately; of even desiring it for its own sake; of supposing that the instru-ment of procuring so much good must itself possess intrinsic excellence. From observing that gold could procure for us whatever it touches, we are tempted to wish, like the fabled king, that whatever we touch might be turned into gold.

But the passion for money exists in various degrees, and exhibits itself in very different aspects. No classification of its multiplied forms, indeed, can, from the nature of things, be rigorously exact. All its branches and modifications run into each other, and are séparated by gradations rather than by lines of demarcation. The most obvious and general distinction, perhaps, is that which divides it into the desire of getting as contradistinguished from the desire of keeping that which is already possessed. But each of these divisions is capable of subdivision. Worldliness, rapacity, and an ever-craving, all-consuming prodigality, may belong to the one; and parsimony, niggardliness, and avarice, to the other. The word covetousness, however, is popularly employed as synonymous with each of these terms, and as comprehensive of them all.

SECTION II.

FORMS OF COVETOUSNESS.

By worldliness, we mean cupidity in its earliest, most plausible, and most prevailing form; not yet sufficiently developed to be conspicuous to the eye of man, yet sufficiently characteristic and active to incur the prohibition of God. It is that quiet and ordinary operation of the principle which abounds most with excuses; which is seldom questioned even by the majority of professing Christians; which the morality of the world allows, and even commands; which may live, unrebuked, through a whole life, under the decent garb of frugality, and honest industry; and which thus silently works the destruction of multitudes

without alarming them.

Rapacity, is covetousness grasping; "making haste to be rich." This is the true "wolf in the breast," ever feeding, and yet ever craving; so ravenous that nothing is like it except death and the grave. It is a passion which compels every other feeling to its aid; the day seems too short for it; success is looked on as a reward and a spur; failure, as a punishment for some relaxation of the passion; the wealth of others seems to reproach it; the poverty of others to warn it. Determined to gratify itself, it overlooks the morality of the means, despises alike the tardiness of industry, and the scruples of integrity, and thinks only of the readiest way to success. patient of delay, it scorns to wait for intimations of the divine will, or to watch the movements of providence; and the only restraints which it acknowledges-though many of these it would gladly overleap-are such as our fears of each other have erected into laws, for the express purpose of confining it within bounds.

Parsimony, is covetousness parting with its lifeblood. It is the frugality of selfishness; the art of parting with as little as possible. Of this disposition it can never be said that it gives, but only that it capitulates; its freest bestowments have the air of a surrender made with an ill grace.

Avarice, is covetousness hoarding. It is the love of money in the abstract, or, for its own sake. Covetousness, in this monstrous form, indeed, is but of rare occurrence. For as money is a compendium of all kinds of worldly good, or so much condensed world, it is mostly desired for the sake of the gratifications which it can purchase; it is sought and valued as a kind of concentrated essence which can be diluted at pleasure, and adapted to the taste of every one who possesses it. But avarice is content with the bare possession of the essence; stopping short at the means, it is satisfied without the end. By a strange infatuation it looks upon gold as its own end; and, as the ornaments which the Israelites transferred into the hands of Aaron became a god, so gold, in the hand of avarice, becomes an ultimate good; to speak of its utility, or its application to practical purposes, would be almost felt as a profanation. Other vices have a particular view to enjoyment, (falsely so called,) but the very term miser is a confession of the misery which attends avarice; for in order to save his gold, the miser robs himself:

'Throws up his interest in both worlds, First starved in this, then damned in that to come."

He cannot be said to possess wealth; wealth possesses him; or else he possesses it like a fever which burns and consumes him as if molten gold were oirculating in his veins. Many vices wear out and are abandoned as age and experience increase, but avarice strikes deeper root as age advances; and, like the solitary tree of the desert, flourishes amidst sterility where nothing else could survive.

Other passions are paroxysms, and intermit; but avarice is a distemper which knows no intervals. Other passions have their times of relaxation; but avarice is a tyrant which never suffers its slaves to rest. It is the fabled dragon with its golden fleece, and with lidless and unslumbering eyes it keeps watch and ward night and day.

Prodigality, though directly opposed to avarice or hoarding, is quite compatible with cupidity; and is, indeed, so frequently found in combination with it, that it may be regarded as one of its complex forms. The character which Sallust gives of Catiline, that "he was covetous of other men's wealth, while he squandered his own," is one of very common occurrence. And we notice it here to show, that although men may occasionally be heard pleading their extravagance to clear themselves from the charge of cupidity, yet it originates in the same cause, produces precisely the same effects, employs the same sinful means of gratification, and incurs the same doom. must be covetous, that they may be prodigal: one hand must collect, that the other may have wherewith to scatter: covetousness, as the steward to prodigality, must furnish supplies, and is often goaded into rapacity that it may raise them. Thus prodigality strengthens covetousness by keeping it in constant activity, and covetousness strengthens prodigality by slavishly feeding its voracious appetite. Taking possession of the heart, "they divide the man between them," each in turn becoming cause and effect. But prodigal self-indulgence not only produces cupidity, it stands to every benevolent object in the same relation as avarice-it has nothing to give. A system of extravagant expenditure renders benevolence impossible, and keeps a man constantly poor towards God.

SECTION III.

PREVALENCE OF COVETOUSNESS.

To the charge of covetousness, under one or other of these various forms, how large a proportion of mankind, and even of professing Christians, must plead guilty! It is true, indeed, that all these modifications of covetousness cannot co-exist in the same mind, for some of them are destructive of each other: and such is the anxiety of men to escape from the hateful charge entirely, that finding they are exempt from some of its forms, they flatter themselves that they are guiltless of all. But this delusion, in most cases, only indicates the mournful probability, that the evil, besides having taken up its abode within them, has assumed there a form and a name so plausible, as not merely to escape detection, but even to secure to itself the credit of a virtue, and the welcome of a friend.

In the eyes of the world, a man may acquire, and through a long life maintain, a character for liberality and spirit, while his heart all the time goeth after his covetousness. His hand, like a channel, may be ever open; and because his income is perpetually flowing through it, the unreflecting world, taken with appearances, hold him up as a pattern of generosity; but the entire current is absorbed by his own selfishness. That

others are indirectly benefited by his profusion, does not enter into his calculations; he thinks only of his own gratification. It is true his mode of living may employ others; but he is the idol of the temple, they are only priests in his service; and the prodigality they are empowered to indulge in, is only intended to decorate and do honour to his altar. To maintain an expensive establishment, to carry it high above the world. to settle his children respectably in life, to maintain a system of costly self-indulgence, - these are the objects which swallow up all his gains, and keep him in a constant fever of ill-concealed anxiety; filling his heart with envy and covetousness at the sight of others' prosperity; rendering him loth to part with a fraction of his property to benevolent purposes; making him feel as if every farthing of his money so employed were a diversion of that farthing from the great ends of life; and causing him even to begrudge the hallowed hours of the Sabbath as so much time lost (if, indeed, he allows it to be lost) to the cause of gain. New channels of benevolence may open around him in all directions; but as far as he is concerned, those channels must remain dry, for, like the sands of the desert, he absorbs all the bounty which Heaven rains on him, and still craves for more. What but this is commonly meant by the expression concerning such a man, that "he is living up to his income?" The undisguised interpretation is, that he is engrossing to himself all that benevolence which should be diffused throughout the world; that he is appropriating all that portion of the divine bounty with which he has been entrusted, and which he ought to share with the rest of mankind; and that he is thus disabling himself for all the calls and claims of Christian charity. Alas! that so large a proportion of professing Christians should be, at this moment, systematically incapacitating themselves for any thing more than scanty driblets of charity, by their unnecessary expenditure, their extravagant self-indulgence. Where avarice, or hoarding, has slain its thousands, a lavish profusion has slain its tens of thousands; and where the former robs the cause of God of a mite, the latter robs it of a million.

A man may defy a charge of avarice, in the aggravated sense of that term, to be substantiated against him. Indeed, a miser, in the sense in which the character is ordinarily portrayed, is a most unusual prodigy; a monster rarely found but in description. "His life is one long sigh for wealth: he would coin his life-blood into gold: he would sell his soul for gain." Now, the injurious effect of such exaggerated representations is, that men, conscious that their parsimony does not resemble such a character, acquit themselves of the charge of covetousness altogether. Unable to recognise in this disguised and distorted picture of the vice their own likeness, they flatter themselves into a belief of their entire innocence; as if the vice admitted of no degrees, and none were guilty if not as guilty as possible.

But though a man may not merit to be denominated avaricious, he may yet be parsimonious. He may not be a Dead Sea, ever receiving, and never imparting; but yet he may be as unlike the Nile when, overflowing its banks, its leaves a

rich deposit on the neighbouring lands. mestic economy is a system of penuriousness, hateful to servants, visitors, and friends; from which every thing generous has fled; and in which even every thing necessary comes with the air of being begrudged, of existing only by sufferance. In his dealings with others, he seems to act under the impression that mankind have conspired to defraud him, and the consequence is, that his conduct often amounts to a constructive fraud on mankind. He is delighted at the idea of saving; and exults at the acquisition of a little pelf with a joy strikingly disproportionate to its worth. He looks on every thing given to charity, as so much lost, thrown away, and for which there will never be any return. If a benevolent appeal surprise him into an act of unusual liberality, he takes ample revenge by keen self-reproaches, and a determination to steel himself against all such assaults in future. Or else, in his relenting moments, and happier moods, he plumes himself, and looks as complacently on himself for having bestowed a benevolent mite, as if he had performed an act of piety for which nothing less than heaven would be an adequate reward. His soul not only never expands to the warmth of benevolence, but contracts at the bare proposal, the most distant prospect, of sacrifice. His presence in any society met for a charitable purpose would be felt like the vicinity of an iceberg, freezing the atmosphere, and repressing the warm and flowing current of benevolence. eloquent think it a triumph to have pleaded the cause of mercy before him unabashed; and the benevolent are satisfied if they can only bring away their sacred fire undamped from his presence. He scowls at every benevolent project as romantic, as suited to the meridian of Útopia, to a very different state of things from what is known in this world. He hears of the time when the church will make, and will be necessitated to make, far greater sacrifices than at present, with conscious uneasiness, or resolved incredulity. His life is an economy of petty avarice, constructed on the principle of parting with as little as possible, and getting as much,-a constant warfare against benevolence.

But a person may be free from the charge of parsimony, and yet open to the accusation of worldliness. His covetousness may not be so determined as to distinguish him from the multitude, but yet sufficiently marked to show that his treasure is not in heaven. He was born with the world in his heart, and nothing has yet expelled it. He may regularly receive the seed of the gospel, but the soil is pre-occupied; "the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and render it unfruitful." He will listen to an ordinary exposition of the vanity of wealth, as a matter of course, and will appear to give it his entire assent: and yet, immediately after, he resumes his pursuit of that vanity with an avidity which seems increased by the tempo-But let the exposition be rary interruption. more than usually vivid, let it aim at awakening his conviction of the dangers attending wealth, let it set forth the general preferableness of competence to affluence, and it will be found to be disturbing the settled order of his sentiments.

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A representation of the snares of wealth, is regarded by him as the empty declamation of a man who has been made splenetic by disappointments, or who has been soured by losses; who has never known the sweets of wealth, or, having known, has lost them, and would gladly recover them again if he could. He never listens to such representations as—that unsanctified riches are only the means of purchasing disappointment; that the possessor suffers, rather than enjoys them; that his wants multiply faster than his means-without an inward smile of scepticism, a conscious feeling of incredulity; a feeling which, if put into words, would express itself thus, "O, if I might but be made rich, I would make myself happy. Tell me not of dangers : cheerfully would I risk them all, only bless me with wealth. And his life is arranged, and spent, in strict accordance with this confession. In his vocabulary, wealth means happiness - the chief good. And in his reading of the holy Scripture, the declaration of our Lord is reversed, as if he had said—A man's life consisteth in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

And this representation, be it observed, applies to the man whose ideas of wealth are limited to a few hundreds, as much as to him whose wishes aspire to hundreds of thousands. The poor man is apt to imagine that covetousness is a subject in which he has no interest-that it is a sin peculiar to the rich. It is true, indeed, that he may not plan for riches, because he may not be able to plan much for any thing; calculation is out of his sphere; it requires too much thought for him. And it is true, also, that the prosperous are more liable to indulge cupidity than the poor; for if it cannot be said with confidence that poverty starves the propensity, it may certainly be affirmed that prosperity feeds it; often awakening it at first from its dormant state, and turning every subsequent instance of gain into a meal to

gratify its voracious appetite.

But there is no sphere so humble and contracted as to secure a man against its intrusion. Like a certain class of plants, it seems only to ask for room, though it should be on a rock, and for the common air, in order to thrive. The man who flatters himself that he has "retired from the world," may still be carrying this abridgement of the world's influences about with him in his And, by artfully soliciting the poor man under the disguise of industry, of frugality, or of providing for his family, it may have yoked him as a captive to its car, though he may appear to be only keeping poverty at bay. He need not plunge into the ocean in order to drown himself -a very shallow stream will suffice, if he chooses to lie prostrate in it; and the desire of the smallest gain, if his heart be immersed in the pursuit, will as certainly "drown him in perdition," will as certainly "drown him in perdition," as if the object of his cupidity were the wealth of a Crosus. He takes his character, and incurs his danger, not from the magnitude of his object, but from the unceasing and undivided manner in which he pursues it. Though his worldliness may be quiet and equable in its operation, yet, like an ever-flowing stream, it gradually wears his whole soul into one channel, which drains off his thoughts and affections from higher ground,

and carries them all in a steady current in that. single direction: while his occasional impressions of a religious nature only ripple its surface for a moment, and vanish, without in the least retard-

ing its onward course.

But to specify all the forms of coverousness, and to trace it in all its modifications, is impos-Capable of combining with all motives, and penetrating all actions, in its symptoms or its practice it is every where to be found. It acknowledges no conqueror but the grace of God, and owns no limit but that of the world. Our great epic poet, with equal sublimity and propriety, gives to it an existence even beyond this world. Recording the history of Mammon-the Scripture personification of cupidity-he describes him as

"the least erected spirit that fell From heaven; for even in heaven his looks and thoughts Were always downward bent; admiring more The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold, Than aught divine or holy else, enjoyed In vision beatific."

The moral of which is, that covetousness is one of the eldest-born of sin, and a prime leader in the satanic empire of evil; that no nature is too lofty, no place too sacred for its presence; that, being a universal passion, no enterprise is too daring for it to attempt, no sphere too extended

for its range.

One of the great objects of the personal ministry of our Lord himself, appears to have been to make us aware of the universality of this passion, and to save us from it. Sin having expelled the love of God from the heart, he saw that the love of the world had rushed in to fill up the vacuum; that the desire of riches, as an abstract of all other worldly desires, has become a universal passion, in which all other appetites and passions concur, since it is the readiest means to gratify them all. To the eye of an ordinary observer, the generation of that day appeared to be only laudably employed in their respective avocations; but, penetrating the thin disguises of custom, he beheld the world converted into a mart in which every thing was exposed for sale. To a common observer, the confused pursuits and complicated passions of mankind might have presented an aspect of ever-shifting forms, as incapable of classification as the waves of the sea; but to his comprehensive view there appeared but two great classes, in which all minor distinctions were merged-the servants of God, and the servants of Mammon. To his unerring and omniscient glance, the whole world appeared to be engrossed in a laborious experiment to effect a compromise between these two claimants; but against such an accommodation he enters his divine protest; affirming, with the solemnity and confidence of one who knew that though the experiment had been made and repeated in every form and in every age, it had failed as often as it had been made, and will prove eternally impracticable, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." ordinary observer, the charge of covetousness could only be alleged against a few individuals: but he tracked it through the most unsuspected windings, laid open some of its most concealed operations, and showed that, like the elemental

fire, it is not only present where it is grossly visible, but that it is all-pervading, and co-exten-

sive with human depravity.

Entering the mart of the busy world, where nothing is heard but the monotonous hum of the traders in vanity, he lifts up his voice like the trump of God, and seeks to break the spell which infatuates them, while he exclaims, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Proceeding to the mansion of Dives, he shows selfishness there, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day,—a spectacle at which the multitude stands in earnest and admiring gaze, as if it drew in happiness at the sight,-but Lazarus unheeded perishes at the gate. Approaching the house of prosperity, he bids us listen to the soliloquy of its worldly inhabitant, "I will pull down my barns and will build greater"—a resolution which the world applauds - "and I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry" -a prospect of happiness which the world envies: but God is not in all his thoughts; besides his wealth, he knows no god. Passing into the circle of devotion, he pointed out the principle of covetousness there, mingling in the worship of God, choking the word, and rendering it unfruitful. Penetrating the heart, he unveiled its hateful presence there, as the leaven of hypocrisy, and the seed of theft.

And can we wonder at the energy and frequency with which he denounced it, when we remember how frequently it came into direct personal contact with himself, defeating his tenderest solicitudes, and robbing him of souls he yearned to save? It was covetousness which rendered unfruitful so large a proportion of that heavenly seed which he had come to sow. It was this which begrudged him the anointing for his burial. It was this which robbed his kingdom of a subject, just at the moment when "the young man" appeared to be about to fall into his train; and which drew from him the affecting exclamation, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" This it was which left the gospel feast so thinly attended, and which sent excuses instead of guests. His audience commonly consisted of "the Pharisees who were covetous, and derided him." Wherever he looked, he beheld the principle in active, manifold, ruinous operation; "devouring widows' houses," drinking orphans' tears, luxuriating in the spoils of defenceless childhood and innocence. Did he turn from this sickening spectacle, and seek relief in the temple? there he beheld nothing but a den of thieves. Mammon was there enshrined; the solemn passover itself turned into gain; the priests trafficking in the blood of human souls. Like their forefathers, "from the least of them even to the greatest of them, every one was given to covetousness.

But the last triumph of covetousness remained yet to be achieved. To have sold the temple for money would have been an act of daring impiety: to make it the place of merchandise was, perhaps, still worse, it was adding sacrilege to impiety. Only one deed more remained to be perpetrated,

and covetousness might then rest satisfied. There was one greater than the temple. God so loved the world that he had sent his only-begotten Son to redeem it-might not he be sold? Covetousness, in the person of Judas, looked on him, eyed him askance, and went to the traffickers in blood, and, for the charm of thirty pieces of silver, betrayed him,—a type of the manner in which the cause of mercy would be betrayed in every succeeding age. Yes, in the conduct of Judas, the incarnation of cupidity, towards Jesus Christ, the incarnation of benevolence, we may behold an intimation of the quarter from which, in all succeeding times, the greatest danger would arise to the cause of Christ. The scene of the Saviour's betrayal for money was an affecting rehearsal, a prophetic warning, of the treatment which his gospel might expect to the end of the world.

And have events falsified the prediction? Let the history of the corruptions of Christianity testify. The spirit of gain deserted the Jewish temple, only to take up its abode in the Christian church. Having sold the Saviour to the cross, it proceeded, in a sense, to sell the cross itself. We allude not to the venality of selling "the wood of the true cross,"—that was only a diminution of that accursed lust of gain which "thought the gift of God might be purchased with money," and which literally placed the great blessings of the cross at sale. Gradually, every thing became a source of gain. Not a single innovation, or rite, was introduced, which had not a relation to gain. Nations were laid under tribute. Every shrine had its gifts; every confession its cost; every prayer its charge; every benediction its price. Dispensation from duty, and indulgence in sin, were both attainable at the sum set down. Liberation from hell, and admission into heaven, were both subject to money. And not content with following its victims into the invisible state, Covetousness even there created a third world, for the purpose of assessing its tortured inhabitants. Thus the religion whose blessings were intended to be without money and without price, became the tax and burden of the world; a proverb for extortion and rapine; till the wealth which the church had drained from a thousand states, "turned to poison in its bosom," and mankind arose to cast it from them as a bloated corruption and a curse.

The truth is, covetousness is native to our fallen nature; and, unless religion vanquish it, in its indiscriminate ravages, it will vanquish religion. Other forms of selfishness are partial in their operation, being either confined to a party, or, at most, to an order of character; but covetousness is the sin of humanity; it is the name of a disease which knows no distinction of class or party—

the epidemic malady of our race.

Gold is the only power which receives universal homage. It is worshipped in all lands without a single temple, and by all classes without a single temple, and often has it been able to boast of having armies for its priesthood, and hecatombs of human victims for its sacrifices. Where war has slain its thousands, gain has slaughtered its millions; for while the former operates only with the local and fitful terrors of an earthquake, the destructive influence of the latter is universal and

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Indeed war itself-what has it often unceasing. been but the art of gain practised on the largest scale? the covetousness of a nation resolved on gain, impatient of delay, and leading on its subjects to deeds of rapine and blood? Its history, is the history of slavery and oppression in all ages. For centuries, Africa-one quarter of the globe-has been set apart to supply the monster with victims, thousands at a meal. And, at this moment, what a populous and gigantic empire can it boast! the mine, with its unnatural drudgery; the manufactory, with its swarms of squalid misery; the plantation, with its imbruted gangs; and the market and the exchange, with their furrowed and care-worn countenances,-these are only specimens of its more menial offices and subjects. Titles and honours are among its rewards, and thrones at its disposal. Among its counsellors are kings, and many of the great and mighty of the earth enrolled among its subjects. Where are the waters not ploughed by its navies? What imperial element is not yoked to its car? Philosophy itself has become a mercenary in its pay; and science, a votary at its shrine, brings all its noblest discoveries, as offerings, to its feet. What part of the globe's surface is not rapidly yielding up its last stores of hidden treasure to the spirit of gain? or retains more than a few miles of unexplored and unvanquished territory? Scorning the childish dream of the philosopher's stone, it aspires to turn the globe itself into gold.

SECTION IV.

THE PRESENT PREDOMINANCE OF COVETOUSNESS IN BRITAIN.

This is a subject in which the Christians of Britain have more than an ordinary interest. For, though no part of the world is exempt from the influence of covetousness, a commercial nation, like Britain, is more liable to its debasement than any other. Were it not indigenous to the human heart, here it would surely have been born; for here are assembled all the fermenting elements, favourable to its spontaneous generation: or, were it to be driven from every other land, here it would find sanctuary in a thousand places open to receive it. Not only does it exist among us, it is honoured, worshipped, deified. Alas! it haswithout a figure—its priests; its appropriate tem-ples—earthly "hells;" its ceremonial; its everburning fires, fed with precious things which ought to be offered as incense to God; and, for its sacrifices, immortal souls.

Every nation has its idol: in some countries that idol is pleasure; in others, glory; in others, liberty; but the name of our idol is Mammon. The shrines of the others, indeed, are not neglected, but it must be conceded that money is the

mightiest of all our idol-gods.

And not only does this fact distinguish us from most other nations, it distinguishes our present from our former selves—it is the brand-mark of the present age. For, if it be true, that each successive age has its representative; that it beholds itself reflected in some leading school, and impresses its image on the philosophy of the day,

where shall we look for the image of the existing age but in our systems of political economy? "Men who would formerly have devoted their lives to metaphysical and moral research, are now given up to a more material study"-to the theory of rents, and the philosophy of the mart. Morality itself is allowed to employ no standard but that of utility; to enforce her requirements by no plea but expediency, a consideration of profit and And even the science of metaphysics is wavering, if it has not actually pronounced, in favour of a materialism which would subject the great mysteries of humanity to mathematical admeasurement, and chemical analysis. Mammon is marching through the land in triumph; and, it is to be feared, that a large majority of all classes have devoted and degraded themselves to the office of his train-bearers.

Statements like these may startle the reader who now reflects on the subject for the first time. But let him be assured that, "as the first impression which the foreigner receives on entering England is that of the evidence of wealth, so the first thing which strikes an inquirer into our social system is the absorbing respect in which wealth is held. The root of all our laws is to be found in the sentiment of property; and this sentiment, right in itself, has, by excess, infected with an all-pervading taint our politics, our systems of education, the distribution of honours, the popular notions-nay, it has penetrated our language, and even intruded into the sacred enclosures of religion. This is a truth obvious, not merely to the foreigner to whom it is a comparative novelty, the taint is acknowledged and deplored even by those who have become acclimated and inured to it. Not merely does the divine protest against it;* the man of the world joins him; for it is felt to be a common cause. The legislator complains that governments are getting to be little better than political establishments to furnish facilities for the accumulation of wealth. The philanthropist complains that generous motives are lost sight of in the prevailing desire of gain; so that he who evinces a disposition to disinterested benevolence is either distrusted as a hypocrite, or derided as a fool. The moralist complains that "commerce has kindled in the nation a universal emulation for wealth, and that money receives all the honours which are the proper right of knowledge and virtue." The candidate for worldly advancement and honour protests against the arrangement which makes promotion a matter of purchase, thus disparaging and discouraging all worth save that of wealth. The poet laments "that the world is too much with us;" that "all things are sold;" that every thing is made a marketable commodity, and "labelled with its price." The student of mental and moral philosophy laments that his favourite "sciences are falling into decay, while the physical are engrossing, every day, more respect and attention;" that the "worship

^{*} His complaint might be thought professional. In this section, therefore, the writer has had recourse to authorities which some may consider of greater weight. His quotations are derived principally from Coleridge's Lay Sermons, Bulwer's England and the English, and from the two leading Reviews.

of the beautiful and good has given place to a calculation of the profitable;" that "every work which can be made use of to immediate profit, every work which falls in with the desire of acquiring wealth suddenly, is sure of an appropriate circulation;" that we have been led to "estimate the worth of all pursuits and attain-

ments by their marketable value."

To the same unhallowed spirit of gain, is to be traced that fierce "competition," of which the labourer, the artizan, the dealer, the manufacturer, and even the members of all the liberal professions, alike complain. That competition, under certain limits, is necessary to the activity and healthy condition of the social economy, is not to be denied. But when it rises to a struggle in which neither time nor strength is left for higher pursuits; in which every new competitor is looked on in the light of an enemy; in which every personal exertion, and practicable retrenchment, in the mode of conducting business, do but barely leave a subsistence,—there must be something essentially wrong in our ruling spirit, or social constitution. True, the fact that the evil exists may palliate the conduct of the Christian, who, in mere self-defence, and without his own seeking, finds himself compelled by circumstances to engage in the rivalry and turmoil. Such a man is an object, not of blame, but of pity. But how small the number of those who are not actually augmenting the evil, either by a sumptuous style of living, which absorbs the entire profits of business as fast as they accrue, and which even anticipates them; or else by a morbid and exorbitant craving after something new, by which the ingenuity and application of men of business are kept constantly taxed, and competition is almost converted into hostility! present concern, however, is not with the cause, but with the fact. And on all hands it is admitted, that the way in which business is now conducted, involves all the risk, uncertainty, and unnatural excitement of a game of chance.

Nor is the strife of fashion less apparent than the struggle of business. Each class of the community, in succession, is pressing on that which is immediately before it. Many of those engaged in the rivalry are supporting themselves by temporary expedients; concealing their real poverty by occasional extravagance and display. the following description of the fact, from an eminent Christian moralist, whose position in society enabled him to judge correctly, and on a large scale:-"Others, a numerous class in our days, attach themselves to the pomps and vanities of life. Magnificent houses, grand equipages, numerous retinues, splendid entertainments, high and fashionable connexions, appear to constitute, in their estimation, the supreme happiness of life. Persons to whose rank and station these indulgences most properly belong, often are the most indifferent to them. Undue solicitude about them is more visible in persons of inferior conditions and smaller fortunes; in whom it is detected by the studious contrivances of a misapplied ingenuity, to reconcile parade with economy, and to glitter at a cheap rate. There is an evident effort and struggle to excel in the particulars here in question; a manifest

wish to rival superiors, to outstrip equals, and to dazzle inferiors."* The truth of this picture, it is to be feared, has been daily increasing ever since it was drawn.

A spirit of extravagance and display naturally seeks for resources in daring pecuniary speculations. Industry is too slow and plodding for it. Accordingly, this is the age of reckless adventure. The spirit of the lottery is still upon us. "Sink or swim," is the motto of numbers who are ready to stake their fortune on a speculation; and evil indeed must be that project, and perilous in the extreme must be that scheme, which they would hesitate to adopt, if it held out the

remotest prospect of gain.

The writer is quite aware, and free to admit, that we are, from circumstances-and long may we be-an active, industrious, trading people. Much of our distinctive greatness as a nation is owing to this fact. Nor is he insensible to the numerous claims of the present age to be called the age of benevolence. Both these facts, however, he regards as quite compatible with his present allegations. For the truth appears to be, that, much as the benevolence of the age has increased, the spirit of trade has increased still more; that it has far outstript the spirit of benevolence; so that, while the spirit of benevolence has increased absolutely, yet relatively it may be said to have declined, to have lost ground to the spirit of trade, and to be tainted and oppressed by its influence. How large a proportion of what is cast into the Christian treasury must be regarded merely as a kind of quit-rent paid to the cause of benevolence by the spirit of trade, that it might be left free to devote itself to the absorbing claims of the world. How small a proportion of it is subtracted from the vanities and indulgences of life; how very little of it results from a settled plan of benevolence, or from that selfdenial, without which, on Christian principles, there is no benevolence. Never, perhaps, was self-denial a rarer virtue than in the present age.

Again: what is the testimony of those in our

most popular schools who educate our youth?that "there is a prevailing indifference to that class of sciences, the knowledge of which is not profitable to the possessor in a pecuniary point of view,"-that the only learning in request is that which teaches the art of making money. The man of ancestral rank complains, that even respect for birth is yielding to the mercenary claim of riches. Such is the all-transforming power of cupidity, that business the most oppressive is pursued with all the zest of an amusement, while amusement, intended to be a discharge from business, is laboriously cultivated by thousands as a soil for profitable speculation and golden Perhaps the greatest triumph which the fruit. lust of lucre has achieved, next to its presence in the temple of God, is the effectual manner in which it has converted the principal amusements of the nation into so vast and complicated a system of gambling, that, to master it, demands all the studious application of a profound science. Looking at the universal influence which wealth has obtained over every institution, and every

^{*} Wilberforce on Practical Christianity.

grade of the social system, what more is wanting to induce the many to believe, as sober truth, the ironical definition of the satirist, that "Worth means wealth-and wisdom, the art of acquir-

ing it?"
"Whatever men are taught highly to respect, gradually acquires the rank of a virtue." therefore, has it been said, by a master of philosophy, that "the honours of a state, direct the esteem of a people; and that according to the esteem of a people, is the *general* direction of mental energy and genius." The consequence of affixing the highest worldly rewards to wealth, is, that to be rich is accounted a merit, and to be poor an offence. Nor is this the worst: a false standard of morality is thus created, by which it is made of less consequence to be wise and virtuous, than to be rich.

The appalling degree to which such a standard has obtained among us, may be inferred from the manner in which it has imprinted itself on our language. It is true, that many of the terms and phrases alluded to, may sometimes be employed with an exclusive reference to property, and quite irrespective of moral worth. They are, however, idioms of the language, and as such would soon give rise to the debasing associations in question, even if those associations did not exist before. But the tones in which they are commonly uttered, and the emotions of admiration or contempt with which they are accompanied, abundantly testify that such associations already exist. Justly has a foreign writer observed, for instance, that "the supreme influence of wealth, in this country, may be judged of by the simple phrase, that a man is said to be worth so much,"—worth just so much as his money amounts to, and no more. creature!" is an exclamation as frequently uttered to express contempt as pity, and may indicate that the object of it unites in himself all kinds of wretchedness, and many degrees of guilt. How constantly are individuals and families pronounced respectable—that is the favourite password into society-when, if reference were had to their character, to any thing but their wealth, they would be found entitled to any thing but What is ordinarily understood by good society? Certainly the exclusion of nothing bad but poverty: it may exclude every one of the virtues, provided there be a sufficiency of wealth, And when we speak of making a meeting or a society select, who thinks of employing any other process, if money be the means of admission, than that of raising the price, and thus erecting a test of wealth? We find ourselves in a world where of wealth? a thousand conflicting objects propose themselves to our attention, each claiming to deserve our supreme regard; but who thinks of disturbing the ratified decision of generations, that, of all these objects, money is the main chance? Whatever attainments a man may be making in other respects, yet, as if wealth were the only prize worth contending for in the race of life, he only is said to be getting on in the world who is increasing his property. The term gain is not applied to knowledge, virtue, or happiness; it is reserved solely to mark pecuniary acquisitions; it is synonymous with gold, as if nothing but gold were gain, and every thing else were comparative loss. And the man whose gains are known to be rapidly increasing, is not only spoken of by the multitude, under their breath, with increased veneration and awe, but, as if he more nearly approached the creative power than any other human being, he is said to be making money; -and having said that, eulogy is exhausted, he is

considered to be crowned with praise.

Could we ascertain the entire amount of national excitement and emotion experienced in the course of a year, and could we then distribute it into classes, assigning each respectively to its own exciting cause, who can for a moment doubt that the amount of excitement arising from the influence and operation of money, direct and indirect, would not only exceed that of either of the others, separately considered, but would go near to surpass them all together? And when it is remembered that this cause is always in operation; that it has acquired a character of permanence; that our life is spent under the reign of wealth; how can it be otherwise than that we should become its subjects, if not even its slaves? When, year after year, the assembled wisdom of the nation is employed for months, discussing, in the hearing of the nation, questions of cost and finance, trying the merit of every proposition by a standard of profit and loss, and thus virtually converting the throne of legisla-tion into a table of exchange, it can only follow, that the same standard will be generally adopted in private life to try individual questions. If the body politic be so constituted that the Exchange is its heart, then every particular pulse in the community will aim to find its health, by beating in unison with it.

Thus the spirit of gain, which in most countries is only one power amongst many, may here be said to be tutelary and supreme; and the love of money, from being an occasional pursuit, becomes, in innumerable instances, a rooted and prevailing passion. Nor is it possible for plety itself to escape the infection. To live here, is to live in the Temple of Mammon; and it is impossible to see the god worshipped daily, to behold the reverence of the multitude, to stand in the presence of the idol, without catching the contagion of awe, and yielding to the sorcery of wealth.

Are our religious assemblies exempt from the debasing influence? "My brethren," saith the apostle James, "have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect unto him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place: and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool: are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?" The apostle is deprecating that homage to wealth which implies that it is honourable for its own sake alone, and that poverty is disgraceful, however borne; a homage which, while it is sinful every where, cannot be practised in the sanctuary without offering peculiar insult to the throne of God. But did not the apostle draw this picture prophetically of the present day? Could he now witness, says Scott in his comment on this scripture, what takes place generally in this matter, and give his opinion of it, would he not repeat the censure, that we are influenced by corrupt reasonings and erroneous calculations? and utter it in words even more severe? And would he not find, it may be added, that the influence of wealth has penetrated deeper still? that it not only sits in the presence of God while poverty stands, but that it often rules there while poverty serves; that in that sacred inclosure, where men should take rank only by superiority of spiritual excellence, wealth, in many instances, lords it over character, and reigns with a sway as undisputed as it exercises in the world?

Has the management of our benevolent societies escaped the prevailing evil? The guardians of the funds of benevolence, indeed, cannot too carefully protect them from exorbitant charges, and a wasteful expenditure; but at the same time, they are not, under the plea of economy, to refuse to the tradesman a remunerating profit. Yet tradesmen are occasionally heard to complain that such is the fact; that the grinding system of some of our religious committees leaves them to do business for nothing. Besides which, is there not, in many instances, too much reliance placed on the efficacy of money for the accomplishment of religious objects? too much deference paid to wealth in the selection of chairmen, officers, and members? too evident a disposition to estimate the prosperity of an institution by the amount of its funds? too much of a pecuniary rivalry with kindred institutions; and too little delicacy about the means employed to swell the funds, provided only the increase take place? Is it not equally true of the institution that "maketh haste to be rich," as of the man, that it "cannot be innocent?"

Are our public meetings of benevolence free from the taint? Is there nothing questionable in the way in which money is raised on those occasions? nothing of a worldly mechanism for raising benevolence to the giving point? nothing of the anxiety of a pecuniary adventure felt, by those most deeply interested, at the commencement of a meeting? and, as the pecuniary experiment proceeds, is not that anxiety increased as to how the speculation will succeed? Are there not occasions when our platforms exhibit a scene too much resembling a bidding for notice?—The writer feels that he is treading on delicate ground; nor has he advanced thus far on it without trembling. He is fully aware that many of those scenes to which he alludes have originated spontaneously, unexpectedly, and from pure Christian impulse: -would that the number of such were increased! He does not forget that some of the agents of benevolence who are most active in promoting a repetition of such scenes, are among the excellent of the earth. He bears in mind, too, that among those whose names are proclaimed as donors on such occasions, are some whom it is a privilege to know; men who give privately as well as publicly; whose ordinary And he feels concharity is single-handed. vinced that the ruling motive of all, is, to enlarge the sphere of Christian beneficence to the glory of the grace of God. Nor can he be insensible to the unkind construction to which these re-

marks, however humbly submitted, are liable to expose him; or to the avidity with which the captious and the covetous will seize and turn them to their own unhallowed account; or to the force of the plea, that the best things are open to abuse, and that it is easy to raise objections against the purest methods and means of benevolence. Still, however, he feels himself justified in respectfully submitting to the Christian consideration of those most deeply concerned in the subject, whether our anxiety for the attainment of the glorious end, has left us sufficiently jealous for the purity of the means; whether some of these means do not call for reconsideration; whether they do not too directly appeal to motives which the gospel discountenances and disowns; and whether they rely sufficiently on the power of Christian appeal to Christian principle; -whether, in fine, the mechanical spirit of the age is not beginning to influence the supply of our funds, to the injury of the spirit of genuine benevolence.

But does not the very fact, that novel and questionable means are sometimes resorted to for the purpose of replenishing the funds of benevolence, imply that ordinary and approved methods had failed to answer that end? in other words, that the charge of covetousness lies against the professors of the gospel generally? But, besides this presumptive evidence of the charge, it is easy to substantiate it by two direct proofs—the first, derived from their conduct in the world; and the second, from their conduct in the church. Who has not heard of the morality of trade as differing materially from the standard morality of the gos-Yet how small the number of Christian professors who perceive the guilt of this moral solecism! How few who do not easily fall in, for the sake of pecuniary advantage, with the most approved worldly methods of increasing their profits! Blinded by the love of gain, and justifying themselves on the ground of custom and self-defence, the sense of right is overruled, and conscience itself becomes a victim on the altar of Mammon. The other proof of the covetousness of the church may be deduced from the very fact, that its contributions to the cause of mercy are annually increasing. For it proves, either that, having reached the standard mark of liberality, we are now yearly exceeding it, or else that, with slow and laborious steps, we are only as yet advancing towards it. If the latter-does not the increase of every present year cast a reproach back on the comparative parsimony of every past year? Will not the augmented liberality of next year reproach the niggardliness of this?

SECTION V.

THE DISGUISES OF COVETOUSNESS.

Easy as it is, however, to demonstrate the prevalence of covetousness,—to convict the individual conscience of the evil, to bring home the charge personally, so as to produce self-accusation, is one of the last efforts in which we hope for success. Men think not of covetousness, and of themselves, at the same time. He who can decide, with equal facility and precision, the exact point at which

cupidity begins in another, no sooner finds the same test about to be applied to himself than he discovers a number of exceptions, which render the standard totally inapplicable. It was remarked by St. Francis de Sales, who was greatly resorted to in his day as confessor, that none confess the sin of covetousness. And he who "knew what was in man," sought to alarm our vigilance, by saying of this sin, what he said so emphatically of no other, "Take heed, and beware of it."

It is true of every passion, that it has an established method of justifying itself; but of covetousness it may be said, that all the passions awake to justify it; they all espouse its cause, and draw in its defence, for it panders to them all; "Money

answereth all ends.

The very prevalence of the evil forms its most powerful protection and plea; for "the multitude never blush." We might have supposed that its prevalence would have facilitated its detection and exposure in individual cases; but owing to its very prevalence it is that so few are conscious of it. We keep each other in countenance. Having been born in the climate, we are not aware of any thing pernicious in it. The guilt of this, as of every other sin, is measured by a graduated scale; and as all around us indulge in it up to a certain point of the scale, it is only from that point we allow covetousness begins; we begin to reckon guilt only from that point. Indignation is reserved till that point is passed, and the passion has become monstrous and ex-Because we are not a community of Trumans, Elwes, and Dancers, we exchange looks of congratulation and flatter ourselves that we are innocent. The very resentment which we let loose on such personifications of the vice, seems to discharge us from all suspicion, and to grant us a fresh dispensation to include in the quiet of ordinary covetousness. Yet, often, it is to be feared, that very resentment is the mere offspring of jealousy; like the anger awakened in a com-munity of the dishonest, at finding that one of their number has violated the rules of the body, by secreting more than his share of booty.

But that which constitutes the strength of covetousness, is, its power to assume the appearance of virtue; like ancient armour, it is at once protection and disguise. "No advocate will venture to defend it under its own proper character.

Avarice takes the license used by other felons, and, by the adoption of an alias, escapes the reprobation attached to its own name."* In the vocabulary of covetousness, worldliness means industry; though it is obvious to every Christian observer, that the pretended industry of many a religious professor is the destruction of his piety, and will eventually form the ground of his condemnation. *Idleness* is his pretended aversion. His time, his strength, his solicitudes, are all drained off in the service of Mammon; while nothing is left for religion but a faint sigh, a hurried heartless prayer, and an occasional strug-

gle so impotent as to invite defeat.
"But Providence," he pleads, "has actually filled his hands with business, without his seeking; and would it not be ungrateful to lose it by neglect?" But have you never heard, we might

* Mrs. More.

reply, that God sometimes tries his people, to see whether they will keep his commandments or mot? and may he not be now proving how far the verdure of your piety can resist the exhaling and scorching sun of prosperity? Besides, is it supposable that God intended you to interpret his grant of worldly prosperity into a discharge from his service, and a commission in the service of Manyana. of Mammon? And, more than all, significantly as you may think his providence invites you to labour for the bread that perisheth, does not his gospel, his Son, your Lord and Redeemer, call you a thousand-fold more emphatically to labour for the meat which endureth unto eternal life? You may be misinterpreting the voice of his providence, the voice of his gospel you cannot misunderstand; it is distinct, imperative, and incessant; urging you daily to "seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness.'

Another individual is a slave to parsimony; but he is quite insensible to it, for the temptation solicits him under the disguise of frugality. Waste is his abhorrence; and he knows no refuge from it but in the opposite extreme. Every new instance of impoverished prodigality is received by him as a warning from Providence to be careful. His creed is made up of all the accredited maxims and world-honoured proverbs in favour of covetousness, the authority of which he never questions, and the dexterous application of which fortifies his mind like an antidote against all the contagious attacks of charity. And thus, though he lives in a world supported by bounty, and hopes, perhaps, to be saved at last by grace, he gives only when shame will not allow him to refuse, and grudges

the little which he gives.

The aim of another is evidently the accumulation of wealth; but the explanation which he gives to himself of his conduct, is, that he desires simply to provide for the future. Want is his And though, in his aim to avoid this evil, he may not distinctly propose to himself to become rich, yet what else can result from his constantly amassing? His interpretation of competence, if candidly avowed, is affluence; a dispensation from labour for himself and family to the end of time, a discharge from future dependence on Providence, a perpetuity of ease and Till he has succeeded in reaching that enviable state, his mind is full of foreboding; he can take no thought except for the morrow. As if Providence had vacated its throne, and deserted its charge, he takes on himself all the cares and burdens belonging to his state. And laden with these, he is totally disqualified for every holy duty and Christian enterprise which would take him a single step out of his way to competence. And often is he to be seen providing for the infirmities of age long after these infirmities have overtaken him, and labouring to acquire a competence up to the moment when a competence for him means only the expenses of his funeral.

In the instance of a person who has attained to competence, covetousness often seeks to escape detection under the name of contentment. He fancies that he is completely vindicated from the charge of cupidity, by saying, "I am quite content with what I have." But so also was that minion of wealth whom our Lord introduces with

the solemn warning, "Take heed, and beware of covetousness." His contentment is only covetousness reposing self-complacently from its toils, resting on its well-filled bags, and saying, "Soul, take thine ease." Let an agent of charity approach him with outstretched and imploring hand, and, as if touched by Ithuriel's spear, he will forthwith start into his proper character, and demonstrate that his contentment depends on his keeping his property entire; at least, that he is not content to give.

And another, not only most confidently acquits himself of all suspicion of selfishness, but even appropriates the credit of being benevolent, on the ground of his natural sensibility. A spectacle of suffering harrows up his soul; and therefore "he passes by on the other side." An object of destitution afflicts his too delicate sympathies; and, therefore, he closes his door against it, saying, "Depart in peace, be thou warmed and filled and leaves it in its destitution to perish. An thus, by belonging to the school of Rousseau or of Sterne, he gives himself the credit of belonging to the school of Christ; by paying the tax of a sigh to wretchedness, he escapes the levy of a heavier tribute, and even purchases a character for the tenderest susceptibility. But sensibility is not benevolence; by wasting itself on trifles, it may render us slaves to selfishness, and unfit us for every thing but self-commiseration.

Covetousness will sometimes indulge itself under the pretence of preparing to retire from the cares and turmoil of active life. The propriety of an early retirement from business must depend, of course, on circumstances. But how often does the covetousness which wears this mask, retain her slave in her service even to hoary hairs, putting him off from time to time with delusive promises of approaching emancipation. Or else, he retires to spend, in slothful and selfish privacy, that which he had accumulated by years of parsimony. Or else, by mingling readily in scenes of gaiety and amusement, he shows that his worldly aversions related, not to the world of pleasure, but only to the world of business. Instead of fixing his abode where his pecuniary resources and Christian activity might have rendered him an extensive blessing, he consults only his own gratification, establishes himself at a distance, it may be, from "the place of the altar," and, in a regular round of habitual indulgence, lives and dies an unfaithful steward, a sober sensualist, a curse rather than a blessing,

Sometimes covetousness is heard enlarging complacently on the necessity, and even piety, of providing for children. And here, be it remembered, we are not considering what parental duty may dictate on this subject, but only what covetousness often does under its borrowed name. Many a parent gratifies his love for money, while pretending a love for his children. The facility, too, with which he quotes certain passages of Scripture to defend the course he is pursuing, shows how acceptable to his numerous class an argument would be in favour of hoarding, since these few perverted sentences, which only seem to sanction it, are his favourite and most familiar texts. Of these, his chosen stronghold, perhaps, is the declaration of the apostle, "He that pro-

videth not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." The sacred writer, in The sacred writer, in giving directions relative to the maintenance of widows, distinguishes between such as the church should relieve, and such as should be supported by their own relatives. And concerning the latter he makes the statement in question. Whence it follows, first, that the provision contemplated by the apostle is not laying up beforehand for future contingencies, but a present supply of present necessities, a simple maintenance of needy relatives from day to day. And, secondly, that, instead of countenancing parents in the accumulation of great fortunes for their children, he is speaking of the maintenance which children, if able, should afford to their aged and destitute parents. the subject of providing for families, therefore, the text in question has nothing to do. Rightly interpreted, we see that it enjoins, not accumulating, but giving. How humiliating is the only explanation which can be given of the general perversion of this scripture, and of the pertinacity with which

that perversion is retained.

Let the Christian parent compare the merits of a useful education, and a qualification for business or a profession, with the merits of that state of so-called independence in which he is toiling to place his family; and let him call in the aid of Scripture and of prayer that he may conduct the comparison aright, and we will not fear for the result. Let him look around his neighbourhood, and institute a comparison, if he can, between the apparent character and happiness of the six nearest individuals who have been left dependent, under God, on their own exertions for respectability and support, and the six who have been left independent of personal exertion, indeed, but pitiably dependent on wealth alone for happiness, and let him say which state is preferable for virtue and enjoyment. Let him say, what is to be thought of the consistency of a Christian parent who, with our Lord's representation of the danger of riches ringing in his ears, goes on scheming and labouring, to leave his children rich in the element of destruction; toiling, to place them in a condition in which, he admits, it is all but impossible that they should be saved. Let him ask himself, whether such an one be not acting over again, on a smaller scale, the part of the Tempter, when he brought the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them to the Saviour's feet? Let him remember, not only that he is to leave his children behind him in a world where wealth is thought to be every thing, but that he is to meet them again in a world where it will be nothingwhere it will be remembered only in relation to the purposes to which it has been applied.

SECTION VI.

TESTS OF COVETOUSNESS.

But the more insidious and seductive the forms of covetousness, and the greater its prevalence, the more necessary does it become to study the disease in its symptoms; to trace it to its earliest signs, and view it in its slightest indications. In

order, however, that the patient may benefit by the investigation, skill is not more indispensable in the physician, than a solicitous impartiality in himself. In vain would it be even for the great Physician to specify the various signs of this moral malady, unless those who are the subjects of it voluntarily lay bare their breasts, and anxiously lend themselves to ascertain whether or not the plague-spot be upon them. out this, they would close their eyes to the presence of ninety-nine symptoms, and accept the absence of the hundredth as a demonstration of their perfect freedom from the taint; while, on the other hand, a tender and faithful conscience would overlook the absence of the ninety-nine, and take alarm at the presence of the hundredth. The absence of one or two out of numerous symptoms of a bodily disease, does not warrant us hastily to conclude that we are totally exempt from danger, and to congratulate ourselves on our escape; for we recollect that few persons exhibit all the signs of any disease. And moral diseases, like physical, are modified by temperament and circumstances; so that if some of the indications of the malady in question are wanting, a little impartial examination may disclose others sufficiently determinate to awaken alarm, and produce humiliation.

"What are those signs, then," we will suppose the reader to inquire, "what are some of those signs whose presence would indicate the existence of covetousness in my character?" And here, reader, we would remind you that the inquiry is to be conducted under the eye of God; that a consultation of physicians over your dying bed would not call for greater seriousness than the present exercise; and that an appeal to Omniscience, and a prayer for seasonable grace, would not be the least favourable tokens of your ear-

nestness and desire to be benefited.

You have seen the prevalence of covetousness, and its power of insinuation under fictitious names; are you now, for the first time, subjecting your heart to a thorough inspection on the subject? But ought not this simple fact, that you are doing it now for the first time, to excite your suspicions, and prepare you to find, that, while you have been sleeping, the enemy has been sow-ing tares in your heart? Taking it for granted that you are living in the habit of communion with God, you no doubt advert, from time to time, in the language of lamentation and confession, to various sins which have never appeared in your conduct, but which, as a common partaker of sinful humanity, you suspect to exist seminally in your heart;—is covetousness named among them?—When last did you deprecate it? when last were you earnest in prayer for a spirit of Christian liberality?

Your station, property, or mental character invest you, it may be, with a measure of authority and influence; do you ever employ that power to oppress, and to overrule right? Are you, what the poor denominate, hard-hearted? capable of driving a hard bargain? rigid and inexorable as an Egyptian task-master in your mode of conducting business; enforcing every legal claim, pressing every demand, and exacting every obligation to the extremest point of justice?

Are you what is commonly denominated mean? cutting down the enjoyments of those dependent on you to the very quick? never rewarding exertion a tittle beyond what is "in the bond?" doling out requital for services with so niggardly a hand, that Want alone would submit to your bondage?

Can you "go beyond, and defraud another in any matter?" Do not hastily resent the question. For only remember, first, the multiplied laws which already exist against fraud; and the insufficiency of this vast and complicated apparatus as implied in the continued labours of the legislature to prevent, and of the executive to punish, fraud-all intimating the dreadful prevalence of the evil. Recollect, also, that no multiplication of laws can supply the place of principle and integrity; artifice would still find a way of escape through the finest network of human legislation. Then again, bear in mind the grievous but acknowledged fact, that two kinds of morality obtain in life—the morality of private life, all sensitiveness, delicacy, and honour; and the mo-rality of business, all secrecy in its own movements-all vigilance respecting the movements of others-all suspicion of their representations —all protestation and confidence of the superior excellence of its own wares—all depreciation of theirs-a morality that deems a thousand things justifiable in business, which in private life would be condemned. Now, we take it for granted that you would not violate the law; that you would shudder at the bare shadow of dishonesty; but do you never avail yourself in business of the ignorance and weakness of others? Do you ever take advantage of that class of the secrets of your business, which, though deemed defensible by the world, are, to say the least, of a doubtful character? Are you satisfied with escaping, and perhaps, barely escaping, the penalty of the law? and with pleading that you are only doing as others do?—and all this for the sake of a little paltry gain?

Providence, perhaps, has assigned you a station in society, which, though it leaves many below you, places numbers above you. Are you content with the allotment? If you regard your own situation with dissatisfaction, and the superior advantages of others with envy, and speak disparagingly of their merits, and repine at your worldly circumstances, though at the same time the imperishable treasures of grace are placed within your reach, what are you but saying, in effect, that no heavenly wealth can compensate in your esteem for the unrighteous mammon after

which you pine?

We have adverted to the numerous maxims and proverbs by the currency and frequent repetition of which the world seeks to fortify itself against the claims of benevolence, and to justify itself in its all-grasping endeavours;—do you find these maxims occasionally falling in self-justification from your own lips? He whom you acknowledge as your Lord and Master has declared, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive,"—a saying which falls like a paradox, an enigma, an impossibility, on the infidel covetousness of the human heart,—do you find that your heart, when left to itself, sympathizes more cordially on this

point with your Master or with the world? The same Divine authority has pronounced it to be a characteristic of the pagan and ungodly world, to care for the provision of their temporal wants as solicitously as if no Providence superintended the world, no "heavenly Father" cared for them; -do you stand apart from the irreligious in this respect? If their conduct proves that they have no God, does yours prove that you have one? If the world could lay open your breast, would it not be justified in concluding that though you have a God, you cannot trust him? that, in temporal things, you are obliged, after all, to do as they do-rely exclusively upon yourself? And when the hour returns for your appearance in the closet, in the sanctuary, at the post of Christian usefulness and benevolence, but returns to mourn your absence-where then are you to be searched for with the greatest likelihood of being found? At the altars of Mammon? amidst the engrossing cares and services of the world?

Does not the dread of a petty loss, or the prospect of a petty gain, fill you with emotions beyond what the magnitude of either would warrant? And were a committee of the wisest and the best of men to sit in friendly judgment on your worldly affairs, would they not be likely to pronounce that your mind might be safely discharged of all that solicitude which now disturbs it, and be left entirely free for the service of God? You confess that God may justly complain of you as slothful and unfaithful in his service;—would Mammon be justified in urging a similar complaint? or, rather, may he not boast of you as one of his most diligent and exemplary servants? Are you providing more earnestly for the future moments of time than for the future ages of eternity? Are you spending life in providing the means of living, and are you thus living to no end? Are you preparing to depart? or would death find you saying, "Soul, take thine ease?" counting your gains? loth to out your possessions? and "setting your loth to quit your possessions? and "setting your affections on things on the earth?" Have you engaged in any worldly avocation or object, not from necessity, but choice? and merely to augment your means of ostentation and indulgence? And are you to be found giving early notice to the world of any little addition made to your property, by an instant addition to your establishment or expenditure? Were two courses open to you, the one bright with gold, but beset with temptation; the other less lucrative, but rich in religious advantages,-which would you be likely to adopt?

Are you, at times, tempted to vow that you will never give any thing more in charity? Instances are by no means of rare occurrence of imposture practised on the generous, and of kindness requited with ingratitude, and of benevolent funds unfaithfully administered; and some of these painful examples may have come under your own observation;—do you detect yourself, at such times, storing them up as arguments against future charity? conveying them, as weapons of defence, into the armoury of covetousness, to be brought out and employed at the next assault upon your purse? When you are called to listen to a discourse on the perils attending the possession of wealth, does the seed fall into congenial soil? or, is it necessary, as often as the

subject is introduced, that the speaker should reproduce his "strong arguments," in order to reproduce full conviction in your mind? Which, think you, would make the greater demand on your patience; an argument to prove that you ought to give more to the cause of benevolence? or, an excuse and justification for giving less?

or, an excuse and justification for giving less? You may sometimes find yourself passing a silent verdict of praise or blame on the pecuniary conduct of others; now, when you see an individual more than ordinarily careful of his money, do you regard him with a feeling of complacency? when you hear his conduct condemned, are you disposed to speak in his defence? or, when you see a person prodigal of his property, is your feeling that of astonishment, as if he were guilty of a sin which you could not comprehend?

It is hardly possible that the temperature of benevolence should remain quite stationary at the same point, in any mind, for years together; now, on instituting a comparison between the past and the present, do you find that you have suffered no decrease of genuine sensibility? that you are quite as accessible to the appeals of beneficence now, as you were ten or twenty years ago, and conscious of as much pleasure in yielding to them? It is highly improbable that your worldly affairs are precisely the same now as they were at that distance of time; but, if the change has been on the side of prosperity, have the oblations which you have laid on the altar of gratitude been proportionally increased? or, if the change has been adverse, have your gifts been decreased only in proportion? And, among your regrets at the change, are you conscious of a pang at the necessity of that decrease?

It is to the honour of the present day, that the calls of benevolence multiply fast;—which, is there reason to believe, you resent more, their rapid multiplication? or your inability to meet them all? But, in order to meet them, have you never thought of retrenching any superfluity? of reducing your expenditure? or, do you only practise that precarious and cheap benevolence, which waits for the crumbs that fall from your

You may scrupulously abstain from certain worldly amusements, but having marked off a given space in which you do not allow yourself to range, how are you conducting yourself in that portion in which you do move? Are you not vying with the world in self gratification? thinking of little besides the multiplication of your comforts? living under the dominion of the inferior appetites? as far removed from the salutary restraints and self-denial of the gospel, as from the exploded austerities of the monastic In mechanics, the strength of a moving power is estimated by the amount of resistance which it overcomes; now, what is the strength of your benevolence when tried by a similar test? what does it overcome? does it resist and bear down your vanity, love of ease, and self-interest? does it impel you to sacrifice "the pride of life" that you may increase your contributions to the cause of mercy ?

Of how many professing Christians may it not be appropriately asked, not only, "How are you living, but where?" You have retired from busi-

ness, it may be; but, in taking that step, whose will did you consult? Did you refer it to the good pleasure of God? did you retire that you might do more good than before? and are you doing it? did you look out for a sphere in which you might render yourself useful? But, whether you were formerly immersed in the business of the world or not, have you escaped from a worldly spirit? In the choice of your place of abode, in the distribution of your time, and the formation of your plans, do you take counsel from the word of God? Are you acting on the Christian motto, "No man liveth to himself?" and are you employing your various talents as if they came to you, bearing this inscription, from the hand that

lends them, "Occupy till I come?"
You may hear occasionally of a munificent donation made unexpectedly by Christian grati-tude to the cause of God;—what is your first emotion at the report?—admiration of the act? and gratitude to the grace which produced it?or a feeling that the donor has unnecessarily exceeded the rules of ordinary benevolence? and a disposition to impute motives of vanity and ostentation? If a benevolent mind had conceived some new project of mercy requiring pecuniary support, would your presence be a congenial atmosphere for the bud to unfold in? or, would the first emotion expressed in your countenance be a chilling doubt, or a blighting, withering frown? True benevolence is not only voluntary, as opposed to reluctant,-it is often spontaneous, as opposed to solicited; but does yours always expect to be waited on? has it always to be reminded? does it need to be urged? does it never anticipate the appeal, and run to meet its object? And when you do give, is it your object to part with as little as you can without shame, as if you were driving a hard bargain with one who sought to overreach you? and is that little parted with reluctantly, with a half-closed hand, as if you were discharging a doubtful debt on compulsion? Is it given with the air of a capitulation, or bribe, to importunity, leaving the applicant wno receives it ill at ease? Do you think highly of the trifle you give? not only calculating beforehand how much you can spare, but frequently remembering it afterwards? pluming yourself on the benevolent exploit? looking out for its emblazonment in the ensuing Report? and wondering how men can deny themselves the luxury of doing similar good?-then the mark of selfishness is upon you. For, only remember how cheerfully you are constantly parting with similar sums for purposes of self-indulgence, soon forgetting them, repeating and forgetting them again, "thinking nothing of them.

But to lay open this sin in all its disguises is impossible. These are mere hints for its detec-Owing to their deficiency, however, or to your own negligence in applying them, the evil sought for may still be undiscovered. But let nothing flatter you into the persuasion that you are exempt from it. If any believer of the Jewish church could have defied its remotest approaches, surely that saint was David: if any description of natural character could form a guarantee against the sin, here was a man who appears to have brought with him into the world

the elements of magnanimity and generosity of soul; yet we hear him cry, in the full conscious-ness of danger, "Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not unto covetousness." If any order of piety in the Christian church could have claimed entire immunity from the sin, surely it was that to which Timothy belonged. Yet we hear the apostle Paul warning even him. He had seen so many apparent proficients in piety drawn in by this moral Maelstroom, and "drowned in perdition," that he called on his "dearly beloved Timothy, his own son in the faith"—called on him with more than his usual earnestness—to flee to the greatest distance from this fatal vortex. "O man of God," said he, "flee these things." As if, by a special appointment of Heaven, the monitory strain addressed to a man of God-to such a man of God—and echoing through the church in all ages, should make it inexcusable for all inferior piety ever to doubt its liability to the sin. Of all the myriads who have appeared on the face of the earth, Jesus Christ is the only being who was entirely free from the taint. But he was; he embodied the very opposite principle; he was the personification of love. This it was which constituted his fitness to wage war with selfishness, and to become the Leader of the hosts of the God of love in their conflicts with a selfish world. Had they been faithful to his cause, long ere this they would have reaped the fruits of a final and universal conquest. "But all seek their own; not the things which are Jesus Christ's.'

SECTION VII.

THE GUILT AND EVILS OF COVETOUSNESS.

Of the love of money, the apostle declares that it "is the root of all evil." Not that he meant to lay it down as a universal proposition that every act of wickedness originates in cupidity. But that, while many other sources of sin exist, there is no description of crime which this vice has not prompted men to commit. Of the life-giving tree of prophetic vision it is recorded, as a miracle of fertile variety, that "it bare twelve manner of fruits;" but, as if to eclipse that heavenly wonder, here is an earthly root yielding poisons and death, at all times, and in endless variety.

On no subject, perhaps, are the Scriptures more copious and minute than on the sin of covetousness. If a faithful portrait of its loathsome character can induce us to hate it; if a sight of the virtues which it has extinguished, the vices with which it is often associated, and the deprayed characters in whom it has most flourished; if the tenderest dissuasives from it, and the terrors of the Lord warning us against it; if Sinai and Calvary uniting and protesting against it,-if all this combined can deter us from the sin of covetousness, then the Scriptures have omitted nothing

which could save us from its guilty contamination.

"Thou shalt not covet." Such is the language of that command which not only concludes, but at the same time completes, and guards, and encompasses the moral law. If love be the fulfilling of the law, it follows that the whole decalogue is to be regarded as a law against

selfishness; so that every selfish and every covetous act is, in effect, an infraction of the whole law. It is to love ourselves at the expense both of God

and our neighbour.

Covetousness appears to have been the principal element in the first transgression. For did not the sin consist, chiefly, in an inordinate desire for an object on which God had virtually written, "Thou shalt not covet," and which properly belonged to another? in a disposition which originates all the acts of a grasping cupidity? It is observable that the terms in which the primary sin is described, bear a close resemblance to those in which Achan describes his covetous act. "When I saw among the spoils," said he, "a goodly Babylonish garment, and a wedge of gold, then I coveted them, and took them. when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat." She saw, she coveted, she partook.

And having entered into the composition of the first sin, and thus acquired a bad pre-eminence, it has maintained its fatal ascendency under each

succeeding dispensation of religion.

Covetousness, in the person of Lot, appears to have been the great sin of the patriarchal dispensation. The hope of increasing his wealth allured him first to pitch his tent near Sodom, and at length prevailed on him to enter the city, and to breathe its pestilential atmosphere: in consequence of which he became subsequently involved in acts so grossly sinful, that all the imperfections of the other patriarchs combined together, seem insignificant compared with it; nor should we probably have supposed that he was a subject of piety had not the Bible assured us of the fact.

In the instance of Achan, to which we have just alluded, covetousness was the first sin of the Israelites under their new dispensation in Canaan. It violated an express command; brought defeat on the arms of Israel, and triumph to their foes.

What was the first sin of the Christian church? it was covetousness in the instance of Ananias and Sapphira. It was covetousness which first interrupted the joy, and stained the virgin glory, of the present dispensation. And, presently, we shall see that it will take a leading part in the

fearful drama of the final apostasy.

The Scriptures exhibit covetousness as pervading all classes of mankind. They describe it as having thrown the world generally into a state of infidel distrust of the Divine Providence, and of dissatisfaction with the Divine allotments. "For after all these things," saith Christ, "do the Gentiles seek." They seek after worldly objects as independently and intently as if there were no providence to care for them, no God to be consulted. They pursue them to the entire neglect of every higher object. Sometimes covetousness has been seen actuating and debasing the character of an entire people. Against the Israelites it is alleged, "From the least of them even unto the greatest of them, every one is given to covetousness." Of Tyre it is said, "By thy great wisdom and by thy traffic hast thou increased thy riches, and thine heart is lifted up because of thy riches ... thou hast set thine heart as the heart of God." And of Chaldea it is said, "Woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil." The insatiable desires, or the continued prosperity and boundless possessions of these nations had left nothing in the national character but rapacity, arrogance, and a proud impicty which braved the

very throne of God.

Descending to examine the component parts of a nation, we find covetousness infecting and pervading them all. Here avarice speaking by the mouth of Nebuchadnezzar, "By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom . . . I have robbed their treasures my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people; and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth." How vividly does Jeremiah depict its atrocities in the unbridled conduct of a Jewish king; "Thine eyes and thine heart are not but for thy covetousness, and for to shed innocent blood, and for oppression, and for violence, to do it." And who that is familiar with sacred history does not here think of Ahab coveting the vineyard of Naboth, and obtaining it by artifice, subornation, and murder?

Covetousness in rulers leads to bribery and injustice. "Thou shalt take no gift," said Moses, "for the gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous." Accordingly, it is recorded of the sons of Samuel, that "they walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment." And of the Jewish rulers, "they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough they all look to their own way; every one for his gain from his quarter. And of Felix, that "he hoped that money would have been given him of Paul, that he might loose him." Covetousness has turned the priests and ministers of God into mercenary hirelings; "The heads of Zion judge for reward, and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? none evil can come upon us.' In the department of trade, this sin induces the buyer to depreciate the thing which he wishes to purchase, and the seller to employ "divers weights and measures,"-thus generating fraud, falsehood, and injustice: while in both it leads to an impious impatience of the sacred restraints of the Sabbath, inducing them to say, "When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat? making the ephah small, and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit? that we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes; and sell the refuse of the wheat?" Covetousness turns the master into an oppressor, and the servant into a thief. In illustration of the former, the Scripture describes a Laban evading his engagements with Jacob, "changing his wages ten times," and exacting from him years of laborious servitude; and it denounces those who, though their fields had been reaped, "kept back the hire of the labourer by fraud." And in illustration of the latter, it exhibits an unscrupulous Gehazi, plausibly lying, and enriching himself at the expense of his master's character, and of the honour of

God; and it exhorts servants to "be obedient unto their masters, not purloining, but showing all good fidelity." Thus have all classes, in various degrees, lived under the dominion of

The Scriptures ascribe to the same sin, in whole or in part, some of the foulest acts, and the most fearful results, that have stained the history of man. Some of these we have already named. Oppression, violence, and murder, have been among its familiar deeds. "Woe to them that devise iniquity, and work evil upon their beds! when the morning is light they practise it, because it is in the power of their hands. And they covet fields, and take them by violence; and houses, and take them away: so they oppress a man and his house, even a man and his heritage." "So are the ways of every one that is greedy of gain; who taketh away the life of the owners thereof."

In the person of Balaam covetousness essayed to curse the chosen people of God; but failing in the infernal attempt, and yet resolved to clutch the promised reward, it devised another course, -it "taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed to idols, and to commit fornication." dreadful device succeeded, the displeasure of God was excited against the people, so that "there fell in one day three and twenty thousand." Such was "the way of Balaam, the son of Bosor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness." And so ingenious, persevering, and fatally successful, was "Balaam for reward." Covetousness instigated Judas to betray the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, "for thirty pieces of silver." It induced Ananias and Sapphira to "tempt the Holy Ghost to lie, not unto men, but unto God." In the base expectation of turning "the gift of God" to a lucrative account, it led Simon to offer to purchase that gift "with money." It has even assumed the sacred office, trod the courts of the Lord, "brought in damnable heresies," and "with feigned words"-words studied to render the heresy palatable and marketable—it has "made merchandise" of men. It converted the Jewish temple into "a den of thieves;" and among the articles of merchandise in the mystical Babylon were seen "the souls

The scriptural classification of this sin is illustrative of its vile and aggravated nature: for it stands associated with all the principal sins.

In that fearful catalogue of the vices of the heathen world furnished by the apostle Paul, in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans,

covetousness stands forth conspicuous.

When the apostle Peter is describing the character of those false teachers who would arise in the church, -and describing it with a view to its being recognised as soon as seen, and hated as soon as recognised, -he names covetousness as one of their leading features. "But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of. And through covetousness shall they, with feigned words, make

merchandise of you.

Covetousness will be one of the characteristics of the final apostasy. "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.'

In the last quotation, covetousness is described as more than an attendant evil of the apostasyit is one of its very elements. In the following places it is identified with idolatry:-" Fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints; for this ye know, that no whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God." "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry: for which things' sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience." In addition to which, the apostle James evidently identifies it with adultery. "Ye covet, and have not; ye adultery. ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts. Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God."

Covetousness is not only subversive of the threefold law of Christian duty, personal, social, and divine, but it stands connected with each of the opposite series of vices. "For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covet-ousness." "I have written unto you, not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one no not to eat." "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."
"Having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin; beguiling unstable souls; a heart they have exercised with covetous practices;

cursed children."

In the first part of this classification, we find covetousness distinguishing itself as a prime element in the great system of heathenism, even when that empire of depravity was at its worst. In the second part, we see it forming a leading feature in the character of men whose enormous impiety the apostle appears to have felt it a labour to describe. In the third, we behold covetousness lending an additional shade of horror to the perilous times of the apostasy-times so fearful, in the estimation of the apostle, that we may rest assured he would have admitted into his description of them none but evils of first-rate

magnitude-and yet covetousness is not only there, it is among the first evils which he specifies. His classification implies, that of all the sins which will then prevail, selfishness will be the prolific root, and covetousness the first fruit. So that, when the whole history of covetousness shall be read forth from the book of God's remembrance, it will be found that it entered largely into the first fall of man, and into the last fall of the church; and that, during the long lapse of time between, it never lost its power, nor ceased to reign. From the fourth, we learn, that if the word of God identifies covetousness with some sins rather than with others, it is, partly, because those sins rank first in guilt; leaving us to infer that if there were a sin which ranked higher still, covetousness would have been identified with that sin. was the great sin of the Jewish dispensation, but the sin of idolatry? it was to repeal the theocracy, to be guilty of treason against the throne of Heaven. "But," says the apostle Paul, fearful as it is, "covetousness is idolatry." What must have been the abhorrence with which a pious Jew regarded adultery, when the sin became associated in his mind as the scriptural representation of the guilt of idolatry! for "Judah committed adultery with stocks and with stones." And yet, great as his conception of its enormity must have been, the apostle James declares of the covetous, that he is violating the most sacred obligations to God, that he is committing adultery with gold. And what can be more fearful in the eyes of a sincere Christian than the sin of apostasy? of trampling under foot the Son of God? it is the very consummation of guilt. And yet, fearful as it is, the apostle Peter intimates that covetousness is apostasy. And from the fifth part, we learn that covetousness repeals the entire law of love; that it proclaims war against all the virtues included in living "soberly, righteously, and godly," and is in sworn confederacy with all the opposite sins included in personal intemperance, injustice towards men, and impiety towards God. Nor is the reason of this alliance, or scriptural classification, obscure. Covetousness is classed with intemperance-or the sins which appear to terminate on the man himself—because, like them it tends to debase and imbrute him. It is ranked with injustice-or the sins directed against society-because, like them, if indulged, and carried out, it seeks its gratification at the expense of all the social laws, whether enacted by God or man. And it is associated with impiety-or sins directly against God-because, like them, it effaces the image of God from the heart, and enshrines an idol there in his stead.

Such is a mere outline of the representations of Scripture in relation to the guilt and evils of covetousness. Entering with the first transgression, and violating the spirit of the whole law, it has polluted, and threatened the existence, of each dispensation of religion; infected all classes and relations of society; shown itself capable of the foulest acts; is described as occupying a leading place in the worst state of heathenism, in the worst times of the apostasy, and in the worst characters of those times; and has the worst sins for its appropriate emblems, and its nearest kindred, and "all evil" in its train.

To exaggerate the evils of a passion which exhibits such a monopoly of guilt, would certainly be no easy task. It has systematized deceit, and made it a science. Cunning is its chosen counsellor and guide. It finds its way, as by instinct, through all the intricacies of the great labyrinth of fraud. It parts with no company, and refuses no aid, through fear of contamination. Blood is not too sacred for it to buy, nor religion too divine for it to sell. From the first step in fraud to the dreadful consummation of apostasy or murder, covetousness is familiar with every step of the long, laborious, and fearful path. Could we only see it embodied, what a monster should we behold! Its eyes have no tears. With more than the fifty hands of the fabled giant, it grasps at every thing around. In its march through the world, it has been accompanied by artifice and fraud, rapine and injustice, cruelty and murder; while behind it have dragged heavily its swarm of victims—humanity bleeding, and justice in chains, and religion expiring under its heavy burdens, orphans, and slaves, and oppressed hirelings, a wailing multitude, reaching to the skirts of the horizon; and thus dividing the earth between them, (for how small the number of those who were not to be found either triumphing in its van, or suffering in its train!) it has, more than any other conqueror, realized the ambition of gaining the whole world, of establishing a universal empire. From the first step of its desolating course, its victims began to appeal to God; and, as it has gone on in its guilty career, their cries have been thickening and gathering intenseness at every step, and in every age, till the whole creation, aiding them in their mighty grief, has become vocal with woe, and their cries have ascended, "and entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." "And shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord?" Even now his ministers of wrath are arming against it. Even now the sword of ultimate justice is receiving a keener edge for its destruction: it is at large only by respite and sufferance, from moment to moment. During each of these moments, its accumulation of pelf is only an accumulation "of wrath against the day of wrath." And when those dreadful stores shall be finally distributed among the heirs of wrath, covetousness shall be loaded with the most ample and awful portion. Its vast capacity, enlarged by its perpetual craving after what it had not, shall only render it a more capacious vessel of wrath, fitted to destruction.

From this scriptural representation of the guilt of covetousness, let us proceed to consider some of the specific evils which it inflicts on Christians individually, on the visible church, and, through

these, on the world.

Were it our object to present a complete catalogue of the injuries which it inflicts on religion, we should begin by adverting to the fact, that it detains numbers from God. Careful and troubled about many things, they entirely neglect the one thing needful. The world retains them so effectually in its service, that they have no time, no heart, to spare for religion; and though some of them at times may cast a wistful glance in that direction, and even steal a visit, in thought, to the Saviour's feet, yet, like their prototype in the

gospel, they "go away sorrowing,' for the spell

of mammon is upon them.

As to the professor of Christianity, the evil in question operates to his injury, partly by engaging so much of that energy for the world, the whole of which would not have been too much for religion. The obstacles to the salvation of a man are so numerous and formidable, that the Scriptures represent his ultimate success as depending on his "giving all diligence to it." In the economy of salvation, therefore, God graciously undertakes to watch over and provide for his temporal wants, that, being relieved from all distraction from that quarter, he might be able to bend and devote his chief strength to the attainment of heaven. But, in guilty counteraction of this arrangement, the covetous professor divides his forces between these two objects most disproportionately. He has but just sufficient fuel to offer up a sacrifice to God, and yet he consumes the principal part of it in sacrificing to mammon. The undivided powers of his mind would not be too much for the claims of religion, and yet he severs and sends the greater proportion of his strength in an opposite direction. The consequence is, that his piety is kept in a low, doubtful, disgraceful state. His religious course is marked with hesitation and embarrassment. The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, engross that feeling which is the appropriate soil of religion, and which belongs to it alone. And to expect to reap the fruits of Christian benevolence from such a mind, would be to look for grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles.

Nor does covetousness operate less injuriously by taking off his supreme trust from God, and giving it to the world. If a staff be placed in the hand of a bent and feeble man, what more natural than that he should lean on it? Man is that impotent traveller, and wealth is the staff which offers to support his steps. Hence, in the word of God, it is repeatedly intimated that to possess riches, and to trust in them, is one and the same thing, except where grace makes the distinction. The term mammon, for instance, according to its derivation, imports, whatever men are apt to confide in. The original term for faith is of the same derivation, and for the same reason -because it implies such a reliance on God as the worldly mind places on riches. So that mammon came to signify riches, because men so commonly put their trust on them. And when our Lord perceived the astonishment he had excited by exclaiming, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven," the only explanation which he gave, and which he deemed sufficient, imported, that as the danger of riches consisted in trusting in them, so the difficulty of possessing them, and not trusting in them, is next to an impossibility—a difficulty which can only

be surmounted by omnipotent grace.

Now, to trust in any created object, is to partake of its littleness, mutability, and debasement. But money is a creature of circumstances, the sport of every wind; the Christian mammonist, therefore, can only resemble the object of his trust. By choosing a heavenly treasure, and making it the object of paramount regard, he would have gradually received the impress of its celestial attributes; but by giving his heart to earthly gain, he identifies himself with all its earthly qualities; lets himself down, and adapts himself to its insignificance; and vibrates to all its fluctuations, as if the world were an organized

body, of which he was the pulse.

The inconsistencies in which his covetous attachments involve him are grievous and many. His enlightened judgment impels him for happiness in one direction, and his earthly inclinations draw him in another. In the morning, and at night, probably, he prays, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" and yet, during the interval, he pursues the material of temptation with an avidity not to be exceeded by the keenest worldling. He hears, without questioning, our Lord's declaration concerning the danger of riches; and yet, though he is already laden with the thick clay, and is daily augmenting his load, he doubts not of passing through the eye of a needle as a matter of course. He professes to be only the steward of his property; and yet wastes it on himself, as if he were its irresponsible master. He pretends to be an admirer of men who counted not their lives dear unto them, provided they might serve the cause of Christ; and yet he almost endures a martyrdom in sacrificing a pittance of his money to that cause; while to give more than that pittance, especially if it involved an act of self-denial, is a martyrdom he never thought of suffering. He prays for the world's conversion, and yet holds back one of the means with which God has entrusted him to aid that specific object. He professes to have given himself up voluntarily and entirely to Christ; and yet has to be urged and entreated to relinquish his hold on a small sum which would benefit the church. Indeed, the truths and means of salvation appear to have been so designedly arranged by God to condemn the covetous professor, that were he not blinded by passion, and kept in countenance by so numerous a fellowship, he would hear a rebuke in every profession he utters, and meet with condemnation at every step he takes.

Covetousness frequently serves in the stead of a thousand bonds to hold a religious professor in league with the world. Indeed, the sin may be much more potent in him than in many of the avowed ungodly around him. In them, it has to divide the heart with other sinful propensities; but in him, perhaps, it reigns alone. They can range and wander at will over a larger field of sinful indulgences, but he is restricted to this single gratification. As a Christian professor, he must abstain from intemperance, licentiousness, and profanity; but worldliness is a sphere in which he may indulge to a certain extent without suspicion, for the indulgence comes not within human jurisdiction. If he would be thought a Christian, he must not be seen mingling in certain society, nor indulging in a certain class of worldly amusements; but, without at all endangering his Christian reputation, he may emulate the most worldly in the embellishment of his house, the decoration of his person, the splendour of his equipage, or the luxury of his table. Accordingly, the only apparent difference between him and them is-not in the greater moderation of

his earthly aims, not in the superior simplicity of his tastes, the spiritual elevation of his pursuits, the enlarged benevolence and Christian devotedness of his life-but, that the time which they occupy in spending, he employs in accumulating; the energies which they waste in worldly pleasures, he exhausts in worldly pursuits; the property which they devote to amusements abroad, he lavishes on indulgences at home; and while they are pursuing their gratification in one direction, he is indemnifying himself for not joining them by pursuing his gratification as eagerly in another. The loss of one of the bodily senses, it is said, quickens the perception of those that remain; worldliness alone remains to him, and that is quickened and strengthened by perpetual exercise. All that is unsanctified in his nature flows from the fountain of his heart with the greater force, that it has only this one channel in which to run. He may therefore be the more worldly in reality, for not allowing himself to be worldly in appearance. His worldliness is only compressed into a smaller compass. Profess what he may, and stand as high as he may in the opinion of his fellow-professors, he is essentially a worldly man. The world has its sects as well as the church, and he may be said to belong to one of the "stricter sects" of the world.

Covetousness generates discontent: and this is an element with which no Christian grace can long be held in affinity. It magnifies trivial losses, and diminishes the most magnificent blessings to a point; it thinks highly of the least sacrifice which it may grudgingly make in the cause of God, feels no enterprise in his service, and never eonsiders itself at liberty to leave its little circle of decent selfishness, in which its murmurs on account of what it has not, are always louder than its thanks for what it has. "Let your conversation," therefore, says the apostle, " be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have.' great gain." "Godliness, with contentment, is

Covetousness neutralizes the effect of the preaching of the gospel. The Saviour saw this abundantly verified in his own ministry; and his parable of the sower intimated, that his ministers would see it exemplified in theirs also. The judgment of the hearer, it may be, is convinced of the divinity of religion: he feels its power, and trembles; he beholds its attractions, and is captivated. And could he, at such times, be detached awhile from his worldly pursuits, and be closely plied with the melting and majestic claims of the gospel, he might, by the agency of the Holy Spirit, be induced to lay up for himself a treasure in heaven. But the seed has fallen among thorns; "The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the word, and render it unfruitful." impressions are written in sand: and no sooner does he leave the house of God, than his worldly plans and prospects come back like the returning tide, and utterly efface them.

Closely allied with this evil are formality and hypocrisy in religion. "They speak one to another, every one to his brother, saying, Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the Lord. And they come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their co-vetousness." To the eye of Omniscience they present the hateful spectacle of so many pieces of solemn formality going through the attitudes and signs of devotion, but destitute of all corresponding emotions within. He asks for the heart alone: but they have brought him all except the heart. That is far away, in the mart, the field, the business of the world, "buying, and selling, and getting gain."

In connexion with this formality, there will necessarily exist a weariness and impatience under the restraints of the Sabbath. The worldly professor feels during the sacred hours as if every thing important were standing still. He is not sensible of any need for a day of rest, for the world does not tire him, or tires him only as a fatiguing pleasure, to which he is anxious to return with renewed zest. And, until he can so return, the language of his heart, in relation to the Sabbath, is, "Behold what a weariness is it!"

But if religion be irksome to a person because it interrupts his worldly pursuits, it is but a short and easy step for him to turn religion itself into "Godliness . . . is gain;" but he reverses the proposition, and "supposes that gain is godliness." Like the ancient Jews, he would crowd the temple courts with "the tables of the money-ehangers," and convert the sanetuary itself into the palace of Mammon. His motive for assembling with the worshippers of God may be expressed in the language of the Shechemites, when adopting the religious rites of the sons of Jacob: "Shall not their cattle, and their substance, and every beast of theirs, be ours?" as the ruling principle of his conduct is gain, the same principle which induced him to assume religion, may lead him to renounce it, and to

"draw back to perdition." How many, who had apparently deserted the service of the world, and enrolled themselves among the servants of God, does covetousness again reclaim, and swear them to allegiance "They did run well," but the fable of Atalanta became their history-a golden bait was east in their path; they stopped to take it, and lost the race. In how touching a manner does the apostle refer to the fatal declension of some—probably living characters, known both to himself and Timothy—and impute their apostasy entirely to their avarice, "Money,". . . saith he, "which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." And how likely is it that Bunyan drew from personal observation, when, in his inimitable allegory, he describes the professed pilgrims, Hold-the-world, Money-love, Save-all, and By-ends-names which still stand for living realities—as leaving the road, at the solicitation of Demas, to look at a silver mine "in a little hill called Lucre." "Now," he adds, "whether they fell into the pit by looking over the brink thereof, or whether they went down to dig, or whether they were smothered in the bottom by the damps that commonly arise, of these things I am not certain; but this I observed, that they never were seen again in the way.'

fessed believer to open apostasy, it involves him in the guilt of idolatry; and this, in the eye of Scripture, is a step beyond. If the former be the rejection of the true God, the latter is the adoption of a false one. Endeavour to escape from the charge as he may, his covetousness is idolatry. The general impression on hearing this proposition is, that the term idolatry is only employed by the apostle in an accommodated sense that covetousness is only figurative idolatry. But in the figure lies its force. There is not more essential idolatry, at this moment, on the face of the earth, than that which the avaricious man pays to his gold. The ancient Persian who adored the sun only as the visible image of God, was guiltless of idolatry compared with him. And the only pretence he can have for saying he is not guilty, is, that he does not perform acts of bodily prostration before it. But acts of mere formal homage are no more necessary to consti-tute a man a worshipper of Mammon, than they are to render him a real worshipper of God; in each instance, the homage of the heart is in the stead of all outward prostrations. And does not his gold receive that? Is not his heart a temple from which God has been excluded, in order to make room for mammon? While he worships God, formally, as if He were only an idol, does he not accord to his gold as much cordiality as if it were God? regarding it with all those deep feelings, and mental glances of confidence, which should be reserved for God alone? The idols of the heathen stood, so to speak, between heaven and earth, obscuring the vision of God, intercepting, and appropriating the incense which should have ascended to the eternal throne: and does not his gold, instead of leading his thoughts in gratitude to God, stand between him and the Divine Being, concealing God from his view, engrossing his thoughts to itself, and filling him with that satisfaction which the soul should find in God alone? If his gold could be endowed with the power of perception, would it not be tempted to think itself a god? If it possessed the power of reading his heart towards it, would it not find its image enshrined there? and a degree of affection lavished on it, and a closeness of communion maintained with it, such as a god might accept? His covetousness is idolatry.

But where covetousness does not lead the pro-

Among the fatal evils inflicted by covetousness on the church collectively, the corruption of its doctrines, and deterioration of its piety, form one of the greatest magnitude. This it has done in two ways; first, by obtruding men into the sacred office who have taught erroneous doctrine as zealously as if it had been true; and, secondly, by obtruding others who have taught an orthodox creed with which they had no sympathy, as coldly and heartlessly as if it had been false. The former have been founders of heretical sects, and propagators of a spurious piety; the latter have contributed to lay all piety to sleep, and to turn the church itself into the tomb of religion. The former have often prophesied falsely because the people loved to have it so, consulting the depraved tastes of those who would not endure sound doctrine; the latter have consulted only their own tastes, which sought no higher gratification than

the sordid gains of office. "Woe unto them! . . . for they have run greedily after the error of Balaam for reward." "A heart they have exercised with covetous practices: cursed children, following the way of Balaam, the son of Bosor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness." Like him, both have equally, and for the same reasons, laboured in effect to "curse the children of Israel." Like the Pharisees of old, both have equally, and for the same reasons, "made long prayers" their pretence, but the "devouring of widows' houses" their end. Like Judas, both have equally, and for the same reasons, betrayed the Son of God into the hands of his enemies. Like Simon Magus, both have trafficked in the things of God. Both alike have been "greedy of filthy lucre;" have obtruded into the courts of the Lord; taken up a position between God and man; and, through covetousness, have made merchan-They have brought the dise of human souls. world into the church; and have sold the church to the world. This is the triumph, the apotheosis, of Mammon. Piety has left the temple weeping at the sight; morality itself has been loud in its condemnation; an ungodly world has triumphed, and "the Son of God been crucified afresh, and put to an open shame." "Woe unto them!"

The magnitude of this evil is further apparent in the fact, that it has not only threatened to frustrate the design of the Christian church, as the instrument of the world's conversion; but has done more than any other sin towards the fulfilment of the threat. That our blessed Lord consecrated his church to the high office of converting the world, is evident from the final command which he gave it, to go and preach his gospel to every creature. That the execution of this sacred trust would be endangered principally by a spirit of covetousness, was possibly pre-signified by the sin of Judas. But a more emphatic intimation of the same danger had been given in the history of the Jewish church; for the first sin of that church in Canaan, as we have remarked already, was in the accursed thing, when Israel fled before the men of Ai. And was there not a still more significant intimation afforded, in the earliest days of the Christian church, of danger from the same quarter? its very first sin consisted in one of its members keeping back part of his property through covetousness. Whether or not these intimations were necessary, we will leave the history of the subsequent corruptions

of Christianity to testify.

But even since the church ceased to be the vortex of the world's wealth, since the period ceased when it gloried to repeat the Laodicean boast, "I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing,"—has benevolence been one of its characteristics? The unrepealed command of Christ has been known to its members; they have had the means of carrying it extensively into effect; millions of their fellow-creatures have been passing into eternity, age after age, unsaved; but their talent, meanwhile, if not hid in a napkin, has been multiplied chiefly for their own use. Their worldly prosperity has so completely engrossed them, that they have thought it quite sufficient to attend to their own salvation, while the world around them has been left to perish.

If this be innocence, what is guilt? If this be venial negligence, what is aggravated criminality? It is a sin whose guilt exceeds all computation. Let it be supposed that at some past period in the history of Britain, news had arrived of an awful visitation of nature, by which one of her distant colonies is in a state of famine. Multitudes have died, numbers are dying, all are approaching the point of starvation. Besides which, a powerful enemy is gathering on their frontiers, and threat-ening to hasten the work of death. The government at home opens its stores; public charity bursts forth, and pours relief through a thousand A fleet is freighted with the precious means of life, and despatched to the scene of suffering, wafted by the sighs and prayers of the For a time, it steers direct for its object. But, having lost sight of land, the ardour of those employed, abates. Though engaged in a commission which angels might convoy, their impressions of its importance fade from their minds. A group of islands lies in their course, and though far short of their destination, they decide to call. Prospects of mercantile advantage here present themselves; the spirit of gain takes possession of them; they are inclined, solicited, prevailed on, to remain. Their original object of mercy is forgotten; the stores of life with which they had been entrusted are used and bartered as if intended only for themselves; and thus an enterprise of beneficence on which God had smiled, sinks into a base mercantile adventure.

"But the supposition is impossible; if any thing in the least resembling it had ever transpired, humanity would have wept at it,-religion would have turned from the tale with horror; it would have been viewed as an ineffaceable stain on our national character at which every cheek would have blushed and burned." possible, in the sense supposed; but in a higher sense it has been realized, and far, far, exceeded. The world was perishing; the compassion of God was moved; the means of salvation were provided—and oh! at how costly a price!—the church was charged to convey them without delay to her dying fellow-men, and to pause not in her office of mercy till the last sinner had en-joyed the means of recovery. For a time, the godlike trust was faithfully executed. "An angel flying through the midst of heaven," was an apt representation of the directness and speed with which the church prosecuted her task. beheld the travail of his soul, and was satisfied. Souls were snatched as brands from the burning. But a change came over her conduct. The spirit of the world returned, and cast a spell on her movements. Continents were yet to be visited, and millions to be rescued, when she paused in her onward course. Immortal men continued to perish by nations: but the agents of mercy had abandoned their work. As if the stores of life with which they were entrusted, had been intended solely for their own use, they began to live unto themselves. An enterprise of mercy, in which God had embarked his highest glory, and which involved the happiness of the world, was arrested, and lost to myriads, by a spirit of worldly gain. For, if, at any given period after the first age of the Christian church, the professed agents of mercy had been sought for, how would the great majority of them have been found occupied and engrossed but in "buying and selling, and getting gain!" "Each one," says Cyprian, as early as the middle of the third century,—"each one studies how to increase his patrimony, and forgetting what the faithful did in apostolic times, or what they ought always to do, their great passion is an insatiable desire of enlarging their fortunes."

This, however, is not the extent of the evil which covetousness inflicts on the cause of human happiness. It has not only rendered the majority of professed believers useless to the church, and the church, for ages, useless to the world, but, through these, it has held the world in firmer bonds of allegiance to sin, than would otherwise have existed.

Your devotedness to the world,—we would say to the Christian mammonist,-tends, more than any of the arguments of infidelity, to confirm men in their insensibility to the claims of the gospel. That gospel found you, we will suppose, in close worldly alliance with themselves; worshippers together in the temple of mammon; running the same race for the prize of wealth; having no aims or desires but such as wealth could gratify; and, consequently, bending all your endeavours after it. Subsequently, however, you profess to have undergone a change: and, when they hear you describe the nature of that change, or hear it described for you, they hear it said that you have at length found the pearl of great price: that you have been put in possession of a good which renders you independent of all inferior things, and which enables you to look down with scorn on those objects about which you have been so eager and selfish, abandoning them to such as know no higher good; that henceforth your treasure is in heaven, and there will your heart be also.

They hear this, and are amazed! They have not been able to detect the slightest abatement in the ardour of your worldly pursuits. They find you still among their keenest competitors in the race of wealth. What new object of affection you may have adopted, they know not; but they will readily acquit you of all ingratitude to your first love; for they can testify that your pulse does not beat less truly to its smiles and its frowns than it did when you knew no other object of regard. Whatever object you may trust more, they know not; but this they can witness, that, judging from your conduct, you do not trust money less; and, were it not that you say so, they would not have known that your eye was fixed on any invisible dependence. And when, besides this, they hear you admonished for your worldliness, and reproached with the tenacity of your grasp on wealth, and denounced for your devotion to self and your want of devotion to the cause of your new adoption, how can they be otherwise than confirmed in their opinion that your profession is hypocrisy, and all religion only a name? And the effect is, to deepen the sleep into which they have sunk in the arms of the world.

We all know the persuasive power which the example of the martyrs and early confessors of

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the cross exercised on those who beheld it. Their entire dedication of their property and lives to the cause of Christ, struck at the very throne of Mammon. Numbers awoke as from a dream; for the first time suspected the omnipotence of wealth, and were seized with a noble disdain of it. They saw men advancing with the standard of a new kingdom; the sincerity of those men they could not doubt, for they beheld them in their onward course, sacrificing their worldly prospects, trampling on their wealth, and smiling on confronting death. The contagion of their example they could not resist; they fell into their train, and enrolled themselves as their fellow-subjects. But will not your opposite example, coinciding as its worldly influence does with the natural propensities of men, operate far more powerfully in detaining men from Christ? Has your conduct ever allured them to revolt from the world to Christ? Is it not more likely to seduce them from Christ, than to win them to him? And is this thy kindness to thy friend? Has He who died for you deserved this at your hands? He intended that, by the evident subordination of your property to him, you should proclaim to the world your conviction of his divine superiority, and thus aim to increase the number of his subjects; whereas your evident attachment to it, tells them there is a rival interest in your heart, weakens their conviction of your religious sincerity, and thus renders your wealth subservient to the empire of Satan.

"The wicked blesseth the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth." In order that you may see the guilt of your conduct in its true light, reflect, that the inordinate love of wealth, by disparaging and forsaking the only true standard of excellence, has introduced an irreconcilable variance between the divine and the human estimate of every thing possessing a moral quality; and that you, who ought to be giving your voice for God against the world, are virtually siding with the world against him, and acquitting and applauding the man whom the Lord condemns.

The determinate influence of money, we say, appears in this-that it comes at length to erect a new standard of judgment, to give laws, and to found an empire, in contradistinction from the divine empire. The law of God proclaims, "Thou shalt not covet;" but in the kingdom of Mammon this law is virtually repealed, and it is made lawful for all his subjects to covet, provided only they covet according to rule-submit to a few easy conventional regulations. They possess a code of their own, by which a thousand actions are made legal, and have become familiar, though at evident variance with the The authorities they plead, are divine code. such as custom, convenience, example, utility, expedience; "Yet their posterity approve their sayings." And their highest sanctions are, the fear of loss, and the hope of gain; for "God is not in all their thoughts." In his kingdom, the safety of the soul is placed above all other considerations; in theirs, it is treated as an imper-tinence, and expelled. In their language, wealth means wisdom; werth, happiness; while the explanation which he gives of it is temptation.

vanity, danger. He denominates only the good man, wise; while the steadfast and admiring gaze which they fasten on the rich, proclaims that, in their estimation, wealth is in the stead of all other recommendations, or rather an abstract of them all. And, at the very moment when God is pronouncing the doom of the covetous, and commanding hell to enlarge itself for his reception, they, in defiance of the divine decision, are proud to catch his smiles, and to offer incense at his shrine. "The wicked blesseth the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth."

Thus, if sin has produced a revolution in this part of the divine dominions, it seems to have been the effect of wealth to give to that revolution the consolidation of a well-organized empire. Alas! how complete its arrangements, how stable and invincible its power! It has enacted new laws for human conduct, given new objects to human ambition, and new classifications to human character and society;—the whole resulting in a kingdom in which the divine authority is unacknowledged, and from which every memento of the divine presence is jealously excluded.

Now, one of the leading purposes of God in instituting a church is, that, in the midst of this awful confederation of evil, he might have a people perpetually protesting against the prevailing apostasy. For this purpose, he gives them himself, that, by admitting them to the Fountain, he might raise them, before the eyes of the world, to an independence of the streams. And, for the same purpose, he gives them a portion of earthly property, of that common object of worldly trust, that they might have an opportunity of disparaging it before the world, by subordinating it to spiritual ends, and thus publicly vindicating the outraged supremacy of the blessed God.

How momentous the issue, then, depending on the manner in which Christians employ their property! By their visible subordination of it to God, they would be "condemning the world," and putting a lasting disgrace upon its idol; they would be distinguishing themselves from the world more effectually than by assuming the most marked badge, or by making the most ostentatious profession; they would be employ-ing the only argument for the reality of religion which the world generally will regard, which it cannot resist, and which would serve in the stead of all other arguments. Many things there are which the world can part with, many sacrifices which it can make, in imitation of the Christian; but to "esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt," to sacrifice wealth, is an immolation, a miracle of devotedness, which no arts of worldly enchantment can imitate. They can understand how religion may be subordinated to gain; but that gain should be sacrificed to God, is a mystery which no article in their creed, no principle in their philosophy, can explain. Oh, had the Christian church been true to its original design, had its members realized the purposes of its heavenly Founder, they would have chained the idol wealth to the chariot of the gospel, and have led it in triumph through the world!

But of how large a proportion of professing Christians may it be alleged, that, as far as the

church was intended to answer this end, they have conspired to frustrate the design of its institution. Their property, which was meant to furnish them with the means of deprecating and denouncing the wealth-idolatry of the world, they have turned into an occasion of joining and strengthening the endangered cause of the world. Their conduct in relation to the gains of earth, which was intended to be such as to attract the notice, and awaken the inquiries, of mankind, has been the very point on which they have symbolized with the world more cordially than on any other; standing on the same ground, pursuing the same ends, governing themselves by the same maxims. By virtually falling down before the golden image which the world has set up, they have thrown opprobrium on the voluntary poverty of Christ, obscured the distinctive spirituality of his kingdom, brought into question the very reality of his religion, and confirmed and prolonged the reign of Mammon. The man who deserts his post in the day of battle, and goes over to the enemy, is consigned by universal consent to infamy of the deepest die; but they, by paying homage to wealth, have betrayed a cause which involves infinite results, have deserted their standard in the time of conflict, joined hands with the common foe, and thus lent themselves to reinforce and establish the dominion of sin.

SECTION VIII.

THE DOOM OF COVETOUSNESS.

If the guilt of covetousness be so enormous, can we wonder at the variety of methods by which a gracious God seeks to prevent it? or at the solemn threatenings which a holy God denounces against it? The description of the sin which we have already given, so evidently involves its condemnation, that on this part of the subject we

shall be comparatively brief.

The extreme punishment which awaits the practice of covetousness may be inferred from the circumstance that the tenth command denounces the sin in its earliest form. Unlike the other commands which, taken literally, only prescribe for the outward conduct, this speaks to the heart. It does not merely speak to the eye, and say, thou shalt not look covetously. It does not merely speak to the hand, and say, thou shalt not grasp covetously; thou shalt not steal: the law had said this before. But instead of waiting for the eye and the hand to do this, it goes in to the heart-"for out of the heart proceedeth covetousness"-and it says to the heart, "Thou shalt not covet." And hence saith the apostle, "I had not known the sinfulness of inordinate desire if the law had not said, Thou shalt not covet.' lays its fiery finger upon the first movement of covetousness, and brands it as a sin.

Covetousness is a sin which, more than most vices, brings with it its own punishment. The very objects which excite it form a rod for its chastisement. How perpetually and solicitously is God reminding us that the pursuit of these objects is attended with corroding anxiety and exhausting toil; that they are filthy lucre—leading through

miry ways to reach them, and polluting the hand that touches them; that they are uncertain riches -always winged for flight *-so delusive and unsubstantial that they are not; they are only the mirage of the world's desert: that they are unsatisfactory-" for he that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase;" that the possession of them is often attended with mortification, and a separation from them with anguish; in a word, that they are dangerous and destructive, leading men "into temptation and a snare, and piercing them through with many sorrows;" and thus, in their very nature, they bring with them a part of the doom of those who covet them. Like the deadly reptile armed with a warning rattle, they are so constituted as to apprise us of the danger of too close an approach. They all seem to say as we put forth our hand to take them, "Do not covet me, do not take me to your heart, or I shall certainly disappoint, and injure, if not ruin you." Were all the property which has ever passed through the hands of men still in existence, and could we hear it relate the history of those who have possessed it, what tales of toil, anxiety, and guilt, of heartless treachery, and fiendish circumvention, of consciences seared, and souls lost, and hell begun on this side death, would it have to unfold! Might we not well recoil from it, and exclaim, "Give me neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me-give us this day our daily bread."

But in addition to the punishment which the sin involves in its own nature, God has often visited it with a positive infliction. Instances of this fact have already passed in review before us. Whether we advert to the losses and sufferings of Lot, the stoning of Achan, the leprosy of Gehazi, or the fate of Judas, the secret of their punishment is explained when the Almighty declares, "For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him." And what do we behold in every such infliction but an earnest of its coming doom? the scintillations of that wrath, the flashes of that distant fire which is kindled already to

consume it?

And not only has he punished it; he is visiting and denouncing it at the present moment. "Woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil! Thou hast consulted shame to thy house by cutting off many people, and hast sinned against thy soul. For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it." The very house which he has built for his security shall reproach him for the grasping injustice of the means by which it was reared. Mysterious voices from every part of it shall upbraid and threaten him, for having pursued the gains of this world to the neglect of his immortal soul. It shall be haunted by the fearful spectre of his own guilty conscience; it shall be the prison-house of justice till he is called to the bar of God; instead

^{*} Thus the Greeks spoke of Plutus, the god of riches, as a fickle divinity; representing him as blind, to intimate that he distributes his favours indiscriminately; as lame, to denote the slowness with which he approaches; and winged, to imply the velocity with which he flies away.

of defending him from evil, it shall seem to attract and receive all dreadful things to alarm and

nunish him.

The law of God is still in the act of condemning covetousness. The fires of Sinai, indeed, have ceased to burn, and its thunders have ceased to utter their voices, but that law, in honour of which these terrors appeared, is in force still; that law which said, "Thou shalt not covet," is burning and thundering against covetousness still. It has been republished under the gospel with additional sanctions; it is written by the finger of the Spirit on the fleshly tables of every renewed heart; it is inscribed by Providence on every object of human desire, to warn us of danger as often as our eye rests on them. And if, heedless of that warning, we yet pursue those objects to excess, and put forth our hand to take them—if then the terrors of another Sinai do not kindle and flash forth upon us, it is not that the law has lost its force, but that it is reserving itself for another day. Lost its force !- It is at this moment making inquisition in every human heart, and if there be but one feeling of inordinate worldly desire there, it takes cognizance of it, and denounces against it the wrath of God. Lost its force!-It is daily following the covetous through the world, tracking them through all the windings of their devious course, chasing them out of the world, pursuing them down to their own place, and kindling around them there fires such as Sinai never saw.

"The wicked blesseth the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth." Not only does the law condemn him, but God abhors him; and how hateful must that sin be which, in any sense, compels the God of mercy to hate the creatures which he himself has made, to loathe the work of his own hands! Yet covetousness does this. And it is important to remark that the covetousness against which the Scriptures launch their most terrible anathemas is not of the scandalous kind, but such as may escape the censures of the church, and even receive the commendations of the world; leaving us to draw the inevitable conclusion, that if the milder forms of the sin be punished, its grosser degrees have every thing to fear. Here, for example, is a covetous man of whom the wicked speak well-a proof that he is not rapacious or avaricious, for a person of such a stamp is commended by noneand yet God abhors him. And who can conceive the misery of being abhorred by the blessed God! How large a proportion of the suffering which the world at present contains might be traced to God's detestation of this sin: and, probably, since the guilt of the sin goes on rapidly increasing with every passing year, the punishment of it in this world will go on increasing also. How large a proportion of the misery of hell, at this moment, points to this sin as its origin! And how rapidly, it is to be feared, does that numerous class of the lost go on augmenting, of which the rich man in the parable forms the appalling type!

But, "behold, another woe cometh!" Another seal is yet to be opened, and Death will be seen, with Hell following him. It is of one of the classes of the covetous especially that the apostle Peter declares, "their judgment now of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth

not."-The angel charged with their destruction is on the wing, and is hourly drawing nearer. And the apostle James, addressing the covetous of his day, exclaimed, in reference to the approaching destruction of the Jewish state, "Come now, ye rich men, weep and howl over the miseries that are coming upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver are cankered, and their rust shall be a witness against you, and shall eat into your flesh as fire: ye have laid up treasures for the last days." But if temporal calamities called for such an intense agony of grief, such a convocation of tears, and groans, and lamentations, where is the form of sorrow equal to the doom which awaits the covetous in the last day !-- where are the tears fit to be shed in that hour when the tarnish of that gold and silver which ought to have been kept bright by a generous circulation, shall testify against them, and, like caustic, shall corrode and burn them !—and when, however much they may have suffered for their covetousness on earth, they shall find that they were only receiving the interest of the wrath they had laid up; that the principal has gone on daily accumulating; that they have been treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, till the dreadful store has overflowed.

The covetous will then find themselves placed "on the left hand of the Judge." And he will say unto them, "I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not." Then practical benevolence, as the result of evangelical piety, is the hinge on which our final destiny will turn! This language contains a rule of judgment which, in the hands of Christ, is capable of receiving universal application. It obviously implies that he has a cause in the world—the cause of human salvation; and that all who do not practically attach themselves to it, deny themselves on account of it, love those who belong to it, and supremely value him who is the Divine Author of it, will be finally disowned and condemned.

And here again it is important to remark, that the covetousness which is threatened to be placed at the left hand of the Judge is not of the scandalous kind. Had not the Judge himself described it, we might have supposed that this fearful position would be occupied only by the outlaws of humanity, monsters of rapacity, avarice, and in-justice. But no. The fig-tree was withered, not for bearing bad fruit, but for yielding no fruit. The foolish virgins were excluded from the marriage-feast, not for casting away their lamps, but for not using them. The unprofitable servant was cast into outer darkness, not for wasting the talent committed to him, but for not employing The worldling whom our Lord denominates a fool is not charged with any positive sins: for aught that appears, he had been honest and industrious; his diligence had been crowned with success, and he proposed to enjoy that success in retirement and ease;—and what is this but an every-day history? or where is the man that does not commend him, and take him for a model? But he had "laid up treasures" only "for him-

self, and was not rich towards God;" and therefore is he summoned suddenly to appear as a guilty criminal at the bar of God. And they who do not now learn the moral of his history-"to take heed and beware of covetousness"here represented as finally sharing his doom. They may have been as free as the reader from all the grosser vices. They may have had many negative virtues, like him, and have often boasted that they did no harm. But the ground of their condemnation will be, that they did no good. They may have occasionally exercised that empty benevolence which costs neither effort nor sacrifice. But they practised no self-denial, made no retrenchments, took no pains, in the cause of mercy. They never once thought of adopting and espousing that cause as an object in which they were interested, and which looked to them for support. Had it been left entirely to them, it would have been famished with hunger, have pined in sickness, have been immured in a prison, and have perished from the world. Most justly, therefore, will they find themselves placed on the left hand of the Judge.

In that fearful situation the covetous man will be an object of wonder and aversion to all the right-"The righteous shall see, and shall laugh at him: Lo, this is the man that made not God his strength, but trusted in the abundance of his riches." In a popular sense, he may have been moral, and even generous; but he had "made gold his hope, and had said to the fine gold, Thou art my confidence." His wealth had been his strong tower, but that tower shall attract the bolt of Heaven. His very armour shall draw the lightning down. The exposure of his trust shall excite the scorn and derision of the universe. "Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place." That he should have thought to extract happiness from a clod of earth; that he should have reckoned a little gold an equivalent for God; that a rational and immortal being should have been guilty of such an enormity, will suspend all pity in the minds of the The unhappy being will behold every righteous. finger pointed at him in scorn; will hear himself mocked at as a prodigy of folly; will be scoffed and chased beyond the limits of God's happy

"He shall not inherit the kingdom of God." In the classifications of this world, the Christian mammonist may stand among the holy and excellent of the earth; but in the final arrangements of the judgment-day, he will have a new place assigned him. As soon as his character becomes known, the righteous will no longer be burdened and disgraced with his presence; they will cast him forth as an alien from their community; "he shall not inherit the kingdom of God." And the very same act which removes him from their community, shall transfer him "to his own place "-to the congenial society of the drunkard, the unbeliever, the idolater, and of all who, like himself, made not God their trust. "Know ye not," saith the apostle, that this is the divine determination? It is no new arrangement, no recent enactment of the Supreme Lawgiver, arising from a view of the exigency of the case; it is the operation of a known law, eternal

and immutable as his own nature ;- "He shall not inherit the kingdom of God." The lax opinions of the church on the sin of covetousness may delude him with the hope that he shall, that cupidity alone shall not exclude him from the Divine presence; but "let no man deceive you with vain words," saith the apostle; the decree has gone forth against every covetous man, whatever his standing may be in the Christian church, —"He shall not have any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and God." The splendours of a worldly kingdom he may inherit; streams of worldly affluence may seem to seek him, and, like a sea, he may receive them all; but he gives not God the glory, he makes himself no heavenly friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, he thinks not of transferring his treasures by deeds of beneficence to the hands of God, and, consequently, when he passes out of time into eternity, though he should be sought for before the throne of God above, sought for diligently among all the ranks of the blessed, he would no where be found, for "he shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

The final destination of the covetous is hell. Having convicted them of their guilt, the Judge will say to them, in common with all the other classes of the ungodly, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." And then will they behold their covetousness in its true light. They will see that it involved an attempt to erect another centre than God, in which they might find happiness and repose; and, therefore, when he shall place himself as in the centre of his people, and say to them, "Come," the covetous will feel the rectitude of the sentence which shall command them to "depart." They will then discover that, in withholding their property from benevolent objects, they were withholding it, in effect, from him; and, therefore, they shall acknowledge the justice of his withholding himself from them. They belong to a schism, compared with which every other is unworthy of the name—the great schism of the selfish. Though professing to belong to that vast spiritual community in heaven and earth, of which Christ is the supreme Head, they will then discover that, in reality, they have attached themselves to the great party of the world, adopting its symbols, governing themselves by its maxims, and pursuing its ends; and, therefore, with it they must "depart." And then first will they estimate truly the dreadful nature of their doom. For when he shall say, "Depart, every thing else-every being, every place in the universe, but hell-shall repeat, "Depart;" casting them forth, disowning them, and refusing them sympathy and refuge. "The heaven shall reveal their iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against them." "They shall go away into everlasting punishment."

SECTION IX.

EXCUSES OF COVETOUSNESS FOR ITS WANT OF LIBERALITY.

In his solemn description of the general judgment, our Lord represents the ungodly as startled at the true picture of their own selfishness. Never having reflected on their conduct in its religious bearings, and ultimate effects, they cannot allow that the charge alleged by the Judge can have any application to them. They hasten, therefore, to put in their pleas in arrest of judgment, to stay their doom. In like manner, on surveying the magnitude of the evils arising to religion from a covetous spirit, the first impression of a person implicated, may probably be of the nature of a remonstrance which may be interpreted thus:-If I am chargeable with cupidity, the degree in which I indulge the passion can surely bear no relation whatever to evils so enormous, and consequences so dreadful. I have often given to the claims of benevolence; I am in the habit of contributing as others do; I consider that I am benefiting the community as much, if not more, by spending than by giving; I give as much as I conveniently can; had I more to bestow, I would certainly give it; and I intend to remember the cause of God in the final arrangements of my property; so that, whoever may merit these strictures on covetousness, they can only apply to me, if at all, in the most mitigated sense.

The plausible air which this remonstrance wears requires that it should receive examination. You have given, you say, to the cause of Christian philanthropy. But, it may be required, when have you given? Has it been only when your sensibility has been taken by surprise? or when a powerful appeal has urged you to the duty? or when the example, or the presence, of others, has left you no alternative? or when the prospect of being published as a donor tempted your ostentation? or when importunity annoyed you? or when under the passing influence of a fit of generosity? We would not too curiously analyze the composition of any apparent virtue: nor would we have you to suspend the practice of charity till you can be perfectly certain that your motives are unmixed. But we would affectionately remind you that if you have given to God at such times only, it proves to a demonstration that you are covetous at all other times. Your covetousness is a habit, your benevolence only an act; or, rather, it is only the momentary suspension of your prevailing habit; and, as the circumstance that a man enjoys lucid intervals does not exempt him from being classed among the insane, so your accidental and occasional charities still leave you in the ranks of the

covetous. But as you plead that you have given, it may be inquired further—what have you given? mere circumstance of a Christian professor devoting a part of his property to God does not denominate him benevolent; otherwise Ananias must be honoured with the epithet; and yet it was his covetousness which involved him in falsehood, and his falsehood drew down destruction. "There is that withholdeth more than is meet;" if men were to be denominated by that which characterizes them in the sight of God, how many an individual who is now called benevolent on account of what he gives, would be stigmatized as covetous on account of what he withholds. Which can more properly be said of you, that you have given, or that you have withheld? Would you not feel degraded and displeased to hear others reporting

of you that, slender as your contribution is, it is all you can give? Numbers profess to give their mite; by which, though they may not confess it to themselves, they feel as if they had in some way approached the example of the widow, if not actually entitled themselves to a share of her praise. While, in fact, there is this immense distinction, that whereas she cast into the treasury only two mites because it was her all, they cast in only a mite in order that they may keep their all. They pay this insignificant fraction in tribute to a clamorous conscience, in order that they may buy off the great bulk of their wealth, and quietly consume it on their selfishness. Her greatness of soul, her magnanimous benevolence, held the Saviour of the world in admiration, and drew from him words of complacency and delight. Their pretended imitation of her conduct is an insult to her munificence, and to the praise which the benevolent Jesus bestowed on it. And yet to which of these two classes of donors do you approach the nearest? Benevolence, you are aware, is comparative: there are some who have given their all to God, and there are those who may almost be said to keep their all to themselves,—to which of these two descriptions do you bear the greater resemblance? The tree is known by its fruits; now it might not be an unprofitable exercise for you to examine whether you are prepared to rest your claims to the Christian character on the proportion in which you have borne the fruits of Christian benevolence.

A second plea is, that you believe you are in the habit of contributing to the cause of mercy as others do. But have you-a Christian friend might inquire-have you ever reflected whether or not others have adopted the right standard of benevolence? The amount of property devoted by the Christian public to God is annually increasing; does not that imply that Christians, at present, are only approaching the proper standard of liberality, rather than that they have already reached it? And would it not be noble, would it not be godlike in you, were you to reach that standard before them? were you to take your rule immediately from the cross itself, rather than from the example of those who, it is to be feared, are standing from it afar off.

Christians, in the present day, seem to have entered into a kind of tacit compact, that to give certain sums to certain objects should be deemed benevolent: the consequence of which is, that, though most of them are contributing less than "of the ability which God giveth," they yet never suspect their claim to be deemed liberal. And another consequence is, that when a Christian distinguishes himself, and stands out from the ranks of the church, by a noble deed of liberality, though constrained to admire him, they do not consider themselves called on to imitate; for they feel as if he had exceeded the rules, passed the prescribed limits, of benevolence.

We have supposed that you not only plead the example of others, but that you are also ready to add, "I contribute as much as I conveniently can." Here, however, two questions instantly arise; first, whether you mean that you devote to God as much of your property as is convenient to

your luxury, or convenient to your bare personal comfort? And, secondly, whether what is generally understood by personal convenience, is precisely the kind of arbitrator to which a Christian can safely refer the amount of his charity?

When you say that you contribute as much as you conveniently can, we presume your meaning to be that you devote to benevolent uses all that your present rate of expenditure happens to leave unappropriated to other objects. But here again two questions arise: if your expenditure is calculated and reduced to a plan, ought not the question, how much shall I devote to God? to have made an original part of that plan? But since you confess that grave omission, ought you not now to think of retrenching your expenses, and reducing your plan, that your charity may not be left to the mercy of an expensive and selfish convenience? Do you not know that all the great works of the Christian church have been performed by sacrificing your favourite principle convenience? that a Crossus himself might find it convenient to give but little in charity? and an Apicius to give nothing? and that if the men who, in all ages, have been most distinguished for extending the kingdom of Christ had listened to the dictates of convenience, they would have lived and died in inglorious and guilty indolence? And need you be reminded, how easily God could convince you, by simply reducing your present income, that you might have made it convenient to contribute to his cause more than you now do, by the exact amount of that reduction? And do you not see, that your unfaithfulness to your present trust, may operate with God to forbid your further prosperity? for is it not a law of his kingdom that the misimproved talent shall be withdrawn from the possessor, rather than increased? Besides which, you are closing your eyes to eternal consequences; for, "he that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly." The husbandman who should grieve that he had land to sow, and begrudged the seed which he sowed in it as lost, would be wise and innocent compared with the man who, while professing to believe that his charity is seed sown for an eternal harvest, should yet stint and limit his gifts to the precarious leavings of an improvident convenience.

Or, you may be ready to plead, "I consider myself not only justified in my present style of living, but as benefiting the community by spending a portion of my property in luxuries, more than by giving that portion of it away in alms; besides, by so expending it, I am employing and supporting the very classes who subscribe to and principally sustain the cause of Christian charity."

To such a statement we can only reply, generally, that your scale of expenditure must depend, partly, on the rank you hold in society; that to arbitrate correctly between the claims of self and the cause of mercy, is the great problem of Christian benevolence; and that if you have solved this problem scripturally and conscientiously before God, it is not for man to sit in judgment on your conduct.

But if you have not—if the question still remain open for consideration, your attention is earnestly solicited to three classes of remark—economical, logical, and religious.

When you speak of benefiting the community by spending, more than by giving, you are, in effect, raising a question in political economy. Now, to this it may be replied, that the Christian liberality to which you are urged is not that indiscriminate alms-giving which would encourage idleness and improvidence. The introduction of such an idea is quite beside the question in hand. The charity which you are called on to exercise is such as would leave the whole apparatus of useful production untouched; or which would touch it only to render it more effective and beneficial-a charity which should at once discourage vice; assist the helpless, destitute, and diseased; reclaim and reform the vicious; civilize barbarism; call into activity the physical, mental, and moral resources of savage lands; excite and reward industry; instruct the ignorant; circulate the word of God; send the agents of the Christian church in all directions; and which should thus furnish employment for multitudes, give a direction to the energies of men which should bear fruit for both worlds, modify and raise the tone of political economy itself, and thus be the means of lifting earth nearer heaven.

And then, as to the value of labour and wealth, you have to consider that the labour which is beneficial to the individual, may be quite unpro-fitable to the country, and, in the end, injurious, and even ruinous: otherwise, war, or the multiplication of gaming-houses and gin-palaces, by giving employment to numbers, must be hailed as a blessing; instead of which, it might easily be shown that, in a variety of ways, they operate economically as a curse. You have to consider also, that it is not the mere increase of a nation's wealth which enhances its permanent prosperity; otherwise, the colonial mines of Spain would be still her boast and glory, instead of accounting, as they unquestionably do, for her national poverty. And the question is, whether much of your outlay, though it may encourage labour, and increase the present wealth of the nation, has not, when viewed as a part of a great and slowly developed system, a tendency to generate many of the evils which the Economical science deplores, of shortening the intervals between what are called the periodical crashes, and of proving in the end a national bane, and not a blessing.

We might, indeed, by taking advantage of a distinction which obtains in political economy between productive and unproductive consumption, undertake to show, that by expending your revenue on the superfluities of life, you are consuming it unproductively, that is, in a way which does not add to the annual quantity or value of the national produce; and that you are thus comparatively sinking and absorbing in self-indulgence that which might have augmented the national wealth, and have made you a greater national blessing. So that, though we do not say that the science blames you, yet the praise which it accords to you is but secondary and qualified.

But not only is not an unnecessary expenditure productive of the good you imagine, it is attended with positive evils. For, in order to support it, a proprietor of land, for instance, must raise his rents; in order to pay these, the farmer must raise the price of his produce; and in order to

purchase that, the labourer must receive increased wages; and the consequence is, that that large number of the human family whose means of subsistence are precarious, experience an increased difficulty in obtaining even this scanty supply. Besides which, a useless consumption, by keeping up a high scale of expenditure, and engrossing the time of the producer, prevents leisure, and thus retards mental cultivation and

real improvement.

Again; employing the term logical in the humblest sense, and for the sake of distinction, it may be inquired-if there be really so much benefit as you suppose accruing to the community from what you spend on superfluities, would you not be justified in spending more upon them? Ought it not to become a serious question with you, whether or not you are spending enough upon them? whether it be not your duty to spend all you can upon them? to withdraw even that small modicum which you now dispense in charity, and to devote that also to "the pride of life?" But from such a conclusion you recoil with dismay; though it seems only the legitimate application of your own principle. You add, also, that the money which you expend in luxury actually employs the very classes who subscribe to, and principally support, the cause of Christian charity. As far as you are concerned, remember, this is purely accidental. Whatever credit may be due to them for thus consecrating the fruit of their labour to God, not a particle of that credit can properly accrue to you. Besides, if they do right in thus taking their property to God, are not you doing wrong in taking your property from him? and will not their conduct be cited against you in condemnation? To be consistent with yourself, you must actually condemn them for appropriating so much of their property to God. On your principle, they are essentially wrong for not indulging more in superfluities. For if your self-indulgence, in this respect, works so beneficially for the general good, would not their self indulgence work equally well? From this conclusion, also, you probably recoil, though it seems only the legitimate application of your own principle.

But, as a professed follower of Christ, you will surely prefer to decide the question on religious grounds; aware, as you are, that whatever is morally wrong cannot be politically right. Now, you profess freely to admit that the claims of Christian charity should be supported; the only question with you is, whether you are not doing more good by spending what you do in luxury, than by dispensing it all in charity. But let me ask you, as under the eye of Omniscience-is your ruling motive in this lavish expenditure a sincere desire to benefit the community? or are you not actuated rather by a love of self-gratification? Because, if so, it would be well for you to remember that, though God may overrule your evil for good—though your profusion, as a matter of political economy, should be proved to work well, and to be worthy of praise, yet, as a question of morality, bearing on your eternal state, it may endanger your safety, and aggravate your condemnation. If it be true that your eternal welfare depends on the ascendency which the

spiritual may now gain over the sensible-and that every additional worldly indulgence is so much advantage given to the flesh over the spirit, are you not, by your profusion, endangering your own everlasting peace for the sake of uncertainly promoting the temporal welfare of others? and is not this a most romantic mode of self-immolation? a loving of your neighbour, not merely as yourself, but enthusiastically more, and infinitely better, than yourself? In addition to which, your profusion deprives you of the power of performing any great acts of liberality. It invites the classes below you to aspire to an imita-tion of your style of living. It provokes that fierce and ruinous competition of fashion so generally complained of, and which you yourself, perhaps, loudly deprecate; and it gives the enemies of religion occasion to triumph, and to say, in the language of one of our leading Reviews, "The godly testify no reluctance to follow the footsteps of the worldly, in the way to wealth. They quietly and fearlessly repose amidst the many luxuries it enables them to procure. We see their houses furnished in every way to gratify the lust of the flesh, the desire of the eye, and the pride of life; and their tables covered with the same luxurious viands that are in ordinary use with the men of the world. This self-indulgence, and worldly conformity, and vain glory, although at variance with the spirit and principles of the gospel, seem to find just as much favour in their eyes as with other people."

"But had I more wealth to bestow, I would cheerfully give it." "Be not deceived." Certain as you suppose that fact to be, your conduct at present proves that it is the greatest of all uncertainties; or rather, the certainty is all on the side of your continued covetousness. Riches were never yet known to cure a selfish extravagance, or to remedy the love of riches. As well might a vintage be expected to allay the thirst of a fever produced by wine. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth

abundance with increase."

"Nec Cræsi fortuna unquam, nec Persica Regna Sufficient animo—"

The cure you need consists, not in the increase of your wealth, but in the reduction of your desires, and the conscientious management of your present income, as a faithful servant of Jesus Christ. Till this be effected, the augmentation of your property a thousand-fold would not increase your benevolence; and when it is effected, the reduction of your property to two mites would not be able to rob you of the pure satisfaction of

casting them into his treasury.

Agir declined the abundance to which you aspire as a perilous condition; and the individual who professes to desire opulence only for the sake of having more to bestow, and who makes that desire an excuse for giving nothing at present, gives ground to fear that his desire is only a pretext for indulging covetousness under the mask of religion. But you are not to wait till you have reached what you deem the best possible state for the exercise of benevolence. The charity required at your hands at present, is only such as your limited resources will allow; three mites are not

expected from him who has only two. And the more nearly your circumstances approach to a state of poverty, the greater the opportunity you possess for evincing the noble generosity and force of the Christian principle. It was not the splendid donations of the rich which drew forth the praises of the Son of God, but the more than royal munificence of that indigent widow who gave "all that she had, even all her living." The darker the midnight sky, the more bright and glorious do the stars appear, and the more loudly do the heavens declare the glory of God. And when the Apostle would excite our admiration by the wonders of the Christian church, he tells us of "the churches of Macedonia, how that, in a great trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy, and their deep poverty, abounded unto the riches of their liberality.

Or, perhaps, you belong to those who triumph in their own mind over every charge of cupidity, by remembering that they have made arrangements to be charitable at death. A life of benevolence, ending in a munificent bequest, is like a glorious sunset to a summer's day; but no posthumous charity can justify a life of avarice, or redeem it from infamy. To defer religion till your last hour is guilt of the deepest dye; can it be innocent, then, to defer the practice of one of its most important relative duties till the same crisis arrives? Were you to direct that a splendid asylum should arise over your dust, it would still be the monument of a covetous man; and on its front might be written, as an appropriate inscription, "The triumph of death over avarice." For he who withholds his hand from deeds of benevolence till his last hour, surrenders his property to death, rather than devotes it to God.

Besides, you are acting in direct opposition to the settled arrangements of Providence; and to the most distinct intimations of the divine will. Your charity, as it is to be future, is made to depend on the most contingent circumstances. had got in all my life," saith Baxter, "the just sum of a thousand pounds. Having no child, I devoted it to charity. Before my purpose was accomplished, the king caused his exchequer to be shut, and it was lost: which I mention to counsel any man that would do good, to do it speedily, and with all his might." But by making your charity to consist only in testamentary bequests, you are calculating on the certainty and stability of that, which has become the very emblem of change and uncertainty

What you are proposing to defer till the period of your natural death, the Christian, if he acts in harmony with his profession, feels himself bound to do when he dies unto sin; then he devotes himself and his property to God; and with this immense advantage over you, that he will be his own executor; that he will enjoy the godlike satisfaction of doing, himself, for God, what you will leave to be done by others. You profess to regard yourself only as the steward of your property, and God as its supreme Proprietor; but instead of employing it for his glory, and rendering to him a periodical account of your stewardship, your covetousness makes it necessary that death should deprive you of your office, in order that the property you hold may not lie useless for

Your Lord admonishes you to make to yourself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when you fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations; but however welcome the arrival, and cheering the reception, of the benevolent Christian in heaven, it is evident that no such a greeting can be there awaiting you: the only signs of joy your spirit will meet with, will be occasioned by the liberation of your property by the hand of death, and, as such, they will wear the aspect of upbraiding and reproach. And when your Lord shall come to receive his own with usury, instead of being able to refer to the multiplication of the talents with which he entrusted you, that multiplication will have yet to commence, for your talents will only just then have emerged into the light; you will have drawn on yourself the doom of the unprofitable servant. You are reversing that divine arrangement which would have caused your death to be deprecated as a loss, and you are voluntarily classing yourself with the refuse of society whose death is regarded as a gain: those who might have prayed for your continuance on earth as a benefit to the church, are, for that very reason, tempted rather to desire your departure. Were your conduct to be generally adopted, what loss would the cause of Christ sustain by the death of half the Christian world? so completely is that conduct at variance with the divine arrangements, that such a bereavement, which we cannot contemplate now without horror, would in such a case become indispensable to the continuance of his cause upon earth.

But another question remains: having shown that dying charity is a miserable substitute for living benevolence; it is now important to inquire what the amount of your charitable bequests may be.* We are aware that this question of proportion is one entirely between you and God; and one which must be regulated by circumstances of which you are to be supposed the best judge. In the great majority of instances, however, the portion of a testator's property which ought to be set apart for benevolent purposes is more clear to any disinterested, consistent Christian, than it is to the testator himself.

Have you not reason to suspect that such is the fact in relation to yourself? Does not your present parsimony towards the objects of Christian benevolence justify the fear that the amount which you have devised for such purposes is most disproportionately small? And yet, small as it is, it is your will. In discharging your testamentary duties, you naturally remember those persons and objects which hold the dearest place in your affections:-your supreme friend is Christ, and yet, that he should be put off with You make that insulting pittance is, your WILL. your testamentary arrangements in the prospect of leaving, what you properly designate, a world of misery; much more of your property might be left to the alleviation of that misery, but that it should not be so appropriated is your WILL. You make these arrangements in the prospect

^{*} The writer would take the liberty of recommending an excellent little work, called "Testamentary Counsels," published by Ward and Co.; containing much on the subject of charitable bequests, that is entitled to the serious attention of the Christian reader.

of being received into perfect blessedness: you entertain the hope that while survivors are inspecting, for the first time, the distribution which you have made of your property, your emancipated spirit will be enjoying the happiness of the just made perfect—but that next to none of that happiness shall arise from the right employment

of that property is your WILL.

This robbery of the Christian cause, remember, is your will; -not a mere passing thought, not a precipitate, unconsidered act; but an act which you formally preface with saying, that you perform it "being in sound mind,"—in a word, it is the deliberate act of that sovereign part of your nature, your WILL. After having defrauded the cause of Christ of your property during life, you take the most effective measures to perpetuate the fraud after death; and you do this with the full consent of all the powers of your mind, you impress it with the sovereign seal of your WILL. Yes, this is your will, which you are content to have for a dying pillow, and on which you propose to rest your dying head! Your will—and therefore a part of your preparation for death! Your will-avowedly prepared, (monstrous inconsistency!) that the subject of your property may not disturb you in death! that you may be able to think of it with peace! Your will-made, partly, as a preparation for the awful moment when it shall be said to you, "Give an account of thy stewardship;" made on the way to that judgment-seat, where one of the first inquiries will relate to the use which you have made of your various talents! Christian professor, be entreated. What your death-bed would have been had your attention never been called to this subject, it is not for man to surmise; but should you allow your will to remain unaltered now that your conscience has been admonished, do not wonder if you find your dying pillow to be filled with thorns. Retrieve, at once, your guilty error, by augmenting your bequests to the cause of mercy: or, better still, become your own executor, and enjoy at once the luxury of doing good; or, last of all, do both-if the nature of your property permit, do both.

It is impossible to look at the existing state of the finance of the Redeemer's empire, without perceiving that the entire system of Christian charity requires revision. Here and there an in-dividual is to be found, who appears to be economizing his resources and employing them for God: but the very admiration in which such an one is held in his circle, implies, that he stands there alone. The light of a Reynolds, a Thornton, a Broadley Wilson, an unostentatious Lshines so conspicuously on account of the surrounding darkness. In every section of the Christian church, a spirit of self-denying benevolence is the exception, and a spirit of worldly self-indulgence, which leaves little for God, is the rule. Nor can a thoughtful Christian reflect on the growing necessities of the kingdom of Christ. and the imploring attitude of the heathen world. and then remember how insignificant a proportion of the vast pecuniary resources of the Christian church is at present appropriated to the demands of that kingdom and the salvation of that world, to say nothing of the difficulty with

which even that little is obtained, without feeling that among the revolutions which must precede the universal reign of Christ, one must be, a revolution in the economy of Christian benevolence.

It is a subject deserving the most scrious consideration of the Christian church,—how much its comparative want of success in attempting to enlarge the empire of Christ, is to be ascribed to its prevailing covetousness. How incalculably greater the success of the Christian enterprise might have been, had we only acted up to our conviction of Christian liberality! What could have stood before a spirit which evinced a readiness to give up all for Christ? The world would have beheld in such conduct an argument for the reality and power of the gospel which it could not misunderstand, could not gainsay. "God, even our own God, would have blessed us"—would have gloried to own such a people, and to have distinguished us with his blessing before the eyes of the world-"God would have blessed and, as a consequence, "all the ends of the earth would have feared him."

What would have been the history of the primitive Christians, had they been cursed with the love of money as the Christians of the present day are! Taking into the account their deep poverty, and the absence of all the present facilities for prosecuting their aggressive designs, a very small circle would have bounded the extent of their labours, and a single page have sufficed for the history of their exploits. But feeling the momentous nature of the object in which they were embarked, that the salvation or per-dition of the world depended instrumentally on their conduct, they laid aside every weight, cast their all into the treasury of benevolence, and held themselves free and ready to do their Lord's behests,-and he caused them to triumph in

every place.

We are professedly treading in their steps. We have received from them the standard of the cross, and are carrying it forwards against the common foe. But, though avowedly warring with the world, have we not taken a wedge of gold, and hidden it in the camp? If the presence of one Achan was sufficient to account for the discomfiture of Israel, can we be surprised at the limited nature of our success, when every tribe of our Christian Israel has its Achan, and almost every tent its "accursed thing?" not the cupidity of Christians made the very profession of disinterested benevolence to be laughed at by the world, and to be suspected even among themselves? Have not deeds of self-sacrificing liberality, such as would have been looked on in the primitive church as matters of course, become so rare among Christians, that the man who should perform them now, if he did not actually endanger his reputation, would at least incur the suspicions of a large proportion of his fellow-professors? The spirit of primitive liberality has so far departed from the church, that they would eye him with an astonishment which would prove that, if sympathy be necessary to comprehend his conduct, they must remain in guilty ignorance. Is there not reason to conclude, that many a noble offering has been lost to the cause of Christ, and

many an incipient impulse of benevolence repressed, through a dread of that singularity which it might seem to affect as viewed by a selfish eye? One great reason, it has been said, why men practise generosity so little, is, because there are so few generous persons to stimulate others by their example; and because, it might have been added, they dreaded the charge of singularity, or ostentation, to which their liberality would have exposed them. And if many a human gift has been lost to the cause of Christ owing to this repulsive spirit of cupidity, can we wonder if it has deprived the church of many a divine blessing which would otherwise have been showered on it? The church has indulged in a selfish and contracted spirit, until it has gone far to disqualify itself for receiving great things either from God or man.

And, in the same way, the church has incapacitated itself for achieving great things. is no necessity for supposing an arbitrary withholdment of the divine blessing, or the existence of a judicial sentence, in order to account for its limited usefulness. Indeed, the measure of success which has crowned its endeavours, would discountenance such an idea; for that success has been granted to the full amount of its labours. It is the limitation of its labours and sacrifices alone, which has restricted its usefulness; and the reason of that restriction is to be found in its selfishness. What Bacon says of the influence of riches on virtue, may be adapted and applied, in the most extensive sense, to their influence on the spirit of the Christian enterprise. They have proved the baggage, the impedimenta, of the Christian army; for as the baggage is to an army, so is wealth to the Christian enterprise; it hindereth the march, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory.

And the variety of ways in which it operates to this effect, might supply us with an answer to those who may fancy that we are ascribing too much to the influence of wealth, and over-looking other important considerations. It is precisely owing to its influence on those other important things-especially, on the spirit of prayer, and on Christian self-dedication—that the love of the world acquires its potency of evil. Prayer is its appointed antidote: but it keeps the Christian from the closet, or else divides his heart with God while there. And as to his high office of appearing before God as a suppliant for the world, an earnest intercessor for his race, it barely allows him time to pray for himself. A clear and steady view of the cross would heal the malady, would cause his heart to swell with the lofty emotion that he is not his own, and impel him to lay himself out for that blessed Saviour whose property he is; but the malady itself prevents him from beholding the remedy. As if an Israelite had been so wounded as to be unable to see the brazen serpent erected for his cure, the spirit of selfishness has partially blinded the Christian to the sight of the cross. It only allows him to see it as in a mist; and so completely does it engross his time, and drive him hither and thither in its service, that he seldom looks at the cross sufficiently long either to see its glory or to feel its power. And might we not appeal to a large number of Christian professors, whether during those rare moments when they have caught a glimpse of that self-dedication to Christ which he claims at their hands, a perception at the same time of the sacrifices and self-denial to which that consecration of themselves would necessarily lead, has not been sufficient to make that sight of his claims unwelcome, and induced them to turn their attention in another direction? the spirit we are deprecating, proves itself to be still entitled to the bad pre-eminence assigned to it by the apostle—it is "the root of all evil." Like the drunkenness which the Demon is said to have chosen for his victim, because he knew it would lead to other sins, it is a kind of moral intoxication which never exists alone; it not only robs the cause of Christ of the liberality of his followers, but also of their prayers, and cordial dedication.

But at the same time that this spirit disqualifies his people for extensive usefulness, it places the great Head of the church himself under a moral restraint from employing and blessing A covetous community !--how can he consistently employ such to convert the world; especially, too, as that conversion includes a turning from covetousness! Not, indeed, that his cause is necessarily dependent for success on our liberality: and, perhaps, when his people shall be so far constrained by his love as to place their property at his disposal, he may most convincingly show them that he has never been dependent on it, by completing his kingdom without it. But while he chooses to work by means, those means must be in harmony with his own character-and what is that but the very antithesis of selfishness, infinite benevolence? He regulates those means by laws: and one of those laws is, that "from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath;" that he not only will not employ the covetous, but will deprive him of that which he guiltily withholds from his service.

We pray for the coming of the kingdom of Christ; and wonder, at times, that our heartless, disunited, inconsistent prayers are not more successful. But what do we expect? Let it be supposed that a convocation of all the Christians upon earth should be held, to implore the conversion of the world. How justly might an ancient prophet be sent from God to rebuke them, and say, "The means for the conversion of the world are already in your hands. Had you been dependent on human charity for support, you might have then expected to see your Almighty Lord erect his kingdom by miracle; or you might have warrantably come to his throne to implore the means necessary for carrying it on by your own instrumentality. But these means are actually in your hands. You are asking him to do that, the very means for doing which are at this moment locked up in your coffers, or wasted in costly self-gratification. For what purpose has he placed so much wealth in your hands? Surely not to consume it in self-indulgence. 'Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house to lie waste? Now, therefore, thus saith the Lord, Consider your ways.' abroad over your assembled myriads; calculate the immense resources of wealth placed at your

disposal; imagine that you were to be seized with a noble generosity, like that which at different times descended on the ancient people of God, and then say, what enterprise would be too vast for your means? 'Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.' Make this consecration of your substance to the cause of Christ; and then come and ask for the conversion of the world. But till then, come, rather, to humble yourselves before him for embezzling the property with which he has entrusted you for his cause, and expending it on yourselves. and ask him to destroy 'the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life;' and to pour upon his church a spirit of Christian liberality. Till then, ask only, and, in common consistency, expect only, that he will bless you to the amount of your sacrifices for his cause. What he may choose to do more, by an exercise of his sovereignty, is not for you to surmise: but for you to ask him to do more, is to ask him to proclaim himself to the world the patron of your cupidity.

And while we were listening to this righteous rebuke, should we not feel that we were standing before the Lord in our iniquity? would not con-

fusion cover us?

It is recorded to the high honour of certain ancient believers, that "God was not ashamed to be called their God." And the reason assigned is, that, instead of coveting earthly possessions, or seeking their happiness in worldly objects, they placed all they held in the hands of God, lived only for his glory, and "declared plainly that they sought a better country, that is, a heavenly." Of such a people God was not ashamed; they did not disgrace him in the eyes of the world; their conduct proclaimed their celestial descent; he gloried in them; he could point the attention of the world to them with divine complacency; he could entrust his character in their hands; he could leave the world to infer what he was, from what they were; he was content to be judged of from the conduct of his people. Could he leave his character to be inferred from the conduct of his people now? His spirituality-could the world infer that from any remarkable abstraction from earth apparent in their conduct? or is there any thing in the manner and extent of their liberality which would remind the world of his vast, unbounded benevolence? They know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, for their sakes he became poor, that they through his poverty might be rich; -but from what part of their conduct would the world ever learn this melting truth? No, in these respects, he is ashamed to be called their God. Their selfindulgence, misrepresents his self-sacrifice. Their covetousness, is a shame to his boundless beneficence. His character is falsified by them in the eyes of the world. Nor could he honour them in any distinguished manner before the world without indorsing and confirming that falsification of

his character. He is yearning for the happiness of the perishing world; but such is his divine plan that he has only the instrumentality of his church to work by, and that is so steeped in the spirit of selfishness, that his grace is held under restraint.

And even the limited degree in which their selfishness has allowed him to bless their agency in his cause, begins to be found inconvenient to that selfishness. For what is the most frequent complaint of those who are deputed to manage that agency? Not that God is withholding his blessing from their proceedings; but that, owing to that blessing, a demand has been created for the gospel which they are unable to supply; a harvest has been raised which they are unable to reap; a tract of territory so extensive has been conquered, that, unless the resources placed at their command are greatly augmented, they will not be

able to subdue and retain it.

There was a time when we thought there was nothing to dread but a want of success; nothing to be prayed for but success. But we did not duly consider the peculiar kind of success which our selfishness required; a cheap and unexpensive success which should support itself, and which should leave our spirit of cupidity untaxed and undisturbed. We have now, however, begun to discover that success itself, of a certain description, may be attended with the most serious inconveniences-inconveniences, that is, to selfish Christians; that we need, in connexion with success, a divine preparation to receive, and improve, and enjoy it. Yes, we feel persuaded, that we must have, and shall have, a change in the church before we shall witness the renovation of the world; that the predictions of Scripture concerning the church must be fulfilled, before those concerning the world shall be accomplished; that the temperature of Christian piety has yet to be raised many degrees; that plans will be executed for the diffusion of the gospel, which have not yet been imagined; that efforts and sacrifices will yet be made on so gigantic a scale, as to throw the puny doings of the present day completely into the shade.

PART THE THIRD.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY EXPLAINED AND ENFORCED.

SECTION I.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY EXPLAINED.

To assert that the cause of Christian liberality exhibits no signs of improvement, would only evince insensibility to obvious facts, and ingratitude to the great Head of the church. Even the feeling which has called for "an essay, bearing upon selfishness as it leads to live to ourselves, and not unto God and our fellow-men," is to be viewed as an indication that many a Christian more than ever deplores that selfishness. While the ready assent which is generally accorded to every faithful appeal as to the necessity of in-

creased liberality to the cause of God; the growing conviction of the church, that, compared with what will be done, we are at present doing nothing; the approbation with which every new expedient for augmenting the funds of benevolence is hailed; the streams which appear in almost every new channel of mercy as soon as it is opened; and the increase of funds which our great benevolent institutions have almost annually to announce;—all concur to show, that the church is not only dissatisfied with its parsimony, but is gradually awaking to the claims of Christian liberality.

But pleasing as these circumstances are, it must be remembered that they are little more than indications of improvement. All the great defects in the charity of the Christian church remain with very slight modifications. It is still adapted to a former state of comparative inactivity, rather than to the present period of Christian enterprise. It waits for impulses and appeals. It wants calculation, proportion, and self-denial. It does not keep pace with the growing demands of the kingdom of Christ. It wants principle and plan. The great current of Christian property, is as yet undiverted from its worldly channel. The scanty rills of charity which at present water the garden of the Lord, and the ingenuity and effort employed to bring them there, compared with the almost undiminished tide of selfish expenditure which still holds on its original course, remind one of the slender rivulets which the inhabitants of the east raise from a river by mechanical force to irrigate their thirsty gardens; the mighty current, meanwhile, without exhibiting any sensible diminution of its waters, sweeping on in its ample and ancient bed to the ocean.

By unwearied diligence, the art of acquiring money has been well-nigh brought to perfection. Nor can we think of the thousand ways in which it is squandered and dissipated by artificial wants and worldly compliances, without deploring that the art of wasting it by the most expeditious methods should exhibit, as it does, the finish and completeness of a system. The art of using it, so as to make it produce the greatest measure of happiness, still remains to be practised. indeed, the gospel alone can teach, and has taught from the beginning. In the early age of the Christian church, the heavenly art of embalming property, and making it immortal, was not only known but practised: but, like the process of another embalming, it has now, for ages, been practically lost. Not that its principles have been unknown; these have always presented themselves on the page of truth, in lines of living light. But though benevolence has never been unknown as a theory, the perverting influence of a worldly spirit has been rendering it more and more impracticable as an art. So that now, when the obvious application of its principles is pointed out, and the necessity for carrying those principles into practice is daily becoming more urgent, we begin to be aware of the vast distance to which the church has been drifted from the course of its duty by the current of the world, and how difficult it will be to effect a return.

As an important preliminary to such a return, it should be our first concern to repair to the living oracles of God, and there, in an humble,

devotional spirit, to inquire his will on the subject. This, of itself, would be gaining an important step. It would be proclaiming a wide secession from the world; for, while the ungodly act and feel as if their property were absolutely and irresponsibly their own, we should be thus acknowledging that we hold our property from God. and that we feel ourselves bound to consult his will as to the manner of using it. The unreflecting Christian who is content with appearances and professions, no doubt imagines that this distinction between the church and the world exists already. Because he has heard, until the sound has become familiar, that all we have and are belongs to God, and has never heard the proposition contradicted, he fancies that, on this point, all is well. But it is precisely because Christians generally have practically repealed this principle, and trampled it under foot, that the spirit of benevolence has almost been lost from the church. While the practical recognition of this single principle, simple as it is, familiar and admitted as it is in words, would of itself produce an unimagined change in favour of evangelical charity. Geologists tell us that were the poles of the earth to be shifted but a few degrees, the ocean would rush towards the new equator, the most solid parts of the globe give way, and the earth assume an aspect entirely new. The solitary principle, that we hold our property as subordinate agents for God, were it only felt, embraced, allowed to have unobstructed operation in our practice, would, of itself, be sufficient to break up the present system of selfishness, and to give an entirely new aspect to the cause of benevolence.

Let the Christian reader, then, seek to have this principle wrought into his mind as an everpresent conviction. Let the recollection of his property, and the idea of God as its supreme Owner, stand together in his mind in close and constant union. Let him remember that the supreme Proprietorship of his property is in the hands of God as really as the salvation of his soul is; and that the will of God is law here, as much as in the more spiritual domain of faith. What would his conduct be, had he been left the executor of that property by an earthly friend? Would he not have been frequently recurring to the will of the testator, that he might not misapply the least fraction? His supreme Friend has given him the use of certain property, accompanying the grant with a specification of his will concerning its application. Nothing but an humble, grateful, obedient heart is necessary in studying that will, in order to find that it deseends to rules, limitations, and directions, of the most clear and minute description. And it is only by keeping these requirements constantly open before him, and returning to study them daily in that spirit, that the Christian can escape the danger of appropriating and misapplying that which belongs to his Lord and Master.

In the scheme of evangelical charity, the principle which actuates the giver is of paramount importance. "He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity." The gospel rejects alike the tax which is reluctantly paid by fear, the bribe which is given to silence importunity, the sacrifice which

is offered to a vain ostentation, and the price which is intended to purchase a place in the divine favour, or as a ground of justification before The only offering which it accepts is that which originates in a principle of love and obedience to Christ, and which hopes and asks for divine acceptance through him alone. the Christian to the cross, and there it aims to touch all that is tender and generous in his nature, while it says, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." And having made its appeal at the cross, having provided and plied him with the grand motive of redeeming love, it will accept nothing which overlooks the constraining influence of that principle.

Familiarity with large sums of money may lead a person to make benefactions as munificent as the heart of charity could wish. Animal generosity may act the donor with all the promptitude and easy grace of Charity herself. But "though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, ... have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." The absence of evangelical love is the want of the incense which alone could impart to the sacrifice a sweet-smelling savour unto God. And while its absence would reduce the collected gifts of a nation to penury itself, its presence imparts to a widow's mite a value which God appreciates, and by which heaven is enriched. It turns "a cup of cold water" into a sacramental symbol; for it is given "in remembrance of Christ." pended from the throne of heaven, it transmutes the least gift that may be hung on it into a jewel destined to augment the glory of Him on whose

head are "many crowns."

That which constitutes the superiority of evangelical piety, as a self-propagating and diffusive system, to every form of false and heterodox religion, is, that it has for its great actuating principle the love of Christ. This is "the seed in itself;" the leaven which shall never cease to ferment till it has leavened the entire mass of humanity. Hence, every thing which would obtain acceptance with God must exhibit marks of the assimilating and sanctifying power of this principle. Nay, every thing which would find favour in the eyes of the Christian himself, even his own acts and offerings of charity, must bear evident relation to Christ, or receive the condemnation of his own grateful heart. In the exercise of a holy jealousy for his blessed Lord, he is led to scrutinize his motives, to trace his benevolence to its source, to examine whether or not it took its rise at the cross; and, if it did not, he finds cause for penitence and humiliation before God. Thus, while also religion makes its almsdeeds a substitute for piety, the gospel heightens benevolence into one of the most spiritual and improving duties the Christian can perform. For, by imbuing his heart with the love of God, it enables him to taste the godlike enjoyment of doing good; and, by teaching him to refer all his acts of benevolence to Christ, to perform them as expressions of gratitude to him, to hope for their acceptance through him, and to pray that they may tend to his glory, it keeps him near to the cross, in an atmosphere of spiritual and elevated piety.

when once he has become native to that element, when the expansive, delightful, irresistible power of the Saviour's grace has become his ruling motive, he would feel an inferior principle to be little less than degradation and bondage. He accounts the costliest sacrifice he can offer as poor; resents the limits which a cold and calculating selfishness would impose on his offerings as chains and fetters; and if called to pour forth his blood as a libation on the altar of Christian sacrifice, he would feel that he had rendered an ample explanation of his conduct, by saying, with the apostle, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

In order that our benevolence may become a valuable habit, it must be provided with regular resources. Nothing good or great can be effected without plan. In their own worldly business, men perceive the importance of method; and, if they would render their liberality efficient, they must adopt a system for that also. On this subject the gospel itself prescribes,—"Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." "By which," saith Paley, "I understand St. Paul to recommend what is the very thing wanting with most men, the being charitable upon a plan; that is, upon a deliberate comparison of our fortunes with the reasonable expenses and expectations of our families, to compute what we can spare, and to lay by so much for charitable purposes.'

To take, indeed, a weekly account how God hath prospered us is not in all cases possible; but the spirit of the direction would be equally satisfied if, on taking the account at other stated times, we only lay by for God as he hath prospered us. Owing to the want of a plan like this, the cause of Christ is often an unwelcome and an unsuccessful applicant; selfishness, which has always the advantage of being able to be the first claimant, squanders in superfluities what conscience would have devoted to God; and many, it is to be feared, from not having wherewith to answer the calls and impulses of charity as they arose in the heart, have at length lost the very disposition to do good. While the advantages arising from the adoption of such an arrangement are numerous; we are under less temptation to withhold our charity; our duty is made more convenient by rendering it thus in easy instalments; our love to Christ is more gratified by being able to present him in the end with a larger offering; the hand of God is regularly recognised in our worldly affairs; his presence is invited, so to speak, in the very heart of our prosperity, whence the world is most anxious to exclude him, invited to audit the accounts of our gains; our offerings are presented with cheerfulness, because they come from a fund designed expressly to no other end than charity; and the cause of benevolence, no longer a dependent on precarious charity, is welcomed and honoured as an authorized claimant, a divine creditor, while what we retain for our own use is divinely blessed by the dedication of the rest to God.

Nothing that is good or great, we repeat, can be effected without plan. Business, to be successful, must be conducted on system; and why

should not the book which records the occasional and the regular contributions of charity be kept and inspected as carefully as the ledger of trade? Covetousness plans for selfish purposes; and why should not benevolence counter-plan, and organize its resources for objects of divine philan-Political economy plans for national purposes; and why should there not be an ecclesiastical economy to systematize the resources of that kingdom which is not of this world? desire not a revival of sumptuary laws to restrain extravagance in diet and dress, but a tax selflevied on all the luxuries and indulgences of life. We ask not for an inquisitorial Roman census, but for a conscientious assessment of all the property of the Christian church, so scrupulously made and regularly repeated, that, like that ancient republic, we may have accurate returns from time to time of all the statistics of the Christian empire, and may know our resources for war with the kingdom of darkness.

But what proportion of our income ought we to devote to charitable uses? If Christian love be permitted to answer this question, and assign the amount, there is no reason to fear a too scanty allowance. On the other hand, if selfishness be suffered to decide, there is ground to fear that even an inspired reply, could such be obtained, would be heard only to be overruled. Besides which, the gospel of Christ, in harmony with its great design of establishing a reign of love, leaves its followers to assess themselves. It puts into their hands, indeed, a claim upon their property, but leaves the question how much? to be determined by themselves. In assisting them to fill up the blank with the proper assessment, the only step which it takes is to point them to the cross of Christ; and, while their eye is fixed there in admiring love, to say, "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?" "Freely ye have received, freely give."

It must be quite unnecessary to remind the Christian that a principle of justice to man must be laid as the basis of all our calculations on this subject. "For I the Lord love judgment, I hate robbery for burnt-offering." To present him with that which his own laws of justice would assign to another, is to overlook the claims of even ordinary honesty, and to make him the Patron of unrighteousness. But while the worldling looks on justice as the only claimant on his property, and concludes that when that is satisfied, he may warrantably sacrifice the whole remainder to himself, the Christian views it only as a preparation

for sacrificing to God.

It is observable that Abraham and Jacob, on particular occasions, voluntarily devoted to God—what afterwards became a divine law for the Jewish nation—a tenth of their property. Without implying that their example has any obligation on us, we may venture to say that one tenth of our whole income is an approved proportion for charity, for those who, with so doing, are able to support themselves and families. For the more opulent, and especially for those who have no families, a larger proportion would be equally easy. For some, one half would be too little; while, for others, a twentieth, or even a fiftieth, would require the nicest frugality and care. In-

deed, of many among the poor it may be said, that if they give any thing they give their share, they cast in more than all their brethren.

But in determining the proportion to be made sacred to God, the Christian would surely rather exceed than fall short of the exact amount. With whom is he stipulating? For whom is he preparing the offering? Well may the recollection put every covetous thought to instant flight; tinging his cheek with shame at the bare possibility of ingratitude; and impelling him to lay his all at the feet of Christ. Only let him think of the great love wherewith Christ hath loved him, only let him pass by the cross on his way to the altar of oblation, and his richest offering will appear totally unworthy of divine acceptance. When Christ is the object to be honoured, the affection of the pardoned penitent cannot stop to calculate the value of the alabaster box of precious ointment-that is an act to which only a Judas can stoop—its chief and sole regret is that the unction has not a richer perfume, and a higher When a Zaccheus finds himself standing, a sinner saved by grace, in the presence of the Being who has saved him, he exclaims, "Behold, Lord. the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have wronged any man by false accu-sation, I restore unto him four-fold." Covetousness, a moment before, was enthroned in his heart; but now it is beneath his feet. A moment ago, wealth was his idol; but now its only value consists in furnishing him with an offering of love to Christ. What things were gain to him, those he counted loss for Christ.

neither will it permit the poorest to come before him empty. It was one of the divine enactments even of the legal dispensation,—None shall come before me empty. But that which was matter of law with the Israelite, the Christian will seize as a golden opportunity for evincing his love to Christ; and will bring, though it be only a grain of incense for an offering, or a leaf for that wreath of praise and honour which the church delights to lay at the feet of Christ. Whatever Scripture example others may profess to copy, he will select the example of the benevolent widow; and, while others content themselves with only admiring it, he will often reflect on its imitableness. Nor will the language of the apostle be ever heard by him but as an address to himself,-"Let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.' "These hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have showed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." Agreeably with these sentiments, the man who, at one time, imagined that his poverty quite exempted him from the obligations of charity, and only rendered him

an *object* of it, is no sooner made the partaker of grace, than he feels himself impelled to place some

offering on the altar of Christian benevolence;

and, with the ready eye and hand of affection, he

soon detects, for this end, some small superfluity which can be retrenched, or some leisure time

And as the great principle of love to Christ will

not allow the more opulent to give scantily, so

which can be profitably employed. And when his mite-like offering, the fruit of hard self-denial, or of the sweat of his brow, is presented, nothing could inflict on his grateful heart a deeper wound than to see that offering rejected on the ground of its comparative insignificance, or of his supposed inability to give it. It is the offering of a sinner's gratitude to a Saviour's love, and Heaven rejoices over the oblation.

A well-digested scheme of charity will be considerate in the selection of its *objects*. The benevolence which has not prudence for its almoner, may create the evils which it meant to destroy.

If there be any danger in this respect, in the present day, it does not lie so much in the choice of wrong objects, as in the neglect of some right The principles of benevolent institutions are now so well understood; every new candidate for patronage is so open to inspection; and the streams of charity so steadily watched from their rise to the point of their destination; that there is little more than the bare possibility of any benevolent institution existing long in a state of abuse, or so as to generate more evil than good. Whatever danger now exists, arises from the rapid multiplication of new objects, and the consequent liability of the old ones to desertion; and still more, perhaps, from the liability of those minor objects which relate exclusively to the bodily welfare of man, being eclipsed by the surpassing grandeur and magnitude of such as relate to the infinite and the eternal.

If, fifty years ago, a patron of the benevolent institutions of that day could have been foretold of the number, the magnitude, and the revenues, of the great evangelical societies which at present adorn our land, he might surely have been excused for fearing that the objects of his regard would in consequence be displaced and forgotten. But the event has shown that his fears would have been unfounded. Experience demonstrates that the heart which responds to the cries of a world perishing through lack of knowledge, is the heart which most readily thrills at the cry of bodily want; that those who care most for the souls of the heathen, are among the most active agents of patriotic and local charities; that genuine Christian charity, while it leaves no object unattempted on account of its vastness, overlooks none on account of its minuteness. Copying, in this respect, the example of Him who in his way to the cross to save a world, often stood still to give health to the sick, and to wipe away the tears of the mourner; sowing, at each step, the seeds of those various institutions of mercy which are still springing up in his church; and who, while suspended on the cross in the crisis of human redemption, still thought of his filial relation, and tenderly provided for a mother's comfort.

But the limited resources of the Christian philanthropist, compared with the number and diversity of the objects soliciting his aid, render selection indispensably necessary. On the one hand, he must not confine his regards to objects purely religious, though of the loftiest and most comprehensive order, to the neglect of that charity which draws out its soul to the hungry, and which visits the fatherless and widow in their affliction; and, on the other, he must not limit his atten-

tions to the wants of the life that now is, and remain an uninterested spectator of the efforts which are made around him to save a world from perdition. The two classes of objects should be combined in his regards. By descending to the one class, he will be keeping his benevolent feelings in a healthy, active, vigorous state; and by ascending to the other, he will be giving them scope and expansion, diffusing and multiplying them over the whole field of mercy. By a wise distribution of his means he may connect himself with all the objects of beneficence, from the casual relief of the mendicant, to the combined, systematic, and mighty project of the Christian church to make the Bible the book of the world. And as he marks the graduated scale of Christian charities which stands between these two extremes, he will conscientiously consider which are the charities that call for his especial aid, and the proportion of support which each demands.

But who does not feel that the era of effective Christian benevolence has yet to commence? Let him sketch the most simple scheme of benevolence which the gospel can approve, and he will perceive at every step that he is writing the condemnation of the church. Compared with the time, indeed, when next to nothing was contributed to the cause of Christ, we may now be said to give much; but compared with what ought to be, and with what we are persuaded will be, consecrated to God, we are still contributing next to nothing. The sentiment of the church on the subject of property is as yet very little elevated worldly. above that of the world; deep-rooted, worldly, notions have yet to be eradicated; and the right use of wealth in its relation to the cause of Christ to be taught and enforced as an essential branch of Christian practice. The great lesson taught by our Lord's voluntary selection of a state of poverty is yet to be fully understood; the evident application of many plain passages of Scripture to be made; doctrines startling to selfishness to become familiar and welcome; sentiments already familiar to be enlarged and practically applied; the word benevolence itself to be differently understood; the demon of covetousness to be cast out of the church; and the whole economy of benevolence to be revised.

And who, with the word of God in his hand, but must feel that an era of enlarged Christian liberality is hastening on? Prophecy is full of it. As often almost as she opens her lips on the subject of Messiah's reign, the consecration of the world's wealth forms part of her song. "To him shall be given of the gold of Sheba." "The merchandise of Tyre shall be holiness to the Lord; it shall not be treasured nor laid up." "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God." "Kings shall bring presents unto him;" "they shall bring gold and incense;" and into his kingdom "they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations." Wealth, which for so many ages had robbed him of his glory, and which in so many idolatrous forms had been erected in his stead, shall be brought to his altar, and employed as the fuel of a sacrifice in which

the heart shall ascend as incense before him. will then be felt that the highest use to which wealth can be applied is to employ it for God; that this is the only way to dignify that which is intrinsically mean; to turn that which is perishing into unfading crowns and imperishable wealth. As if the image and superscription of Christ instead of Cæsar—as if the hallowed impress of the cross itself were visible on all the currency of earth, his people shall look on all their wealth as the property of Christ, and be constantly meditating the means of employing it most advantageously for his glory. In wedding his church, it shall then be felt that he wedded her wealth also; and, bringing it forth, and placing it at his feet as a part of her poor unworthy dowry, she shall wish that for his sake it had been ten thousand times ten thousand more.

Now, the only distinction is between him that gives a little and him that gives nothing; then, a new classification will have obtained. will be no one in the church who gives nothing; his place will be occupied by him who only gives little-by which will be meant him who, whatever the amount of his gift may be, gives only from his superfluity; while the honourable title of the benevolent will be reserved for such only as deny themselves in order that they may give the more. Self-denial, if not synonymous with benevolence, will then be considered an essential part of it. He who gives nothing will be looked on as an avowed enemy to the cause of Christ; he who only gives a little from his superfluity will be considered covetous; and he only who adds to his superfluity the precious savings of self-denial besides, will be honoured as truly charitable.

The Christian will then look on himself in the light of a channel between God and his fellowcreatures-a channel prepared expressly for receiving and conveying the overflowings of the Fountain of goodness to those around him; and accordingly he will be "ready to distribute, willing to communicate." Not content with the slender supplies of his own property, he will seek to excite the liberality of others; to become their almoner; to swell the streams of his own charity by the contributions of others. And thus he will at once be the means of keeping the benevolence of his brethren in activity, of bringing greater glory to God, and of doing greater good to the world.

The Christian parent will not then be content with teaching his children the art of getting money most easily and respectably, or of spending it most advantageously to themselves; he will train them to habits of benevolence; impress them early with "the value of money" for the cause of Christ; show them that in its subserviency to that cause consists its chief value; that they should labour with their hands rather than be destitute of the means of giving. He will make it an indispensable object of their education to render them proficients in the art of employing their substance to the glory of God.

As far as his means enable him, he will pray only to give, and give only to pray. His every prayer will contain a petition for a more abundant outpouring of the spirit of Christian liberality and dedication; and the very feeling which impelled him to utter the petition, shall impel him when he arises from his knees to devise liberal And then, having gratified the divine impulse to the utmost extent of his means, he will hasten to unload his grateful heart before God, and to say, "Who am I, that I should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee." Nay, could he command and set in motion all the benevolent agencies in the universe, the same godlike motive which led him to do so would then impel him to the throne of God to obtain his efficacious blessing upon the whole. Having put all human agency in requisition, he would labour and wrestle in prayer to engage the infinite love

and power of God.

He will receive every accredited applicant for the cause of Christ, as a messenger deputed from Christ himself. And, as if his blessed Lord were standing before him, and saying, "I am hungry, will you not feed me? I am thirsty, will you not give me drink? I am a stranger, will you not take me in? My cause is languishing for want of support, will you not aid it?"—He will hasten to bring forth his all, and say, "O Lord my God, all this store cometh of thine hand, and is all thine own." In doing this, indeed, he would only be copying the example of the benevolent widow; but though that example received the sanction of Christ, and as such was intended to be more than admired by his church, yet who could imitate it at present without incurring, not from the world only, but from the great majority of Christian professors also, the blame of great improvidence? But then, her conduct shall be regarded as exemplary; and the Saviour himself will undertake the defence of her imitators, and say, "They loved much, for they have much forgiven."

Now, the Christian professor too commonly allows his regular contribution to check his liberality, to prevent his giving more than the stipulated sum, though there are times when his benevolent impulses would prompt him to exceed that sum; then, he will regard his subscription only as a pledge that he will not give less, but as leaving his liberality open to all the impulses of an unrestricted benevolence. Now, he is too often disposed to shun the applications for charity, and, if he is overlooked and passed by, to view it as a fortunate escape; but then he will do good as he hath opportunity-creating the opportunity which he cannot find already made to his hands. Now, his ability exceeds his inclination; but then his inclination will be greater than his ability; like the Macedonian Christians of whom the apostle testifies, "I bear them record that to their power, yea, and beyond their power, they were willing of themselves." Instead of being charitable only on comparative distraint, he will often anticipate application, and surprise the agents of beneficence by unexpected gifts; thus strengthening their faith in God, and inciting them to enlarge their designs for the kingdom of Christ: like the same believers of whom the apostle records, that, instead of needing to be solicited, they entreated him to accept their contributions-" praying us with much entreaty to accept the gift." Like the happy parent of a happy family, he will hail every new-born claim on his resources, and cheerfully deny himself in order to support it. And, instead of giving as he now does, as scantily as if he only aimed to keep the Christian cause from famishing, he will then act on the persuasion that his own enjoyment is identified with its growth and prosperity.

And let it not be supposed that during that happy period it will be necessary to the support of the Christian interest that its friends should live in a state of comfortless self-denial. The prevalence of the benevolent spirit will render this superfluous. When the thousand drains of self-ishness are cut off, the cause of Christ will easily find an abundance from his friends, and will leave an abundance to them all. When every man brings his all to Christ, every man will be able to take away with him again an ample supply for his most comfortable subsistence. When every fresh convert to Christ becomes a willing supporter of his interest, the accession of numbers will increase its supplies more rapidly than its wants.

Oh, happy period! Holiness to the Lord shall be written not only on common things, but on those which men have been accustomed most jealously to withhold from God, and to consider their own. Even the mines of the earth shall, in a sense, be ceded to Christ; "the God of the whole earth shall he be called;" and "every one shall submit themselves unto him with pieces of silver." He shall be considered the wise man, not who keeps most, but who gives most to God; and the happiness of bestowing, shall be rated above the pleasure of acquiring. Happy period! when men, instead of making gold their god, shall make God their gold: and when the principles of benevolence shall be looked on as a science taught from heaven, the practice of which is necessary to conduct them to heaven. The living law of benevolence written in the heart will operate more powerfully than all the sumptuary laws which were ever enacted to restrain the extravagance of society. The cause of Christ will be viewed as the only safe repository of wealth; as the great INTEREST in which the affluent will invest their abundance, and in which the poor will deposit their mite, assured that it will thus augment to a treasure exceeding their powers of computation. And wealth, the pernicious influence of which some of the wisest of men have feared so much that they have prohibited the use of it by law,—wealth, the great embroiler and corrupter of the world, will be employed as one of the leading means of restoring mankind to union and happiness; and thus Christ will triumph over the enemy in its own home, and with its own weapons.

SECTION II.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY ENFORCED.

And why should the delightful period to which we have adverted, when the gospel theory of Christian benevolence shall be realized, be deemed remote? The duties of that period are the duties of every period; and, therefore, of the

The obligations which will be binding present. then, are binding at this moment. No new incitements to benevolence will be furnished from The great considerations with which heaven. the gospel has long since made us familiar, are the identical motives which will then reign and triumph. Remote, therefore, as that era may be to the eye of the indolent and the selfish, the consistent believer will not think of waiting for its arrival before he begins its duties; he will feel that those duties are all present and urgent. May a review of the tender and weighty considerations by which they are enforced, fill him with generous and grateful purposes such as he neverfelt before; and may God the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of love and grace, condescend to breathe on him the breath of a new life, that he may henceforth live only to carry those purposes into effect to the glory of Christ his Redeemer!

In every question of duty, your first inquiry, Christian reader, will naturally respect the will

In every question of duty, your first inquiry, Christian reader, will naturally respect the will of God. Before listening to any other consideration, you will lift up an imploring eye, and say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Now there is no subject on which God has more clearly or fully revealed his will than on the duty

of Christian liberality.

Think of the right which he has in all you possess. There is a sense in which no man can be said to possess an exclusive and irresponsible right in property, even in relation to his fellowcreatures. The land which he calls his own, is still guarded and watched over by a public law which would hold him responsible for its destruction. But if man thus claims a common interest in the most independent description of property, how much more does God hold a right in your possessions? He created them at first; and hence he has an original and supreme property in them. The world is his, and the fulness thereof. He continues them in existence every moment; and is thus every moment asserting afresh his original right, and establishing a new title to dominion over them. You have not brought into existence a single mite: all that you have done is to collect together what he had made ready to your hands. And whence did you derive the skill and ability to do this? "Thou must remember the Lord thy God, for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth." Hence he cautions you against the sin of "saying in your heart, My power, and the might of mine own hand, hath gotten me this wealth," lest you should fall into the consequent sin of forgetting that he is still the supreme Proprietor of all you possess. And hence too he solemnly reminds you that your enjoyments are his gifts, only in the sense that you had nothing wherewith to purchase them, and not in the sense that he has given away his right in them: that they are deposited with you as his steward, not alienated from him and vested in you as their master; that both they and you are his, to do with as seemeth good in his sight.

The moment you lose sight, therefore, of his absolute right to all you possess, you are embezzling your Lord's property, and realizing the character of the unjust steward. You are provoking God to resume his own, and to transfer it to more faithful hands. Whereas he looks to

you to assert his dominion in the midst of an ungrateful and rebellious world. The purpose for which he created you at first, and for which he has created you anew in Christ Jesus, is, that you might show forth his praise before a world labouring to forget him; that while they are sullenly and impiously appropriating every thing to themselves, as if he had ceased to reign and even to exist, you might continually consecrate and offer up your substance before their eyes as an oblation to his glory, and thus daily vindicate his claims, as the fire perpetually burning upon the Jewish altar protested daily against the idolatry of the world, and proclaimed the one living and true God. And will you not do this? Surely you will not go over and join the party you are intended to condemn. Surely you will not betray your Lord, and enable his enemies to triumph. Then hasten to his throne and acknowledge his right. Take all that you have to his presence, and dedicate it afresh to his service. Inscribe his blessed name on all your possessions.

Think of the great goodness you enjoy at his hands. His tender mercies are over all his works; but how many of those mercies has he caused to meet upon your head! "He daily loadeth you with his benefits;" and will you bear them all away from his presence to consume them upon yourself? will you distribute none of the precious load among the numerous applicants he has placed around you? "He crowneth thee with his loving-kindness and tender mercies;" and wearing the crown of his royal favour, his sovereign love, will you confine its light to yourself? will you not proclaim the honour and royalty of your descent by humbly imitating his regal munifi-cence and grace? He has placed you in a world of which his own description is, that it is full of his goodness-the treasury of the material universe. Men have filled it with sin; but he notwithstanding keeps it filled with his goodness. The overflowing fulness of the ocean—the amplitude of the all-encompassing air—the unconfined plenitude of the light—all conspire to attest the infinite exuberance of his bounty, and to surcharge your heart with corresponding sentiments of goodness. To be selfish in such a world is one of the greatest triumphs of sin. Covetousness cannot move in it without being rebuked at every step. Had your life been spent till to-day in the solitude and darkness of a dungeon, and had you now just come forth into the open theatre of the vast creation, and awoke for the first time to the full consciousness of all this infinite goodness, would not your heart enlarge and expand with all warm and generous emotions? Could you speedily indulge in selfishness in a world which you found supported by charity? and by charity so abundant that the divine Donor seems to have aimed to make the sin impossible? His rain would surely baptize you with the spirit of love: his sun would melt you into kindness. This is why he sheds them both upon the just and the unjust. And will you not aspire to be like him? Will you not become the servant of his love to his creatures? Can you live day after day in this region of his goodness-can you have the ennobling conception of his goodness occupying your mind year after year-can you actually call yourself a son of this good and gracious God, an heir of his infinite goodness, and yet retain a narrow, selfish, and contracted mind? The Lord Jesus himself calls on you to be merciful even as

your Father in heaven is merciful.

But hitherto we have been standing only on the threshold of the temple of his goodness. great display, the "unspeakable gift" remains within. Your misery as a sinner had excited his compassion; your guilt demanded a sacrifice; your spiritual destitution had nothing to offer. Approach the altar of sacrifice; and behold the substitute which his grace provides. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." "Herein is love!" The universe is crowded with proofs of his beneficence; but here is a proof which outweighs them all. How much he loved us we can never compute; we have no line with which to fathom, no standard with which to compare it, but he so loved us that he sent his only begotten Son to be the propitiation for our sins. "Herein is love!" "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

And while you are standing in the presence of this matchless display of love, "what doth the Lord require of thee?" For yourself, he invites you to accept that love and be happy. And in relation to your fellow-men, he only requires that the stream of gratitude which his great love has drawn from your heart should be poured into that channel in which the tide of mercy is rolling through the world, and bearing blessings to the nations. He who for your sake gave his Son, asks you for his sake to give of your worldly substance to the cause of human hap-He asks you, Christian, to cast in your mite into that treasury into which he hath given his Son, and poured all the blessings of his grace.

Nor is this all: he invites you to advance from the altar of sacrifice to the holiest of all within the veil;—in other words, he hath given you Christ that he may give you himself. It was by wandering from him that man first became selfish and unhappy. It was by losing him that man was reduced to the necessity of looking for happiness in the creature. And, because no single kind of created good can satisfy the soul, man sought to accumulate all kinds, to monopolise every thing-he became selfish. He is disposed to look on every thing which another enjoys, as so much loss to himself; as so much taken away from what might otherwise have fallen to his own share; and thus he is selfish. But the blessed God, by offering to bring you back again to himself, is offering to make you independent of all inferior things; to put you in possession of a good which shall enable you to look down with disdain on those things about which others are selfish; to lead you to an infinite good; a good, therefore, about which you need not be selfish, for were all the universe to share and enjoy it with you, it would still be an unexhausted, infinite fulness of happiness.

Now let the most miserly individual come suddenly into the possession of great wealth, he would be conscious, at least for a short time, of kind and generous emotions. What then should be your emotions at discovering that, through Christ, you have found a God? And think,

what a God he is? Enumerate his perfections; call up in your mind his exalted attributes; recollect some of the displays of his glory, the splendours of his throne, the amplitude of his dominions, the angelic orders of his kingdom, the richness of his gifts, the untouched ocean of happiness yet in reserve for his people-and when your mind is filled, repeat to yourself the wondrous truth, "This God is my God for ever and ever." And, then, think what it is to have him for your God: it is to have a real participating, eternal interest in all that he is; to have him for your "all in all;" to be "filled with all the fulness of God."

Christian, are you aware of your wealth? have you yet awoke to a conscious possession of your infinite wealth? and is it possible that you can still cleave to the poor and perishing dross of earth? What, shall the accession of infinite wealth make no difference in your conduct? Will you be as covetous with a God as without? Do you not feel, rather, that you could give away the world itself as a trifle, while you stand and gaze at these infinite riches? All who have truly and fully returned to God have felt thus. They lost their selfishness. They gazed on this glory, and the world was eclipsed; they thought of it, and their hearts became too large for earth; they reached after it, and the world fell from their hands, from their hearts. Having found the true source of happiness, they would fain have had all mankind to come and share it with them. And when he commanded them to call the world to come to him and be happy, they gave away every thing, even life itself, in the noble employ, and from love to his name.

The obligations which his love has laid you under are as great as theirs. But how much less, is it to be feared, have you felt them. And yet they felt them less than their magnitude would have warranted. For when their emancipated spirits had ascended from the scene of martyrdom to heaven-when they there awoke to a clear perception of the hell they had escaped, and the glories they had reached-even he among them who on earth had been most alive to a sense of his obligations, would feel as if he then felt them for the first time. And is all that weight of obligation at this moment resting upon you? Oh, where are the numbers which shall compute it? What is the period long enough to recount it? "What can you render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" What sacrifices can you devise costly enough to express your sense of them? Christian, could you have supposed that your property would be accepted as one of those sacrifices? Had he not condescended to invite the offering, could you have imagined that any amount, or any employment, of earthly wealth, would have been accepted by him? It is one of the lowest expressions of love you can give; yet he accepts even that. Though there is no proportion whatever between the debt you owe him, and all the wealth of the world, he yet condescends to regard the smallest fraction of that wealth as an expression of your love to his name. Let this, then, dignify wealth in your eyes: value it henceforth on this account, that the Lord will accept it at your hands as an offering of love. Rejoice that

you have found out an oblation which he will accept short of the sacrifice of your life. Be thankful, though you may have but little with which to present him. Practise self-denial, that you may make that little more. Seek out the right objects for it, the objects which you deem to be the dearest in his sight. Give to them all you can; for could you give ten thousand times more, your obligations would go on increasing infinitely faster than your gifts. They are multiplying on you even while you are in the act of giving. Give under a grateful sense of your obligations; and you will feel that giving itself is a benefit; that it is an act in which you receive

more than you render.

But to increase your incentives to charity, your heavenly Father has laid on you his divine commands. He charges it upon you that you "do good unto all men;" that you "put on bowels of mercy;" that you "abound" in the grace of "liberality;" that you "be ready to distribute, willing to communicate." And in saying this, he is only commanding you to be happy, and to communicate happiness. He has often represented charity in his word as equivalent with relative righteousness; by which he would intimate that it is a principal part of such righteousness. Where the second table of the law is abridged, and its duties summed up in a few words, charity is not only never omitted, but always takes the lead. In all general descriptions of piety, the practice of this duty is specified as a chief element. It is declared to be the most acceptable expression of our love to God. The choicest blessings, blessedness itself, the essence of all blessings combined, is promised to it. And in the last great day, when the Son of man shall sit in judgment on the world, the presence or absence of Christian benevolence is described by our Lord as determining the destinies of men. Now these are only so many methods by which God would render the expression of his will the more emphatical, and urge us to obey it.

In consecrating your substance to him, then, you will be not only gratifying your sense of obligation, you will feel also that you are obeying the will of your God on a subject on which he is most earnest and express. And what should furnish a stronger impulse, or yield you higher delight, than this? In heaven, his will is the only motive to obedience which is necessary. will you not rejoice in an occasion which joins you with angels in "doing his commandments?" Hasten, then, to take your offering before him; he is waiting the presentation of your gift. The hand of his holy law is laid upon a portion of your property: surely you will not think of taking any of that portion away; rather, add to it: let him see that your love is not so easily satisfied as his law; that your gratitude goes beyond his command; that were it possible for his law to be repealed, the love which you bear to his blessed name would still be a law constantly demanding fresh sacrifices for his altar.

In its inculcations of beneficence, the Bible appeals to a principle of well-regulated self-in-terest. Instead of taking it for granted that we should be enamoured of duty for its own sake alone, our heavenly Father evinces the kindest

consideration of our fallen condition, by accompanying his commands with appropriate promises and blessings. He graciously allures us to cultivate the tree of Christian charity, by engaging that all its fruit shall be our own. "He who soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." "God is not unrighteous, to forget your work and labour of love.

The most marked interpositions and signal blessings even of earthly prosperity have attended the practice of Christian liberality in every age. Volumes might easily be filled with well-attested instances of the remarkable manner in which God has honoured and rewarded those who in faith and obedience have devoted their property to him. Alas! that the Christian church should feel so little interest in recording such instances to the glory of its Lord! that we should be so slow of heart to believe them when they are recorded!—for what do they prove, but only that God is not unrighteous to forget his promises? —and that his people should give him so little opportunity of illustrating his paternal character by trusting their temporal affairs more completely to his hands.

Spiritual prosperity is inseparable from Christian liberality. For "God loveth a cheerful giver: and God is able to make all grace abound towards you: that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good As often as you practise this duty in an evangelical spirit, you must be conscious that the best part of your sanctified nature is called into exercise; your heart is partially discharged of its remaining selfishness; your mind is braced more for Christian activity; your sympathy causes you to feel afresh your alliance with man; your beneficence enables you to rejoice in your union of spirit with Christ, and adds a new bond to that power of affection which binds you to his cause. And while other duties bring you nearer to Christ, this may be said at once to place you by his side, and to exalt you into a real though humble imitator of his divine benevolence.

The Christian, moreover, is assured that the property which he devotes to God is so much treasure laid up in heaven, so much seed destined to fructify into a harvest of eternal enjoyment. Christian, would you render your property secure? Place it in the hand of omnipotent Faithfulness. Retain it in your own possession, and it is the proper emblem of uncertainty; but devote it to God, and from that moment it is stamped with his immutability, his Providence becomes your estate, and his word your unfailing security. Would you enjoy your substance? "Give alms of such things as ye have; and, behold, all things are clean unto you." The oblation of your firstfruits unto God will cleanse, and sanctify, and impart a superior relish to all you possess. Like the first Christians, you will then eat your meat with gladness and singleness of heart. Would you increase your property? "Honour the Lord with thy substance, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." "For this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto." Sow your sub-

stance, then, as seed in the hand of Christ, that hand which fed the multitude with a morsel, and which multiplies whatever it touches with its own infinite bounty. Would you grow in grace? in love and likeness to Christ? Would you increase with all the increase of God? and abound in the fruits of the Spirit? "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." Would you be rich for eternity? Would you cultivate "fruit that may abound to your account" in the invisible world? Invest your property in the cause of Christ; and he engages to requite you,-not, indeed, as of debt; this the magnitude of the requital shows, but of his own exuberant munificence,-he promises to repay you a hundred-fold in the present life, and in the world to come, life everlasting. As much of your property as you have already devoted to him, however humbly you may think of it, is regarded and watched over by him as "a good foundation laid up against the time to come, that you may lay hold on eternal life." And all that you may hereafter cast into his treasury, shall certainly precede your arrival in heaven, and there be converted for you into incorruptible treasures "to the praise of the glory of his grace.'

Is the welfare of your posterity an object? The parent who makes this an excuse for robbing the cause of God of its due is defrauding his offspring of God's blessing, entailing on them the divine displeasure, leaving them heirs of the punishment which his own robbery of God has deserved. This is improvidence of the most awful kind. But let your regard for their wants be combined with a proportionate regard for the claims of benevolence, and you will be demising to your offspring that rich, that inexhaustible inheritance, the inheritance of God's blessing. Providence will look on them as its own wards; will care for them as its own children.

Do you desire to be remembered, to enjoy lasting fame? "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." "The memory of the just is blessed." And here, by the righteous and the just is to be understood especially the bountiful. His memory is followed with commendations into the presence of God. His character is embalmed in its own piety. His name passes with commendation through the lips of God, and that gives it immortality. His benevolence resulted from the grace of God; and, as such, the honour of God is concerned in making his memory immortal.

Would you acquire a right in your property? a right which shall justify you in calling it your own? By withholding it from God, you are forfeiting all interest in it, and laying yourself open to the charge of embezzlement and fraud. But by devoting it to his service, you would be acquiring an everlasting interest in it; for you would never cease to enjoy the good resulting from its divine employment. Hence the solution of the epitaph of a charitable man, "What I retained I have lost, what I gave away remains with me."

By the practice of Christian liberality, the glory of God and the credit of religion are promoted; and what object should be of more precious and abiding concern to the believer than this? "The administration of this service not only supplieth the want of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God; while by the experiment of this ministration they glorify God for your professed subjection unto the gospel of Christ, and for your liberal distribution unto them and to all men." The new-born liberality of the first Christians for the support of their needy brethren threw the church into a holy transport of delight. It was bringing the benevolent power of Christianity to the test; and, as a masterpiece of human mechanism, when tried and found to exceed expectation, fills the beholders with delight—the result of "the experi-ment of this ministration" was such as to call forth songs of exultation to the glory of God. It displayed the gospel in a new aspect, brought to light its benevolent energies, showed them that much as they knew of its virtues, it contained hidden excellences which it would require time and circumstances to evolve and display; it filled the church with a chorus of praise to the glory of God.

For what but his grace could produce such liberality? It was supernatural; the apostle, therefore, emphatically denominates it the grace of God. So spontaneous and munificent was it, that it resembled the gifts of his grace. So purely did it result from love to the brethren, from the overflowings of tender compassion for their wants, that it was truly godlike. So unparalleled and unworldly an act was it, that the grace of God alone could produce it. It was grace from the Fountain, flowing forth in streams of liberality through the channels of his people. As if it were the noblest form that the love of God could take in his people, he confers on it this crowning title, the grace of God. And, in-deed, it would be easy to show that there is scarcely any duty so purely the result of grace as genuine Christian liberality; that the practice of it on any thing like the primitive scale, requires more grace, and exercises and illustrates a greater number of the principles of piety, than almost any other duty. The church cannot witness it without being strongly reminded of her high descent, her unearthly character; without falling down afresh before the throne of Him whose constraining love thus triumphs over the selfishness of humanity. The world cannot witness it without feeling its own selfishness condemned. without secretly bowing to the divinity of religion.

Christian, would you enjoy the most endearing evidences of your heavenly Father's love? Place your property at his disposal, and daily trust him for daily provision. If his character be paternal, your character should be filial; and the leading feature of that is unlimited dependence. Would you honour him in his church? Copy the example of "the churches of Macedonia" in their abundant liberality; and you will provoke some of your fellow-Christians to emulation, and send others with grateful hearts into the presence of God, and assist in enlarging the sphere of evangelical labour, and raise the standard of Christian piety, and cause the church of Christ to resound with the high praises of his constraining love. And would you glorify God before the world? Let the light of your Christian liberality shine before men. Not only practise the duty, but practise it on such a scale as shall proclaim to them the

existence of a superintending Providence, and convince them of your reliance on its care. Devise liberal things for the cause of God, and you will thus be asserting the quarrel of your heavenly Father with an unbelieving world; vindicating and attesting the faithfulness of his word, the watchfulness of his love, and the benevolent power of his holy gospel. Withdraw your trust from those goods in which the ungodly confide, resign them to God, and thus you will be affording him an occasion for displaying his paternal love. He charges you to be careful for nothing, that he may evince his carefulness of you

Of the poor it is said, that he who oppresseth them reproacheth his Maker ;-charges God with injustice for permitting them to be poor, and for devolving their maintenance on him; insults God in the person of the poor, by refusing to charge himself with the care of them, though sent to him with promises direct from God. And thus, though God meant to employ the rich as his agents for the poor, to bind them to each other by the constant interchange of gratitude and benevolence, and to illustrate and honour his providential government, the selfishness of man frustrates his plans, and turns his honour into a reproach. In a very similar manner, he has devolved the Christian interest on his people, and the world is watching their conduct in relation to it. If they treat it as a burden, God will deem himself reproached; but let them meet its demands, and enrich it with their liberality, and the power of his gospel and the wisdom of his arrangements will be seen, the world will render him the homage of its silent admiration, and his church will triumph in every place.

The great gospel argument for Christian liberality is the divine example of the Redeemer's love. "Hereby perceive we his love,"—as if every other display of love were eclipsed by the effulgence of this; as if all possible illustrations of love were summed up in this,—"Hereby perceive we his love, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." "But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" How can the love of Christ inhabit that bosom, which is a stranger to sympathy for his people? Ill indeed does he pretend readiness to die for Christ, who will not give a little money towards the support of his cause and people.

When the apostle Paul would enjoin the Philippians to "look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others," he points them to the "mind which was also in Christ Jesus: who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." He does not content himself with merely stating the fact of our Lord's condescension and death; but, as if he loved to linger on the subject, he traces it from stage to stage; as if the immensity of the stoop which Christ made were

too great to be comprehended at once, he divides it into parts, and follows him downwards from point to point till he has reached the lowest depth of his humiliation. As if he felt convinced that the amazing spectacle, if duly considered, could not fail to annihilate selfishness in every other heart, as it had in his own, the only anxiety he evinces is that it should be seen, be vividly presented before the eye of the mind. Having carried our thoughts up to that infinite height where Christ had been from eternity in the bosom of the Father, he shows us the Son of God divesting himself of his glory; and then, he detains our eye in a prolonged gaze on his descending course; condescending to be born; voluntarily subjecting himself to all the humbling conditions of our nature; taking on himself the responsibilities of a servant; still humbling himself, still passing from one depth of ignominy to a lower still; becoming obedient unto death; and that death the most humbling, the most replete with agony and shame, the death of the cross.

Christian, can you ever contemplate this wonderful exhibition without renewed emotions of love? without feeling afresh that you are not your own? And say, ought such grace in Christ, to be requited with parsimony in his followers? Ought such a Master to be served by grudging and covetous servants? Ought such a Saviour to have to complain that those who have been redeemed, and who know they have been redeemed, not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with his own most precious blood, are so much attached to that corruptible wealth, that they will not part with it though urged by the claims of that most precious blood? Oh, shame to humanity! Oh, reproach to the Christian name! Be concerned, Christian, to wipe off the foul stain. Bring forth your substance, and spread it before him. you to give up all to him, would it be very reprehensible, or very unaccountable, considering that he gave up all for you! At least, economize for Retrench, retrench your expenditure, that you may be able to increase your liberality. Deny, deny yourself for his cause, as you value consistency, as you profess to be a follower of him, "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree."

In his second epistle to the Corinthians, we find the apostle enforcing the practice of Christian liberality; and various and cogent are the motives which he adduces to excite their benevolence. But we might rest assured that it would not be long before he introduced the motive of our Lord's example. The love of Christ was the actuating principle of his own conduct; it influenced him more than all other motives combined. If ever his ardour in the path of duty flagged for a mo-ment, he glanced at the cross, thought of the great love wherewith Christ had loved him, and instantly girded on his zeal afresh. In addressing others, therefore, he never failed to introduce this motive, he relied on it as his main strength, he brought it to bear upon them in all its subduing and constraining force.

And how tender, how pointed, how melting the appeal which he makes! "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye

through his poverty might be rich." You know the height from which he stooped. You know the depth of humiliation to which he descended; that he found no resting-place between his throne and the cross. You know for whom he did this; for his enemies, his destroyers. You know that he did this voluntarily, that he was under no necessary obligation to endure it; that his own love was the only obligation; that he welcomed each indignity, invited each pang, made them a part of his plan of condescension. You know how earnestly he prosecuted the work of our salvation; that in every step we took he was only gratifying the compassionate yearnings of his own heart; that he assumed life for the express purpose of laying it down: and though he saw as from a height the whole array of duty and trial which awaited him, the only emotions which he evinced at the sight were a self-consuming ardour to reach the cross which stood at the end of his path, a holy impatience to be baptized with that baptism of blood. You know the object for which he did it all-for your salvation; that he might pour his fulness into your emptiness, his riches into your poverty; that he might raise you to heaven, and share with you the glories of his own throne.

You know this; not, indeed, in the sense of comprehending it; that is impossible, for it is a love which passeth such knowledge. But you know it by report; you have heard of it. It is the theme of the universe. Heaven resounds with it; the church on earth is full of it; the eternal Father commands it to be published throughout the world. And so amazing is it, that the bare announcement of it should be sufficient to transform selfishness itself into disinterested love. But you know it experimentally. You can look back on a time when you were in a state of alienation from God bordering on perdition; you have been plucked as a brand from the burning; and now you are looking forwards to eternal life with Christ in heaven; and you know that you owe your deliverance, and all your hopes, to the grace of Christ. You know what he endured for your redemption, that he loved you, "and gave himself for you," and will you withhold from him any thing in your possession? Can you believe that he died for you? that, in dying, he wore your name upon his breast? that his heart cherished the thought of your happiness? that he made himself poor to enrich you? and will you not freely contribute of your worldly substance to diffuse the knowledge of his grace?

Did he employ his heavenly powers solely for your salvation, lay himself out for your happiness? Yes, saith he, "For their sakes I sanctify myself. I set myself apart, I appropriate all I have and am to the work of their salvation." And he did so. When did he ever go about but to do good? When did he ever open his hand but to bless? or weep, but in sympathy with human woe? What object did he ever pursue but that of benevolence? imparting life to the dying, pardon to the guilty, purity to the depraved, blessings to all around him. "Let the same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." He was the author of riches, and the heir of all things; but all he possessed he gave for your salvation, and all that you possess you should

employ for his glory. You enjoy a portion of this world's goods; consider the use which he would have made of it, and copy his divine example.

Did he not only employ his heavenly powers, but actually deny himself, suffer, die for your happiness? He pleased not himself. He endured the cross, despising the shame. He poured out his soul unto death. Himself he would not save. He would not come down from the cross. how did he for a season annihilate himself! How did he take our place, take our curse, and endure it all! That was compassion. That was looking on the things of others. That was benevolence, -disinterested, unparalleled, matchless benevolence. Let this mind be in you. Never can you hope to equal it, for it is infinite—the grace of a God. But so much the greater your obligation

to approach it as nearly as you can.

Christian, you know his grace, you feel it. How much owest thou unto thy Lord? Do you ever attempt to compute the mighty sum? Endeavour to realize the idea; and if then you feel any reluctance to consecrate your substance to him, it can only be on the ground of its utter insignificance. But he asks for it as an expression of your love-yes, he asks for it. He comes to you every time an appeal is made to your Christian liberality, and, as he turns on you a look of benignity and love, he inquires, "Lovest thou me?" And as he points to that portion of your property which ought to be devoted to his cause, he asks you again, "Lovest thou me more than this?" If so—devote it to my cause, consecrate it to my service. And he saith unto you the third time, "Lovest thou me?" If so-"feed my lambs, feed my sheep;" support my poor; aid my interest in the world; encourage every effort made to bring home my wandering sheep; think of the millions of them that are perishing, millions for whom I died; shall my love be defrauded of them? shall I not behold in them the travail of my soul and be satisfied? By the love you bear to me, and by the infinitely greater love I bear to you, imitate my love; and you know the extent of that, "you know the grace of your Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, for your sake he became poor, that you through his poverty might be rich.

Oh, Christian, study your obligations at the foot of the cross. If you would imbibe the disinterested and self-sacrificing benevolence of your blessed Lord, take your station daily at the cross. Never till you do this, will you feel the claims which he has upon you. But when you there see the great love wherewith he hath loved you, we will defy you to be covetous, inactive, selfish in his cause. You cannot fail to love him; that love cannot fail to constrain you; and constrained by that, you will be turned into a pains-taking, selfdenying, devoted servant of Christ; to whom he will say daily, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" till the day when he will sum up all his grace by adding, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,"

If you are truly a Christian, you have felt that you are not your own, that you are bought with a price; in other words, you see so clearly, and feel so strongly, that you owe yourself to Christ, that you have gone to his feet and im-

plored his acceptance of your soul. But the dedication of yourself includes the surrender of

your property.

It is related in Roman history, that when the people of Collatia stipulated about their surrender to the authority and protection of Rome, the question asked was, "Do you deliver up your-selves, the Collatine people, your city, your fields, your water, your bounds, your temples, your utensils, all things that are yours, both human and divine, into the hands of the people of Rome?" And on their replying, "We deliver up all,"—they were received. The voluntary surrender which you, Christian, have made to Christ, though not so detailed and specific as this formula, is equally comprehensive. And do you not account those your best moments when you feel constrained to lament that your surrender comprehends no more? Can you recall to mind the way in which he has redeemed you, the misery from which he has snatched you, and the blessedness to which he is conducting you, without feeling that he has bought you a thousand times over? that you are his by the tenderest, weightiest obligations? and when you feel thus, how utterly impossible would it be for you at such a moment to stipulate for an exception in favour of your property!-to harbour a mental reservation in favour of that?

Can you think of the blessedness attending the act itself of dedication to God,-that you are wedding yourself to infinite riches, uniting yourself to infinite beauty, allying yourself to infinite excellence; giving yourself to God, and receiving God in return, so that henceforth all his infinite resources, his providence, his Son, his Spirit, his heaven, He himself, all become yours, to the utmost degree in which you can enjoy them,-can you think of this without often repeating the act? without feeling that, had you all the excellences of a myriad of angels, his love would deserve the eternal devotion of the whole? Realize to your own mind the nature of Christian dedication, and the claims of Him who calls for it, and so far from giving penuriously to his cause, you will take every increase of your substance into his presence and devote it to his praise; you will regard every appeal which is made to your Christian benevolence as an appeal to that solemn treaty which made you his, and you will honour it accordingly; you will deeply feel the penury of all riches as an expression of your love to him; Lebanon would not be sufficient to burn, or the beasts thereof an offering large enough, to satisfy

the cravings of your love.

Think, moreover, of the high design for which God condescends to accept your surrender. Not that you may live to yourself, but entirely to him. Having disposed and enabled you to give yourself to him, he would then baptize you in the element of divine love and give you to the world.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son" to redeem it. The object, indeed, for which he was given was, like himself, infinite; an object which never can be shared, and which never need be repeated. But the office to which God designates every man from the moment of his conversion is meant to be a new donation to the world. The relation in which he places him

to the world is meant to be a fresh expression of the same infinite love which prompted him to give Christ; it is to be viewed as nothing less than a symbolical representation to the world of that unspeakable gift. He is not that gift, but is sent to bear witness of that gift; not merely to announce it with his lips, but to describe and commemorate its fulness and freeness in his own character. Like his blessed Lord, he is to look upon himself as dedicated to the cause of human

happiness, dedicated from eternity.

Christian, you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,-might the world infer the existence of his grace from your conduct? Is your benevolence worthy of him who "though he was rich, for your sake became poor?" He turned himself into a fountain of grace and love, and called you to be a Christian that you might be a consecrated channel of his grace to others. He requires all the benevolent agency of heaven and earth to be put into motion, in order to do justice to the purposes of his love; and he has called you into his service in order to increase that Surely you are not, by the love of money, frustrating that design. As well for the perishing world had he never died for its salva-tion, if his appointed and consecrated agents neglect to make him known. Surely you are not, by living only to yourself, by wasting your property on yourself as fast as he gives it to you, leaving the world to infer that his character bore any resemblance to yours; and leaving it, besides, to perish under your eye because an effort to save it would incur expense. You have not, you cannot, have so learned Christ. But what then are you giving? more than the heathen to his idol-god? more than the votary of a corrupted Christianity to the object of his superstitious regard? or more than the irreligious worldling devotes to pleasure and self-indulgence? "What do ye more than others?"

Consider also the happy influence which a spirit of Christian liberality would have on your own enjoyment. By taking from the flesh the means of self-indulgence, it would be exalting the spirit. It would be enlarging your heart, and ennobling your character, and identifying you with all things good, and glorious, and happy in the universe. Much as it might benefit the cause of God, it would still more minister to the welfare

and happiness of your own soul.

Devise liberal things, and by liberal things you shall stand. Taste the luxury of doing good, and you will regret that you began so late. Select for imitation the loftiest examples—the few distinguished names whose praise is in all the churches—and you will be conscious of a delight which an angel might be grateful to share. Good himself is the happiest being because he is the most benevolent, and you would then in the most exalted sense be holding fellowship with him; you would understand experimentally the saying of our Lord Jesus Christ, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" you would make all the beneficence of the world your own by the complacency with which you would behold it exercised and enjoyed.

But the motives to Christian charity are endless. The state of the world requires it. How vast its multitudes; how urgent and awful their condition; how brief the hour for benefiting them; how mighty the interest pending on that hour! Look where you will, your eye will encounter signals to be active; myriads of objects, in imploring or commanding attitudes, urging you to come to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord, to the help

of the Lord against the mighty.

The church calls for it. It has many an agent of mercy to send forth, if you will but aid to furnish the means. It has many a generous purpose in its heart, many a long-cherished and magnanimous project ready to leap to its lips, if your liberality should encourage it to speak. It burns with a holy impatience to reap the vast harvest of the heathen world which Providence seems to have prepared and to be keeping for its sickle,-will you not aid to send forth more labourers into the harvest? It has been slumbering at its post for ages; it is now awaking to an alarmed consciousness of its neglected responsibilities, and, as it counts up its long arrears of duty, it hastens to atone for the past by instituting one society, and adopting one remedy, after another, and sending its agents to plead for help from its members in the name of Christ,-and will you not help it in its straits? A proportion of its guilt is lying upon you,-will you not aid it to retrieve the past? and assist it to recover and present to the world its primitive aspect of love and zeal?

The Christians of apostolic times call for it. Benevolence was their characteristic. A selfish Christian was a contradiction of which they were happily ignorant. For such an anomaly their church had provided no place; they would have cast him forth from among them as a disgrace. They had the grand secret of giving up all for Christ, and yet accounting themselves rich; the art of taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods; the principle of finding their happiness in living to God, in spending and being spent in his service. It would have been difficult to convince them that they were in danger of giving too freely to the cause of Christ; that they were denying themselves in giving so much to him instead of consuming it on their own lusts, when they felt they were gratifying themselves by so doing. It would have been difficult to convince them that their interest was distinct from the interest of Christ; or that they had any occasion for tears while his kingdom was prospering, or any reason to exult in their own secular prosperity if it did not subserve the advancement of They could not be depressed; for his cause. their Lord had arisen, and was reigning on the throne of heaven. At that thought, they not only rejoiced themselves, they called on the universe to rejoice with them; for they saw, in his exaltation, the pledge of the world's salvation, and of an eternity of happiness with him in heaven. What, to them, were a few intervening days of trial and pain? They thought not of such things! What to them was a question of property, whether much or little? Not worth the price of a thought. If they had it, they gave it to that service to which they had given themselves. If they had it not, they did not for a moment speak of it as a want; or think of asking the cause of the world's salvation to stand still, while they were engaged in a scramble with the world to obtain it. The vision of heaven was in their eye; and, until they reached it, their Lord had engaged to provide for all their wants, and had engaged to do this solely that they might give their undivided attention to his ser-Of doubts and fears about their personal interest in his love, they appear to have known nothing; that is a disease peculiar to the morbid and selfish piety of modern days. The element of activity and benevolence in which they lived, secured them against such a malady, and produced a race of Christians, vigorous, holy, and happy.

And is it from such, Christian, that you profess to have descended? do you claim relationship to them? profess to represent them? Bending from their seats of blessedness above, they urge, they beseech you, to cast off the worldly spirit in which you have hitherto indulged, and to take up their fallen mantle. They entreat you no longer to disgrace their name, nor the infinitely dearer name of Christ; to renounce it at once as the greatest homage you can pay to it, or else to follow them as far as they followed Christ. They all expect this from you; they will demand it at your hands when you meet them at the bar of God.

The promises and prospects of prophecy invite it. Muse on the prophetic paintings of the latter day glory, that day without a cloud ;-the enemies of man subdued, the disorders of the world hushed, all its great miseries passed away. Christ on his throne; in the midst of a redeemed, sanctified, happy creation. All things sacred to his name; all tongues rehearsing for the last great chorus of the universe; all hearts united in holy love, and in that love offering themselves up as one everlasting sacrifice ascending before him in its own flames; new heavens, and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. And is it possible that your agency can contribute to accelerate that blessed period? These glimpses of its glory are afforded you expressly to engage your agency in its behalf. Not only is your instrumentality desirable, there is a sense in which it is indispensable. All things are waiting for it. All things are ready but the church of Christ; and until its prayers, its wealth, all its energies and resources, are laid at the feet of Christ, all things must continue to wait.

Oh, then, by the mercies of God, by the riches of his goodness towards you in nature, providence, and grace; by the sacredness of the commands which he has laid upon you; by a legitimate regard for your own well-being; and by the credit of that religion whose honour should be dearer to you than life, we beseech you, Christian, to dedicate your property to God. By the love of Christ; by the compassion which brought him from the bosom of the Father; by his painful self-denial and deep humiliation; by his obedience unto death, even the death of the cross; oh, by that mystery of love which led him to become poor that he might make you eternally rich, ask yourself, while standing at the

cross, "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?' and give accordingly. By the tender and melting considerations which led you at first to surrender yourself to his claims; by the benevolent purposes which God had in view in calling you to a knowledge of himself; and by the deep and holy pleasure to be found in imitating his divine beneficence, look on your property as the Lord's, and give it freely to his glory. By the cries of the world perishing in ignorance of Christ; by the carnest entreaties of the church yearning to save it from destruction, but wanting your aid; as you profess to admire the unparalleled benevolence of the first Christians, and to be actuated by the same principles; and as you hope to behold the consummation of your Saviour's glory in the salvation of the world, we entreat, we adjure you to look on your property as given you by God to be employed in his service, and from this day to employ it accordingly. He who gave his only-begotten Son for your salvation,he who redeemed you from the curse of the law by being made a curse for you,-he who has breathed into you the breath of a new life, and is preparing you for heaven,-the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, unite, in urging you to bring forth your property, and to lay it upon the altar of Christian sacrifice.

And, now, Christian, what shall be the practical effect of the truths which have been made to pass before you? Allow me, in conclusion, to suggest what it ought to be: and may God the Holy Spirit give you grace to carry it into practice.

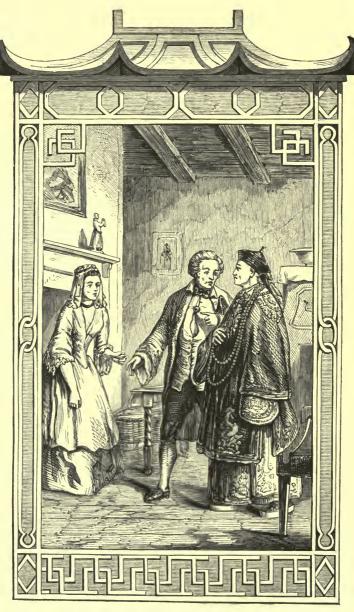
Have you, while reading the preceding pages, felt a single emotion of benevolence warm and expand your heart? Instantly gratify it. Let it not pass from you in an empty wish; but immediately bring forth something to be appropriated to his glory.

Is your benevolence destitute of plan? Then, unless you can gainsay what we have advanced on the necessity of system, lose no time in devising one.

Are you a stranger to self-denial in the cause of charity? Then, remember that benevolence, with you, has yet to be begun; for, on Christian principles, there is no benevolence without selfdenial.

Here, then, is an object to take you at once to the throne of grace. Oh, Christian, let it lead you to pour out your soul in prayer before God. Confess that selfishness by which you have hitherto absorbed so much of that property in worldly indulgences, which ought to have been spent in his service. Ask him for the grace of selfdenial; that your offerings may henceforth bear a proportion to the magnitude of his claims. Beseech him to pour out his Holy Spirit upon you and upon all his people, as a spirit of Chris-tian liberality, that "Holiness to the Lord" may soon be inscribed on all the property of his church. "He who soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he who soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. And God loveth a cheerful giver."





THE VISIT TO MR. TIBBS.

LETTERS

FROM

A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.



THE FUGITIVE'S STORY.—Letter lx.

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LETTERS

FROM

A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

LETTER I.

To Mr. ****, Merchant in London.

Sin. Amsterdam.

Yours of the 13th instant, covering two bills, one on Messrs. R. and D. value 4781.10s., and the other on Mr. ****, value 2851., duly came to hand, the former of which met with honour, but the other has been trifled with, and, I am afraid, will

be returned protested.

The bearer of this is my friend, therefore let him be yours. He is a native of Honan in China, and one who did me signal services when he was a mandarin, and I a factor at Canton. By frequently conversing with the English there, he has learned the language, though he is entirely a stranger to their manners and customs. I am told he is a philosopher: I am sure he is an honest man; that to you will be his best recommendation, next to the consideration of his being the friend of, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

From Lien Chi Altangi to ****, Merchant in Amsterdam

FRIEND OF MY HEART, London

May the wings of peace rest upon thy dwelling; and the shield of conscience preserve thee from vice and misery! For all thy favours accept my gratitude and esteem, the only tributes a poor philosophic wanderer can return. Sure, Fortune is resolved to make me unhappy, when she gives others a power of testifying their friendship by actions, and leaves me only words to express the sincerity of mine.

I am perfectly sensible of the delicacy with which you endeavour to lessen your own merit and my obligations. By calling your late instances of friendship only a return for former favours, you would induce me to impute to your justice what I owe to your generosity.

what I owe to your generosity.

The services I did you at Canton, justice, humanity, and my office bade me perform; those you have done me since my arrival at Amsterdam, no laws obliged you to, no justice required; even

half your favours would have been greater than

my most sanguine expectations.

The sum of money, therefore, which you privately conveyed into my baggage, when I was leaving Holland, and which I was ignorant of till my arrival in London, I must beg leave to return. You have been bred a merchant, and I a scholar; you consequently love money better than I. You can find pleasure in superfluity; and I am perfectly content with what is sufficient; take therefore what is yours—it may give you some pleasure, even though you have no occasion to use it: my happiness it cannot improve, for I have already all that I want.

My passage by sea from Rotterdam to England was more painful to me than all the journeys I ever made on land. I have traversed the immeasurable wilds of Mogul Tartary; felt all the rigours of Siberian skies: I have had my repose a hundred times disturbed by invading savages, and have seen, without shrinking, the desert sands rise like a troubled ocean all around me; against these calamities I was armed with resolution; but in my passage to England, though nothing occurred that gave the mariners any uneasiness, to one who was never at sea before all was a subject of astonishment and terror. To find the land disappear, to see our ship mount the waves swift as an arrow from the Tartar bow, to hear the wind howling through the cordage, to feel a sickness which depresses even the spirits of the brave; these were unexpected distresses, and consequently assaulted me unprepared to receive them.

You men of Europe think nothing of a voyage by sea. With us of China, a man who has been from sight of land is regarded upon his return with admiration. I have known some provinces where there is not even a name for the ocean. What a strange people therefore am I got amongst, who have founded an empire on this unstable element, who build cities upon billows that rise higher than the mountains of Tipartala, and make the deep more formidable than the wildest tempest!

Such accounts as these, I must confess, were my first motives for seeing England. These induced me to undertake a journey of seven hundred painful days, in order to examine its opulence,

buildings, sciences, arts, and manufactures, on the spot. Judge then my disappointment on entering London, to see no signs of that opulence so much talked of abroad: wherever I turn, I am presented with a gloomy solemnity in the houses, the streets, and the inhabitants; none of that beautiful gilding which makes a principal ornament in Chinese architecture. The streets of Nankin are sometimes strewed with gold leaf; very different are those of London: in the midst of their pavements a great lazy puddle moves muddily along; heavyladen machines, with wheels of unwieldy thickness, crowd up every passage; so that a stranger, instead of finding time for observation, is often happy if he has time to escape from being crushed to pieces.

The houses borrow very few ornaments from

architecture; their chief decoration seems to be a paltry piece of painting, hung out at their doors or windows, at once a proof of their indigence or vanity: their vanity, in each having one of those pictures exposed to public view; and their indi-gence, in being unable to get them better painted. In this respect, the fancy of their painters is also deplorable. Could you believe it? I have seen five black lions and three blue boars in less than the circuit of half a mile; and yet you know that animals of these colours are nowhere to be found, except in the wild imaginations of Europe.

From these circumstances in their buildings, and from the dismal looks of the inhabitants, am induced to conclude that the nation is actually poor; and that, like the Persians, they make a splendid figure everywhere but at home. The proverb of Xixofou is, that a man's riches may be seen in his eyes: if we judge of the English by this rule, there is not a poorer nation under

the sun.

I have been here but two days, so will not be hasty in my decisions; such letters as I shall write to Fipsihi in Moscow I beg you'll endeavour to forward with all diligence; I shall send them open, in order that you may take copies or translations, as you are equally versed in the Dutch and Chinese languages. Dear friend, think of my absence with regret, as I sincerely regret yours; even while I write, I lament our separation. Farewell.

LETTER III.

From LIEN CHI ALTANGI, to the care of Fipsihi, resident in Moscow; to be forwarded by the Russian caravan to Fum Hoam, first president of the ceremonial Academy at Pekin in China,

THINK not, O thou guide of my youth, that absence can impair my respect, or interposing trackless deserts blot your reverend figure from my memory. The farther I travel I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country, and you, are still unbroken. By every remove, I only drag a greater length of chain 1.

Could I find aught worth transmitting from so remote a region as this to which I have wandered,

I should gladly send it; but instead of this, you must be contented with a renewal of my former professions, and an imperfect account of a people with whom I am as yet but superficially acquainted. The remarks of a man who has been but three days in the country can only be those obvious circumstances which force themselves upon the imagination: I consider myself here as a newlycreated being introduced into a new world; every object strikes with wonder and surprise. The imagination, still unsated, seems the only active principle of the mind. The most trifling occurrences give pleasure, till the gloss of novelty is worn away. When I have ceased to wonder, I may possibly grow wise; I may then call the reasoning principle to my aid, and compare those objects with each other which were before examined without reflection.

Behold me then in London, gazing at the strangers, and they at me: it seems they find somewhat absurd in my figure; and had I never been from home, it is possible I might find an infinite fund of ridicule in theirs; but by long travelling I am taught to laugh at folly alone, and to find nothing truly ridiculous but villany and

When I had just quitted my native country, and crossed the Chinese wall, I fancied every deviation from the customs and manners of China was a departing from nature: I smiled at the blue lips and red foreheads of the Tonguese; and could hardly contain when I saw the Daures dress their heads with horns. The Ostiacs, powdered with red earth, and the Calmuck beauties, tricked out in all the finery of sheep-skin, appeared highly ridiculous; but I soon perceived that the ridicule lay not in them, but in me; that I falsely condemned others for absurdity, because they happened to differ from a standard originally founded in prejudice or partiality.

I find no pleasure therefore in taxing the English with departing from nature in their external appearance, which is all I yet know of their character; it is possible they only endeavour to improve her simple plan, since every extravagance in dress proceeds from a desire of becoming more beautiful than nature made us; and this is so harmless a vanity, that I not only pardon, but approve it: a desire to be more excellent than others is what actually makes us so; and as thousands find a livelihood in society by such appetites, none but

the ignorant inveigh against them.

You are not insensible, most reverend Fum Hoam, what numberless trades, even among the Chinese, subsist by the harmless pride of each other. Your nose-borers, feet-swathers, toothstainers, eyebrow-pluckers, would all want bread, should their neighbours want vanity. These vanities, however, employ much fewer hands in China than in England; and a fine gentleman or a fine lady here, dressed up to the fashion, seems scarcely to have a single limb that does not suffer some distortions from art.

To make a fine gentleman, several trades are required, but chiefly a barber: you have undoubtedly heard of the Jewish champion, whose strength lay in his hair: one would think that the English were for placing all wisdom there: to appear wise, nothing more is requisite here than for a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his

¹ We find a repetition of this beautiful and affecting image in the Traveller:

[&]quot; And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

neighbours, and clap it like a bush on his own: the distributors of law and physic stick on such quantities, that it is almost impossible, even in idea, to distinguish between the head and the hair. Those whom I have been now describing affect the gravity of the lion: those I am going to describe more resemble the pert vivacity of smaller animals. The barber, who is still master of the ceremonies, cuts their hair close to the crown; and then, with a composition of meal and hog'slard, plasters the whole in such a manner as to make it impossible to distinguish whether the patient wears a cap or a plaister; but, to make the picture more perfectly striking, conceive the tail of some beast, a grey-hound's tail, or a pig's tail, for instance, appended to the back of the head, and reaching down to that place where tails in other animals are generally seen to begin: thus betailed and bepowdered, the man of taste fancies he improves in beauty, dresses up his hard-featured face in smiles, and attempts to look hideously tender. Thus equipped, he is qualified to make love, and hopes for success more from the powder on the outside of his head than the sentiments within.

Yet when I consider what sort of a creature the fine lady is to whom he is supposed to pay his addresses, it is not strange to find him thus equipped in order to please. She is herself every whit as fond of powder, and tails, and hog's-lard, as he: to speak my secret sentiments, most reverend Fum, the ladies here are horribly ugly; I can hardly endure the sight of them: they no way resemble the beauties of China; the Europeans have a quite different idea of beauty from us; when I reflect on the small-footed perfections of an Eastern beauty, how is it possible I should have eyes for a woman whose feet are ten inches long? I shall never forget the beauties of my native city of Nanfew. How very broad their faces! how very short their noses! how very little their eyes! how very thin their lips! how very black their teeth! the snow on the tops of Bao is not fairer than their cheeks; and their eyebrows are small as the line by the pencil of Quamsi. Here a lady with such perfections would be frightful: Dutch and Chinese beauties indeed have some resemblance, but English women are entirely different; red cheeks, big eyes, and teeth of a most odious whiteness, are not only seen here, but wished for; and then they have such masculine feet, as actually serve some for walking.

Yet uncivil as nature has been, they seem resolved to outdo her in unkindness: they use white powder, blue powder, and black powder, for their hair, and a red powder for the face on some particular occasions.

They like to have the face of various colours, as among the Tartars of Koreki, frequently sticking on with spittle little black patches on every part of it, except on the tip of tre nose, which I have never seen with a patch. You'll have a better idea of their manner of placing these spots, when I have finished a map of an English face patched up to the fashion, which shall shortly be sent to increase your curious collection of paintings, medals, and monsters.

But what surprises more than all the rest is what I have just now been credibly informed by one of this country. "Most ladies here," says he, "have two faces; one face to sleep in, and another to show in company: the first is generally reserved for the husband and family at home; the other, put on to please strangers abroad: the family face is often indifferent enough, but the out-door one looks something better; this is always made at the toilet, where the looking-glass and toad-eater sit in council, and settle the complexion of the day."

I can't ascertain the truth of this remark; however, it is actually certain, that they wear more clothes within doors than without; and I have seen a lady who seemed to shudder at a breeze in her own apartment, appear half naked

in the streets. Farewell.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

The English seem as silent as the Japanese, yet vainer than the inhabitants of Siam. Upon my arrival I attributed that reserve to modesty, which I now find has its origin in pride. Condescend to address them first, and you are sure of their acquaintance; stoop to flattery, and you conciliate their friendship and esteem. They bear hunger, cold, fatigue, and all the miseries of life without shrinking; danger only calls forth their fortitude; they even exult in calamity; but contempt is what they cannot bear. An Englishman fears contempt more than death; he often flies to death as a refuge from its pressure; and dies when he fancies the world has ceased to esteem him.

Pride seems the source not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. Englishman is taught to love his king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact. He despises those nations who, that one may be free, are all content to be slaves; who first lift a tyrant into terror, and then shrink under his power as if delegated from Heaven. Liberty is echoed in all their assemblies; and thousands might be found ready to offer up their lives for the sound, though perhaps not one of all the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty even in the mouth of the great emperor who traces his ancestry to the moon.

A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons, I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burthen, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each scemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. "For my part," cries the prisoner, "the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom: if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us; it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves

would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer." "Ay, slaves," cries the porter, "they are all slaves, fit only to carry burthens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison, (and he held the goblet in his hand,) may this be my poison—but I

would sooner list for a soldier."

The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe fervently cried out, "It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change: ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames, (such was the solemnity of his adjuration,) if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone." So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.

In short, every man here pretends to be a politician; even the fair sex are sometimes found to mix the severity of national altercation with the blandishments of love, and often become conquerors by more weapone of destruction than their cases.

by more weapons of destruction than their eyes. This universal passion for politics is gratified by daily gazettes, as with us at China. But as in ours the emperor endeavours to instruct his people, in theirs the people endeavour to instruct the administration. You must not, however, imagine that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics or the government of a state; they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee-house; which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming-table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his information from the great man's gentleman, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding.

The English in general seem fonder of gaining the esteem than the love of those they converse with: this gives a formality to their amusements; their gayest conversations have something too wise for innocent relaxation; though in company you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, you are seldom lifted into rapture by those strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanerically the strokes of vivacity which give instant when the strokes of vivacity which give instant which is the strokes of vivacity when the strokes of vivacity which give instant when the strokes of vivacity which is the strokes of vivacity which give instant when the strokes of vivacity which is the strokes of vivacity which is the strokes of vivacity which give instant when the strokes of vivacity which is th

nent pleasure.

What they want, however, in gaiety, they make up in politeness. You smile at hearing me praise the English for their politeness; you who have heard very different accounts from the missionaries at Pekin, who have seen such a different behaviour in their merchants and seamen at home. But I must still repeat it, the English seem more polite than any of their neighbours; their great art in this respect lies in endeavouring, while they oblige, to lessen the force of the favour. Other countries are fond of obliging a stranger; but seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation. The English confer their kindness with an appearance of indifference, and give away benefits with an air as if they despised them.

Walking a few days ago between an English and a French man into the suburbs of the city, we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. I was unprepared; but they had each large coats, which defended them from what seemed to be a perfect inundation. The Englishman seeing me shrink from the weather, accosted me thus: "Psha, man, what dost shrink at? here, take this coat; I don't want it; I find it no way useful to me; I had as

lief be without it." The Frenchman began to show his politeness in turn. "My dear friend," cries he, "why won't you oblige me by making use of my coat? you see how well it defends me from the rain; I should not choose to part with it to others, but to such a friend as you I could even part with my skin to do him service."

From such minute instances as these, most reverend Fum Hoam, I am sensible your sagacity will collect instruction. The volume of Nature is the book of knowledge; and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selection.

Farewell.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

I have already informed you of the singular passion of this nation for politics. An Englishman not satisfied with finding, by his own prosperity, the contending powers of Europe properly balanced, desires also to know the precise value of every weight in either scale. To gratify this curiosity, a leaf of political instruction is served up every morning with tea: when our politician has feasted upon this, he repairs to a coffee-house, in order to ruminate upon what he has read, and increase his collection; from thence he proceeds to the ordinary, inquires what news, and, treasuring up every acquisition there, hunts about all the evening in quest of more, and carefully adds it to the rest. Thus at night he retires home, full of the important advices of the day. When, lo! awaking next morning, he finds the instructions of yesterday a collection of absurdity or palpable falsehood. This one would think a mortifying repulse in the pursuit of wisdom; yet our politician, no way discouraged, hunts on, in order to collect fresh materials, and in order to be again disappointed.

I have often admired the commercial spirit which prevails over Europe; have been surprised to see them carry on a traffic with productions that an Asiatic stranger would deem entirely useless. It is a proverb in China, that a European suffers not even his spittle to be lost: the maxim, however, is not sufficiently strong; since they sell even their lies to great advantage. Every nation drives a considerable trade in this commodity with

their neighbours.

An English dealer in this way, for instance, has only to ascend to his workhouse, and manufacture a turbulent speech, averred to be spoken in the senate; or a report supposed to be dropped at court; a piece of scandal that strikes at a popular mandarin; or a secret treaty between two neighbouring powers. When finished, these goods are baled up, and consigned to a factor abroad, who sends in return two battles, three sieges, and a shrewd letter filled with dashes——, blanks ——, and stars ****** of great importance.

Thus you perceive that a single gazette is the joint manufacture of Europe; and he who would peruse it with a philosophical eye might perceive in every paragraph something characteristic of the nation to which it belongs. A map does not exhibit a more distinct view of the boundaries and situation of every country, than its news does a picture of the genius and the morals of its inhabitants. The superstition and erroneous delicacy of Italy,

the formality of Spain, the cruelty of Portugal, the fears of Austria, the confidence of Prussia, the levity of France, the avarice of Holland, the pride of England, the absurdity of Ireland, and the national partiality of Scotland, are all con-

spicuous in every page.

But, perhaps, you may find more satisfaction in a real newspaper, than in my description of one: I therefore send a specimen, which may serve to exhibit the manner of their being written, and distinguish the characters of the various nations

which are united in its composition.

Naples. We have lately dug up here a curious Etruscan monument, broken in two in the raising. The characters are scarce visible; but Lugosi, the learned antiquary, supposes it to have been erected in honour of Picus, a Latin king, as one of the lines will be plainly distinguished to begin with a P. It is hoped this discovery will produce something valuable, as the literati of our twelve academies are deeply engaged in the disqui-

Pisa. Since Father Fudgi, prior of St. Gilbert's, has gone to reside at Rome, no miracles have been performed at the shrine of St. Gilbert; the devout begin to grow uneasy, and some begin actually to fear that St. Gilbert has forsaken them

with the reverend father.

Lucca. The administrators of our serene republic have frequent conferences upon the part they shall take in the present commotions of Europe. Some are for sending a body of their troops, consisting of one company of foot and six horsemen, to make a diversion in favour of the empress-queen; others are as strenuous assertors of the Prussian interest: what turn these debates may take, time only can discover. However, certain it is, we shall be able to bring into the field, at the opening of the next campaign, seventyfive armed men, a commander-in-chief, and two drummers of great experience.

Spain. Yesterday the new king showed himself to his subjects, and after having stayed half an hour in his balcony, retired to the royal apartment. The night concluded on this extraordinary occasion with illuminations and other demonstrations

of joy.

The queen is more beautiful than the rising sun,

the first wits in Europe: she had a glorious opportunity of displaying the readiness of her invention, and her skill in repartee, lately at court. The duke of Lerma, coming up to her with a low bow and a smile, and presenting a nosegay set with diamonds, "Madam," cries he, "I am your most obedient humble servant." "Oh, sir," replies the queen, without any prompter, or the least hesitation, "I am very proud of the very great honour you do me." Upon which she made a low curtsey, and all the courtiers fell a laughing at the readiness and the smartness of her

Lisbon. Yesterday we had an auto de fe, at which were burned three young women accused of heresy, one of them of exquisite beauty; two Jews, and an old woman convicted of being a witch: one of the friars, who attended this last, reports that he saw the devil fly out of her at the stake in the shape of a flame of fire. The populace behaved on this occasion with great good-humour, joy, and

sincere devotion.

Our merciful severeign has been for some time past recovered of his fright: though so atrocious an attempt deserved to exterminate half the nation, yet he has been graciously pleased to spare the lives of his subjects; and not above five hundred have been broken upon the wheel, or otherwise executed, upon this horrid occasion.

Vienna. We have received certain advices that a party of twenty thousand Austrians, having attacked a much superior body of Prussians, put them all to flight, and took the rest prisoners of

Berlin. We have received certain advices that a party of twenty thousand Prussians, having attacked a much superior body of Austrians, put them to flight, and took a great number of prisoners, with their military chest, cannon, and baggage.

Though we have not succeeded this campaign to our wishes, yet when we think of him who commands us, we rest in security; while we sleep,

our king is watchful for our safety.

Paris. We shall soon strike a signal blow. We have seventeen flat-bottomed boats at Havre. The people are in excellent spirits, and our ministers make no difficulty in raising the supplies.

We are all undone; the people are discontented to the last degree; the ministers are obliged to have recourse to the most rigoreus methods to

raise the expenses of the war.

Our distresses are great, but madam Pompadour continues to supply our king, who is now growing old, with a fresh lady every night. His health, thank Heaven, is still pretty well; nor is he in the least unfit, as was reported, for any kind of royal exercitation. He was so frightened at the affair of Damiens, that his physicians were apprehensive lest his reason should suffer; but that wretch's tortures soon composed the kingly terrors of his breast.

England. Wanted an usher to an academy. N. B. He must be able to read, dress hair, and

must have had the small-pox.

Dublin. We hear that there is a benevolent subscription on foot among the nobility and gentry of this kingdom, who are great patrons of merit, in order to assist Black and All Black, in his contest with the Padderen mare.

We hear from Germany that Prince Ferdinand has gained a complete victory, and taken twelve kettle-drums, five standards, and four waggons of

ammunition, prisoners of war.

Edinburgh. We are positive when we say that Saunders M'Gregor, who was lately executed for horse-stealing, is not a Scotchman, but born in Carrickfergus. Farewell.

LETTER VI.

Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, to Lien Chi Altangi, the discontented wanderer: by the way of Moscow.

WHETHER sporting on the flowery banks of the river Irtis, or scaling the steepy mountains of Douchenour; whether traversing the black deserts of Kobi, or giving lessons of politeness to the savage inhabitants of Europe; in whatever country, whatever climate, and whatever circumstances, all hail! May Tien, the universal soul, take you under his protection, and inspire you with a

superior portion of himself!

How long, my friend, shall an enthusiasm for knowledge continue to obstruct your happiness, and tear you from all the connexions that make life pleasing! How long will you continue to rove from climate to climate, circled by thousands and yet without a friend, feeling all the inconveniences of a crowd and all the anxieties of being alone?

I know you reply, that the refined pleasure of growing every day wiser, is a sufficient recompense for every inconvenience. I know you will talk of the vulgar satisfaction of soliciting happiness from sensual enjoyment only, and probably enlarge upon the exquisite raptures of sentimental bliss. Yet, believe me, friend, you are deceived: all our pleasures, though seemingly never so remote from sense, derive their origin from some one of the senses. The most exquisite demonstration in mathematics, or the most pleasing disquisition in metaphysics, if it does not ultimately tend to increase some sensual satisfaction, is delightful only to fools, or to men who have by long habit contracted a false idea of pleasure; and he who separates sensual and sentimental enjoyments, seeking happiness from mind alone, is in fact as wretched as the naked inhabitant of the forest, who places all happiness in the first, regardless of the latter. There are two extremes in this respect: the savage, who swallows down the draught of pleasure without staying to reflect on his happiness; and the sage, who passeth the cup while he reflects on the conveniences of drinking.

It is with a heart full of sorrow, my dear Altangi, that I must inform you that what the world calls happiness must now be yours no longer. Our great emperor's displeasure at your leaving China, contrary to the rules of our government and the immemorial custom of the empire, has produced the most terrible effects. Your wife, daughter, and the rest of your family, have been seized by his order, and appropriated to his use; all, except your son, are now the peculiar property of him who possesses all; him I have hidden from the officers employed for this purpose; and even at the hazard of my life I have concealed him. The youth seems obstinately bent on finding you out, wherever you are; he is determined to face every danger that opposes his pursuit. Though yet but fifteen, all his father's virtues and obstinacy sparkle in his eyes, and mark him as one destined to no mediocrity of fortune.

You see, my dearest friend, what imprudence has brought thee to; from opulence, a tender family, surrounding friends, and your master's esteem, it has reduced thee to want, persecution, and, still worse, to our mighty monarch's displeasure. Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there onearth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty. As I shall endeavour to guard thee from the one, so guard thyself from the other; and still think of me with affection and esteem. Farewell.

LETTER VII.

From Lien Chi Altangi, to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin in China.

The Editor thinks proper to acquaint the reader, that the greatest part of the following letter seems to him to be little more than a rhapsody of sentences borrowed from Confucius, the Chinese philosopher.

A wife, a daughter, carried into captivity to expiate my offence; a son, scarce yet arrived at maturity, resolving to encounter every danger in the pious pursuit of one who has undone him; these indeed are circumstances of distress: though my tears were more precious than the gems of Golconda, yet would they fall upon such an occasion.

But I submit to the stroke of Heaven. I hold the volume of Confucius in my hand, and as I read grow humble, and patient, and wise. We should feel sorrow, says he, but not sink under its oppression: the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any. The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round; and who can say within himself, I shall to day be uppermost? We should hold the immutable mean that lies between insensibility and anguish: our attempts should not be to extinguish nature, but to repress it; not to stand unmoved at distress, but endeavour to turn every disaster to our own advantage. Our greatest glory is, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

I fancy myself at present, O thou reverend disciple of Tao, more than a match for all that can happen; the chief business of my life has been to procure wisdom, and the chief object of that wisdom was to be happy. My attendance on your lectures, my conferences with the missionaries of Europe, and all my subsequent adventures upon quitting China, were calculated to increase the sphere of my happiness, not my curiosity. Let European travellers cross seas and deserts merely to measure the height of a mountain, to describe the cataract of a river, or tell the commodities which every country may produce; merchants or geographers, perhaps, may find profit by such discoveries; but what advantage can accrue to a philosopher from such accounts, who is desirous of understanding the human heart, who seeks to know the men of every country, who desires to discover those differences which result from climate, religion, education, prejudice, and partiality?

I should think my time very ill bestowed, were the only fruits of my adventures to consist in being able to tell, that a tradesman of London lives in a house three times as high as that of our great emperor; that the ladies wear longer clothes than the men, that the priests are dressed in colours which we are taught to detest, and that their soldiers wear scarlet, which is with us the symbol of peace and innocence. How many travellers are there, who confine their relations to such minute and useless particulars! For one who enters into the genius of those nations with whom he has conversed, who discloses their morals, their opinions, the ideas which they entertain of religious worship, the intrigues of their ministers, and their skill in sciences; there are twenty who

only mention some idle particulars, which can be of no use to a true philosopher. All their remarks tend neither to make themselves nor others more happy; they no way contribute to control their passions, to bear adversity, to inspire true virtue,

or raise a detestation of vice.

Men may be very learned, and yet very miserable: it is easy to be a deep geometrician, or a sublime astronomer, but very difficult to be a good man. I esteem, therefore, the traveller who instructs the heart, but despise him who only indulges the imagination: a man who leaves home to mend himself and others, is a philosopher; but he who goes from country to country, guided by the blind impulse of curiosity, is only a vagabond. From Zerdusht down to him of Tyanea, I honour all those great names who endeavoured to unite the world by their travels; such men grew wiser as well as better the farther they departed from home, and seemed like rivers, whose streams are not only increased, but refined, as they travel from their source.

For my own part, my greatest glory is, that travelling has not more steeled my constitution against all the vicissitudes of climate, and all the depressions of fatigue, than it has my mind against the accidents of fortune, or the accesses of despair.

Farewell.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

How insupportable, O thou possessor of heavenly wisdom, would be this separation, this immeasurable distance from my friend, were I not able thus to delineate my heart upon paper, and to send thee daily a map of my mind!

I am every day better reconciled to the people among whom I reside, and begin to fancy that in time I shall find them more opulent, more charitable, and more hospitable, than I at first imagined. I begin to learn somewhat of their manners and customs, and to see reasons for several deviations which they make from us, from whom all other nations derive their politeness, as well as their

original.

In spite of taste, in spite of prejudice, I now begin to think their women tolerable: I can now look on a languishing blue eye without disgust, and pardon a set of teeth even though whiter than ivory. I now begin to fancy there is no universal standard for beauty. The truth is, the manners of the ladies in this city are so very open and so vastly engaging, that I am inclined to pass over the more glaring defects of their persons, since compensated by the more solid, yet latent beauties of the mind. What though they want black teeth, or are deprived of the allurements of feet no bigger than their thumbs, yet still they have souls, my friend; such souls, so free, so pressing, so hospitable, and so engaging—I have received more invitations in the streets of London from the sex in one night, than I have met with at Pękin in twelve revolutions of the moon.

Every evening, as I return home from my usual solitary excursions, I am met by several of those well-disposed daughters of hospitality, at different times, and in different streets, richly dressed, and with minds not less noble than their appearance.

You know that nature has indulged me with a person by no means agreeable; yet they are too generous to object to my homely appearance: they feel no repugnance at my broad face and flat nose; they perceive me to be a stranger, and that alone is a sufficient recommendation. They even seem to think it their duty to do the honours of the country by every act of complaisance in their power. One takes me under the arm, and in a manner forces me along; another catches me round the neck, and desires me to partake in this office of hospitality; while a third, kinder still, invites me to refresh my spirits with wine. Wine is in England reserved only for the rich; yet here even wine is

given away to the stranger!

A few nights ago, one of these generous creatures, dressed all in white, and flaunting like a meteor by my side, forcibly attended me home to my own apartment. She seemed charmed with the elegance of the furniture, and the convenience of my situation: and well indeed she might, for I have hired an apartment for not less than two shillings of their money every week. But her civility did not rest here; for at parting, being desirous to know the hour, and perceiving my watch out of order, she kindly took it to be repaired by a relation of her own, which you may well imagine will save some expense: and she assures me that it will cost her nothing. I shall have it back in a few days, when mended, and am preparing a proper speech, expressive of my gratitude on the occasion: Celestial excellence, I intend to say, happy I am in having found out, after many painful adventures, a land of innocence and a people of humanity: I may rove into other climes, and converse with nations yet unknown, but where shall I meet a soul of such purity as that which resides in thy breast! Sure thou hast been nurtured by the bill of the Shin Shin, or sucked the breasts of the provident Gin Hiung. The melody of thy voice could rob the Chong Fou of her whelps, or inveigle the Boh that lives in the midst of the waters. Thy servant shall ever retain a sense of thy favours; and one day boast of thy virtue, sincerity, and truth, among the daughters of China. Adien.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

I have been deceived! she whom I fancied a daughter of Paradise has proved to be one of the infamous disciples of Han! I have lost a trifle; I have gained the consolation of having discovered a deceiver. I once more, therefore, relax into my former indifference with regard to the English ladies; they once more begin to appear disagreeable in my eyes: thus is my whole time passed in forming conclusions which the next minute's experience may probably destroy; the present moment becomes a comment on the past, and I improve rather in humility than wisdom.

Their laws and religion forbid the English to keep more than one woman; I therefore concluded that prostitutes were banished from society: I was deceived; every man here keeps as many wives as he can maintain: the laws are cemented with blood, praised and disregarded. The very Chinese, whose religion allows him two wives, takes not half

the liberties of the English in this particular Their laws may be compared to the books of the Sibyls; they are held in great veneration, but seldom read, or seldom understood: even those who pretend to be their guardians dispute about the meaning of many of them, and confess their ignorance of others. The law, therefore, which commands them to have but one wife, is strictly observed only by those for whom one is more than sufficient, or by such as have not money to buy two. As for the rest, they violate it publicly, and some glory in its violation. They seem to think, like the Persians, that they give evident marks of manhood by increasing their seraglio. A mandarine, therefore, here generally keeps four wives, a gentleman three, and a stage-player two. As for the magistrates, the country justices and squires, they are employed first in debauching young virgins, and then punishing the transgression.

From such a picture you will be apt to conclude, that he who employs four ladies for his amusement, has four times as much constitution to spare as he who is contented with one: that a mandarin is much cleverer than a gentleman, and a gentleman than a player; and yet it is quite the reverse: a mandarin is frequently supported on spindle shanks, appears emaciated by luxury, and is obliged to have recourse to variety, merely from the weakness, not the vigour of his constitution; the number of his wives being the most equivocal synptom

of his virility.

Besides the country squire, there is also another set of men whose whole employment consists in corrupting beauty: these the silly part of the fair sex call amiable; the more sensible part of them, however, give them the title of abominable. will probably demand what are the talents of a man thus caressed by the majority of the opposite sex; what talents or what beauty is he possessed of superior to the rest of his fellows. To answer you directly, he has neither talents nor beauty; but then he is possessed of impudence and assiduity. With assiduity and impudence, men of all ages and all figures may commence admirers. I have even been told of some who made professions of expiring for love, when all the world could perceive they were going to die of old age: and, what is more surprising still, such battered beaux are generally most infamously successful.

A fellow of this kind employs three hours every morning in dressing his head; by which is under-

stood only his hair.

He is a professed admirer, not of any particular lady, but of the whole sex.

He is to suppose every lady has caught cold every night, which gives him an opportunity of calling to see how she does the next morning.

He is upon all occasions to show himself in very great pain for the ladies: if a lady drops even a pin, he is to fly in order to present it.

He never speaks to a lady without advancing his mouth to her ears, by which he frequently

addresses more senses than one.

Upon proper occasions he looks excessively tender. This is performed by laying his hand upon his heart, shutting his eyes and showing his teeth.

He is excessively fond of dancing a minuet with the ladies; by which is only meant walking round the floor eight or ten times with his hat on, affecting great gravity, and sometimes looking tenderly on his partner.

He never affronts any man himself, and never

resents an affront from another.

He has an infinite variety of small talk upon all occasions, and laughs when he has nothing more to say.

Such is the killing creature who prostrates himself to the sex till he has undone them; all whose submissions are the effects of design, and who to please the ladies almost becomes himself a lady.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

I have hitherto given you no account of my journey from China to Europe, of my travels through countries where Nature sports in primeval rudeness, where she pours forth her wonders in solitude; countries, from whence the rigorous climate, the sweeping inundation, the drifted desert, the howling forest, and mountains of immeasureable height, banish the husbandman, and spread extensive desolation; countries where the brown Tartar wanders for a precarious subsistence, with a heart that never felt pity, himself more hideous than the wilderness he makes.

You will easily conceive the fatigue of crossing vast tracts of land, either desolate or still more dangerous by its inhabitants;—the retreat of men who seemed driven from society, in order to make war upon all the human race; nominally professing a subjection to Muscovy or China, but without any resemblance to the countries on which they

depend.

After I had crossed the great wall, the first objects that presented themselves were the remains of desolated cities, and all the magnificence of venerable ruin. There were to be seen temples of beautiful structures, statues wrought by the hand of a master, and around, a country of luxuriant plenty; but not one single inhabitant to reap the bounties of Nature. These were prospects that might humble the pride of kings, and repress human vanity. I asked my guide the cause of such desolation. These countries, says he, were once the dominions of a Tartar prince; and these ruins, the seat of arts, elegance and ease. This prince waged an unsuccessful war with one of the emperors of China; he was conquered, his cities plundered, and all his subjects carried into cap-tivity. Such are the effects of the ambition of kings! Ten dervises, says the Indian proverb, shall sleep in peace upon a single carpet, while two kings shall quarrel, though they have kingdoms to divide them. Sure, my friend, the cruelty and the pride of man have made more deserts than Nature ever made !-- she is kind, but man is ungrateful!

Proceeding in my journey through this pensive scene of desolated beauty, in a few days I arrived among the Daures, a nation still dependent on China. Xaixigar is their principal city, which, compared with those of Europe, scarcely deserves the name. The governors, and other officers, who are sent yearly from Pekin, abuse their authority, and often take the wives and daughters of the inhabitants to themselves. The Daures, accustomed to base sub-

mission, feel no resentment at those injuries, or stifle what they feel. Custom and necessity teach even barbarians the same art of dissimulation that ambition and intrigue inspire in the breasts of the polite. Upon beholding such unlicensed stretches of power, Alas, thought I, how little does our wise and good emperor know of these intolerable exactions! these provinces are too distant for complaint, and too insignificant to expect redress. The more distant the government, the honester should be the governor to whom it is intrusted; for hope of impunity is a strong inducement to violation.

The religion of the Daures is more absurd than even that of the sectaries of Fohi. How would you be surprised, O sage disciple and follower of Confucius! you who believe one eternal intelligent Cause of all, should you be present at the barbarous ceremonies of this infatuated people! How would you deplore the blindness and folly of mankind. His boasted reason seems only to light him astray, and brutal instinct more regularly points out the path to happiness. Could you think it? they adore a wicked divinity; they fear him and they worship him; they imagine him a malicious being, ready to injure and ready to be appeased. The men and women assemble at midnight in a hut, which serves for a temple. A priest stretches himself on the ground, and all the people pour forth the most horrid cries, while drums and timbrels swell the infernal concert. After this dissonance, miscalled music, has continued about two hours, the priest rises from the ground, assumes an air of inspiration, grows big with the inspiring demon, and pretends to a skill in futurity.

In every country, my friend, the bonzes, the brachmans, and the priests deceive the people; all reformations begin from the laity; the priests point us out the way to heaven with their fingers, but stand still themselves, nor seem to travel to-

wards the country in view.

The customs of this people correspond to their religion: they keep their dead for three days on the same bed where the person died; after which they bury him in a grave moderately deep, but with the head still uncovered. Here for several days they present him with different sorts of meats; which, when they perceive he does not consume, they fill up the grave, and desist from desiring him to eat for the future. How, how can mankind be guilty of such strange absurdity; to entreat a dead body already putrid to partake of the banquet! Where, I again repeat it, is the human reason? not only some men, but whole nations, seem divested of its illumination.

Here we observe a whole country adoring a divinity through fear, and attempting to feed the dead. These are their most serious and most religious occupations: are these men rational, or

are not the apes of Borneo more wise ?

Certain I am, O thou instructor of my youth! that without philosophers, without some few virtuous men who seem to be of a different nature from the rest of mankind, without such as these the worship of a wicked divinity would surely be established over every part of the earth. Fear guides more to their duty than gratitude: for one man who is virtuous from the love of virtue, from the obligation that he thinks he lies under to the Giver of all, there are ten thousand who are good

only from the apprehensions of punishment. Could these last be persuaded, as the Epicureans were, that Heaven had no thunders in store for the villain, they would no longer continue to acknowledge subordination, or thank that Being who gave them existence. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

From such a picture of Nature in primeval simplicity, tell me, my much respected friend, are you in love with fatigue and solitude? Do you sigh for the severe frugality of the wandering Tartar, or regret being born amidst the luxury and dissimulation of the polite? Rather tell me, has not every kind of life vices peculiarly its own? Is it not a truth, that refined companies have more vices, but those not so terrible; barbarous nations few, and they of the most hideous complexion? Perfidy and fraud are the vices of civilised nations: credulity and violence, those of the inhabitants of the desert. Does the luxury of the one produce half the evils of the inhumanity of the other? Certainly those philosophers who declaim against luxury have but little understood its benefits; they seem insensible, that to luxury we owe not only the greatest part of our knowledge, but even of our virtues.

It may sound fine in the mouth of a declaimer when he talks of subduing our appetites, of teaching every sense to be content with a bare sufficiency, and of supplying only the wants of nature; but is there not more satisfaction in indulging those appetites, if with innocence and safety, than in restraining them? Am not I better pleased in enjoyment, than in the sullen satisfaction of thinking that I can live without enjoyment? The more various our artificial necessities, the wider is our circle of pleasure; for all pleasure consists in obviating necessities as they rise: luxury, therefore, as it increases our wants, increases our capacity for happiness.

Examine the history of any country remarkable for opulence and wisdom, you will find that they would never have been wise had they not been first luxurious : you will find poets, philosophers, and even patriots, marching in luxury's train. The reason is obvious. We then only are curious after knowledge when we find it connected with sensual happiness. The senses ever point out the way, and reflection comments upon the discovery. Inform a native of the desert of Kobi of the exact measure of the parallax of the moon, he finds no satisfaction at all in the information; he wonders how any could take such pains, and lay out such treasures, in order to solve so useless a difficulty: but connect it with his happiness, by showing that it improves navigation—that by such an investiga-tion he may have a warmer coat, a better gun, or a finer knife, and he is instantly in raptures at so great an improvement. In short, we only desire to know what we desire to possess; and, whatever we may talk against it, luxury adds the spur to curiosity, and gives us a desire of becoming more

But not our knowledge only, but our virtues are improved by luxury. Observe the brown savage

of Thibet, to whom the fruits of the spreading pomegranate supply food, and its branches a habitation. Such a character has few vices, I grant; but those he has are of the most hideous nature: rapine and cruelty are scarcely crimes in his eye: neither pity nor tenderness, which ennoble every virtue, have any place in his heart; he hates his enemies, and kills those he subdues. On the other hand, the polite Chinese and civilised European seem even to love their enemies. I have just now seen an instance where the English have succoured those enemies whom their own countrymen actually refused to relieve.

The greater the luxuries of every country, the more closely, politically speaking, is that country united. Luxury is the child of society alone; the luxurious man stands in need of a thousand different artists to furnish out his happiness: it is more likely, therefore, that he should be a good citizen who is connected by motives of self-interest with so many, than the abstemious man who is

united to none.

In whatsoever light, therefore, we consider luxury; whether as employing a number of hands naturally too feeble for more laborious employment, as finding a variety of occupation for others who might be totally idle, or as furnishing out new inlets to happiness, without encroaching on mutual property; in whatever light we regard it, we shall have reason to stand up in its defence, and the sentiment of Confucius still remains unshaken: that we should enjoy as many of the luxuries of life as are consistent with our own safety and the prosperity of others; and that he who finds out a new pleasure is one of the most useful members of society.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

From the funeral solemnities of the Daures, who think themselves the politest people in the world, I must make a transition to the funeral solemnities of the English, who think themselves as polite as they. The numberless ceremonies which are used here when a person is sick, appear to me so many evident marks of fear and apprehension. Ask an Englishman, however, whether he is afraid of death, and he boldly answers in the negative; but observe his behaviour in circumstances of approaching sickness, and you will find his actions give his assertions the lie.

The Chinese are very sincere in this respect; they hate to die, and they confess their terrors; a great part of their life is spent in preparing things proper for their funeral. A poor artisan shall spend half his income in providing himself a tomb twenty years before he wants it; and denies himself the necessaries of life, that he may be amply provided for when he shall want them no more.

But people of distinction in England really deserve pity, for they die in circumstances of the most extreme distress. It is an established rule, never to let a man know that he is dying: physicians are sent for, the clergy are called, and every thing passes in silent solemnity round the sick-bed. The patient is in agonies, looks round for pity; yet not a single creature will say that he is dying. If he is possessed of fortune, his relations entreat him

to make his will, as it may restore the tranquillity of his mind. He is desired to undergo the rites of the church; for decency requires it. His friends take their leave only because they do not care to see him in pain. In short, a hundred stratagems are used to make him do what he might have been induced to perform only by being told, "Sir, you are past all hopes, and had as good think decently of dying."

Besides all this, the chamber is darkened, the whole house echoes to the cries of the wife, the lamentations of the children, the grief of the servants, and the sighs of friends. The bedis surrounded with priests and doctors in black, and only flambeaux emit a yellow gloom. Where is the man, how intrepid soever, that would not shrink at such hideous solemnity? For fear of affrighting their expiring friends, the English practise all that can fill them with terror. Strange effect of human prejudice, thus to torture merely from mistaken tenderness!

You see, my friend, what contradictions there are in the tempers of those islanders; when prompted by ambition, revenge, or disappointment, they meet death with the utmost resolution: the very man who in his bed would have trembled at the aspect of a doctor, shall go with intrepidity to attack a bastion, or deliberately noose himself up

in his garters.

The passion of the Europeans for magnificent interments is equally strong with that of the Chinese. When a tradesman dies, his frightful face is painted up by an undertaker, and placed in a proper situation to receive company: this is called lying in state. To this disagreeable spectacle all the idlers in town flock, and learn to loathe the wretch dead, whom they despised when living. In this manner you see some who would have refused a shilling to save the life of their nearest friend, bestow thousands on adorning their putric corpse. I have been told of a fellow who, grown rich by the price of blood, left it in his will that he should lie in state; and unknowingly gibbeted himself into infamy, when he might have otherwise quietly retired into oblivion.

When the person is buried, the next care is to make his epitaph; they are generally reckoned best which flatter most: such relations, therefore, as have received most benefits from the defunct, discharge this friendly office, and generally flatter in proportion to their joy. When we read those monumental histories of the dead, it may be justly said, that all men are equal in the dust; for they all appear equally remarkable for being the most sincere Christians, the most benevolent neighbours, and the honestest men of their time. through a European cemetery, one would be apt to wonder how mankind could have so basely degenerated from such excellent ancestors; every tomb pretends to claim your reverence and regret: some are praised for piety, in those inscriptions, who never entered the temple until they were dead; some are praised for being excellent poets, who were never mentioned except for their dulness when living; others for sublime orators, who were never noted except for their impudence; and others still for military achievements, who were never in any other skirmishes but with the watch. Some even make epitaphs for themselves, and bespeak the reader's good-will. It were indeed to be wished that every man would early learn in this manner to make his own; that he would draw it up in terms as flattering as possible; and that he would make it the employment of his whole life to deserve it!

I have not vet been in a place called Westminster Abbey, but soon intend to visit it. There, I am told. I shall see justice done to deceased merit ; none, I am told, are permitted to be buried there but such as have adorned as well as improved mankind. There no intruders, by the influence of friends or fortune, presume to mix their unhallowed ashes with philosophers, heroes, and poets. Nothing but true merit has a place in that awful sanctuary. The guardianship of the tombs is committed to several reverend priests, who are never guilty, for a superior reward, of taking down the names of good men to make room for others of equivocal character, nor even profane the sacred walls with pageants that posterity cannot know, or shall blush to own.

I always was of opinion, that sepulchral honours of this kind should be considered as a national concern, and not trusted to the care of the priests of any country, how respectable soever; but from the conduct of the reverend personages, whose disinterested patriotism I shall shortly be able to discover, I am taught to retract my former senti-It is true, the Spartans and the Persians made a fine political use of sepulchral vanity; they permitted none to be thus interred who had not fallen in the vindication of their country. monument thus became a real mark of distinction; it nerved the hero's arm with tenfold vigour; and he fought without fear who only fought for a grave. Farewell.

LETTER XIII.

FROM THE SAME.

I AM just returned from Westminster, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

Alas, I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all; they have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none

to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman, dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. "If any monument," said he, "should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands." I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding, that "I was come to

observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this (continued I) be properly conducted, as it can no ways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told that none have a place here but characters of the most distinguished merit." The man in black seemed impatient at my observations, so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest object, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument, which appeared more beautiful than the rest: "That," said I to my guide, "I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who has reduced his fellow citizens from anarchy into just subjection."—"It is not requisite," replied my companion, smiling, "to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice."—" What, I suppose then, the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?"-"Gaining battles or taking towns," replied the man in black, "may be of service; but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege,"-" This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume,of one whose wit has gained him immortality?"-"No, sir," replied my guide, "the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself."—" Pray tell me in a word," said I, peevishly, what is the man who lies here particularly remarkable for?"—" Remarkable, sir!" said my companion; "why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable-for a tomb in Westminster Abbey."-" But, head of my ancestors! how has he got here? fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company where even moderate merit would look like infamy?"-" I suppose," replied the man in black, "the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusions, were ready to believe him too; so he paid his money for a fine monument; and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great: there are several others in the temple who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead."

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, "There," says the gentleman, pointing with his finger, "that is the poets' corner; there

you see the monuments of Shakspeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton."-" Drayton !" I replied, "I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope, is he there ?"_" It is time enough," replied my guide, "these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet."—"Strange," cried I; "can any be found to hate a man whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures!"

—"Yes," says my guide, "they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet; they somewhat resemble the eunuchs in a seraglio, who are incapable of giving pleasure themselves, and hinder those that would. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out 'dunce,' and 'scribbler,' to praise the dead and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads, in order to gain the reputation of candour; and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies: he feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here; and in the pursuit of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety.

"Has this been the case with every poet I see here?" cried I.—" Yes, with every mother's son of them," replied he, "except he happened to be born a mandarin. If he has much money, he may buy reputation from your book-answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple."

"But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronise men of merit, and soften the rancour of malevolent dulness?"

"I own there are many," replied the man in black; "but, alas! sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indelent to distinguish: thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarin's table."

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without farther ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person, who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand, and asked the man, "whether the people of England kept a show? whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? whether it was not more to the honour of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour?" "As for your questions," replied the gate-keeper, "to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them: but as for that three-pence, I farm it from one who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple; and we all must live." I expected, upon paying here, to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise; but in this I was disappointed; there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing, told a hundred lies: he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger; of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity.—" Look ye there, gentlemen," says be, pointing to an old oak chair, "there's a curiosity for ye: in that chair the kings of England were crowned; you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow." I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone: could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but in the present case there was no more reason for my surprise than if I should pick a stone from their streets, and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon

it as he passed in a procession. From hence our conductor led usthrough several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he, at last, desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armour, which seemed to show nothing remarkable. "This ar-"Very surprising, that a general should wear armour!"—"And pray," added he, "observe this cap; this is General Monk's cap."—"Very strange indeed, very strange, that a general should have a cap also! Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?"-" That, sir," says he, "I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble."—" A very small recompense, truly," said I.—" Not so very small," replied he; "for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money."—" What, more money! still more money !"-"Every gentleman gives something, sir." -" I'll give thee nothing," returned I; guardians of the temple should pay your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure, the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer, I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars.'

Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean in the occurrences of the day.

LETTER XIV.

FROM THE SAME.

I was some days ago agreeably surprised by a message from a lady of distinction, who sent me wordthat she most passionately desired the pleasure of my acquaintance; and, with the utmost impatience, expected an interview. I will not deny, my dear Fum Hoam, but that my vanity was raised at such an invitation; I flattered myself that she had seen me in some public place, and

had conceived an affection for my person, which thus induced her to deviate from the usual decorums of the sex. My imagination painted her in all the bloom of youth and beauty. I fancied her attended by the loves and graces; and I set out with the most pleasing expectations of seeing the

conquest I had made.

When I was introduced into her apartment, my expectations were quickly at an end; I perceived a little shrivelled figure, indolently reclined on a sofa, who nodded by way of approbation at my approach. This, as I was afterward informed, was the lady herself, a woman equally distinguished for rank, politeness, taste, and understanding. As I was dressed after the fashion of Europe, she had taken me for an Englishman, and consequently saluted me in her ordinary manner; but when the footman informed her grace that I was the gentleman from China, she instantly lifted herself from the couch, while her eyes sparkled with unusual vivacity. "Bless me! can this be the gentleman that was born so far from home? What an unusual share of somethingness in his whole appearance! Lord! how I am charmed with the outlandish cut of his face! how bewitching the exotic breadth of his forehead! I would give the world to see him in his own country dress. Pray turn about, sir, and let me see you behind. There! there's a travelled air for you. You that attend there, bring up a plate of beef cut into small pieces; I have a violent passion to see him eat. Pray, sir, have you got your chopsticks about you? It will be so pretty to see the meat carried to the mouth with a jerk. Pray speak a little Chinese: I have learned some of the language myself. Lord! have you nothing pretty from China about you; something that one does not know what to do with? I have got twenty things from China that are of no use in the world. Look at those jars; they are of the right peagreen: these are the furniture."—" Dear madam," said I, "these, though they may appear fine in your eyes, are but paltry to a Chinese; but, as they are useful utensils, it is proper they should have a place in every apartment."—" Useful, sir," replied the lady; "sure you mistake; they are of no use in the world."—"What! are they not filled with an infusion of tea as in China ?" replied I .- " Quite empty and useless, upon my honour, sir."-" Then they are the most cumbrous and clumsy furniture in the world, as nothing is truly elegant but what unites use with beauty."—" I protest," says the lady, "I shall begin to suspect thee of being an actual barbarian. I suppose you hold my two beautiful pagods in contempt ?"-"What!" cried I, "has Fohi spread his gross superstitions here also? Pagods of all kinds are my aversion."—"A Chinese, a traveller, and want taste! it surprises me. Pray, sir, examine the beauties of that Chinese temple which you see at the end of the garden. Is there anything in China more beautiful ?"-" Where I stand, I see nothing, madam, at the end of the garden, that may not as well be called an Egyptian pyramid as a Chinese temple; for that little building in view is as like the one as t'other."-" What, sir! is not that a Chinese temple? you must surely be mistaken. Mr. Frieze, who designed it, calls it one, and nobody disputes his pretensions to I now found it in vain to contradict the lady in anything she thought fit to advance; so was resolved rather to act the disciple than the instructor. She took me through several rooms, all furnished, as she told me, in the Chinese manner; sprawling dragons, squatting pagods, and clumsy mandarins, were stuck upon every shelf: in turning round, one must have used caution not to demolish a part of the precarious furniture.

In a house like this, thought I, one must live continually upon the watch; the inhabitant must resemble a knight in an enchanted castle, who expects to meet an adventure at every turning. "But, madam," said I, "do no accidents ever happen to all this finery?"—" Man, sir," replied the lady, " is born to misfortunes, and it is but fit I should have a share. Three weeks ago, a careless servant snapped off the head of a favourite mandarin; I had scarce done grieving for that, when a monkey broke a beautiful jar; this I took the more to heart, as the injury was done me by a friend: however, I survived the calamity; when yesterday crash went half a dozen dragons upon the marble hearth-stone; and yet I live, I survive it all: you can't conceive what comfort I find under afflictions from philosophy. There is Seneca, and Bolingbroke, and some others, who guide me through life, and teach me to support its calamities." I could not but smile at a woman who makes her own misfortunes, and then deplores the miseries of her own situation. Wherefore, tired of acting with dissimulation, and willing to indulge my meditation in solitude, I took leave just as the servant was bringing in a plate of beef, pursuant to the directions of his mistress. Adieu.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

The better sort here pretend to the utmost compassion for animals of every kind; to hear them speak, a stranger would be apt to imagine they could hardly hurt the gnat that stung them; they seem so tender and so full of pity, that one would take them for the harmless friends of the whole creation, the protectors of the meanest insect or reptile that was privileged with existence. And yet (would you believe it?) I have seen the very men who have thus boasted of their tenderness, at the same time devouring the flesh of six different animals tossed up in a fricassee. Strange contrariety of conduct! they pity, and they eat the objects of their compassion! The lion roars with terror over its captive; the tiger sends forth his hideous shriek to intimidate his prey: no creature shows any fondness for its short-lived prisoner, except a man and a cat.

Man was born to live with innocence and simplicity, but he has deviated from nature: he was born to share the bounties of Heaven, but he has monopolised them; he was born to govern the brute creation, but he is become their tyrant. If an epicure now shall happen to surfeit on his last night's feast, twenty animals the next day are to undergo the most exquisite tortures, in order to provoke his appetite to another guilty meal. Hail, O ye simple, honest brahmins of the East, ye inoffensive friends of all that were born to happinoss

as well as you; you never sought a short-lived pleasure from the miseries of other creatures, You never studied the tormenting arts of ingenious refinement; you never surfeited upon a guilty meal. How much more purified and refined are all your sensations than ours! you distinguish every element with the utmost precision; a stream untasted before is a new luxury, a change of air is a new banquet, too refined for Western imaginations to conceive.

Though the Europeans do not hold the transmigration of souls, yet one of their doctors has, with great force of argument and great plausibility of reasoning, endeavoured to prove that the bodies of animals are the habitations of demons and wicked spirits, which are obliged to reside in these prisons till the resurrection pronounces their everiasting punishment; but are previously condemned to suffer all the pains and hardships inflicted upon them by man, or by each other here. If this be the case, it may frequently happen, that while we whip pigs to death, or boil live lobsters, we are putting some old acquaintance, some near relation, to excruciating tortures, and are serving him up to the very same table where he was once the most welcome companion.

"Kabul," says the Zendavesta, "was born on the rushy banks of the river Mawra; his possessions were great, and his luxuries kept pace with the affluence of his fortune; he hated the harmless brahmins, and despised their holy religion; every day his table was decked out with the flesh of a hundred different animals, and his cooks had a hundred different ways of dressing it, to solicit

even satiety.

"Notwithstanding all his eating, he did not arrive at old age; he died of a surfeit, caused by intemperance: upon this, his soul was carried off, in order to take its trial before a select assembly of the souls of those animals which his gluttony had caused to be slain, and who were now appointed

his judges.

"He trembled before a tribunal to every member of which he had formerly acted as an unmerciful tyrant; he sought for pity, but found none disposed to grant it. 'Does he not remember,' cries the angry boar, 'to what agonies I was put, not to satisfy his hunger, but his vanity? I was first hunted to death, and my flesh scarce thought worthy of coming once to his table. Were my advice followed, he should do penance in the shape of a hog, which in life he most resembled.'

" I am rather,' cries a sheep upon the bench, for having him suffer under the appearance of a lamb: we may send him through four or five transmigrations in the space of a month.' 'Were my voice of any weight in the assembly,' cries a calf, 'he should rather assume such a form as mine: I was bled every day in order to make my flesh white, and at last killed without mercy. 'Would it not be wiser,' cries a hen, ' to cram him in the shape of a fowl, and then smother him in his own blood, as I was served?' The majority of the assembly were pleased with this punishment, and were going to condemn him without farther delay, when the ox rose up to give his opinion: 'I am informed,' says this counsellor, 'that the prisoner at the bar has left a wife with child behind him. By my knowledge in divination, I foresee that this child will be a son, decrepit, feeble, sickly, a plague to himself and all about him. What say you then, my companions, if we condemn the father to animate the body of his own son; and by this means make him feel in himself those miseries his intemperance must otherwise have entailed upon his posterity? The whole court applauded the ingenuity of his torture, they thanked him for his advice. Kabul was driven once more to revisit the earth; and his soul, in the body of his own son, passed a period of thirty years, loaded with misery, anxiety, and disease."

LETTER XVI.

FROM THE SAME.

I know not whether I am more obliged to the Chinese missionaries for the instruction I have received from them, or prejudiced by the false-hoods they have made me believe. By them I was told that the Pope was universally allowed to be a man, and placed at the head of the church: in England, however, they plainly prove him to be a whore in man's clothes, and often burn him in effigy as an impostor. A thousand books have been written on either side of the question; priests are eternally disputing against each other; and those mouths that want argument are filled with abuse. Which party must I believe? or shall I give credit to neither? When I survey the absurdities and falsehoods with which the books of the Europeans are filled, I thank Heaven for having been born in China, and that I have sagacity enough to detect imposture.

The Europeans reproach us with false history and fabulous chronology; how should they blush to see their own books, many of which are written by the doctors of their religion, filled with the most monstrous fables, and attested with the utmost solemnity! The bounds of a letter do not permit me to mention all the absurdities of this kind which in my reading I have met with. I shall confine myself to the accounts which some of their lettered men give of the persons of some of the inhabitants on our globe: and, not satisfied with the most solemn asseverations, they sometimes pretend to have been eye-witnesses of what

they describe.

A Christian doctor, in one of his principal performances', says, that it was not impossible for a whole nation to have but one eye in the middle of the forchead. He is not satisfied with leaving it in doubt; but in another work² assures us, that the fact was certain, and that he himself was an eye-witness of it. "When," says he, "I took a journey into Ethiopia, in company with several other servants of Christ, in order to preach the gospel there, I beheld in the southern provinces of that country a nation which had only one eye in the midst of their foreheads."

You will, no doubt, be surprised, reverend Fum, with this author's effrontery; but, alas! he is not alone in this story; he has only borrowed it from several others who wrote before him. Solinus creates another nation of Cyclops, the Arimaspians, who inhabit those countries that border on the Caspian Sea. This author goes on

¹ Augustin. de Civit. Dei, lib. xvi. p. 422. ² Id. ad fratres in Eremo, Serm. xxxvii.

to tell us of a people of India who have but one leg and one eye, and yet are extremely active, run with great swiftness, and live by hunting. These people we scarcely know how to pity or admire; but the men whom Pliny calls Cynamolci, who have got the heads of dogs, really deserve our compassion: instead of language, they express their sentiments by barking. Solinus confirms what Pliny mentions: and Simon Mayole, a French bishop, talks of them as of particular and familiar acquaintances. "After passing the deserts of Egypt," says he, "we met with the Kunokephaloi, who inhabit those regions that border on Ethiopia: they live by hunting; they cannot speak, but whistle; their chins resemble a serpent's head; their hands are armed with long sharp claws; their breast resembles that of a greyhound; and they excel in swiftness and agility.' Would you think it, my friend, that these odd kind of people are, notwithstanding their figure, excessively delicate? not even an alderman's wife, or Chinese mandarine, can excel them in this particular. "These people," continues our faithful bishop, "never refuse wine; love roast and boiled meat; they are particularly curious in having their meat well dressed, and spurn at it if in the least tainted. When the Ptolemies reigned in Egypt," says he, a little farther on, "those men with dog's heads taught grammar and music." For men who had no voices to teach music, and who could not speak to teach grammar, is, I confess, a little extraordinary. Did ever the disciples of Fohi broach anything more ridiculous?

Hitherto we have seen men with heads strangely deformed, and with dogs' heads; but what would you say if you heard of men without any heads at all? Pomponius Mela, Solinus, and Aulus Gellius, describe them to our hand: "The Blemiæ have a nose, eyes, and mouth on their breasts; or, as others will have it, placed on their shoul-

ders."

One would think that these authors had an antipathy to the human form, and were resolved to make a new figure of their own; but let us do them justice. Though they sometimes deprive us of a leg, an arm, a head, or some such trifling part of the body, they often as liberally bestow upon us something that we wanted before. Simon Mayole seems our particular friend in this respect: if he has denied heads to one part of mankind, he has given tails to another. He describes many of the English of his time, which is not more than a hundred years ago, as having tails. His own words are as follow: "In England there are some families which have tails, as a punishment for deriding an Augustin friar sent by St. Gregory, and who preached in Dorsetshire. They sewed the tails of different animals to his clothes; but soon they found some tails entailed on them and their posterity for ever." It is certain that the author had some ground for this description: many of the English wear tails in their wigs to this very day, as a mark, I suppose, of the antiquity of their families, and perhaps as a symbol of those tails with which they were formerly distinguished by

You see, my friend, there is nothing so ridiculous that has not at some time been said by some philosopher. The writers of books in Europe seem to think themselves authorised to say what they

please; and an ingenious philosopher among them has openly asserted, that he would undertake to persuade the whole republic of readers to believe that the sun was neither the cause of light nor heat, if he could only get six philosophers on his side. Farewell.

LETTER XVII.

FROM THE SAME.

Were an Asiatic politician to read the treaties of peace and friendship that have been annually making for more than a hundred years among the inhabitants of Europe, he would probably be surprised how it should ever happen that Christian princes could quarrel among each other. Their compacts for peace are drawn up with the utmost precision, and ratified with the greatest solemnity: to these each party promises a sincere and inviolable obedience, and all wear the appearance of open friendship and unreserved reconciliation.

Yet, notwithstanding those treaties, the people of Europe are almost continually at war. There is nothing more easy than to break a treaty ratified in all the usual forms, and yet neither party be the aggressor. One side, for instance, breaks a trifling article by mistake; the opposite party, upon this, makes a small but premeditated reprisal; this brings on a return of greater from the other; both sides complain of injuries and infractions; war is declared; they beat, are beaten; some two or three hundred thousand men are killed; they grow tired, leave off just where they began, and so sit coolly down to make new treaties.

The English and French seem to place themselves foremost among the champion states of Europe. Though parted by a narrow sea, yet they are entirely of opposite characters; and from their vicinity are taught to fear and admire each other. They are at present engaged in a very destructive war, have already spilled much blood, are excessively irritated; and all upon account of one side's desiring to wear greater quantities of furs than the other.

The pretext of the war is about some lands a thousand leagues off; a country, cold, desolate, and hideous; a country belonging to a people who were in possession for time immemorial. The savages of Canada claim a property in the country in dispute; they have all the pretensions which long possession can confer. Here they had reigned for ages without rivals in dominion, and knew no enemies but the prowling bear or insidious tiger; their native forests produced all the necessaries of life, and they found ample luxury in the enjoyment. In this manner they might have continued to live to eternity, had not the English been informed that those countries produced furs in great abundance. From that moment the country became an object of desire; it was found that furs were things very much wanted in England; the ladies edged some of their clothes with furs, and muffs were worn both by gentlemen and ladies. In short, furs were found indispensably necessary for the happiness of the state; and the king was consequently petitioned to grant not only the country of Canada, but all the savages belonging to it, to the

1 Fontenelle.

subjects of England, in order to have the people supplied with proper quantities of this necessary

commodity.

So very reasonable a request was immediately complied with, and large colonies were sent abroad to procure furs and take possession. The French, who were equally in want of furs (for they were equally as fond of muffs and tippets as the English), made the very same request to their monarch, and met with the same gracious reception from their king, who generously granted what was not his to give. Wherever the French landed, they called the country their own; and the English took possession wherever they came, upon the same equitable pretensions. The harmless savages made no opposition; and could the intruders have agreed together, they might peaceably have shared this desolate country between them. But they quarrelled about the boundaries of their settlements, about grounds and rivers, to which neither side could show any other right than that of power, and which neither could occupy but by usurpation. Such is the contest, that no honest man can heartily wish success to either party.

The war has continued for some time with various success. At first the French seemed victorious; but the English have of late dispossessed them of the whole country in dispute. Think not, however, that success on one side is the harbinger of peace: on the contrary, both parties must be heartily tired to effect even a temporary reconciliation. It should seem the business of the victorious party to offer terms of peace; but there are many in England who, encouraged by success, are for

still protracting the war.

The best English politicians, however, are sensible that to keep their present conquests would be rather a burden than an advantage to them; rather a diminution of their strength than an increase of power. It is in the politic as in the human constitution; if the limbs grow too large for the body, their size, instead of improving, will diminish the vigour of the whole. The colonies should always bear an exact proportion to the mother country: when they grow populous, they grow powerful; and by becoming powerful, they become independent also: thus subordination is destroyed, and a country swallowed up in the extent of its own dominions. The Turkish empire would be more formidable were it less extensive; were it not for those countries which it can neither command, nor give entirely away; which it is obliged to protect, but from which it has no power to exact obedience.

Yet, obvious as these truths are, there are many Englishmen who are for transplanting new colonies into this late acquisition, for peopling the deserts of America with the refuse of their countrymen, and (as they express it) with the waste of an exuberant nation. But who are those unhappy creatures who are to be thus drained away? not the sickly, for they are unwelcome guests abroad as well as at home; nor the idle, for they would starve as well behind the Appalachian mountains as in the streets of London. This refuse is composed of the laborious and enterprising, of such men as can be serviceable to their country at home'; of men who ought to be regarded as the sinews of the people, and cherished with every degree of political indulgence. And what are the commodities which this colony, when established, are to produce in return?—why, raw silk, hemp, and tobacco. England, therefore, must make an exchange of her best and bravest subjects for raw silk, hemp, and tobacco; her hardy veterans and honest tradesmen must be trucked for a box of snuff or a silk petiticoat. Strange absurdity! Sure the politics of the Daures are not more strange, who sell their religion, their wives, and their liberty, for a glass bead or a paltry penknife. Farewell.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

THE English love their wives with much passion, the Hollanders with much prudence; the English, when they give their hands, frequently give their hearts: the Dutch give the hand, but keep the heart wisely in their own possession. The English love with violence, and expect violent love in return; the Dutch are satisfied with the slightest acknowledgments, for they give little away. The English expend many of their matrimonial comforts in the first year; the Dutch frugally husband out their pleasures, and are always constant,

because they are always indifferent.

There seems very little difference between a Dutch bridegroom and a Dutch husband. Both are equally possessed of the same cool unexpecting serenity; they can see neither Elysium nor Paradise behind the curtain; and Yiffrow is not more a goddess on the wedding night than after twenty years' matrimonial acquaintance. On the other hand, many of the English marry in order to have one happy month in their lives; they seem incapable of looking beyond that period; they unite in hopes of finding rapture, and disappointed in that, disdain ever to accept of happiness. From hence we see open hatred ensue; or, what is worse, concealed disgust under the appearance of fulsome endearment. Much formality, great civility, and studied compliments, are exhibited in public; cross looks, sulky silence, or open recrimination, fill up their hours of private entertainment.

Hence I am taught, whenever I see a new-married couple more than ordinarily fond before faces, to consider them as attempting to impose upon the company or themselves, either hating each other heartily, or consuming that stock of love in the beginning of their course which should serve them through their whole journey. Neither side should expect those instances of kindness which are inconsistent with true freedom or happiness to bestow. Love, when founded in the heart, will show itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool, deliberate exhibition of the passion, only argues little understanding or great insin-

cerity.

Choang was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife, in all the kingdom of Korea; they were a pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country around saw and envied their felicity: whenever Choang came, Hansi was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of Hansi, Choang was admitted a partner. They walked hand in hand wherever they appeared, showing every mark of mutual satisfaction, embracing, kissing; their mouths were for ever joined, and, to speak in the

language of anatomy, it was with them one perpetual anastomosis.

Their love was so great, that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened, which, in some measure, diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined as his was subject to

a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening to go one day alone among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning (being clothed all over in white), fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves with a large fan, which she held in her hand. Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her present employment; and coming up, civilly demanded the reason. "Alas," replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears; "how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave : he was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands; with his dying breath he bid me never marry again till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will and endeavouring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying."

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but, concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home; adding "that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation." As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansiin private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hansi declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who like her, could be guilty of such barefaced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for Choang was not disposed to resist, and

Hansi would have her own way.

The widow had scarcely been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honourable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness, and unfeigned reconciliation; nothing could equal their apparent happiness; so fond a husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity. When lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used, but in vain, for his recovery. Hansi was at first inconsolable for his death; after some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day she began to moralise and talk wisdom; the next day she was able to comfort the young

disciple; and on the third, to shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the apartments ; the body of Choang was now thrust into an old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended until the time prescribed by law for his interment. In the mean time, Hansi and the young disciple were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached down to his toes. The hour of their nuptials was arrived; the whole family sympathised with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights that diffused the most exquisite perfume, and a lustre more bright than noon-day. The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment with impatience; when his servant approaching with terror in his countenance, informed her, that his master was fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead, could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarcely waited to hear the end of his story, when, tucking up her clothes, she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living. She therefore struck the lid with the utmost violence. In a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body, which to all appearance had been dead, began to Terrified at the sight, Hansi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprise. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendour. He was not long in suspense before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarcely believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hansi herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented his reproaches; he found her weltering in blood; for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang, being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it best to bear his loss with serenity: so, mending up the old coffin where he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and, unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he the same night married the widow with the large fan.

As they both were apprised of the foibles of each other, beforehand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquillity, and, not expecting rapture, made a shift to find contentment. Farewell.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

The gentleman dressed in black, who was my companion through Westminster Abbey, came yesterday to pay me a visit; and after drinking tea, we both resolved to take a walk together, in order to enjoy the freshness of the country, which now begins to resume its verdure. Before we got

out of the suburbs, however, we were stopped in one of the streets by a crowd of people gathered in a circle round a man and his wife, who seemed too loud and too angry to be understood. The people were highly pleased with the dispute, which upon inquiry we found to be between Dr. Cacafogo, an apothecary, and his wife. The doctor, it seems, coming unexpectedly into his wife's apartment, found a gentleman there in circumstances not in

the least equivocal.

The doctor, who was a person of nice honour, resolving to revenge the flagrant insult, immediately flew to the chimney-piece, and taking down a rusty blunderbuss, drew the trigger upon the defiler of his bed; the delinquent would certainly have been shot through the head, but that the piece had not been charged for many years. The gallant made a shift to escape through the window, but the lady still remained; and, as she well knew her husband's temper, undertook to manage the quarrel without a second. He was furious, and she loud: their noise had gathered all the mob who charitably assembled on the occasion, not to

prevent, but to enjoy the quarrel.
"Alas!" said I to my companion, "what will become of this unhappy creature thus caught in adultery? Believe me, I pity her from my heart; her husband, I suppose, will show her no mercy. Will they burn her as in India, or behead her as in Persia? Will they load her with stripes as in Turkey, or keep her in perpetual imprisonment, as with us in China? Pr'ythee, what is the wife's punishment in England for such offences?"—
"When a lady is thus caught tripping," replied
my companion, "they never punish her, but the husband."-" You surely jest," interrupted I; "I am a foreigner, and you would abuse my ignorance!"—"I am really serious," returned he: "Dr. Cacafogo has caught his wife in the act; but, as he had no witnesses, his small testimony goes for nothing; the consequence, therefore, of his discovery will be, that she will be packed off to live among her relations, and the doctor must be obliged to allow her a separate maintenance."-"Amazing," cried I: "is it not enough, that she is permitted to live separate from the object she detests, but must he give her money to keep her in spirits too ?"—"That he must," said my guide,
"and be called a cuckold by all his neighbours
into the bargain. The men will laugh at him, the ladies will pity him; and all that his warmest friends can say in his favour will be, that the poor good soul has never had any harm in him."—"I want patience," interrupted I; "what! are there no private chastisements for the wife; no schools of penitence to show her folly; no rods for such delinquents?"—"Psha, man," replied he smiling, "if every delinquent among us were to be treated in your manner, one half of the kingdom would flog the other.'

I must confess, my dear Fum, that if I were an English husband, of all things I would take care not to be jealous, nor busily pry into those secrets my wife was pleased to keep from me. Should I detect her infidelity, what is the consequence? If I calmly pocket the abuse, I am laughed at by her and her gallant; if I talk my griefs aloud like a tragedy hero, I am laughed at by the whole world. The course then I would take would be, whenever I went out, to tell my wife where I was going, lest

I should unexpectedly meet her abroad in company with some dear deceiver. Whenever I returned, I would use a peculiar rap at the door, and give four loud hems as I walked deliberately up the staircase. I would never inquisitively peep under her bed, or look behind the curtains. And even though I knew the captain was there, I would calmly take a dish of my wife's cool tea, and talk of the army with reverence.

Of all nations, the Russians seem to me to behave most wisely in such circumstances. The wife promises her husband never to let him see her transgressions of this nature; and he as punctually promises, whenever she is so detected, without the least anger, to beat her without mercy; so they both know what each has to expect; the lady transgresses, is beaten, taken again into

favour, and all goes on as before.

When a Russian young lady, therefore, is to be married, her father, with a cudgel in his hand, asks the bridegroom, whether he chooses this virgin for his bride? to which the other replies in the affirmative. Upon this, the father turning the lady three times round, and giving her three strokes with his cudgel on the back; "My dear," cries he, "these are the last blows you are ever to receive from your tender father; I resign my authority, and my cudgel, to your husband; he knows better than me the use of either." The bridegroom knows decorum too well to accept of the cudgel abruptly; he assures the father that the lady will never want it, and that he would not, for the world, make any use of it; but the father, who knows what the lady may want better than he, insists upon his acceptance: upon this there follows a scene of Russian politeness, while one refuses, and the other offers the cudgel. The whole, however, ends with the bridegroom's taking it; upon which the lady drops a courtesy in token of obedience, and the ceremony proceeds as

There is something excessively fair and open in this method of courtship: by this both sides are prepared for all the matrimonial adventures that are to follow. Marriage has been compared to a game of skill for life; it is generous thus in both parties to declare they are sharpers from the beginning. In England, I am told, both sides use every art to conceal their defects from each other before marriage, and the rest of their lives may be regarded as doing penance for their former dissimulation. Farewell.

LETTER XX.

FROM THE SAME.

"THE republic of letters" is a very common expression among the Europeans: and yet when applied to the learned of Europe, is the most absurd that can be imagined, since nothing is more unlike a republic than the society which goes by that name. From this expression one would be apt to imagine, that the learned were united into a single body, joining their interests, and concurring in the same design. From this one might be apt to compare them to our literary societies in China, where each acknowledges a just subor-dination; and all contribute to build the temple of science, without attempting, from ignorance or

envy, to obstruct each other.

But very different is the state of learning here; every member of this fancied republic is desirous of governing, and none willing to obey; each looks upon his fellow as a rival, not an assistant in the same pursuit. They calumniate, they injure, they despise, they ridicule each other; if one man writes a book that pleases, others shall write books to show that he might have given still greater pleasure, or should not have pleased. If one happens to hit upon something new, there are numbers ready to assure the public that all this was no novelty to them or the learned; that Cardanus, or Brunus, or some other author too dull to be generally read, had anticipated the disco-Thus, instead of uniting like the members of a commonwealth, they are divided into almost as many factions as there are men: and their jarring constitution, instead of being styled a republic of letters, should be entitled an anarchy of litera-

It is true, there are some of superior abilities who reverence and esteem each other; but their mutual admiration is not sufficient to shield off the contempt of the crowd. The wise are but few, and they praise with a feeble voice; the vulgar are many, and roar in reproaches. The truly great seldom unite in societies; have few meetings, no cabals: the dunces hunt in full cry till they have run down a reputation, and then snarl and fight with each other about dividing the spoil. Here you may see the compilers and the bookanswerers of every month, when they have cut up some respectable name, most frequently reproaching each other with stupidity and dulness; resembling the wolves of the Russian forest, who prey upon venison, or horse-flesh, when they can get it, but, in cases of necessity, lying in wait to devour each other. While they have new books to cut up, they make a hearty meal; but if this resource should unhappily fail, then it is that critics eat up critics, and compilers rob from

compilations.

Confucius observes, that it is the duty of the learned to unite society more closely, and to persuade men to become citizens of the world; but the authors I refer to, are not only for disuniting society, but kingdoms also: if the English are at war with France, the dunces of France think it their duty to be at war with those of England. Thus Feron, one of their first-rate scribblers, thinks proper to characterise all the English writers in the gross: "Their whole merit (says he) consists in exaggeration, and often in extravagance; correct their pieces as you please, there still remains a leaven which corrupts the whole. They sometimes discover genius, but not the smallest share of taste: England is not a soil for the plants of genius to thrive in." This is open enough, without the least adulation in the picture; but hear what a Frenchman of acknowledged abilities says upon the same subject: "I am at a loss to determine in what we excel the English, or where they excel us; when I compare the merits of both in any one species of literary composition, so many reputable and pleasing writers present themselves from either country, that judgment rests in suspense: I am pleased with the disquisition, without finding the object of my in-

quiry." But lest you should think the French alone are faulty in this respect, hear how an English journalist delivers his sentiments of them: "We are amazed (says he) to find so many works translated from the French, while we have such numbers neglected of our own. In our opinion, notwithstanding their fame throughout the rest of Europe, the French are the most contemptible reasoners (we had almost said writers) that can be imagined. However, nevertheless, excepting," &c. Another English writer, Shaftesbury, if I remember, on the contrary, says that the French authors are pleasing and judicious; more clear, more methodical, and entertaining, than those of his own country.

From these opposite pictures you perceive that the good authors of either country praise, and the bad revile each other; and yet, perhaps, you will be surprised that indifferent writers should thus be the most apt to censure, as they have the most to apprehend from recrimination; you may perhaps imagine, that such as are possessed of fame themselves, should be the most ready to declare their opinions, since what they say might pass for decision. But the truth happens to be, that the great are solicitous only of raising their own reputation, while the opposite class, alas! are solicitous of bringing every reputation down to a level with

But let us acquit them of malice and envy; a eritic is often guided by the same motives that direct his author. The author endeavours to persuade us that he has written a good book; the critic is equally solicitous to show that he could write a better had he thought proper. A critic is a being possessed of all the vanity, but not the genius, of a scholar; incapable from his native weakness of lifting himself from the ground, he applies to contiguous merit for support; makes the sportive sallies of another's imagination his serious employment, pretends to take our feelings under his care, teaches where to condemn, where to lay the emphasis of praise; and may with as much justice be called a man of taste, as the Chinese who measures his wisdom by the length of his nails.

If then a book spirited or humorous happens to appear in the republic of letters, several critics are in waiting to bid the public not to laugh at a single line of it, for themselves had read it; and they know what is most proper to excite laughter. Other critics contradict the fulminations of this tribunal, call them all spiders, and assure the public that they ought to laugh without restraint. Another set are in the meantime quietly employed in writing notes to the book, intended to show the particular passages to be laughed at; when these are out, others still there are who write notes upon notes: thus a single new book employs not only the paper-makers, the printers, the pressmen, the book-binders, the hawkers, but twenty critics, and as many compilers. In short, the body of the learned may be compared to a Persian army, where there are many pioneers, several sutlers, numberless servants, women and children in abundance, and but few soldiers. Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME

The English are as fond of sceing plays acted as the Chinese; but there is a vast difference in the manner of conducting them. We play our pieces in the open air, the English theirs under cover; we act by daylight, they by the blaze of torches. One of our plays continues eight or ten days successively; an English piece seldom takes up above four hours in the representation.

My companion in black, with whom I am now beginning to contract an intimacy, introduced me a few nights ago to the playhouse, where we placed ourselves conveniently at the foot of the stage. As the curtain was not drawn before my arrival, I had an opportunity of observing the behaviour of the spectators, and indulging those reflections

which novelty generally inspires.

The rich in general were placed in the lowest seats, and the poor rose above them in degrees proportioned to their poverty. The order of precedence seemed here inverted; those who were undermost all the day, now enjoyed a temporary eminence, and became masters of the ceremonies. It was they who called for the music, indulging every noisy freedom, and testifying all the insolence of beggary in exaltation.

They who held the middle region seemed not so riotous as those above them, nor yet so tame as those below; to judge by their looks, many of them seemed strangers there as well as myself; they were chiefly employed, during this period of expectation, in eating oranges, reading the story

of the play, or making assignations.

Those who sat in the lowest rows, which are called the pit, seemed to consider themselves as judges of the merit of the poet and the performers; they were assembled partly to be amused, and partly to show their taste; appearing to labour under that restraint which an affectation of superior discernment generally produces. My companion, however, informed me, that not one in a hundred of them knew even the first principles of criticism; that they assumed the right of being censors because there was none to contradict their pretensions; and that every man who now called himself a connoisseur, became such to all intents and purposes.

Those who sat in the boxes appeared in the most unhappy situation of all. The rest of the audience came merely for their own amusement; these rather to furnish out a part of the entertainment themselves. I could not avoid considering them as acting parts in dumb show, not a courtesy or nod that was not the result of art; not a look nor a smile that was not designed for murder. Gentlemen and ladies ogled each other through spectacles; for my companion observed, that blindness was of late become fashionable, all affected indifference and ease, while their hearts at the same time burned for conquest. Upon the whole, the lights, the music, the ladies in their gayest dresses, the men with cheerfulness and expectation in their looks, all conspired to make a most agreeable picture, and to fill a heart that sympathises at human happiness with an inexpressible serenity.

The expected time for the play to begin at last

arrived, the curtain was drawn, and the actors came on. A woman who personated a queen, came in courtesying to the audience, who clapped their hands upon her appearance. Clapping of hands is, it seems, the manner of applauding in England; the manner is absurd, but every country, you know, has its peculiar absurdities. equally surprised, however, at the submission of the actress, who should have considered herself as a queen, as at the little discernment of the audience who gave her such marks of applause before she attempted to deserve them. Preliminaries between her and the audience being thus adjusted, the dialogue was supported between her and a most hopeful youth, who acted the part of her confidant. They both appeared in extreme distress, for it seems the queen had lost a child some fifteen years before, and still keeps its dear resemblance next her heart, while her kind companion bore a part in her sorrows.

Her lamentations grew loud, comfort is offered, but she detests the very sound. She bids them preach comfort to the winds. Upon this her husband comes in, who seeing the queen so much afflicted, can himself lardly refrain from tears or avoid partaking in the soft distress. After thus grieving through three scenes, the curtain dropped for

the first act.

"Truly," said I to my companion, "these kings and queens are very much disturbed at no very great misfortune; certain I am, were people of humbler stations to act in this manner they would be thought divested of common sense." I had scarcely finished this observation, when the curtain rose, and the king came on in a violent passion. His wife had, it seems, refused his proffered tenderness, had spurned his royal embrace; and he seemed resolved not to survive her fierce disdain. After he had thus fretted, and the queen had fretted through the second act, the curtain was let down once more.

"Now," says my companion, "you perceive the king to be a man of spirit, he feels at every pore; one of your phlegmatic sons of clay would have given the queen her own way, and let her come to herself by degrees; but the king is for immediate tenderness, or instant death; death and tenderness are leading passions of every modern buskined hero; this moment they embrace, and the next stab, mixing daggers and kisses in every

period."

I was going to second his remarks, when my attention was engrossed by a new object; a man came in balancing a straw upon his nose, and the audience were clapping their hands in all the raptures of applause. "To what purpose," cried I, "does this unmeaning figure make his appearance; is he a part of the plot?"—"Unmeaning do you call him?" replied my friend in black; "this is one of the most important characters of the whole play; nothing pleases the people more than seeing a straw balanced; there is a great deal of meaning in the straw; there is something suited to every apprehension in the sight; and a fellow possessed of talents like these is sure of making his fortune."

The third act now began with an actor who came to inform us that he was the villain of the play, and intended to show strange things before all was over. He was joined by another,

who seemed as much disposed for mischief as he; their intrigues continued through this whole division. "If that be a villain," said I, "he must be a very stupid one to tell his secrets without being asked; such soliloquies of late are never admitted in China."

The noise of clapping interrupted me once more; a child of six years old was learning to dance on the stage, which gave the ladies and mandarins infinite satisfaction. "I am sorry," said I, "to see the pretty creature so early learning so bad a trade; dancing being, I presume, as contemptible here as in China."—" Quite the reverse," interrupted my companion, "dancing is a very reputable and genteel employment here; men have a greater chance for encouragement from the merit of their heels than their heads. One who jumps up and flourishes his toes three times before he comes to the ground, may have three hundred a year; he who flourishes them four times, gets four hundred; but he who arrives at five is inestimable, and may demand what salary he thinks proper. The female dancers, too, are valued for this sort of jumping and crossing; and it is a cant word among them that she deserves most who shows highest. But the fourth act is begun, let us be attentive."

In the fourth act the queen finds her long-lost child, now grown up into a youth of smart parts and great qualifications; wherefore, she wisely considers that the crown will fit his head better than that of her husband, whom she knows to be a driveller. The king discovers her design, and here comes on the deep distress; he loves the queen, and he loves the kingdom, he resolves, therefore, in order to possess both, that her son must die. The queen exclaims at his barbarity, is frantic with rage, and at length, overcome with orrow, falls into a fit; upon which the curtain

drops, and the act is concluded.

"Observe the art of the poet," cries my companion; "when the queen can say no more, she falls into a fit. While thus her eyes are shut, while she is supported in the arms of Abigail, what horrors do we fancy! we feel it in every nerve, take my word for it, that fits are the true

aposiopesis of modern tragedy."

The fifth act began, and a busy piece it was. Scenes shifting, trumpets sounding, mobs hallooing, carpets spreading, guards bustling from one door to another: gods, demons, daggers, racks, and ratsbane. But whether the king was killed, or the queen was drowned, or the son was poisoned,

I have absolutely forgotten.

When the play was over, I could not avoid observing, that the persons of the drama appeared in as much distress in the first act as the last: "How is it possible," said I, "to sympathise with them through five long acts! Pity is but a shortlived passion; I hate to hear an actor mouthing trifles: neither startings, strainings, nor attitudes affect me, unless there be cause; after I have been once or twice deceived by those unmeaning alarms, my heart sleeps in peace, probably unaffected by the principal distress. There should be one great passion aimed at by the actor as well as the poet, all the rest should be subordinate, and only contribute to make that the greater; if the actor, therefore, exclaims upon every occasion in the tones of despair, he attempts to move us too soon; he anticipates the blow, he ceases to affect,

though he gains our applause."
I scarcely perceived that the audience were almost all departed, wherefore, mixing with the crowd, my companion and I got into the street; where, essaying a hundred obstacles from coachwheels and palanquin-poles, like birds in their flight through the branches of a forest, after various turnings we both at length got home in safety. Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

The letter which came by the way of Smyrna. and which you sent me unopened, was from my son. As I have permitted you to take copies of all those I sent to China, you might have made no ceremony in opening those directed to me. Either in joy or sorrow, my friend should participate in my feelings. It would give pleasure to see a good man pleased at my success; it would give almost equal pleasure to see him sympathise at my disappointment.

Every account I receive from the East seems to come loaded with some new affliction. My wife and daughter were taken from me, and yet I sustained the loss with intrepidity; my son is made a slave among the barbarians, which was the only blow that could have reached my heart; yes, I will indulge the transports of nature for a little, in order to show I can overcome them in the end. "True magnanimity consists, not in NEVER falling; but in RISING every time we fall."

When our mighty emperor had published his displeasure at my departure, and seized upon all that was mine, my son was privately secreted from his resentment. Under the protection and guardianship of Fum Hoam, the best and wisest of all the inhabitants of China, he was for some time instructed in the learning of the missionaries, and the wisdom of the East. But hearing of my adventures, and incited by filial piety, he was resolved to follow my fortunes, and share my distress.

He passed the confines of China in disguise, hired himself as a camel-driver to a caravan that was crossing the deserts of Thibet, and was within one day's journey of the river Laur, which divides that country from India, when a body of wandering Tartars falling unexpectedly on the caravan, plundered it, and made those who escaped their first fury slaves. By those he was led into the extensive and desolate regions that border on the shores of the Aral lake.

Here he lived by hunting; and was obliged to supply every day a certain proportion of the spoil, to regale his savage masters. His learning, his virtues, and even his beauty, were qualifications that no way served to recommend him; they know no merit, but that of providing large quantities of milk and raw flesh; and were sensible of no happiness but that of rioting on the undressed

Some merchants from Mesched, however, coming to trade with the Tartars for slaves, he was sold among the number, and led into the kingdom of Persia, where he is now detained. He is there obliged to watch the looks of a voluptuous and cruel master, a man fond of pleasure, yet incapable of refinement, whom many years' service in war

has taught pride but not bravery.

That treasure which I still keep within my bosom, my child, my all that was left to me, is now a slave*. Good heavens, why was this? Why have I been introduced into this mortal apartment, to be a spectator of my own misfortunes, and the misfortunes of my fellow-creatures? Wherever I turn, what a labyrinth of doubt, error, and disappointment appears! Why was I brought into being; for what purposes made; from whence have I come; whither strayed; or to what regions am I hastening? Reason cannot resolve. It lends a ray to show the horrors of my prison, but not a light to guide me to escape them. Ye boasted revelations of the earth, how little do you aid the inquiry !

How am I surprised at the inconsistency of the Magi! their two principles of good and evil affright me. The Indian, who bathes his visage in urine, and calls it piety, strikes me with astonishment. The Christian, who believes in three gods, is highly absurd. The Jews, who pretend that Deity is pleased with the effusion of blood, are not less displeasing. I am equally surprised, that rational beings can come from the extremities of the earth in order to kiss a stone, or scatter pebbles. How contrary to reason are those! and yet all pretend

to teach me to be happy.

Surely all men are blind and ignorant of truth. Mankind wanders, unknowing his way, from morn-Where shall we turn after haping till evening. piness; or is it wisest to desist from the pursuit ? Like reptiles in a corner of some stupendous palace, we peep from our holes, look about us, wonder at all we see, but are ignorant of the great Architect's design; O for a revelation of himself, for a plan of his universal system ! O, for the reasons of our creation; or why we were created to be thus unhappy! If we are to experience no other felicity but what this life affords, then are we miscrable indeed; if we are born only to look about us, repine and die, then has Heaven been guilty of injustice. If this life terminates my existence, I despise the blessings of Providence, and the wisdom of the giver; if this life be my all, let the following epitaph be written on the tomb of Altanghi: By my father's crimes I received this; by my own crimes I bequeath it to posterity!

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

YET, while I sometimes lament the case of humanity, and the depravity of human nature, there now and then appear gleams of greatness that serve to relieve the eye, oppressed with the hideous prospect; and resemble those cultivated spots that are sometimes found in the midst of an Asiatic wilderness. I see many superior excellences among the English, which it is not in the power of all their follies to hide; I see virtues.

which in other countries are known only to a few,

practised here by every rank of people.

I know not whether it proceeds from their superior opulence that the English are more charitable than the rest of mankind; whether by being possessed of all the conveniences of life themselves, they have more leisure to perceive the uneasy situation of the distressed; whatever be the motive, they are not only the most charitable of any other nation, but most judicious in distinguishing the properest objects of compassion.

In other countries the giver is generally influenced by the immediate impulse of pity; his generosity is exerted as much to relieve his own uneasy sensations, as to comfort the object in distress. In England benefactions are of a more general nature. Some men of fortune and universal benevolence propose the proper objects; the wants and the merits of the petitioners are canvassed by the people; neither passion nor pity find a place in the cool discussion; and charity is then only exerted when it has received the approbation of reason.

A late instance of this finely-directed benevolence forces itself strongly on my imagination; that it in a manner reconciles me to pleasure, and once more makes me the universal friend

of man.

The English and French have not only political reasons to induce them to mutual hatred, but often the more prevailing motive of private interest to widen the breach. A war between other countries is carried on collectively: army fights against army, and a man's own private resentment is lost in that of the community; but in England and France the individuals of each country plunder each other at sea without redress, and consequently feel that animosity against each other which passengers do at a robber. They have for some time carried on an expensive war; and several captives have been taken on both sides: those made prisoners by the French have been used with cruelty, and guarded with unnecessary caution; those taken by the English, being much more numerous, were confined in the ordinary manner; and not being released by their countrymen, began to feel all those inconveniences which arise from want of covering and long confinement.

Their countrymen were informed of their deplorable situation; but they, more intent on annoying their enemies than relieving their friends, refused the least assistance. The English now saw thousands of their fellow-creatures starving in every prison, forsaken by those whose duty it was to protect them, labouring with disease, and without clothes to keep off the severity of the season. National benevolence prevailed over national animosity; their prisoners were indeed enemies, but they were enemies in distress: they ceased to be hateful, when they no longer continued to be formidable: forgetting, therefore, their national hatred, the men who were brave enough to conquer, were generous enough to forgive; and they, whom all the world seemed to have disclaimed, at last found pity and redress from those they attempted to subdue. A sub-scription was opened, ample charities collected, proper necessaries procured, and the poor gay sons of a merry nation were once more taught to

resume their former gaiety.

^{*} This whole apostrophe seems most literally translated from Ambulaaohamed, the Arabian poet.

When I cast my eye over the list of those who contributed on this occasion, I find the names almost entirely English: scarcely one foreigner appears among the number. It was for Englishmen alone to be capable of such exalted virtue. I own, I cannot look over this catalogue of good men and philosophers without thinking better of myself, because it makes me entertain a more favourable opinion of mankind. I am particularly struck with one who writes these words upon the paper that inclosed his benefaction: "The mite of an Englishman, a citizen of the world, to Frenchmen, prisoners of war and naked." I only wish that he may find as much pleasure from his virtues as I have done in reflecting upon them; that alone will amply reward him. Such a one, my friend, is an honour to human nature; he makes no private distinctions of party; all that are stamped with the divine image of their Creator are friends to him: he is a native of the world; and the emperor of China may be proud that he has such a countryman.

To rejoice at the destruction of our enemies is a foible, grafted upon human nature, and we must be permitted to indulge it: the true way of atoning for such an ill-founded pleasure, is thus to turn our triumph into an act of benevolence, and to testify our own joy by endeavouring to banish

anxiety from others.

Hanti, the best and wisest emperor that ever filled the throne, after having gained three signal victories over the Tartars, who had invaded his dominions, returned to Nankin in order to enjoy the glory of his conquest. After he had rested for some days, the people, who were naturally fond of processions, impatiently expected the triumphant entry which emperors upon such occasions were accustomed to make: their murmurs came to the emperor's ear; he loved his people, and was willing to do all in his power to satisfy their just desires. He therefore assured them, that he intended, upon the next feast of the Lanterns, to exhibit one of the most glorious triumphs that had ever been seen in China.

The people were in raptures at his condescension: and on the appointed day, assembled at the gates of the palace with the most eager expectations. Here they waited for some time without seeing any of those preparations which usually precede a pageant. The lantern with ten thousand tapers was not yet brought forth; the fireworks, which usually covered the city walls, were not yet lighted: the people once more began to murmur at this delay; when in the midst of their impatience the palace-gates flew open, and the emperor himself appeared, not in splendour or magnificence, but in an ordinary habit, followed by the blind, the maimed, and the strangers of the city, all in new clothes, and each carrying in his hand money enough to supply his necessities for soon perceived the wisdom of their king, who taught them, that to make one man happy, was more truly great than having ten thousand captives groaning at the wheels of his chariot. Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Whatever may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity against which they are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation; but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine. The advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty: be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure without loss of time, knowledge of a bed-fellow, or hindrance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient, who refuses so much health upon such easy terms: does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever ? or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must, otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well! The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick. Only sick, did I say? there are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius! they die; though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half-a-crown at every

I am amazed, my dear Fum Hoam, that these doctors, who know what an obstinate set of people they have to deal with, have never thought of attempting to revive the dead. When the living are found to reject their prescriptions, they ought in conscience, to apply to the dead, from whom they can expect no such mortifying repulses; they would find in the dead the most complying patients imaginable; and what gratitude ought they to expect from the patient's son, now no longer an heir, and his wife, no longer a widow!

Think not, my friend, that there is any thing chimerical in such an attempt: they already perform cures equally strange. What can be more truly astonishing than to see old age restored to youth, and vigour to the most feeble constitution? yet this is performed here every day; a simple electuary effects these wonders, even without the bungling ceremonies of having the patient boiled up in a kettle, or ground down in a mill.

Few physicians here go through the ordinary course of education, but receive all their knowledge of medicine by immediate inspiration from heaven. Some are thus inspired even in the womb;

and what is very remarkable, understand their profession as well at three years old as at three-score. Others have spent a great part of their lives unconscious of any latent excellence, till a bankruptcy, or a residence in gaol, have called their miraculous powers into exertion. And others still there are indebted to their superlative ignorance alone for success; the more ignorant the practitioner, the less capable is he thought of deceiving. The people here judge as they do in the East; where it is thought absolutely requisite that a man should be an idiot before he pretends to be either a conjuror or a doctor.

When a physician by inspiration is sent for, he never perplexes the patient by previous examination; he asks very few questions, and those only for form's sake. He knows every disorder by intuition: he administers the pill or drop for every distemper; nor is more inquisitive than the farrier while he drenches a horse. If the patient lives, then has he one more to add to the surviving list: if he dies, then it may be justly said of the patient's disorder, that as it was not cured, the

disorder was incurable.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

I was some days ago in company with a politician, who very pathetically declaimed upon the miserable situation of his country : he assured me, that the whole political machine was moving in a wrong track, and that scarcely even abilities like his own could ever set it right again. "What have we," said he, "to do with the wars on the Continent? We are a commercial nation; we have only to cultivate commerce, like our neighbours the Dutch: it is our business to increase trade by settling new colonies: riches are the strength of a nation; and for the rest, our ships, our ships alone, will protect us." I found it vain to oppose my feeble arguments to those of a man who thought himself wise enough to direct even the ministry: I fancied, however, that I saw with more certainty, because I reasoned without prejudice: I therefore begged leave, instead of argument, to relate a short history. He gave me a smile at once of condescension and contempt, and I proceeded, as follows, to describe THE RISE AND DECLENSION OF THE KINGDOM OF LAO.

Northward of China, and in one of the doublings of the great wall, the fruitful province of Lao enjoyed its liberty, and a peculiar government of its own. As the inhabitants were on all sides surrounded by the wall, they feared no sudden invasion from the Tartars: and being each possessed of property, they were zealous in its de-

fence.

The natural consequences of security and affluence in any country is a love of pleasure; when the wants of nature are supplied, we seek after the conveniences; when possessed of these, we desire the luxuries of life; and, when every luxury is provided, it is then ambition takes up the man, and leaves him still something to wish for; the inhabitants of the country, from primitive simplicity, soon began to aim at elegance, and from elegance proceeded to refinement. It was now

found absolutely requisite for the good of the state, that the people should be divided. Formerly, the same hand that was employed in tilling the ground, or in dressing up the manufactures, was also in time of need a soldier; but the custom was now changed; for it was perceived, that a man bred up from childhood to the arts of either peace or war, became more eminent by this means in his respective profession. The inhabitants were, therefore, now distinguished into artisans and soldiers; and while those improved the luxuries of life, these watched for the security of the people.

A country possessed of freedom, has always two sorts of enemies to fear; foreign foes who attack its existence from without, and internal miscreants who betray its liberties within. The inhabitants of Lao were to guard against both. A country of artisans were most likely to preserve internal liberty; and a nation of soldiers were fittest to repel a foreign invasion. Hence, naturally rose a division of opinion between the artisans and soldiers of the kingdom. The artisans, ever complaining that freedom was threatened by an armed internal force, were for disbanding the soldiers, and insisted that their walls, their walls alone, were sufficient to repel the most formidable invasion: the warriors, on the contrary, represented the power of the neighbouring kings, the combinations formed against their state, and the weakness of the wall, which every earthquake might overturn. While this altercation continued, the kingdom might be justly said to enjoy its greatest share of vigour; every order in the state, by being watchful over each other, contributed to diffuse happiness equally, and balanced the state. The arts of peace flourished, nor were those of war neglected; the neighbouring powers, who had nothing to apprehend from the ambition of men, whom they only saw solicitous, not for riches, but freedom, were contented to traffic with them: they sent their goods to be manufactured in Lao, and paid a large price for them upon their

By these means this people at length became moderately rich, and their opulence naturally invited the invader; a Tartar prince led an immense army against them, and they as bravely stood up in their own defence; they were still inspired with a love of their country: they fought the barbarous enemy with fortitude, and gained a complete

victory.

From this moment, which they regarded as the completion of their glory, historians date their downfall. They had risen in strength by a love of their country, and fell by indulging ambition. The country possessed by the invading Tartars seemed to them a prize that would not only render them more formidable for the future, but which would increase their opulence for the present; it was unanimously resolved, therefore, both by soldiers and artisans, that those desolate regions should be peopled by colonies from Lao. When a trading nation begins to act the conqueror, it is then perfectly undone: it subsists in some measure by the support of its neighbours; while they continue to regard it without envy or apprehension, trade may flourish; but when once it presumes to assert as its right what is only enjoyed as a favour, each country reclaims that part of commerce which it has power to take back, and turns it into some other channel more honourable, though perhaps less convenient.

Every neighbour now began to regard with jealous eyes that ambitious commonwealth, and forbade her subjects any future intercourse with them. The inhabitants of Lao, however, still pursued the same ambitious maxims; it was from their colonies alone they expected riches: and riches, said they, are strength, and strength is security. Numberless were the migrations of the desperate and enterprising of this country, to people the desolate dominions lately possessed by the Tartar. Between these colonies and the mother country a very advantageous traffic was at first carried on; the republic sent their colonies large quantities of the manufactures of the country, and they in return provided the republic with an equivalent in ivory and ginseng. By this means the inhabitants became immensely rich, and this produced an equal degree of voluptuousness; for men who have much money will always find some fantastical modes of enjoyment. How shall I mark the steps by which they declined? Every colony in process of time spreads over the whole country where it first was planted. As it grows more populcus, it becomes more polite; and those manufactures for which it was in the beginning obliged to others, it learns to dress up itself: such was the case with the colonies of Lao; they, in less than a century, became a powerful and a polite people, and the more polite they grew, the less advantageous was the commerce which still subsisted between them and others. By this means the mothercountry being abridged in its commerce, grew poorer, but not less luxurious. Their former wealth had introduced luxury; and wherever luxury once fixes, no art can either lessen or remove it. Their commerce with their neighbours was totally destroyed, and that with their colonies was every day naturally and necessarily declining; they still, however, preserved the insolence of wealth, without a power to support it, and persevered in being luxurious, while contemptible from poverty. In short, the state resembled one of those bodies bloated with disease, whose bulk is only a symptom of its wretchedness.

Their former opulence only rendered them more impotent, as those individuals who are reduced from riches to poverty, are of all men the most unfortunate and helpless. They had imagined, because their colonies tended to make them rich upon the first acquisition, they would still continue to do so; they now found, however, that on themselves alone they should have depended for support; that colonies ever afforded but temporary affluence, and when cultivated and polite, are no longer useful. From such a concurrence of circumstances, they soon became contemptible. The emperor Honti invaded them with a powerful army. Historians do not say whether their colonies were too remote to lend assistance, or else were desirous of shaking off their dependence; but certain it is, they scarcely made any resistance; their walls were now found but a weak defence, and they at length were obliged to acknowledge subjection to the empire of China.

Happy, very happy, might they have been, had they known when to bound their riches and their glory: had they known that extending empire is often diminishing power; that countries are ever

strongest which are internally powerful; that colonies, by draining away the brave and enterprising, leave the country in the hands of the timid and the avaricious: that walls give little protection, unless manned with resolution: that too much commerce may injure a nation as well as too little; and that there is a wide difference between a conquering and a flourishing empire.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The man in black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies: and he may be justly termed a humourist in a nation of humourists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded illnature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others beast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish-house," says he, "the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more: I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious; I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it, in some measure, encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences; let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them, and rather

merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly, to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us, that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive, that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should not hear, go work for his bread, and not teaze passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could

at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollected himself, and presenting his whole bundle, "Here master," says he, " take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain.'

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me, that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half their value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred, that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her

arms and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice, that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who, in the deepest distress, still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding; his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion, when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects! The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

As there appeared something reluctantly good in the character of my companion, I must own it surprised me what could be his motives for thus concealing virtues which others take such pains to display. I was unable to repress my desire of knowing the history of a man who thus seemed to act under continual restraint, and whose benevolence was rather the effect of appetite than reason.

It was not, however, till after repeated solicitations he thought proper to gratify my curiosity. "If you are fond," says he, "of hearing hairbreadth 'scapes, my history must certainly please; for I have been for twenty years upon the very verge of starving, without ever being starved.

"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them, they returned equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army, influenced my father at the head of his table; he told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at: he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy and the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

"As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it: he had no intention of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he was resolved they should have learning; for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself; and took as much pains to form our morals, as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society; we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the human face divine with affection and esteem: he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and

rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress: in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the arts of giving away thousands, before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a

farthing.

"I cannot avoid imagining, that thus refined by his lessons out of all my suspicion, and divested of even all the little cunning which nature had given me, I resembled, upon my first entrance into the busy and insidious world, one of those gladiators who were exposed without armour in the amphitheatre at Rome. My father, however, who had only seen the world on one side, seemed to triumph in my superior discernment; though my whole stock of wisdom consisted in being able to talk like himself upon subjects that once were useful, because they were then topics of the busy world; but that now were utterly useless, because connected with the busy world no longer.

"The first opportunity he had of finding his expectations disappointed, was at the very middling figure I made in the university; he had flattered himself that he should soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation, but was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown. His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having over-rated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasonings, at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects, than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew. This did not, however, please my tutors, who observed, indeed, that I was a little dull, but at the same time allowed, that I seemed to be very good-natured, and had no harm in me.

"After I had resided at college seven years, my father died, and left me—his blessing. Thus shoved from shore without ill-nature to protect, or cunning to guide, or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-two. But, in order to settle in life, my friends advised (for they always advise when they begin to despise us), they advised me, I say, to go into orders.

"To be obliged to wear a long wig, when I liked a short one, or a black coat, when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty, that I absolutely rejected the proposal. A priest in England is not the same mortified creature with a bonze in China! with us, not he that fasts best, but eats best, is reckoned the best liver; yet I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and ease, from no other consideration but that boyish one of dress. So that my friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone; and yet they thought it a pity for one who had not the least harm in him, and was so very good-

"Poverty naturally begets dependence, and I was admitted as flatterer to a great man. At first I was surprised that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought disagreeable; there was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked round for applause. This even good manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too soon, that his lordship was a greater dunce than myself; and from that very moment flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at

setting him right, than at receiving his absurdities with submission: to flatter those we do not know is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eyes, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise, my falsehood went to my conscience; his lordship soon perceived me to be very unfit for service : I was, therefore, discharged; my patron at the same time being graciously pleased to observe, that he believed I was tolerably good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

"Disappointed in ambition, I had recourse to love. A young lady, who lived with her aunt, and was possessed of a pretty fortune in her own disposal, had given me, as I fancied, some reason to expect success. The symptoms by which I was guided were striking. She had always laughed with me at her awkward acquaintance, and at her aunt among the number; she always observed, that a man of sense would make a better husband than a fool; and as I constantly applied the observation in my own favour, she continually talked, in my company, of friendship and the beauties of the mind, and spoke of Mr. Shrimp, my rival's high-heeled shoes, with detestation. These were eircumstances which I thought strongly in my favour; so, after resolving and re-resolving, I had courage enough to tell her my mind. Miss heard my proposals with serenity, seeming at the same time to study the figures of her fan. Out at last it came. There was but one small objection to complete our happiness; which was no more, than—that she was married three months before to Mr. Shrimp, with high-heeled shoes! By way of consolation, however, she observed, that though I was disappointed in her, my addresses to her aunt would probably kindle her into sensibility; as the old lady always allowed me to be very good-natured, and not to have the least share of harm in me.

"Yet still I had friends, numerous friends, and to them I was resolved to apply. O friendship! thou fond soother of the human breast, to thee we fly in every calamity; to thee the wretched seek for succour; on thee the care-tired son of misery fondly relies; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate always hope for relief, and may be ever sure of-disappointment! My first application was to a city scrivener, who had frequently offered to lend me money when he knew I did not want it. informed him, that now was the time to put his friendship to the test; that I wanted to borrow a couple of hundreds for a certain occasion, and was resolved to take it up from him. 'And pray, sir,' cried my friend, 'do you want all this money ?'—'Indeed I never wanted it more,' returned I. 'I am sorry for that,' cries the scrivener, ' with all my heart; for they who want money, when they come to borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay.'

"From him I flew with indignation to one of the best friends I had in the world, and made the same request. 'Indeed, Mr. Dry-bone,' cries my friend, 'I always thought it would come to this. You know, sir, I would not advise you but for your own good; but your conduct has hitherto been ridiculous in the highest degree, and some of your acquaintance always thought you a very silly fellow. Let me see, you want two hundred pounds.

Do you only want two hundred, sir, exactly?' To confess a truth,' returned I, 'I shall want three hundred; but then I have another friend, from whom I can borrow the rest.'—' Why then,' replied my friend, 'if you would take my advice, (and you know I should not presume to advise you but for your own good) I would recommend it to you to borrow the whole sum from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know.'

"Poverty now began to come fast upon me; yet instead of growing more provident and cautious as I grew poor, I became every day more indolent and simple. A friend was arrested for fifty pounds; I was unable to extricate him except by becoming his bail: when at liberty he fled from his creditors, and left me to take his place. In prison I expected greater satisfaction than I had enjoyed at large. I hoped to converse with men in this new world simple and believing like myself; but I found them as cunning and as cautious as those in the world I had left behind. They spunged up my money whilst it lasted, borrowed my coals and never paid for them, and cheated me when I played at cribbage. All this was done because they believed me to be very good-natured,

and knew that I had no harm in me.

"Upon my first entrance into this mansion, which is to some the abode of despair, I felt no sensations different from those I experienced I was now on one side the door, and those who were unconfined were on the other; this was all the difference between us. At first, indeed, I felt some uneasiness, in considering how I should be able to provide this week for the wants of the week ensuing; but after some time, if I found myself sure of eating one day, I never troubled my head how I was to be supplied another. I seized every precarious meal with the utmost good-humour; indulged no rants of spleen at my situation; never called down heaven and all the stars to behold me dining upon a halfpennyworth of radishes; my very companions were taught to believe that I liked salad better than mutton. contented myself with thinking, that all my life I should either eat white bread or brown; considered that all that happened was best; laughed when I was not in pain, took the world as it went, and read Tacitus often, for want of more books and company.

"How long I might have continued in this torpid state of simplicity I cannot tell, had I not been roused by seeing an old acquaintance, whom I knew to be a prudent blockhead, preferred to a place in the government. I now found that I had pursued a wrong track, and that the true way of being able to relieve others, was first to aim at independence myself; my immediate care, therefore, was to leave my present habitation, and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behaviour. For a free, open, undesigning deportment, I put on that of closeness, prudence, and economy. One of the most heroic actions I ever performed, and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half-a-crown to an old acquaintance, at the time when he wanted it, and I had it to spare; for this alone I deserve

to be decreed an ovation.

"I now, therefore, pursued a course of uninterrupted frugality, seldom wanted a dinner, and

was, consequently, invited to twenty. I soon began to get the character of a saving hunks that had money, and insensibly grew into esteem. Neighbours have asked my advice in the disposal of their daughters; and I have always taken care not to give any. I have contracted a friendship with an alderman, only by observing, that if we take a farthing from a thousand pounds, it will be a thousand pounds no longer. I have been invited to a pawnbroker's table, by pretending to hate gravy; and am now actually upon treaty of marriage with a rich widow, for only having observed that the bread was rising. If ever I am asked a question, whether I know it or not, instead of answering, I only smile and look wise. If a charity is proposed, I go about with the hat, but put nothing in myself. If a wretch solieits my pity, I observe that the world is filled with impostors; and take a certain method of not being deceived, by never relieving. In short, I now find the truest way of finding esteem even from the indigent, is to give away nothing, and thus have much in our power to give."

LETTER XXVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

LATELY in company with my friend in black, whose conversation is now both my amusement and instruction, I could not avoid observing the great numbers of old bachelors and maiden-ladies with which this city seems to be over-run. "Sure, marriage," said I, "is not sufficiently encouraged, or we should never behold such battered beaux and decayed coquettes still attempting to drive a trade they have been so long unfit for, and swarming upon the gaiety of the age. I behold an old bachelor in the most contemptible light, as an animal that lives upon the common stock, without contributing his share: he is a beast of prey, and the laws should make use of as many stratagems, and as much force to drive the reluctant savage into the toils, as the Indians when they hunt the The mob should be permitted to rhinoceros. halloo after him, boys might play tricks on him with impunity, every well-bred company should laugh at him, and if, when turned of sixty, he offered to make love, his mistress might spit in his face, or, what would be perhaps a greater punish-

ment, should fairly grant the favour.
"As for old maids," continued I, "they should not be treated with so much severity, because I suppose none would be so if they could. lady in her senses would choose to be a subordinate figure at christenings and lyings-in, when she might be the principal herself; nor curry favour with a sister-in-law, when she might command a husband; nor toil in preparing custards, when she might lie a-bed and give directions how they ought to be made; nor stifle all her sensations in demure formality, when she might with matrimonial freedom shake her acquaintance by the hand, and wink at a double-entendre. lady could be so very silly as to live single, if she could help it. I consider an unmarried lady declining into the vale of years, as one of those charming countries bordering on China, that lies waste for want of proper inhabitants. We are not to accuse the country, but the ignorance of its neighbours, who are insensible of its beauties, though at liberty to enter and cultivate

the soil."

"Indeed, sir," replied my companion, "you are very little acquainted with the English ladies, to think they are old maids against their will. I dare venture to affirm, that you can hardly select one of them all but has had frequent offers of marriage, which either pride or avarice has not made her reject. Instead of thinking it a disgrace, they take every occasion to boast of their former cruelty; a soldier does not exult more when he counts over the wounds he has received, than a female veteran when she relates the wounds she has formerly given: exhaustless when she begins a narrative of the former deathdealing power of her eyes. She tells of the knight in gold lace, who died with a single frown, and never rose again till-he was married to his maid; of the squire, who being cruelly denied, in a rage flew to the window, and lifting up the sash, threw himself in an agony-into his armchair; of the parson, who, crossed in love, resolutely swallowed opium, which banished the stings of despised love-by making him sleep. In short, she talks over her former losses with pleasure, and, like some tradesmen, finds some consolation in the many bankruptcies she has suffered.

"For this reason, whenever I see a super-annuated beauty still unmarried, I tacitly accuse her either of pride, avarice, coquetry, or affectation. There's Miss Jenny Tinderbox, I once remember her to have had some beauty, and a moderate fortune. Her elder sister happened to marry a man of quality, and this seemed as a statute of virginity against poor Jane. Because there was one lucky hit in the family, she was resolved not to disgrace it by introducing a tradesman. By thus rejecting her equals, and neglected or despised by her superiors, she now acts in the capacity of tutoress to her sister's children, and undergoes the drudgery of three servants, without

receiving the wages of one.

"Miss Squeeze was a pawnbroker's daughter: her father had early taught her that money was a very good thing, and left her a moderate fortune at his death. She was so perfectly sensible of the value of what she had got, that she was resolved never to part with a farthing without an equality on the part of her suitor; she thus refused several offers made her by people who wanted to better themselves, as the saying is; and grew old and ill-natured, without ever considering that she should have made an abatement in her pretensions, from her face being pale, and marked with the small-pox.

"Lady Betty Tempest, on the contrary, had beauty, with fortune and family. But fond of conquest, she passed from triumph to triumph; she had read plays and romances, and there had learned that a plain man of common sense was no better than a fool: such she refused, and sighed only for the gay, giddy, inconstant, and thoughtless; after she had thus rejected hundreds who liked her, and sighed for hundreds who despised her, she found herself insensibly deserted: at present she is company only for her aunts and cousins, and sometimes makes one in a country dance, with only one of the chairs for a partner, casts off round a joint-stool, and sets to a cornercupboard. In a word, she is treated with civil contempt from every quarter, and placed, like a piece of old-fashioned lumber, merely to fill up a

"But Sophronia, the sagacious Sophronia, how shall I mention her? She was taught to love Greek and hate the men, from her very infancy: she has rejected fine gentlemen because they were not pedants; and pedants because they were not fine gentlemen; her exquisite sensibility has taught her to discover every fault in every lover, and her inflexible justice has prevented her pardoning them: thus she rejected several offers, till the wrinkles of old age had overtaken her; and now, without one good feature in her face, she talks incessantly of the beauties of the mind." Farewell.

LETTER XXIX.

FROM THE SAME.

Were we to estimate the learning of the English by the number of the books that are every day published among them, perhaps no country, not even China itself, could equal them in this particular. I have reckoned not less than twenty-three new books published in one day; which, upon computation, makes eight thousand three hundred and ninety-five in one year. Most of these are not confined to one single science, but embrace the whole circle. History, politics, poetry, mathematics, metaphysics, and the philosophy of nature, are all comprised in a manual not larger than that in which our children are taught the letters. then, we suppose the learned of England to read but an eighth part of the works which daily come from the press (and surely none can pretend to learning upon less easy terms), at this rate every scholar will read a thousand books in one year. From such a calculation you may conjecture what an amazing fund of literature a man must be possessed of, who thus reads three new books every day, not one of which but contains all the good things that ever were said or written.

And yet I know not how it happens, but the English are not in reality so learned as would seem from this calculation. We meet but few who know all arts and sciences to perfection; whether it is that the generality are incapable of such extensive knowledge, or that the authors of those books are not adequate instructors. China the emperor himself takes cognizance of all the doctors in the kingdom who profess authorship. In England every man may be an author that can write; for they have by law a liberty not only of saying what they please, but of being also

as dull as they please.
Yesterday I testified my surprise to the man in black, where writers could be found in sufficient number to throw off the books I daily saw crowding from the press. I at first imagined that their learned seminaries might take this method of instructing the world. But to obviate this objection, my companion assured me, that the doctors of colleges never wrote, and that some of them had actually forgot their reading: but if you desire, continued he, to see a collection of authors, I fancy I can introduce you this evening to a club, which assembles every Saturday at seven, at the

sign of the Broom, near Islington, to talk over the business of the last, and the entertainment of the week ensuing. I accepted his invitation, we walked together, and entered the house some time before the usual hour for the company assembling.

My friend took this opportunity of letting me into the characters of the principal members of the club, not even the host excepted; who, it seems, was once an author himself, but preferred by a bookseller to this situation as a reward for

his former services.

The first person, said he, of our society, is Doctor Nonentity, a metaphysician. Most people think him a profound scholar; but as he seldom speaks, I cannot be positive in that particular: he generally spreads himself before the fire, sucks his pipe, talks little, drinks much, and is reckoned very good company. I am told he writes indexes to perfection, he makes "essays on the origin of evil," philosophical inquiries upon any subject, and draws up an answer to any book upon twenty-four hours' warning. You may distinguish him from the rest of the company by his long grey wig, and the blue handkerchief round his neek.

The next to him in merit and esteem is Tim Syllabub, a droll creature. He sometimes shines as a star of the first magnitude among the choice spirits of the age; he is reckoned equally excellent at a rebus, a riddle, a bawdy song, and a hymn for the tabernacle. You will know him by his shabby finery, his powdered wig, dirty shirt, and broken

silk stockings.

After him succeeds Mr. Tibs, a very useful hand: he writes receipts for the bite of a mad dog, and throws off an eastern tale to perfection; he understands the business of an author as well as any man, for no bookseller alive can cheat him. You may distinguish him by the peculiar clumsiness of his figure, and the coarseness of his coat: however, though it be coarse (as he frequently tells the company), he has paid for it.

Lawyer Squint is the politician of the society: he makes speeches for parliament, writes addresses to his fellow-subjects, and letters to noble commanders; he gives the history of every new play, and finds "seasonable thoughts" upon every

occasion.

My companion was proceeding in his description, when the host came running in with terror on his countenance, to tell us the door was beset with bailiffs. "If that be the case then," says my companion, "we had as good be going; for I am positive we shall not see one of the company this night." Wherefore, disappointed, we were both obliged to return home; he to enjoy the oddities which compose his character alone, and I to write as usual to my friend the occurrences of the day. Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

FROM THE SAME.

By my last advices from Moscow, I find the caravan has not yet departed for China: I still continue to write, expecting that you may receive a large number of my letters at once. In them you will find rather a minute detail of English peculiarities, than a general picture of their manners or disposition. Happy it were for mankind if all travellers would thus, instead of characteris-

ing a people in general terms, lead us into a detail of those minute circumstances which first influenced their opinion; the genius of a country should be investigated with a kind of experimental inquiry; by this means we should have more precise and just notions of foreign nations, and detect travellers themselves when they happened to form wrong conclusions.

My friend and I repeated our visit to the club of authors; where, upon our entrance, we found the members all assembled, and engaged in a loud

debate.

The poet, in shabby finery, holding a manuscript in his hand, was carnestly endeavouring to persuade the company to hear him read the first book of an heroic poem, which he had composed the day before. But against this all the members very warmly objected. They knew no reason why any member of the club should be indulged with a particular hearing, when many of them had published whole volumes which had never been looked in. They insisted that the law should be observed, where reading in company was expressly noticed. It was in vain that the poet pleaded the peculiar merit of his piece; he spoke to an assembly insensible to all his remonstrances; the book of laws was opened, and read by the secretary, where it was expressly enacted, "That whatsoever poet, speech-maker, critic, or historian, should presume to engage the company by reading his own works, he was to lay down sixpence previous to opening the manuscript, and should be charged one shilling an hour while he continued reading; the said shilling to be equally distributed among the company as a recompense for their trouble."

Our poet seemed at first to shrink at the penalty, hesitating for some time whether he should deposit the fine or shut up the poem; but looking round, and perceiving two strangers in the room, his love of fame outweighed his prudence, and laying down the sum by law established, he insisted on his

prerogative.

A profound silence ensuing, he began by explaining his design. "Gentlemen," says he, "the present piece is not one of your common epic poems, which come from the press like paper kites in summer; there are none of your Turnus's or Dido's in it; it is an heroical description of nature. I only beg you'll endeavour to make your souls in unison with mine, and hear with the same enthusiasm with which I have written. The poem begins with the description of an author's bedchamber: the picture was sketched in my own apartment; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am myself the hero." Then putting himself into the attitude of an orator, with all the emphasis of voice and action he proceeded:—

"Where the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.
A window patch'd with paper lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons framed with listing found a place,
And brave Prince William show'd his lamp-black face:

The morn was cold, he views with keen desire The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire: With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored, And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board, A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay, A cap by night-a stocking all the day!

With this last line he seemed so much elated, that he was unable to proceed. "There, gentlemen," cries he, "there is a description for you! Rabelais's bedchamber is but a fool to it:

'A cap by night-a stocking all the day!'

There is sound and sense, and truth and nature, in the trifling compass of ten syllables."

He was too much employed in self-admiration to observe the company, who by nods, winks, shrugs, and stifled laughter, testified every mark of contempt. He turned severally to each for their opinion, and found all, however, ready to applaud. One swore it was inimitable; another said it was "damn'd fine;" and a third cried out in a rapture "bravissimo." At last, addressing himself to the president, "And pray, Mr. Squint, says he, "let us have your opinion."—"Mine," answered the president (taking the manuscript out of the author's hand), "may this glass suffocate me, but I think it equal to any thing I have seen; and I fancy" (continued he, doubling up the poem, and foreing it into the author's pocket), "that you will get great honour when it comes out; so I shall beg leave to put it in. We will not intrude upon your good-nature, in desiring to hear more of it at present; ex ungue Herculem, we are satisfied, perfectly satisfied." The author made two or three attempts to pull it out a second time, and the president made as many to prevent him. Thus, though with reluctance, he was at last obliged to sit down, contented with the commendations for which he had paid.

When this tempest of poetry and praise was blown over, one of the company changed the subject, by wondering how any man could be so dull as to write poetry at present, since prose itself would hardly pay. "Would you think it, gentlemen ?" (continued he) "I have actually written last week sixteen prayers, twelve bawdy jests, and three sermons, all at the rate of sixpence a-piece; and what is still more extraordinary, the bookseller has lost by the bargain. Such sermons would once have gained me a prebend's stall; but now, alas! we have neither piety, taste, nor humour among us. Positively, if this season does not turn out better than it has begun, unless the ministry commit some blunders to furnish us with a new topic of abuse, I shall resume my old business of working at the press, instead of finding it

employment.'

The whole club seemed to join in condemning the season as one of the worst that had come for some time. A gentleman particularly observed, that the nobility were never known to subscribe less than at present. "I know not how it happens," said he, "though I follow them up as close as possible, yet I can hardly get a single subscription in a week. The houses of the great are as inaccessible as a frontier garrison at midnight. I never see a nobleman's door half-opened, that some surly porter or footman does not stand full in the breach. I was yesterday to wait with a subscription proposal upon my Lord Squash, the Creolian.

I had posted myself at his door the whole morning, and just as he was getting into his coach, thrust my proposal snug into his hand, folded up in the form of a letter from myself. He just glanced at the superscription, and not knowing the hand, consigned it to his valet-de-chambre: this respectable personage treated it as his master, and put it into the hands of the porter; the porter grasped my proposal frowning: and measuring my figure from top to toe, put it back into my own hands unopened."

"To the devil I pitch all the nobility," cries a little man, in a peculiar accent: "I am sure they have of late used me most scurvily. You must know, gentlemen, some time ago, upon the arrival of a certain noble duke from his travels, I set myself down, and vamped up a fine flaunting poetical panegyrie, which I had written in such a strain, that I fancied it would have even wheedled milk from a mouse. In this I represented the whole kingdom welcoming his grace to his native soil, nor forgetting the loss France and Italy would sustain in their arts by his departure. I expected to touch for a bank-bill at least; so folding up my verses in gilt paper, I gave my last half-crown to a genteel servant to be the bearer. My letter was safely conveyed to his grace; and the servant, after four hours' absence, during which time I led the life of a fiend, returned with a letter four times as big as mine. Guess my ecstacy at the prospect of so fine a return! I eagerly took the packet into my hands, that trembled to receive it. I kept it some time unopened before me, brooding over the expected treasure it contained; when opening it, as I hope to be saved, gentlemen, his grace had sent me in payment for my poem no bank-bills, but six copies of verse, each longer than mine, addressed to him upon the same occasion."
"A nobleman," cries a member who had hitherto

been silent, "is created as much for the confusion of us authors as the catchpole. I'll tell you a story, gentlemen, which is as true as that this pipe is made of clay. When I was delivered of my first book, I owed my tailor for a suit of clothes; but that is nothing new, you know, and may be any man's case, as well as mine. Well, owing him for a suit of clothes, and hearing that my book took very well, he sent for his money, and insisted upon being paid immediately; though I was at that time rich in fame, for my book ran like wild-fire, yet I was very short in money, and being unable to satisfy his demand, prudently resolved to keep my chamber, preferring a prison of my own choosing at home, to one of my tailor's choosing abroad. In vain the bailiffs used all their arts to decoy me from my citadel; in vain they sent to let me know that a gentleman wanted to speak to me at the next tavern; in vain they came with an urgent message from my aunt in the country; in vain I was told that a particular friend was at the point of death, and desired to take his last farewell: I was deaf, insensible, rock, adamant—the bailiffs could make no impression on my hard heart, for I effectually kept my liberty, by never stirring out of the room.

"This was very well for a fortnight; when one morning I received a most splendid message from the Earl of Doomsday, importing that he had read my book, and was in raptures with every line of it; he impatiently longed to see the author, and had

some designs which might turn out greatly to my advantage. I paused upon the contents of this message, and found there could be no deceit, for the card was gilt at the edges, and the bearer, I was teld, had quite the looks of a gentleman. Witness, ye powers! how my heart triumphed at my own importance; I saw a long perspective of felicity before me, I applauded the taste of the times which never saw genius forsaken; I had prepared a set introductory speech for the occasion, five glaring compliments for his lordship, and two more modest for myself. The next morning, therefore, in order to be punctual to my appointment, I took coach, and ordered the fellow to drive to the street and house mentioned in his lordship's address. I had the precaution to pull up the window as I went along, to keep off the busy part of mankind, and, big with expectation, fancied the coach never went fast enough. At length, however, the wished-for moment of its stopping arrived; this for some time I impatiently expected, and letting down the door in a transport, in order to take a previous view of his lordship's magnificent palace and situation, I found, poison to my sight! I found myself, not in an elegant street, but a paltry lane; not at a nobleman's door, but at the door of a spunging-house: I found the coachman had all this while been just driving me to jail, and I saw the bailiff, with a devil's face, coming out to secure me."

To a philosopher, no circumstance, however trifling, is too minute; he finds instruction and entertainment in occurrences which are passed over by the rest of mankind as low, trite, and indifferent; it is from the number of these particulars, which to many appear insignificant, that he is at last enabled to form general conclusions; this, therefore, must be my excuse for sending so far as China, accounts of manners and follies, which, though minute in their own nature, serve more truly to characterise this people, than histories of their public treaties, courts, ministers, negotiations,

and ambassadors. Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

FROM THE SAME.

The English liave not yet brought the art of gardening to the same perfection with the Chinese, but have lately begun to imitate them; nature is now followed with greater assiduity than formerly; the trees are suffered to shoot out into the utmost luxuriance; the streams, no longer forced from their native beds, are permitted to wind along the valleys; spontaneous flowers take place of the finished parterre, and the enamelled meadow of the shaven green.

Yet still the English are far behind us in this charming art; their designs have not yet attained a power of uniting instruction with beauty. A European will scarcely conceive any meaning, when I say that there is scarcely a garden in China which does not contain some fine moral, couched under the general design, where one is not taught wisdom as he walks, and feels the force of some noble truth, or delicate precept, resulting from the disposition of the groves, streams, or grottos. Permit me to illustrate what I mean by

a description of my gardens at Quamsi. My heart still hovers round those scenes of former happiness with pleasure; and I find a satisfaction in enjoying them at this distance, though but in

imagination.

You descended from the house between two groves of trees, planted in such manner, that they were impenetrable to the eye; while on each hand the way was adorned with all that was beautiful in porcelain, statuary, and painting. This passage from the house opened into an area surrounded with rocks, flowers, trees, and shrubs, but all so disposed as if each was the spontaneous production of nature. As you proceeded forward on this lawn, to your right and left hand were two gates, opposite each other, of very different architecture and design, and before you lay a temple built rather with minute elegance than ostentation.

The right-hand gate was planned with the utmost simplicity, or rather rudeness; ivy clasped round the pillars, the baleful cypress hung over it; time seemed to have destroyed all the smoothness and regularity of the stone; two champions with lifted clubs appeared in the act of guarding its access; dragons and serpents were seen in the most hideous attitudes, to deter the spectator from approaching; and the perspective view that lay behind, seemed dark and gloomy to the last degree; the stranger was tempted to enter only from the

motto, PERVIA VIRTUTI.

The opposite gate was formed in a very different manner; the architecture was light, elegant and inviting; flowers hung in wreaths round the pillars; all was finished in the most exact and masterly manner; the very stone of which it was built still preserved its polish; nymphs, wrought by the hand of a master, in the most alluring attitudes, beckoned the stranger to approach; while all that lay behind, as far as the eye could reach, seemed gay, luxuriant, and capable of affording endless pleasure. The motto itself contributed to invite him; for over the gate were written these words, Facilis Descensus.

By this time I fancy you begin to perceive that the gloomy gate was designed to represent the road to Virtue; the opposite the more agreeable passage to Vice. It is but natural to suppose, that the spectator was always tempted to enter by the gate which offered him so many allurements. I always in these cases left him to his choice: but generally found that he took to the left, which

promised most entertainment.

Immediately upon his entering the gates of Vice, the trees and flowers were disposed in such a manner as to make the most pleasing impression; but as he walked farther on, he insensibly found the garden assume the air of a wilderness, the landscapes began to darken, the paths grew more intricate, he appeared to go downwards, frightful rocks seemed to hang over his head, gloomy caverns, unexpected precipices, awful ruins, heaps of unburied bones, and terrifying sounds, caused by unseen waters, began to take place of what at first appeared so lovely; it was in vain to attempt returning, the labyrinth was too much perplexed for any but myself to find the way back. In short, when sufficiently impressed with the horrors of what he saw, and the imprudence of his choice, I brought him by a hidden door a shorter way back into the area from whence at first he had strayed.

The gloomy gate now presented itself before the stranger; and though there seemed little in its appearance to tempt his curiosity, yet, encouraged by the motto, he gradually proceeded. The darkness of the entrance, the frightful figures that seemed to obstruct his way, the trees of a mournful green, conspired at first to disgust him: as he went forward, however, all began to open and wear a more pleasing appearance; beautiful cascades, beds of flowers, trees loaded with fruit or blossoms, and unexpected brooks, improved the scene: he now found that he was ascending, and, as he proceeded, all nature grew more beautiful; the prospect widened as he went higher, even the air itself seemed to become more pure. Thus pleased, and happy from unexpected beauties, I at last led him to an arbour, from whence he could view the garden and the whole country around, and where he might own, that the road to Virtue terminated in Happiness.

Though from this description you may imagine that a vast tract of ground was necessary to exhibit such a pleasing variety in, yet be assured I have seen several gardens in England take up ten times the space which mine did, without half the beauty. A very small extent of ground is enough for an elegant taste; the greater room is required if magnificence is in view. There is no spot, though ever so little, which a skilful designer might not thus improve, so as to convey a delicate allegory, and impress the mind with truths the

most useful and necessary. Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

In a late excursion with my friend into the country, a gentleman with a blue riband tied round his shoulder, and in a chariot drawn by six horses, passed swiftly by us, attended with a numerous train of captains, lacqueys, and coaches filled with women. When we were recovered from the dust raised by this cavalcade, and could continue our discourse without danger of suffication, I observed to my companion, that all this state and equipage, which he seemed to despise, would in China be regarded with the utmost reverence, because such distinctions were always the reward of merit; the greatness of a mandarin's retinue being a most certain mark of the superiority of his abilities or virtue.

"The gentleman who now passed us," replied my companion, "has no claims from his own merit to distinction; he is possessed neither of abilities nor virtue; it is enough for him that one of his ancestors was possessed of these qualities two hundred years before him. There was a time, indeed, when his family deserved their title, but they are long since degenerated, and his ancestors, for more than a century, have been more and more solicitous to keep up the breed of their dogs and horses, than that of their children. This very nobleman, simple as he seems, is descended from a race of statesmen and heroes; but unluckily his great-grandfather marrying a cook-maid, and she having a trifling passion for his lordship's groom, they somehow crossed the strain, and produced an heir, who took after his mother in his great love to good eating, and his father in a violent affection for horse-flesh. These passions have, for some generations, passed on from father to son, and are now become the characteristics of the family, his present lordship being equally remarkable for his kitchen and his stable."

"But such a nobleman," cried I, "deserves our pity, thus placed in so high a sphere of life, which only the more exposes to contempt. A king may confer titles, but it is personal merit alone that insures respect. I suppose," added I, "that such men are despised by their equals, neglected by their inferiors, and condemned to live among involuntary dependants in irksome

solitude.'

"You are still under a mistake," replied my companion: "for though this nobleman is a stranger to generosity; though he takes twenty opportunities in a day of letting his guests know how much he despises them; though he is possessed neither of taste, wit, nor wisdom; though incapable of improving others by his conversation, and never known to enrich any by his bounty ;--yet for all this his company is eagerly sought after; he is a lord, and that is as much as most people desire in a companion. Quality and title have such allurements, that hundreds are ready to give up all their own importance to eringe, to flatter, to look little, and to pall every pleasure in constraint, merely to be among the great, though without the least hopes of improving their understanding, or sharing their generosity: they might be happy among their equals, but those are despised for company, where they are despised in You saw what a crowd of humble cousins, card-ruined beaux, and captains on half-pay, were willing to make up this great man's retinue down to his country-seat. Not one of all these that could not lead a more comfortable life at home in their little lodging of three shillings a week, with their lukewarm dinner, served up between two pewter plates from a cook's shop. Yet, poor devils! they are willing to undergo the impertinence and pride of their entertainer, merely to be thought to live among the great; they are willing to pass the summer in bondage, though conscious they are taken down only to approve his lordship's taste upon every occasion, to tag all his stupid observations with a very true, to praise his stable, and descant upon his claret and

"The pitiful humiliations of the gentlemen you are now describing," said I, "put me in mind of a custom among the Tartars of Koreki, not entirely dissimilar to this we are now considering.* The Russians, who trade with them, carry thither a kind of mushrooms, which they exchange for furs of squirrels, ermines, sables, and foxes. These mushrooms, the rich Tartars lay up in large quantities for the winter; and when a nobleman makes a mushroom feast, all the neighbours around are invited. The mushrooms are prepared by boiling, by which the water acquires an intoxicating quality, and is a sort of drink which the Tartars prize beyond all other. When the nobility and ladies are assembled, and the ceremonies usual between people of distinction over,

^{*} Van Stralenberg, a writer of credit, gives the same account of this people. See an Historico-Geographical Description of the north-eastern Parts of Europe and Asia, p. 397.

the mushroom broth goes freely round; they laugh, talk double-entendre, grow fuddled, and become excellent company. The poorer sort, who love mushroom-broth to distraction as well as the rich, but cannot afford it at the first hand, post themselves on these occasions round the huts of the rich, and watch the opportunity of the ladies and gentlemen as they come down to pass their liquor, and holding a wooden bowl, catch the delicious fluid, very little altered by filtration, being still strongly tinctured with the intoxicating quality. Of this they drink with the utmost satisfaction, and thus they get as drunk and jovial as their betters."

" Happy nobility!" cries my companion, " who can fear no diminution of respect, unless by being seized with strangury; and who when most drunk are most useful: though we have not this custom among us, I foresee that, if it were introduced, we might have many a toad-eater in England ready to drink from the wooden bowl on these occasions, and to praise the flavour of his lordship's liquor : as we have different classes of gentry, who knows but we may see a lord holding the bowl to a minister, a knight holding it to his lordship, and a simple squire drinking it double-distilled from the loins of knighthood? For my part, I shall never for the future hear a great man's flatterers haranguing in his praise, that I shall not fancy I behold the wooden bowl; for I can see no reason why a man who can live easily and happily at home, should bear the drudgery of decorum and the impertinence of his entertainer, unless intoxicated with a passion for all that was quality; unless he thought that whatever came from the great was delicious, and had the tincture of the mushroom in it." Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

I am disgusted, O Fum Hoam, even to sickness disgusted. Is it possible to bear the presumption of those islanders, when they pretend to instruct me in the ceremonies of China? They lay it down as a maxim, that every person who comes from thence must express himself in metaphor; swear by Alla, rail against wine, and behave, and talk and write like a Turk or Persian. They make no distinction between our elegant manners, and the voluptuous barbarities of our eastern neighbours. Wherever I come, I raise either diffidence or astonishment: some fancy me no Chinese, because I am formed more like a man than a monster; and others wonder to find one, born five thousand miles from England, endued with common sense. Strange, say they, that a man who has received his education at such a distance from London should have common sense; to be born out of England, and yet have common sense! impossible! He must be some Englishman in disguise; his very visage has nothing of the true exotic barbarity.

I yesterday received an invitation from a lady of distinction, who it seems had collected all her knowledge of eastern manners from fictions every day propagated here under the titles of eastern tales, and oriental histories: she received me very politely, but seemed to wonder that I neglected bringing opium and a tobacco-box. When chairs were drawn for the rest of the company, I was assigned my place on a cushion on the floor. It was in vain that I protested the Chinese used chairs as in Europe; she understood decorums too well to entertain me with the ordinary civilities.

I had scarcely been scated according to her directions, when the footman was ordered to pin a napkin under my chin: this I protested against, as being no way Chinese; however, the whole company, who it seems were a club of connoisseurs, gave it unanimously against me, and the

napkin was pinned accordingly.

It was impossible to be angry with people who seemed to err only from an excess of politeness, and I sat contented, expecting their importunities were now at an end; but as soon as ever dinner was served, the lady demanded whether I was for a plate of bear's claws, or a slice of bird's nests? As these were dishes with which I was utterly unacquainted, I was desirous of eating only what I knew, and therefore begged to be helped from a piece of beef that lay on the side-table: my request at once disconcerted the whole company. A Chinese eat beef! that could never be! there was no local propriety in Chinese beef, whatever there might be in Chinese pheasant. "Sir," said my entertainer, "I think I have some reason to fancy myself a judge of these matters: in short, the Chinese never eat beef; so that I must be permitted to recommend the pilaw. There was never better dressed at Pekin; the saffron and

rice are well boiled, and the spices in perfection."

I had no sooner begun to eat what was laid before me, than I found the whole company as much astonished as before; it seems I made no use of my chop-sticks. A grave gentleman, whom I take to be an author, harangued very learnedly (as the company seemed to think) upon the use which was made of them in China. He entered into a long argument with himself about their first introduction, without once appealing to me, who might be supposed best capable of silencing the inquiry. As the gentleman, therefore, took my silence for a mark of his own superior sagacity, he was resolved to pursue the triumph: he talked of our cities, mountains, and animals, as familiarly as if he had been born in Quamsi, but as erroneously as if a native of the moon. He attempted to prove that I had nothing of the true Chinese cut in my visage; showed that my cheek-bones should have been higher, and my forehead broader. In short, he almost reasoned me out of my country, and effectually persuaded the rest of the company to be of his opinion.

I was going to expose his mistakes, when it was insisted that I had nothing of the true eastern manner in my delivery. "This gentleman's conversation," says one of the ladies, who was a great reader, "is like our own, mere chit-chat and common sense: there is nothing like sense in the true eastern style, where nothing more is required but sublimity. Oh! for a history of Abulfaouris, the grand voyager,—of genii, magicians, rocks, bags of bullets, giants and enchanters, where all is great, obscure, magnificent, and unintelligible!"—"I have written many a sheet of eastern tale myself," interrupts the author, "and I defy the severest critic to say but that I have

stuck close to the true manner. I have compared a lady's chin to the snow upon the mountains of Bomek; a soldier's sword, to the clouds that obscure the face of heaven. If riches are mentioned, I compare them to the flocks that graze the verdant Tefflis; if poverty, to the mists that veil the brow of mount Baku. I have used thee and thou upon all occasions; I have described fallen stars, and splitting mountains; not forgetting the little Houries, who make a pretty feature in every description: but you shall hear how I generally begin. 'Eben-ben-bolo, who was the son of Ban, was born on the foggy summits of Benderabassi. His beard was whiter than the feathers which veil the breast of the pengnin; his eyes were like the eyes of doves, when washed by the dews of the morning; his hair, which hung like the willow weeping over the glassy stream, was so beautiful that it seemed to reflect its own brightness; and his feet were as the feet of a wild deer which fleeth to the tops of the mountains.' There, there is the true eastern taste for you! every advance made towards sense is only a deviation from sound. Eastern tales should always be sonorous, lofty, musical, and unmeaning."

I could not avoid smiling to hear a native of England attempt to instruct me in the true eastern idiom; and after he looked round for some time for applause, I presumed to ask him whether he had ever travelled into the East; to which he replied in the negative. I demanded whether he understood Chinese or Arabic; to which also he answered as before. "Then how, sir," said I, "can you pretend to determine upon the eastern style, who are entirely unacquainted with the eastern writings? Take, sir, the word of one who is professedly a Chinese, and who is actually acquainted with the Arabian writers, that what is palmed upon you daily for an imitation of eastern writing, no way resembles their manner, either in sentiment or diction. In the East, similes are seldom used, and metaphors almost wholly unknown; but in China, particularly, the very reverse of what you allude to takes place: a cool philegmatic method of writing prevails there. The writers of that country, ever more assiduous to instruct than to please, address rather the judgment than the fancy. Unlike many authors of Europe, who have no consideration of the reader's time, they generally leave more to be understood than they express.

"Besides, sir, you must not expect from an inhabitant of China, the same ignorance, the same unlettered simplicity, that you find in a Turk, Persian, or a native of Peru. The Chinese are versed in the sciences as well as you, and are masters of several arts unknown to the people of Europe. Many of them are instructed not only in their own national learning, but are perfectly well acquainted with the languages and learning of the West. If my word in such a case is not to be taken, consult your own travellers on this head, who affirm that the scholars of Pekin and Siam sustain theological theses in Latin. 'The college of Masprend, which is but a league from Siam,' says one of your travellers,' came in a body to salute our ambassador. Nothing gave

* Journal ou suite du Voyage de Siam en forme de Lettres familières, fait en 1685 et 1686, par N. L. D. C., p. 174, edit. Amstelod. 1686.

me more sincere pleasure than to behold a number of priests, venerable both from age and modesty, followed by a number of youths of all nations, Chinese, Japanese, Tonquinese, of Cochin China, Pegu, and Siam, all willing to pay their respects in the most polite manner imaginable. A Cochin Chinese made an excellent Latin oration upon the occasion; he was succeeded and even outdone by a student of Tonquin, who was as well skilled in the western learning as any scholar of Now, sir, if youths, who never stirred from home, are so perfectly skilled in your laws and learning, surely more must be expected from one like me, who have travelled so many thousand miles; who have conversed familiarly for several years with the English factors established at Canton, and the missionaries sent us from every part of Europe. The unaffected of every country nearly resemble each other, and a page of our Confucius and of your Tillotson have scarcely any material difference. Paltry affectation, strained allusions, and disgusting finery, are easily attained by those who choose to wear them; and they are but too frequently the badges of ignorance, or of stupidity, whenever it would endeavour to please."

I was proceeding in my discourse, when, looking round, I perceived the company no way attentive to what I attempted, with so much earnestness, to enforce. One lady was whispering her that sat next, another was studying the merits of a fan, a third began to yawn, and the author himself fell fast asleep. I thought it, therefore, high time to make a retreat; nor did the company seem to show any regret at my preparations for departure; even the lady who had invited me, with the most mortifying insensibility saw me seize my hat and rise from my cushion: nor was I invited to repeat my visit, because it was found that I aimed at appearing rather a reasonable creature, than an outlandish idiot. Addeu.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

The polite arts are in this country subject to as many revolutions as its laws or politics; not only the objects of fancy and dress, but even of delicacy and taste, are directed by the capricious influence of fashion. I am told there has been a time when poetry was universally encouraged by the great; when men of the first rank not only patronised the poet, but produced the finest models for his imitation. It was then the English sent forth those glowing rhapsodies which we have so often read over together with rapture; poems big with all the sublimity of Mentius, and supported by reasoning as strong as that of Zimpo.

The nobility are fond of wisdom, but they are also fond of having it without study; to read poetry required thought, and the English nobility were not fond of thinking: they soon, therefore, placed their affections upon music, because in this they might indulge a happy vacancy, and yet still have pretensions to delicacy and taste as before. They soon brought their numerous dependants into an approbation of their pleasures; who, in turn, led their thousand imitators to feel or feign a similitude of passion. Colonies of singers were now imported from abroad at a vast expense,

and it was expected the English would soon be able to set examples to Europe: all these expectations, however, were soon dissipated. In spite of the zeal which fired the great, the ignorant vulgar refused to be taught to sing; refused to undergo the ceremonies which were to initiate them in the singing fraternity: thus the colony from abroad dwindled by degrees; for they were of themselves unfortunately incapable of propagating the breed.

Music having thus lost its splendour, painting is now become the sole object of fashionable care. The title of connoisseur in that art is at present the safest passport in every fashionable society: a well-timed shrug, an admiring attitude, and one or two exotic tones of exclamation, are sufficient qualifications for men of low circumstances to curry favour. Even some of the young nobility are themselves early instructed in handling the pencil; while their happy parents, big with expectation, foresee the walls of every apartment covered with the manufactures of their posterity.

But many of the English are not content with giving all their time to this art at home; some young men of distinction are found to travel through Europe with no other intent than that of understanding and collecting pictures, studying seals, and describing statues. On they travel from this cabinet of curiosities, to that gallery of pictures; waste the prime of life in wonder; skilful in pictures, ignorant in men: yet impossible to be reclaimed, because their follies take shelter under

the names of delicacy and taste.

It is true, painting should have due encouragement, as the painter can undoubtedly fit up our apartments in a much more elegant manner than the upholsterer; but I should think a man of fashion makes but an indifferent exchange, who lays out all that time in furnishing his house, which he should have employed in the furniture of his head. A person, who shows no other symptoms of taste than his cabinet or gallery, might as well boast to me of the furniture of his kitchen.

I know no other motive but vanity that induces the great to testify such an inordinate passion for pictures; after the piece is bought, and gazed at eight or ten days successively, the purchaser's pleasure must surely be over; all the satisfaction he can then have is to show it to others; he may be considered as the guardian of a treasure of which he makes no manner of use: his gallery is furnished not for himself, but the connoisseur, who is generally some humble flatterer, ready to feign a rapture he does not feel, and as necessary to the happiness of a picture-buyer as gazers are to the magnificence of an Asiatic procession.

I have enclosed a letter from a youth of distinction, on his travels, to his father in England; in which he appears addicted to no vice, seems obedient to his governor, of a good-natured disposition, and fond of improvement; but at the same time early taught to regard cabinets and galleries as the only proper schools of improvement, and to consider a skill in pictures as the properest know-

ledge for a man of quality.

"My Lord,-We have been but two days at Antwerp; wherefore I have sat down as soon as possible to give you some account of what we have seen since our arrival, desirous of letting no oppor-

tunity pass without writing to so good a father. Immediately upon alighting from our Rotterdam machine, my governor, who is immoderately fond of paintings, and at the same time an excellent judge, would let no time pass till we paid our respects to the church of the Virgin-mother, which contains treasures beyond estimation. We took an infinity of pains in knowing its exact dimensions. and differed half a foot in our calculations; so I leave that to some succeeding information. I really believe my governor and I could have lived and died there. There is scarce a pillar in the whole church that is not adorned by a Rubens, a Vander Meulen, a Vandyke, or a Wouvermans. What attitudes, carnations, and draperies! I am almost induced to pity the English, who have none of those exquisite pieces among them. As we are willing to let slip no opportunity of doing business, we immediately after went to wait on Mr. Hogendorp, whom you have so frequently commended for his judicious collection. His cameos are indeed beyond price; his intaglios not so good. He showed us one of an officiating flamen, which he thought to be an antique; but my governor, who is not to be deceived in these particulars, soon found it to be an arrant cinque cento. I could not, however, sufficiently admire the genius of Mr. Hogendorp, who has been able to collect from all parts of the world a thousand things which nobody knows the use of. Except your lordship and my governor, I do not know anybody I admire so much. He is indeed a surprising genius. The next morning early, as we were resolved to take the whole day before us, we sent our compliments to Mr. Van Sprockken, desiring to see his gallery, which request he very politely complied with. His gallery measures fifty feet by twenty, and is well filled; but what surprised me most of all, was to see a "Holy Family" just like your lordship's, which this ingenious gentleman assures me is the true original. I own this gave me inexpressible uneasiness, and I fear it will to your lordship, as I had flattered myself that the only original was in your lordship's possession: I would advise you, however, to take yours down till its merits can be ascertained, my governor assuring me that he intends to write a long dissertation to prove its originality. One might study in this city for ages, and still find something new: we went from this to view the cardinal's statues, which are really very fine; there were three spintria executed in a very masterly manner, all arm-in-arm: the torse which I heard you talk so much of, is at last discovered to be a "Hercules spinning," and not a "Cleopatra bathing," as your lordship had conjectured; there has been a treatise written to prove it.

"My Lord Firmly is certainly a Goth, a Vandal: no taste in the world for painting. I wonder how any call him a man of taste: passing through the streets of Antwerp a few days ago, and observing the nakedness of the inhabitants, he was so barbarous as to observe, that he thought the best method the Flemings could take was to sell their pictures and buy clothes. Ah, Cogline! we shall go to-morrow to Mr. Cawarden's cabinet, and the next day we shall see the curiosities collected by Van Ran, and the day after we shall pay a visit to Mount Calvary, and after that But I find my paper finished; so with the most sincere wishes

for your lordship's happiness, and with hopes after having seen Italy, that centre of pleasure, to return nome worthy the care and expense which has been generously laid out in my improvement, "I remain, my Lord,

"Yours, &c."

LETTER XXXV.

From Hingpo, a slave in Persia, to Altangi, a travelling philosopher of China, by the way of Moscow.

FORTUNE has made me the slave of another, but nature and inclination render me entirely subservient to you: a tyrant commands my body, but you are master of my heart. And yet let not thy inflexible nature condemn me when I confess that I find my soul shrink with my circumstances. feel my mind not less than my body bend beneath the rigours of servitude; the master whom I serve grows every day more formidable. In spite of reason, which should teach me to despise him, his hideous image fills even my dreams with horror.

A few days ago, a Christian slave, who wrought in the gardens, happening to enter an arbour where the tyrant was entertaining the ladies of his harem with coffee, the unhappy captive was immediately stabbed to the heart for his intrusion. I have been preferred to his place, which, though less laborious than my former station, is yet more ungrateful, as it brings me nearer him whose presence excites sensations at once of disgust and

apprehension.

Into what a state of misery are the modern Persians fallen! A nation famous for setting the world an example of freedom, is now become a land of tyrants and a den of slaves. The houseless Tartar of Kamkatska, who enjoys his herbs and his fish in unmolested freedom, may be envied, if compared to the thousands who pine here in hopeless servitude, and curse the day that gave them being. Is this just dealing, Heaven! to render millions wretched to swell up the happiness of a few ?-cannot the powerful of this earth be happy without our sighs and tears; must every luxury of the great be woven from the calamities of the poor? It must, it must surely be, that this jarring discordant life is but the prelude to some future harmony; the soul, attuned to virtue here, shall go from hence to fill up the universal choir where Tien presides in person, where there shall be no tyrants to frown, no shackles to bind, nor no whips to threaten; where I shall once more meet my father with rapture, and give a loose to filial piety; where I shall hang on his neck, and hear the wisdom of his lips, and thank him for all the happiness to which he has introduced me.

The wretch whom fortune has made my master has lately purchased several slaves of both sexes; among the rest I hear a Christian captive talked of with admiration. The eunuch who bought her, and who is accustomed to survey beauty with indifference, speaks of her with emotion! Her pride, however, astonishes her attendant slaves not less than her beauty. It is reported that she refuses the warmest solicitation of her haughty lord; he has even offered to make her one of his four wives upon changing her religion, and conforming to his. It is probable she cannot refuse such extraordinary offers, and her delay is perhaps

intended to enhance her favours.

I have just now seen her; she inadvertently approached the place without a veil, where I sat writing. She seemed to regard the heavens alone with fixed attention: there her most ardent gaze was directed. Genius of the sun! what unexpected softness! what animated grace! her beauty seemed the transparent covering of virtue. Celestial beings could not wear a look of more perfection, while sorrow humanised her form, and mixed my admiration with pity. I rose from the bank on which I sat, and she retired; happy that none observed us, for such an interview might have been fatal.

I have regarded, till now, the opulence and the power of my tyrant, without envy; I saw him with a mind incapable of enjoying the gift of fortune, and consequently regarded him as one loaded, rather than enriched, with its favours; but at present, when I think that so much beauty is reserved only for him, that so many charms shall be lavished on a wretch incapable of feeling the greatness of the blessing, I own I feel a reluctance to which I have hitherto been a stranger.

But let not my father impute those uneasy sensations to so trifling a cause as love. No, never let it be thought that your son, and the pupil of the wise Fun Hoam, could stoop to so degrading a passion. I am only displeased at seeing so much

excellence so unjustly disposed of.

The uneasiness which I feel is not for myself, but for the beautiful Christian. When I reflect on the barbarity of him for whom she is designed, I pity, indeed I pity her: when I think that she must only share one heart, who deserves to command a thousand, excuse me, if I feel an emotion which universal benevolence extorts from me. As I am convinced that you take a pleasure in those sallies of humanity, and are particularly pleased with compassion, I could not avoid discovering the sensibility with which I felt this beautiful stranger's distress. I have for a while forgot, in hers, the miseries of my own hopeless situation: the tyrant grows every day more severe; and love, which softens all other minds into tenderness, seems only to have increased his severity. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

FROM THE SAME.

The whole harem is filled with a tumultuous joy! Zelis, the beautiful captive, has consented to embrace the religion of Mahomet, and become one of the wives of the fastidious Persian. It is impossible to describe the transport that sits on every face on this occasion. Music and feasting fill every apartment; the most miserable slave seems to forget his chains, and sympathises with the happiness of Mostadad. The herb we tread beneath our feet is not made more for our use, than every slave around him for their imperious master; mere machines of obedience, they wait with silent assiduity, feel his pains, and rejoice in his exultation. Heavens! how much is requisite to make one man happy!

Twelve of the most beautiful slaves, and I among the number, have got orders to prepare for carrying him in triumph to the bridal apartments. The blaze of perfumed torches is to imitate the day: the dancers and singers are hired at a vast expense.

The nuptials are to be celebrated on the approaching feast of Barboura, when a hundred taels in gold are to be distributed among the barren wives, in order to pray for fertility from the approaching

What will not riches procure! a hundred domestics, who curse the tyrant in their souls, are commanded to wear a face of joy, and they are joyful. A hundred flatterers are ordered to attend, and they fill his ears with praise. Beauty, allcommanding beauty, sues for admittance, and scarcely receives an answer; even love itself seems to wait upon fortune, or though the passion be only feigned, yet it wears every appearance of sincerity; and what greater pleasure can even true sincerity confer, or what would the rich have more?

Nothing can exceed the intended magnificence of the bridegroom, but the costly dresses of the bride; six eunuchs in the most sumptuous habits are to conduct him to the nuptial couch, and wait his orders. Six ladies, in all the magnificence of Persia, are directed to undress the bride. business is to assist, to encourage her, to divest her of every encumbering part of her dress, all but the last covering, which, by an artful complication of ribands, is purposely made difficult to unloose, and with which she is to part reluctantly even to the joyful possessor of her beauty.

Mostadad, O my father, is no philosopher; and yet he seems perfectly contented with ignorance. Possessed of numberless slaves, camels, and women, he desires no greater possession. He never opened the page of Mentius, and yet all the slaves tell me

that he is happy.

Forgive the weakness of my nature, if I sometimes feel my heart rebellious to the dictates of wisdom, and eager for happiness like his. why wish for his wealth with his ignorance; to be, like him, incapable of sentimental pleasures, incapable of feeling the happiness of making others happy, incapable of teaching the beautiful Zelis

philosophy ?

What! shall I in a transport of passion give up the golden mean, the universal harmony, the unchanging essence, for the possession of a hundred camels; as many slaves, thirty-five beautiful horses, and seventy-three fine women? First blast me to the centre! degrade me beneath the most degraded! pare my nails, ye powers of heaven! ere I would stoop to such an exchange. What! part with philosophy, which teaches me to suppress my passions instead of gratifying them, which teaches me even to divest my soul of passion; which teaches serenity in the midst of tortures; philosophy, by which even now I am so very serene, and so very much at ease, to be persuaded to part with it for any other enjoyment! Never, never, even though persuasion spoke in the accents of Zelis!

A female slave informs me that the bride is to be arrayed in a tissue of silver, and her hair adorned with the largest pearls of Ormus; but why tease you with particulars, in which we are both so little concerned? The pain I feel in separation throws a gloom over my mind, which in this scene of universal joy I fear may be attributed to some other cause; how wretched are those who are, like me, denied even the last resource of misery, their tears! Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

FROM THE SAME.

I BEGIN to have doubts whether wisdom be alone sufficient to make us happy; whether every step we make in refinement is not an inlet into new disquietudes. A mind too vigorous and active serves only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings.

When we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens the objects of our regard become more obscure; and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds Nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with a keener appetite, than the philosopher whose mind attempts to grasp a universal

system.

As I was some days ago pursuing this subject among a circle of my fellow-slaves, an ancient Guebre of the number, equally remarkable for his piety and wisdom, seemed touched with my conversation, and desired to illustrate what I had been saying, with an allegory taken from the Zendavesta of Zoroaster: "By this we shall be taught," says he, "that they who travel in pursuit of wisdom walk only in a circle; and after all their labour, at last return to their pristine ignorance; and in this also we shall see that enthusiastic confidence or unsatisfying doubts terminate all our inquiries.

"In early times, before myriads of nations covered the earth, the whole human race lived together in one valley. The simple inhabitants, surrounded on every side by lofty mountains, knew no other world but the little spot to which they were confined. They fancied the heavens bent down to meet the mountain tops, and formed an impenetrable wall to surround them. None had ever yet ventured to climb the steepy cliff, in order to explore those regions that lay beyond it; they knew the nature of the skies only from a tradition which mentioned their being made of adamant; traditions make up the reasonings of the simple, and serve to silence every inquiry.

"In this sequestered vale, blessed with all the spontaneous productions of Nature, the honeyed blossom, the refreshing breeze, the gliding brook, the golden fruitage, the simple inhabitants seemed happy in themselves, happy in each other; they desired no greater pleasures, they knew of none greater; ambition, pride, and envy were vices unknown among them; and from the peculiar simplicity of its possessors, the country was called

The Valley of Ignorance.

"At length, however, an unhappy youth, more aspiring than the rest, undertook to climb the mountain's side, and examine the summits which were deemed hitherto inaccessible. The inhabitants from below gazed with wonder at his intrepidity; some applauded his courage, others censured his folly: still, however, he proceeded towards the place where the earth and heavens seemed to unite, and at length arrived at the wished-for height with extreme labour and assiduity.

"His first surprise was to find the skies, not as he expected, within his reach, but still as far off as before; his amazement increased when he saw a wide extended region lying on the opposite side of the mountain, but it rose to astonishment when he beheld a country at a distance more beautiful and alluring than even that he had just left behind.

" As he continued to gaze with wonder, a genius, with a look of infinite modesty, approaching, offered to be his guide and instructor. The distant country which you so much admire, says the angelic being, is called The Land of Certainty; in that charming retreat, sentiment contributes to refine every sensual banquet: the inhabitants are blessed with every solid enjoyment, and still more blessed in a perfect consciousness of their own felicity; ignorance in that country is wholly unknown, all there is satisfaction without alloy, for every pleasure first undergoes the examination of reason. As for me, I am called the Genius of Demonstration, and am stationed here in order to conduct every adventurer to that land of happiness, through those intervening regions you see overhung with fogs and darkness, and horrid with forests, cataracts, caverns, and various other shapes of danger. But follow me, and in time I may lead you to that distant desirable land of tranquillity.

"The intrepid traveller immediately put himself under the direction of the genius, and both journeying on together with a slow but agreeable pace, deceived the tediousness of the way by conversation. The beginning of the journey seemed to promise true satisfaction, but as they proceeded forward, the skies became more gloomy and the way more intricate; they often inadvertently approached the brow of some frightful precipice, or the brink of a torrent, and were obliged to measure back their former way; the gloom increasing as they proceeded, their pace became more slow; they paused at every step, frequently stumbled, and their distrust and timidity increased. The Genius of Demonstration now therefore advised his pupil to grope upon his hands and feet, as a method, though more slow, yet less liable to error.

"In this manner they attempted to pursue their journey for some time, when they were overtaken by another genius, who with a precipitate pace seemed travelling the same way. He was instantly known by the other to be the Genius of Probability. He wore two wide extended wings at his back, which incessantly waved, without increasing the rapidity of his motion; his countenance betrayed a confidence that the ignorant might mistake for sincerity, and he had but one eye, which was fixed in the middle of his forehead.

"'Servant of Hormizda,' cried he, approaching the mortal pilgrim, 'if thou art travelling to the Land of Certainty, how is it possible to arrive there under the guidance of a genius, who proceeds forward so slowly, and is so little acquainted with the way? follow me, we shall soon perform the journey to where every pleasure waits our arrival.'

"The peremptory tone in which this genius spoke, and the speed with which he moved forward, induced the traveller to change his conductor, and leaving his modest companion behind, he proceeded forward with his more confident director, seeming not a little pleased at the increased velocity of his motion.

"But soon he found reason to repent. Whenever a torrent crossed their way, his guide taught him to despise the obstacle by plunging him in; whenever a precipice presented, he was directed

to fling himself forward. Thus each moment miraculously escaping, his repeated escapes only served to increase his temerity. He led him therefore forward, amidst infinite difficulties, till they arrived at the borders of an ocean, which appeared unnavigable from the black mists that lay upon its surface. Its unquiet waves were of the darkest hue, and gave a lively representation of the various agitations of the human mind.

"The Genius of Probability now confessed his temerity, owned his being an improper guide to the Land of Certainty, a country where no mortal had ever been permitted to arrive; but at the same time offered to supply the traveller with another conductor, who should carry him to the Land of Confidence, a region where the inhabitants lived with the utmost tranquillity, and tasted almost as much satisfaction as if in the Land of Certainty. Not waiting for a reply, he stamped three times on the ground, and called forth the Demon of Error, a gloomy fiend of the servants of Arimanes. The yawning earth gave up the reluctant savage, who seemed unable to bear the light of the day. His stature was enormous, his colour black and hideous, his aspect betrayed a thousand varying passions, and he spread forth pinions that were fitted for the most rapid flight. The traveller at first was shocked with the spectre; but finding him obedient to superior power, he assumed his former tranquillity.

"I have called you to duty,' cries the genius to the demon, 'to bear on your back a son of mortality over the Ocean of Doubts into the Land of Confidence: I expect you will perform your commission with punctuality. And as for you,' continued the genius, addressing the traveller, 'when once I have bound this fillet round your eyes, let no voice of persuasion, nor threats the most terrifying, persuade you to unbind it in order to look round; keep the fillet fast, look not at the ocean below, and you may certainly expect to arrive at a region of pleasure.'

"Thus saying, and the traveller's eyes being covered, the demon, muttering curses, raised him on his back, and instantly up-borne by his strong pinions, directed his flight among the clouds. Neither the loudest thunder, nor the most angry tempest, could persuade the traveller to unbind The demon directed his flight downwards, and skimmed the surface of the ocean; a thousand voices, some with loud invectives, others in the sarcastic tones of contempt, vainly endeavoured to persuade him to look round; but he still continued to keep his eyes covered, and would in all probability have arrived at the happy land, had not flattery effected what other means could not For now he heard himself welcomed perform. on every side to the promised land, and a universal shout of joy was sent forth at his safe arrival; the wearied traveller, desirous of seeing the longwished-for country, at length pulled the fillet from his eyes, and ventured to look round him. But he had unloosed the band too soon; he was not yet above half-way over. The demon, who was still hovering in the air, and had produced those sounds only in order to deceive, was now freed from his commission; wherefore, throwing the astonished traveller from his back, the unhappy youth fell head-long into the subjacent Ocean of Doubts, from whence he never after was seen to rise."

LETTER XXXVIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fun Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy, at Pekin, in China.

WHEN Parmenio, the Grecian, had done something which excited a universal shout from the surrounding multitude, he was instantly struck with the doubt, that what had their approbation must certainly be wrong; and turning to a philosopher who stood near him, "Pray sir," says he, "pardon me; I fear I have been guilty of some absurdity."

You know that I am not less than him a despiser of the multitude; you know that I equally detest flattery to the great; yet so many circumstances have concurred to give a lustre to the latter part of the present English monarch's reign, that I cannot withhold my contribution of praise; I cannot avoid acknowledging the crowd for once

just, in their unanimous approbation.

Yet think not that battles gained, dominion extended, or enemies brought to submission, are the virtues which at present claim my admiration. Were the reigning monarch only famous for his victories, I should regard his character with indifference: the boast of heroism in this enlightened age is justly regarded as a qualification of a very subordinate rank, and mankind now begin to look with becoming horror on these fees to man; the virtue in this aged monarch which I have at present in view, is one of a much more exalted nature, is one of the most difficult of attainment, is the least praised of all kingly virtues, and yet deserves the greatest praise: the virtue I mean is justice; strict administration of justice, without severity and without favour.

Of all virtues this is the most difficult to be practised by a king who has a power to pardon. All men, even tyrants themselves, lean to mercy when unbiassed by passions or interest. The heart naturally persuades to forgiveness, and pursuing the dictates of this pleasing deceiver, we are led to prefer our private satisfaction to public utility. What a thorough love for the public, what a strong command over the passions, what a finely-conducted judgment, must be possess who opposes the dictates of reason to those of his heart, and prefers the future interest of his people to his own

immediate satisfaction!

If still to a man's own natural bias for tenderness, we add the numerous solicitations made by a criminal's friends for mercy: if we survey a king not only opposing his own feelings but reluctantly refusing those he regards, and this to satisfy the public, whose cries he may never hear, whose gratitude he may never receive; this surely is true greatness! Let us faney ourselves for a moment in this just old man's place, surrounded by numbers, all soliciting the same favour, a favour that nature disposes us to grant, where the induce-ments to pity are laid before us in the strongest light, suppliants at our feet, some ready to resent a refusal, none opposing a compliance; let us, I say, suppose ourselves in such a situation, and I fancy we should find ourselves more apt to act the character of good-natured men than of upright

What contributes to raise justice above all other kingly virtues is, that it is seldom attended with a

due share of applause, and those who practise it must be influenced by greater motives than empty fame; the people are generally well pleased with a remission of punishments, and all that wears the appearance of humanity: it is the wise alone who are capable of discerning that impartial justice is the truest mercy; they know it to be very difficult, at once to compassionate, and yet condemn, an object that pleads for tenderness.

I have been led into this common-place train of thought by a late striking instance in this country of the impartiality of justice, and of the king's inflexible resolution of inflicting punishment where it was justly due. A man of the first quality, in a fit either of passion, melaneholy, or madness, murdered his servant; it was expected that his station in life would have lessened the ignominy of his punishment; however, he was arraigned, condemned, and underwent the same degrading death with the meanest malefactor. It was well, considering that virtue alone is true nobility; and that he whose actions sink him even beneath the vulgar, has no right to those distinctions which should be the rewards only of merit; it was perhaps considered that crimes were more heinous among the higher classes of people, as necessity exposes them to fewer temptations.

Over all the East, even China not excepted, a person of the same quality guilty of such a crime might, by giving up a share of his fortune to the judge, buy off his sentence: there are several countries even in Europe, where the servant is entirely the property of his master; if a slave kills his lord, he dies by the most exeruciating tortures; but if the circumstances are reversed, a small fine buys off the punishment of the offender. Happy the country where all are equal, and where those who sit as judges have too much integrity to receive a bribe, and too much honour to pity from a similitude of the prisoner's title or circumstances with their own! Such is England; yet think not that it was always equally famed for this strict impartiality. There was a time even here when title softened the rigours of the law, when dignified wretches were suffered to live, and continue for years an equal disgrace to justice and

nobility.

To this day, in a neighbouring country, the great are often most scandalously pardoned for the most scandalous offences. A person is still alive among them who has more than once deserved the most ignominious severity of justice. His being of the blood royal, however, was thought a sufficient atonement for his being a disgrace to humanity. This remarkable personage took pleasure in shooting at the passengers below, from the top of his palace; and in this most princely amusement he usually spent some time every day. He was at length arraigned by the friends of a person whom in this manner he had killed, was found guilty of the charge, and condemned to die. His merciful monarch pardoned him in consideration of his rank and quality. The unrepenting criminal soon after renewed his usual entertainment, and in the same manner killed another man. He was a second time condemned; and, strange to think, a second time received his majesty's pardon! Would you believe it? A third time the very same man was guilty of the very same offence; a third time, therefore, the laws of his country found him

guilty—I wish for the honour of humanity I could suppress the rest!—A third time he was pardoned! Will you not think such a story too extraordinary for belief? will you not think me describing the savage inhabitants of Congo? Alas, the story is but too true; and the country where it was was transacted, regards itself as the politest in Europe! Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

From Lien Chi Altangi to ***, Merchant in Amsterdam.

Ceremonies are different in every country, but true politeness is everywhere the same. Ceremonies which take up so much of our attention, are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes, in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good-nature. A person possessed of those qualities, though he had never seen a court, is truly agreeable; and if without them would continue a clown, though he had been all his life a gentleman-usher.

How would a Chinese, bred up in the formalities of an eastern court, be regarded, should he carry all his good manners beyond the Great Wall? How would an Englishman, skilled in all the decorums of western good-breeding, appear at an eastern entertainment? Would he not be reckoned more fantastically savage than even his unbred

footman?

Ceremony resembles that base coin which circulates through a country by the royal mandate; it serves every purpose of real money at home, but is entirely useless if carried abroad: a person who should attempt to circulate his native trash in another country, would be thought either ridiculous or culpable. He is truly well-bred who knows when to value and when to despise those national peculiarities, which are regarded by some with so much observance; a traveller of taste at once perceives that the wise are polite all the world over, but that fools are polite only at home,

I have now before me two very fashionable letters upon the same subject, both written by ladies of distinction; one of whom leads the fashion in England, and the other sets the ceremonies of China; they are both regarded in their respective countries by all the beau-monde as standards of taste and models of true politeness, and both give us a true idea of what they imagine elegant in their admirers: which of them understands true politeness, or whether either, you shall be at liberty to determine: the English lady writes thus to her female confidant.

"As I live, my dear Charlotte, I believe the Colonel will carry it at last: he is a most irresistible fellow, that is flat. So well-dressed, so neat, so sprightly, and plays about one so agreeably, that I vow he has as much spirits as the Marquis of Monkeyman's Italian greyhound. I first saw him at Ranelagh: he shines there; he is nothing without Ranelagh, and Ranelagh nothing without him. The next day he sent a card and compliments, desiring to wait on mamma and me to the music subscription. He looked all the time with such irresistible impudence, that positively he had something in his face gave me as much pleasure

as a pair-royal of naturals in my own hand. waited on mamma and me the next morning to know how we got home: you must know the insidious devil makes love to us both. Rap went the footman at the door; bounce went my heart; I thought he would have rattled the house down. Chariot drove up to the window, with his footmen in the prettiest liveries: he has infinite taste, that is flat. Mamma had spent all the morning at her head; but for my part, I was in an undress to receive him; quite easy, mind that: no way disturbed at his approach: mamma pretended to be as degagée as I, and yet I saw her blush in spite of her. Positively he is a most killing devil! We did nothing but laugh all the time he staid with us; I never heard so many very good things before; at first he mistook mamma for my sister; at which she laughed; then he mistook my natural complexion for paint, at which I laughed; and then he showed us a picture in the lid of his snuffbox, at which we all laughed. He plays picquet so very ill, and is so very fond of cards, and loses with such a grace, that positively he has won me: I have got a cool hundred, but have lost my heart. I need not tell you that he is only a colonel of the train-bands. I am, dear Charlotte, yours for ever,

"BELINDA."

The Chinese lady addresses her confidant, a poor relation of the family, upon the same occasion; in which she seems to understand decorums even better than the Western beauty. You who have resided so long in China will readily acknowledge the picture to be taken from nature; and, by being acquainted with the Chinese eustoms, will better apprehend the lady's meaning.

"FROM YAOUA TO YAYA.

"Papa insists upon one, two, three, four hundred taels from the colonel my lover, before he parts with a lock of my hair. Ho, how I wish the dear creature may be able to produce the money, and pay papa my fortune. The colonel is reckoned the politest man in all Shensi. first visit he paid at our house, merey! what stooping and cringing, and stopping and fidgeting, and going back and creeping forward, there was be-tween him and papa! one would have thought he had got the seventeen books of ceremonies all by heart. When he was come into the hall, he flourished his hands three times in a very graceful manner. Papa, who would not be outdone, flourished his four times; upon this, the colonel began again; and both thus continued flourishing for some minutes, in the politest manner imaginable. I was posted in the usual place behind the screen, where I saw the whole ceremony through a slit. Of this the colonel was sensible, for papa informed him. I would have given the world to have shown him my little shoes, but had no opportunity. It was the first time I had ever the happiness of seeing any man but papa, and I vow, my dear Yaya, I thought my three souls would actually have fled from my lips. Ho, but he looked most charmingly; he is reckoned the best shaped man in the whole province, for he is very fat and very short; but even those natural advantages are improved by his dress, which is fashionable past description. His head was close

shaven, all but the crown, and the hair of that was braided into a most beautiful tail, that reached down to his heels, and was terminated by a bunch of vellow roses. Upon his first entering the room, I could easily perceive he had been highly perfumed with assafætida. But then his looks, his looks, my dear Yaya, were irresistible. He kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on the wall during the whole ceremony, and I sincerely believe no accident could have discomposed his gravity, or drawn his eyes away. After a polite silence of two hours, he gallantly begged to have the singingwomen introduced, purely for my amusement. After one of them had for some time entertained us with her voice, the colonel and she retired for some minutes together. I thought they would never have come back; I must own he is a most agreeable creature. Upon his return, they again renewed the concert, and he continued to gaze upon the wall as usual, when, in less than half an hour more! Ho, but he retired out of the room with another. He is indeed a most agreeable creature.

"When he came to take his leave, the whole ceremony began afresh; papa would see him to the door, but the colonel swore he would rather see the earth turned upside down than permit him to stir a single step, and papa was at last obliged to comply. As soon as he was got to the door, papa went out to see him on horseback; here they continued half an hour bowing and cringing, before one would mount or the other go in, but the colonel was at last victorious. He had scarce gone a hundred pages from the house, when papa running out, halloo'd after him, A good journey; upon which the colonel returned, and would see papa into his house before ever he would depart. was no sooner got home than he sent me a very fine present of duck-eggs, painted of twenty different colours. His generosity I own has won me. I have ever since been trying over the eight letters of good fortune, and have great hopes. I have to apprehend is, that after he has married me, and that I am carried to his house close shut up in my chair, when he comes to have the first sight of my face, he may shut me up a second time, and send me back to papa. However, I shall appear as fine as possible; mamma and I have been to buy the clothes for my wedding. am to have a new fong whang in my hair, the beak of which will reach down to my nose; the milliner from whom we bought that and our ribands cheated us as if she had no conscience, and so to quiet mine I cheated her. All this is fair, you know. I remain, my dear Yaya,
"Your ever faithful

" YAOUA."

LETTER XL.

From LIEN CHI ALTANGI to FUM HOAM, First President of the Ceremonial Academy, at Pekin, in China.

You have always testified the highest esteem for the English poets, and thought them not inferior to the Greeks, Romans, or even the Chinese in the art. But it is now thought, even by the English themselves, that the race of their poets is extinct; every day produces some pathetic excla-mation upon the decadence of taste and genius.—

Pegasus, say they, has slipped the bridle from his mouth, and our modern bards attempt to direct

his flight by catching him by the tail.

Yet, my friend, it is only among the ignorant that such discourses prevail; men of true discernment can see several poets still among the English, some of whom equal if not surpass their The ignorant term that alone predecessors. poetry which is couched in a certain number of syllables in every line, where a vapid thought is drawn out into a number of verses of equal length, and perhaps pointed with rhymes at the end. But glowing sentiment, striking imagery, concise expression, natural description, and modulated periods, are full sufficient entirely to fill up my idea of this art, and make way to every passion.

If my idea of poetry therefore be just, the English are not at present so destitute of poetical merit as they seem to imagine. I can see several poets in disguise among them; men furnished with that strength of soul, sublimity of sentiment, and grandeur of expression, which constitutes the character. Many of the writers of their modern odes, sonnets, tragedies, or rebuses, it is true, deserve not the name, though they have done nothing but clink rhymes and measure syllables for years together: their Johnsons and Smolletts are truly poets; though, for aught I know, they never made a single verse in their whole lives.

In every incipient language the poet and the prose writer are very distinct in their qualifications: the poet ever proceeds first, treading unbeaten paths, enriching his native sounds, and employed in new adventures. The other follows with more cautious steps, and though slow in his motions, treasures up every useful or pleasing discovery. But when once all the extent and the force of the language is known, the poet then seems to rest from his labour, and is at length overtaken by his assiduous pursuer. Both characters are then blended into one, the historian and orator catch all the poet's fire, and leave him no real mark of distinction except the iteration of numbers regularly returning. Thus in the decline of ancient European learning, Seneca, though he wrote in prose, is as much a poet as Lucan; and Longinus, though but a critic, more sublime than Apollonius.

From this, then, it appears that poetry is not discontinued, but altered, among the English; at present the outward form seems different from what it was, but poetry still continues internally the same; the only question remains whether the metric feet used by the good writers of the last age, or the prosaic numbers employed by the good writers of this, be preferable. And here the practice of the last age appears to me superior; they submitted to the restraint of numbers and similar sounds; and this restraint, instead of diminishing, augmented the force of their sentiment and style. Fancy restrained may be compared to a fountain, which plays highest by diminishing the aperture. Of the truth of this maxim in every language, every fine writer is perfectly sensible from his own experience, and yet to explain the reason would be, perhaps, as difficult, as to make a frigid genius profit by the discovery.

There is still another reason in favour of the practice of the last age, to be drawn from the variety of modulation. The musical period in prose is confined to a very few changes; the numbers in verse are capable of infinite variation. I speak not now from the practice of modern verse-writers, few of whom have any idea of musical variety, but run on in the same monotonous flow through the whole poem; but rather from the example of their former poets, who were tolerable masters of this variety, and also from a capacity in the language of still admitting various unanti-

cipated music.

Several rules have been drawn up for varying the poetic measure, and critics have elaborately talked of accents and syllables; but good sense and a fine ear, which rules can never teach, are what alone can in such a case determine. The rapturous flowings of joy, or the interruptions of indignation, require accents placed entirely different, and a structure consonant to the emotions they would express. Changing passions, and numbers changing with those passions, make the whole secret of western as well as eastern poetry. a word, the great faults of the modern professed English poets are, that they seem to want numbers which should vary with the passion, and are more employed in describing to the imagination than striking at the heart.

LETTER XLI.

FROM THE SAME.

Some time since I sent thee, O holy disciple of Confucius, an account of the grand Abbey or mausoleum of the kings and heroes of this nation. I have since been introduced to a temple not so ancient, but far superior in beauty and magnificence. In this, which is the most considerable of the empire, there are no pompous inscriptions, no flattery paid the dead, but all is elegant and awfully simple. There are, however, a few rags hung round the walls, which have, at a vast expense, been taken from the enemy in the present war. The silk of which they are composed, when new, might be valued at half a string of copper money in China; yet this wise people fitted out a fleet and an army in order to seize them; though now grown old, and scarcely capable of being patched up into a handkerchief. By this conquest the English are said to have gained, and the French to have lost, much honour. Is the honour of European nations placed only in tattered silk?

In this temple I was permitted to remain during the whole service; and were you not already acquainted with the religion of the English, you might, from my description, be inclined to believe them as grossly idolatrous as the disciples of Lao. The idol which they seem to address, strides like a colossus over the door of the inner temple, which here, as with the Jews, is esteemed the most sacred part of the building. Its oracles are delivered in a hundred various tones, which seem to inspire the worshippers with enthusiasm and awe: an old woman, who appeared to be the priestess, was employed in various attitudes as she felt the inspiration. When it began to speak, all the people remained fixed in silent attention, nodding assent, looking approbation, appearing highly edified by those sounds, which to a stranger might seem inarticulate and unmeaning.

When the idol had done speaking, and the priestess had locked up its lungs with a key, observing almost all the company leaving the temple, I concluded the service was over, and taking my hat, was going to walk away with the crowd, when I was stopped by the man in black, who assured me that the ceremony had scarcely yet begun !-"What," cried I, "do I not see almost the whole body of the worshippers leaving the church? Would you persuade me that such numbers who profess religion and morality would in this shameless manner quit the temple before the service was concluded? you surely mistake; not even the Kalmucks would be guilty of such an indecency, though all the object of their worship was but a joint-stool." My friend seemed to blush for his countrymen, assuring me that those whom I saw running away, were only a parcel of musical blockheads, whose passion was merely for sounds, and whose heads were as empty as a fiddle-case; "those who remain behind," says he, "are the truly religious; they make use of music to warm their hearts, and to lift them to a proper pitch of rapture; examine their behaviour, and you will confess there are some among us who practise true devotion."

I now looked round me as he directed, but saw nothing of that fervent devotion which he had promised; one of the worshippers appeared to be ogling the company through a glass; another was fervent, not in addresses to Heaven, but to his mistress; a third whispered, a fourth took snuff, and the priest himself, in a drowsy tone, read over

the duties of the day.
"Bless my eyes," cried I, as I happened to look towards the door, "what do I see; one of the worshippers fallen fast asleep, and actually sunk down on his cushion: is he now enjoying the benefit of a trance, or does he receive the influence of some mysterious vision ?"-" Alas! alas!' replied my companion, "no such thing; he has only had the misfortune of eating too hearty a dinner, and finds it impossible to keep his eyes Turning to another part of the temple, I perceived a young lady just in the same circumstances and attitude: "Strange," cried I, "can she too have over-eaten herself?" "O fie!" replied my friend, "you now grow censorious. She grown drowsy from eating too much; that would be profanation! She only sleeps now from having sat up all night at a brag party." "Turn me where I will then," says I, "I can perceive no single symptom of devotion among the worshippers, except from that old woman in the corner who sits groaning behind the long sticks of a mourning fan; she indeed seems greatly edified with what she hears."—" Ay," replied my friend, "I knew we should find some to catch you; I know her; that is the deaf lady who lives in the cloisters.'

In short, the remissness of behaviour in almost all the worshippers, and some even of the guardians, struck me with surprise: I had been taught to believe that none were ever promoted to offices in the temple but men remarkable for their superior sanctity, learning, and rectitude; that there was no such thing heard of as persons being introduced into the church merely to oblige a senator, or provide for the younger branch of a noble family: I expected, as their minds were continually set upon heavenly things, to see their eyes directed there also, and hoped from their behaviour to perceive their inclinations corresponding with their duty. But I am since informed, that some are appointed to preside over temples they never visit; and while they receive all the money, are contented with letting others do all the good. Adicu.

LETTER XLII.

From Fun Hoam to Lien Chi Altangi, the discontented wanderer, by the way of Moscow.

Must I ever continue to condemn thy perseverance, and blame that curiosity, which destroys thy happiness? What yet untasted banquet, what luxury yet unknown, has rewarded thy painful adventures? Name a pleasure which thy native country could not amply procure; frame a wish that might not have been satisfied in China! Why then such toil, and such danger, in pursuit of raptures within your reach at home?

The Europeans, you will say, excel us in sciences and in arts; those sciences which bound the aspiring wish, and those arts which tend to gratify even unrestrained desire. They may perhaps outdo us in the arts of building ships, easting cannons, or measuring mountains; but are they superior in the greatest of all arts, the art of governing king-

donis and ourselves ?

When I compare the history of China with that of Europe, how do I exult in being a native of that kingdom which derives its original from the sun! Upon opening the Chinese history I there behold an ancient extended empire established by laws which nature and reason seem to have dictated. The duty of children to their parents, a duty which nature implants in every breast, forms the strength of that government which has subsisted from time immemorial. Filial obedience is the first and greatest requisite of a state; by this we become good subjects to our emperors, capable of behaving with just subordination to our superiors, and grateful dependants on Heaven; by this we become fonder of marriage, in order to be capable of exacting obedience from others in our turn: by this we become good magistrates; for early submission is the truest lesson to those who would learn to rule. By this the whole state may be said to resemble one family, of which the emperor is the protector, father, and friend.

In this happy region, sequestered from the rest of mankind, I see a succession of princes who in general considered themselves as the fathers of their people; a race of philosophers, who bravely combated idolatry, prejudice, and tyranny, at the expense of their private happiness and immediate reputation. Whenever an usurper or a tyrant intruded into the administration, how have all the good and great been united against him? Can European history produce an instance like that of the twelve mandarins, who all resolved to apprise the vicious emperor Tisiang of the irregularity of his conduct? He who first undertook the dangerous task was cut in two by the emperor's order; the second was ordered to be tormented, and then put to a cruel death; the third undertook the task with intrepidity, and was instantly stabbed by the tyrant's hand: in this manner they all suffered, except one. But not to be turned from his purpose, the brave survivor entering the palace with the instruments of torture in his hand, "Here," cried he, addressing himself to the throne, "here, O Tisiang, are the marks your faithful subjects receive for their loyalty; I am wearied of serving a tyrant, and now come for my reward." The emperor, struck with his intrepidity, instantly forgave the boldness of his conduct, and reformed his own. What European annals can boast of a tyrant thus reclaimed to lenity?

When five brothren had set upon the great emperor Ginsong alone, with his sabre he slew four of them; he was struggling with the fifth, when his guards coming up were going to cut the conspirator into a thousand pieces. "No, no," cried the emperor, with a calm and placid countenance; "of all his brothers he is the only one remaining; at least let one of the family be suffered to live, that his aged parents may have somebody

left to feed and comfort them."

When Haitong, the last emperor of the house of Ming, saw himself besieged in his own city by the usurper, he was resolved to issue from his palace with six hundred of his guards, and give the enemy battle; but they forsook him. Being thus without hope, and choosing death rather than to fall alive into the hands of a rebel, he retired to his garden, conducting his little daughter, an only child, in his hand; there, in a private arbour, unsheathing his sword, he stabbed the young innocent to the heart, and then despatching himself, left the following words written with his own blood on the border of his vest: Forsaken by my subjects, abandoned by my friends, use my body as you will, but spare, O spare my people.

An empire which has thus continued invariably the same for such a long succession of ages, which though at last conquered by the Tartars, still preserves its ancient laws and learning; and may more properly be said to annex the dominions of Tartary to its empire, than to admit a foreign conqueror; an empire as large as Europe, governed by one law, acknowledging subjection to one prince, and experiencing but one revolution of any continuance in the space of four thousand years; this is something so peculiarly great, that I am naturally led to despise all other nations on the comparison. Here we see no religious persecutions, no enmity between mankind for difference in opinion. The disciples of Lao Kium, the idolatrous sectaries of Fohi, and the philosophical children of Confucius, only strive to show by their actions the truth of their doctrines.

Now turn from this happy peaceful scene to Europe, the theatre of intrigue, avarice, and ambition. How many revolutions does it not experience in the compass even of one age; and to what do these revolutions tend, but the destruction of thousands! Every great event is replete with some new calamity. The seasons of serenity are passed over in silence; their histories seem to speak only of the storm.

There we see the Romans extending their power over barbarous nations, and in turn becoming a prey to those whom they had conquered. We see those barbarians, when become Christians, engaged in continual war with the followers of Mahomet; or, more dreadful still, destroying each other. We see councils in the earlier ages authorising every iniquity: crusades spreading desolation in the country left, as well as that to be conquered. Excommunications, freeing subjects from natural allegiance, and persuading to sedition; blood flowing in the fields and on scaffolds; tortures used as arguments to convince the recusant; to heighten the horror of the piece, behold it shaded with wars, rebellions, treasons, plots, politics, and poison.

And what advantage has any country of Europe obtained from such calamities? Scarcely any. Their dissentions for more than a thousand years have served to make each other unhappy, but have enriched none. All the great nations still nearly preserve their ancient limits: none have been able to subdue the other, and so terminate the dispute. France, in spite of the conquests of Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth, notwithstanding the efforts of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, still remains within its ancient limits. Spain, Germany, Great Britain, Poland, the states of the North, are nearly still the same. What effect then has the blood of so many thousands, the destruction of so many cities, produced? Nothing either great or considerable. The Christian princes have lost indeed much from the enemies of Christendom, but they have gained nothing from each other. Their princes, because they preferred ambition to justice, deserve the character of enemies to mankind; and their priests, by neglecting morality for opinion, have mistaken the interests of society.

On whatever side we regard the history of Europe, we shall perceive it to be a tissue of crimes, follies, and misfortunes; of politics without design, and wars without consequences; in this long list of human infirmity, a great character, or a shining virtue, may sometimes happen to arise, as we often meet a cottage or a cultivated spot in the most hideous wilderness. But for an Alfred, an Alphonso, a Frederic, or an Alexander III., we meet a thousand princes who have disgraced humanity.

LETTER XLIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

WE have just received accounts here, that Voltaire, the poet and philosopher of Europe, is dead! He is now beyond the reach of the thousand enemies, who, while living, degraded his writings, and branded his character. Scarcely a page of his latter productions, that does not betray the agonies of a heart bleeding under the scourge of unmerited reproach. Happy, therefore, at last, in escaping from calumny! happy in leaving a world that was unworthy of him and his writings.

Let others, my friend, bestrew the hearses of the great with panegyric; but such a loss as the world has now suffered affects me with stronger emotions. When a philosopher dies, I consider myself as losing a patron, an instructor, and a friend. I consider the world as losing one who might serve to console her amidst the desolations of war and ambition. Nature every day produces in abundance men capable of filling all the requisite duties of authority; but she is niggard in the birth of an exalted mind, scarcely producing in a century

a single genius to bless and enlighten a degenerate Prodigal in the production of kings, governors, mandarins, chams, and courtiers, she seems to have forgotten, for more than three thousand years, the manner in which she once formed the brain of a Confucius; and well it is she has forgotten, when a bad world gave him so very bad a reception.

Whence, my friend, this malevolence which has ever pursued the great even to the tomb; whence this more than fiend-like disposition of embittering the lives of those who would make us more wise

and more happy?

When I cast my eye over the fates of several philosophers who have at different periods enlightened mankind, I must confess it inspires me with the most degrading reflections on humanity. When I read of the stripes of Mentius, the tortures of Tchin, the bowl of Socrates, and the bath of Seneca; when I hear of the persecutions of Dante, the imprisonment of Galileo, the indignities suffered by Montaigne, the banishment of Cartesius, the infamy of Bacon, and that even Locke himself escaped not without reproach; when I think on such subjects, I hesitate whether most to blame the ignorance or the villany of my fellowcreatures.

Should you look for the character of Voltaire among the journalists and illiterate writers of the age, you will there find him characterised as a monster, with a head turned to wisdom, and a heart inclining to vice; the powers of his mind and the baseness of his principles forming a detestable contrast. But seek for his character among writers like himself, and you find him very differently described. You perceive him in their accounts possessed of good-nature, humanity, greatness of soul, fortitude, and almost every virtue: in this description, those who might be supposed best acquainted with his character are unanimous. The royal Prussian *, Dargents+, Diderot ‡, D'Alembert, and Fontenelle, conspire in drawing the picture, in describing the friend of man, and the patron of every rising genius.

An inflexible perseverance in what he thought was right, and a generous detestation of flattery, formed the ground-work of this great man's character. From these principles many strong virtues and few faults arose; as he was warm in his friendship, and severe in his resentment, all that mention him seem possessed of the same qualities, and speak of him with rapture or detestation. A person of his eminence can have few indifferent as to his character; every reader must be an enemy

or an admirer.

This poet began the course of glory so early as the age of eighteen, and even then was the author of a tragedy which deserves applause; possessed of a small patrimony, he preserved his independence in an age of venality, and supported the dignity of learning, by teaching his contemporary writers to live, like him, above the favours of the great. He was banished his native country for a satire upon the royal concubine. He had accepted the place of historian to the French king, but refused to keep it when he found it was presented only in order that he should be the first flatterer of the state.

The great Prussian received him as an orna-‡ Encyclopéd. * Philosophe Sans Souci. † Let. Chin.

ment to his kingdom, and had sense enough to value his friendship, and profit by his instructions. In this court he continued till an intrigue, with which the world seems hitherto unacquainted, obliged him to quit that country. His own happiness, the happiness of the monarch, of his sister, of a part of the court, rendered his departure

necessary.

Tired at length of courts and all the follies of the great, he retired to Switzerland, a country of liberty, where he enjoyed tranquillity and the muse. Here, though without any taste for magnificence himself, he usually entertained at his table the learned and polite of Europe, who were attracted by a desire of seeing a person from whom they had received so much satisfaction. The entertainment was conducted with the utmost elegance, and the conversation was that of philosophers. Every country that at once united liberty and science, was his peculiar favourite. The being an Englishman was to him a character that claimed admiration and respect.

Between Voltaire and the disciples of Confucius, there are many differences; however, being of a different opinion does not in the least diminish my esteem; I am not displeased with my brother, because he happens to ask our father for favours in a different manner from me. Let his errors rest in peace, his excellences deserve admiration; let me with the wise admire his wisdom; let the envious and the ignorant ridicule his foibles; the folly of others is ever most ridiculous to those who

are themselves most foolish. Adieu.

LETTER XLIV.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, a slave in Persia.

It is impossible to form a philosophic system of happiness which is adapted to every condition in life, since every person who travels in this great pursuit takes a separate road. The different colours which suit different complexions, are not more various than the different pleasures appropriated to different minds. The various sects who have pretended to give lessons to instruct me in happiness, have described their own particular sensations without considering ours; have only loaded their disciples with constraint, without adding to their real felicity.

If I find pleasure in dancing, how ridiculous would it be in me to prescribe such an amusement for the entertainment of a cripple!-should he, on the other hand, place his chief delight in painting, yet would be absurd in recommending the same relish to one who had lost the power of distinguishing colours. General directions are, therefore, commonly useless; and to be particular would exhaust volumes, since each individual may require a particular system of precepts to direct his choice.

Every mind seems capable of entertaining a certain quantity of happiness, which no institutions can increase, no circumstances alter, and entirely independent of fortune. Let any man compare his present fortune with the past, and he will probably find himself, upon the whole, neither

better nor worse than formerly.

Gratified ambition, or irreparable calamity, may produce transient sensations of pleasure or distress. Those storms may discompose in proportion as they are strong, or the mind is pliant to their impression. But the soul, though at first lifted up by the event, is every day operated upon with diminished influence, and at length subsides into the level of its usual tranquillity. Should some unexpected turn of fortune take thee from fetters and place thee on a throne, exultation would be natural upon the change; but the temper, like the face, would soon resume its native serenity.

Every wish, therefore, which leads us to expect happiness somewhere else but where we are-every institution which teaches us that we should be better, by being possessed of something new, which promises to lift us a step higher than we are, only lays a foundation for uneasiness, because it contracts debts which we cannot repay; it calls that a good, which, when we have found it, will in fact

add nothing to our happiness.

To enjoy the present, without regret for the past or solicitude for the future, has been the advice rather of poets than philosophers. And yet the precept seems more rational than is generally imagined. It is the only general precept respecting the pursuit of happiness, that can be applied with propriety to every condition of life. The man of pleasure, the man of business, and the philosopher, are equally interested in its disquisi-If we do not find happiness in the present moment, in what shall we find it; either in reflecting on the past, or prognosticating the future? But let us see how these are capable of producing satisfaction.

A remembrance of what is past, and an anticipation of what is to come, seem to be the two faculties by which man differs most from other animals. Though brutes enjoy them in a limited degree, yet their whole life seems taken up in the present, regardless of the past and the future. Man, on the contrary, endeavours to derive his happiness, and experiences most of his miseries, from these two sources.

Is this superiority of reflection a prerogative of which we should boast, and for which we should thank Nature; or is it a misfortune of which we should complain and be humble? Either from the abuse, or from the nature of things, it certainly makes our condition more miserable.

Had we a privilege of calling up, by the power of memory, only such passages as were pleasing, unmixed with such as were disagreeable, we might then excite at pleasure an ideal happiness, perhaps more poignant than actual sensation. But this is not the case: the past is never represented without some disagreeable circumstances, which tarnishes all its beauty; the remembrance of an evil carries in it nothing agreeable, and to remember a good is always accompanied with regret. Thus we lose more than we gain by the remembrance.

And we shall find our expectation of the future to be a gift more distressful even than the former. To fear an approaching evil is certainly a most disagreeable sensation; and in expecting an approaching good, we experience the inquietude of

wanting actual possession.

Thus, whichever way we look, the prospect is disagreeable. Behind, we have left pleasures we shall never more enjoy, and therefore regret; and before, we see pleasures which we languish to possess, and are consequently uneasy till we possess them. Was there any method of seizing the

present unembittered by such reflections, then

would our state be tolerably easy.

This, indeed, is the endeavour of all mankind who, untutored by philosophy, pursue as much as they can a life of amusement and dissipation. Everyrank in life, and every size of understanding, seems to follow this alone; or, not pursuing it, deviates from happiness. The man of pleasure pursues dissipation by profession; the man of business pursues it not less, as every voluntary labour he undergoes is only dissipation in disguise. The philosopher himself, even while he reasons upon the subject, does it unknowingly, with a view of dissipating the thoughts of what he was, or what he must be.

The subject therefore comes to this: Which is the most perfect sort of dissipation; pleasure, business, or philosophy? which best serves to exclude those uneasy sensations which memory or

anticipation produce ?

The enthusiasm of pleasure charms only by intervals. The highest rapture lasts only for a moment, and all the senses seem so combined as to be soon tired into languor by the gratification of any one of them. It is only among the poets we hear of men changing to one delight, when satiated with another. In Nature it is very different: the glutton, when sated with the full meal, is unqualified to feel the real pleasure of drinking; the drunkard in turn finds few of those transports which lovers boast in enjoyment; and the lover, when cloyed, finds a diminution of every other appetite. Thus, after a full indulgence of any one sense, the man of pleasure finds a languor in all, is placed in a chasm between past and expected enjoyment, and perceives an interval which must be filled up. The present can give no satisfaction, because he has already robbed it of every charm; a mind thus left without immediate employment, naturally recurs to the past or future; the reflector finds that he was happy, and knows that he cannot be so now; he sees that he may yet be happy, and wishes the hour was come; thus every period of his continuance is miserable, except that very short one, immediate gratification. Instead of a life of dissipation, none has more frequent conversations with disagreeable self than he: his enthusiasms are but few and transient; his appetites, like angry creditors, continually making fruitless demands for what he is unable to pay, and the greater his former pleasures, the more strong his regret, the more impatient his expectations: a life of pleasure is therefore the most unpleasing life in the world.

Habit has rendered the man of business more cool in his desires; he finds less regret for past pleasures, and less solicitude for those to come. The life he now leads, though tainted in some measure with hope, is yet not afflicted so strongly with regret, and is less divided between short-lived rapture and lasting anguish. The pleasures he has enjoyed are not so vivid, and those he has to expect cannot consequently create so much anxiety.

The philosopher, who extends his regard to all mankind, must have still a smaller concern for what has already affected, or may hereafter affect himself; the concerns of others make his whole study, and that study is his pleasure; and this pleasure is continuing in its nature, because it can be changed at will, leaving but few of those anxi-

ous intervals which are employed in remembrance or anticipation. The philosopher by this means leads a life of almost continued dissipation: and reflection, which makes the uneasiness and misery of others, serves as a companion and instructor to him.

In a word, positive happiness is constitutional, and incapable of increase; misery is artificial, and generally proceeds from our folly. Philosophy can add to our happiness in no other manner, but by diminishing our misery; it should not pretend to increase our present stock, but make us economists of what we are possessed of. The great source of calamity lies in regret or anticipation: he, therefore, is most wise who thinks of the present alone, regardless of the past or the future. This is impossible to the man of pleasure; it is difficult to the man of business; and is in some measure attainable by the philosopher. Happy were all born philosophers, all born with a talent of thus dissipating our own cares, by spreading them upon all mankind! Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

Though the frequent invitations I receive from men of distinction here might excite the vanity of some, I am quite mortified, however, when I consider the notives that inspire their civility. I am sent for not to be treated as a friend, but to satisfy curiosity; not to be entertained, so much as wondered at; the same earnestness which excites them to see a Chinese, would have made them equally

proud of a visit from a rhinoceros.

From the highest to the lowest, this people seem fond of sights and monsters. I am told of a person here who gets a very comfortable livelihood by making wonders, and then selling or showing them to the people for money; no matter how insignificant they were in the beginning, by locking them up close, and showing for money, they soon became prodigies! His first essay in this way was to exhibit himself as a wax-work figure behind a glass door at a puppet-show. keeping the spectators at a proper distance, and having his head adorned with a copper crown, he looked extremely natural, and very like the life itself. He continued this exhibition with success, till an involuntary fit of sneezing brought him to life before all the spectators, and consequently rendered him for that time as entirely useless as the peaceable inhabitant of a catacomb.

Determined to act the statue no more, he next levied contributions under the figure of an Indian king; and by painting his face and counterfeiting the savage howl, he frighted several ladies and children with amazing success: in this manner, therefore, he might have lived very comfortably, had he not been arrested for a debt that was contracted when he was the figure in wax-work: thus his face underwent an involuntary ablution, and he found himself reduced to his primitive complexion

and indigence.

After some time, being freed from gaol, he was now grown wiser, and instead of making himself a wonder, was resolved only to make wonders. He learned the art of pasting up mummies; was never at a loss for an artificial lusus naturæ; nay, it

has been reported, that he has sold seven petrified lobsters of his own manufacture to a noted collector of rarities; but this the learned Cracovius Putridus has undertaken to refute in a very elaborate dissertation.

His last wonder was nothing more than a halter, yet by this halter he gained more than by all his former exhibitions. The people, it seems, had got it into their heads that a certain noble criminal was to be hanged with a silken rope. Now there was nothing they so much wished to see as this very rope; and he was resolved to gratify their curiosity: he therefore got one made, not only of silk, but to render it more striking, several threads of gold were intermixed. The people paid their money only to see silk, but were highly satisfied when they found it was mixed with gold into the bargain. It is scarcely necessary to mention, that the projector sold his silken rope for almost what it had cost him, as soon as the criminal was known to be hanged in hempen materials.

By their fondness of sights, one would be apt to imagine, that instead of desiring to see things as they should be, they are rather solicitous of seeing them as they ought not to be. A cat with four legs is disregarded, though never so useful; but if it has but two, and is consequently incapable of catching mice, it is reckoned inestimable, and every man of taste is ready to raise the auction. A man, though in his person faultless as an aerial genius, might starve; but if stuck over with hideous warts like a porcupine, his fortune is made for ever, and he may propagate the breed with

impunity and applause.

A good woman in my neighbourhood, who was bred a habit-maker, though she handled her needle tolerably well, could scarcely get employment. But being obliged by an accident to have both her hands cut off from the elbows, what would in another country have been her ruin, made her fortune here: she now was thought more fit for her trade than before; business flowed in apace, and all people paid for seeing the mantua-maker who wrought without hands.

A gentleman showing me his collection of pictures, stopped at one with peculiar admiration; "There," cries he, " is an inestimable piece." I gazed at the picture for some time, but could see none of those graces with which he seemed enraptured; it appeared to me the most paltry piece of the whole collection: I therefore demanded where those beauties lay, of which I was yet insensible. "Sir," cries he, "the merit does not consist in the piece, but in the manner in which it was done. The painter drew the whole with his foot, and held the pencil between his toes: I bought it at a very great price; for peculiar merit should ever be rewarded."

But these people are not more fond of wonders than liberal in rewarding those who show them. From the wonderful dog of knowledge, at present under the patronage of the nobility, down to the man with the box, who professes to show the best imitation of Nature that was ever seen, they all live in luxury. A singing-woman shall collect subscriptions in her own coach-and-six; a fellow shall make a fortune by tossing a straw from his toe to his nose; one iu particular has found that eating fire was the most ready way to live: and another, who gingles several bells fixed to his cap,

is the only man that I know of who has received emolument from the labours of his head.

A young author, a man of good-nature and learning, was complaining to me some nights ago of this misplaced generosity of the times. "Here," says he, "have I spent part of my youth in attempting to instruct and amuse my fellow-creatures, and all my reward has been solitude, poverty, and reproach; while a fellow not possessed of even the smallest share of fiddling merit, or who has perhaps learned to whistle double, is rewarded, applauded, and caressed!"-" Prithee, young man," says I to him, " are you ignorant, that in so large a city as this, it is better to be an amusing than a useful member of society? Can you leap up and touch your feet four times before you come to the ground?"—" No, sir."—" Can you pimp for a man of quality?"—" No, sir."— "Can you stand upon two horses at full speed ?" "No, sir."—" Can you swallow a pen-knife ?"-"I can do none of those tricks."-" Why, then," cried I, "there is no other prudent means of subsistence left but to apprise the town that you speedily intend to eat up your own nose, by subscription."

I have frequently regretted that none of our Eastern posture-masters or show-men have ever ventured to England. I should be pleased to see that money circulate in Asia, which is now sent to Italy and France, in order to bring their vagabonds hither. Several of our tricks would undoubtedly give the English high satisfaction. Men of fashion would be greatly pleased with the postures as well as the condescension of our dancinggirls; and ladies would equally admire the conductors of our fire-works. What an agreeable surprise would it be to see a huge fellow with whiskers flash a charged blunderbuss full in a lady's face, without singing her hair or melting her pomatum! Perhaps when the first surprise was over, she might then grow familiar with danger; and the ladies might vie with each other in

standing fire with intrepidity.

But of all the wonders of the East, the most useful, and I should fancy the most pleasing, would be the looking-glass of Lao, which reflects the mind as well as the body. It is said that the Emperor Chusi used to make his concubines dress their heads and their hearts in one of these glasses every morning; while the lady was at her toilet, he would frequently look over her shoulder; and it is recorded, that among the three hundred which composed his seraglio, not one was found whose mind was not even more beautiful than

her person.

I make no doubt but a glass in this country would have the very same effect. The English ladies, concubines and all, would undoubtedly cut very pretty figures in so faithful a monitor. There, should we happen to peep over a lady's shoulder while dressing, we might be able to see neither gaming nor ill-nature; neither pride, debauchery, nor a love of gadding. We should find her, if any sensible defect appeared in the mind, more careful in rectifying it, than plastering up the irreparable decays of the person; nay, I am even apt to fancy, that ladies would find more real pleasure in this utensil in private, than in any other bauble imported from China, though ever so expensive or amusing.

LETTER XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

Upon finishing my last letter I retired to rest, reflecting upon the wonders of the glass of Lao, wishing to be possessed of one here, and resolving in such a case to oblige every lady with a sight of it for nothing. What fortune denied me waking, fancy supplied me in a dream; the glass, I know not how, was put into my possession, and I could perceive several ladies approaching, some voluntarily, others driven forward against their wills by a set of discontented genii, who by intuition I knew were their husbands.

The apartment in which I was to show away was filled with several gaming-tables, as if just forsaken: the candles were burnt to the socket, and the hour was five o'clock in the morning. Placed at one end of the room, which was of prodigious length, I could more easily distinguish every female figure as she marched up from the door: but guess my surprise, when I could scarcely perceive one blooming or agreeable face among the number! This, however, I attributed to the early hour, and kindly considered that the face of a lady just risen from bed ought always to find a compassionate advocate.

The first person who came up in order to view her intellectual face was a commoner's wife, who, as I afterward found, being bred up during her virginity in a pawnbroker's shop, now attempted to make up the defects of breeding and sentiment by the magnificence of her dress and expensiveness of her amusements. "Mr. Showman," cried she, approaching, "I am told you has something to show in that there sort of magic lantern, by which folks can see themselves on the inside; I protest, as my Lord Beetle says, I am sure it will be vastly pretty, for I have never seen anything like it before. But how; are we to strip off our clothes and be turned inside out ? if so, as Lord Beetle says, I absolutely declare off; for I would not strip for the world before a man's face, and so I tells his lordship almost every night of his life." I informed the lady that I would dispense with the ceremony of stripping, and immediately presented my glass to her view.

As when a first-rate beauty, after having with difficulty escaped the small-pox, revisits her favourite mirror, that mirror which had repeated the flattery of every lover, and even added force to the compliment, expecting to see what had so often given her pleasure, she no longer beholds the cherry lip, the polished forehead, and speaking blush, but a hateful phiz, quilted into a thousand seams by the hand of deformity; grief, resentment, and rage fill her bosom by turns; she blames the fates and the stars, but most of all the unhappy glass feels her resentment. So it was with the lady in question; she had never seen her own mind before, and was now shocked at its deformity. One single look was sufficient to satisfy her curiosity: I held up the glass to her face, and she shut her eyes: no entreaties could prevail upon her to gaze once more! she was even going to snatch it from my hands, and break it in a thousand pieces. I found it was time therefore to dismiss her as incorrigible, and show away to the next that offered.

This was an unmarried lady, who continued in a state of virginity till thirty-six, and then admitted a lover when she despaired of a husband. No woman was louder at a revel than she, perfectly free-hearted, and almost in every respect a man; she understood ridicule to perfection, and was once known even to sally out in order to beat the watch. "Here you, my dear, with the outlandish face, cried she, addressing me, "let me take a single peep. Not that I care three d-s what figure I may cut in the glass of such an old-fashioned creature; if I am allowed the beauties of the face by people of fashion, I know the world will be complaisant enough to toss me the beauties of the mind into the bargain." I held my glass before her as she desired, and must confess was shocked with the reflection. The lady, however, gazed for some time with the utmost complacency; and at last turning to me with the most satisfied smile, said, "She never could think she had been half so handsome.'

Upon her dismission a lady of distinction was reluctantly hauled along to the glass by her husband: in bringing her forward, as he came first to the glass himself, his mind appeared tinctured with immoderate jealousy, and I was going to reproach him for using her with such severity; but when the lady came to present herself I immediately retracted; for, alas! it was seen that he had but too much reason for his suspicions.

The next was a lady who usually teased all her acquaintance in desiring to be told of her faults, and then never mended any. Upon approaching the glass I could readily perceive vanity, affectation, and some other ill-looking blots on her mind; wherefore by my advice she immediately set about mending. But I could easily find she was not earnest in the work; for as she repaired them on one side, they generally broke out on another. Thus, after three or four attempts, she began to make the ordinary use of the glass in settling her hair.

The company now made room for a woman of learning, who approached with a slow pace and a solemn countenance, which for her own sake I could wish had been cleaner. "Sir," cried the lady, flourishing her hand, which held a pinch of snuff, "I shall be enraptured by having presented to my view a mind with which I have so long studied to be acquainted; but, in order to give the sex a proper example, I must insist that all the company may be permitted to look over my shoulder." I bowed assent, and presenting the glass, showed the lady a mind by no means so fair as she expected to see. Ill-nature, ill-placed pride, and spleen, were too legible to be mistaken. Nothing could be more amusing than the mirth of her female companions who had looked over. They had hated her from the beginning, and now the apartment echoed with a universal laugh. Nothing but a fortitude like hers could have withstood their raillery; she stood it, however; and when the burst was exhausted, with great tranquillity she assured the company, that the whole was a deceptio visus, and that she was too well acquainted with her own mind to believe any false representations from another. Thus saying she retired with a sullen satisfaction, resolved not to mend her faults, but to write a criticism on the mental reflector.

I must own, by this time, I began myself to suspect the fidelity of my mirror; for as the ladies appeared at least to have the merit of rising early, since they were up at five, I was amazed to find nothing of this good quality pictured upon their minds in the reflection; I was resolved, therefore, to communicate my suspicions to a lady, whose intellectual countenance appeared more fair than any of the rest, not having above seventy-nine spots in all, besides slips and foibles. "I own, young woman," said I, "that there are some virtues upon that mind of yours; but there is still one which I did not see represented; I mean that of rising betimes in the morning; I fancy the glass false in that particular." The young lady smiled at my simplicity; and with a blush confessed, that she and the whole company had been up all night

By this time all the ladies except one had seen themselves successively, and disliked the show, or scolded the showman; I was resolved, however, that she who seemed to neglect herself, and was neglected by the rest, should take a view; and going up to a corner of the room, where she still continued sitting, I presented my glass full in her face. Here it was that I exulted in my success; no blot, no stain appeared on any part of the faithful mirror. As when the large, unwritten page presents its snowy spotless bosom to the writer's hand, so appeared the glass to my view. "Hear, O ye daughters of English ancestors," cried I, "turn hither, and behold an object worthy imitation: look upon the mirror now, and acknowledge its justice, and this woman's pre-eminence !" The ladies obeyed the summons, came up in a group, and looking on acknowledged there was some truth in the picture, as the person now represented had been deaf, dumb, and a fool from her cradle.

Thus much of my dream I distinctly remember; the rest was filled with chimeras, enchanted castles, and flying dragons, as usual. As you, my dear Fum Hoam, are particularly versed in the interpretation of those midnight warnings, what pleasure should I find in your explanation! but that our distance prevents: I make no doubt, however, but that from my description you will very much venerate the good qualities of the English ladies in general, since dreams, you know,

go always by contraries. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, a slave in Persia.

Your last letters betray a mind seemingly fond of wisdom, yet tempested up by a thousand various passions. You would fondly persuade me that my former lessons still influence your conduct, and yet your mind seems not less enslaved than your body. Knowledge, wisdom, erudition, arts, and elegance, what are they, but the mere trappings of the mind, if they do not serve to increase the happiness of the possessor? A mind rightly instituted in the school of philosophy acquires at once the stability of the oak, and the flexibility of the osier. The truest manner of lessening our agonies is to shrink from their pressure; is to confess that we feel them.

The fortitude of European sages is but a dream; for where lies the merit in being insensible to the

strokes of fortune, or in dissembling our sensibility? If we are insensible, that arises only from a happy constitution; that is a blessing previously granted by Heaven, and which no art can procure, no institutions improve.

If we dissemble our feelings, we only artificially endeavour to persuade others that we enjoy privileges which we actually do not possess. while we endeavour to appear happy, we feel at once all the pangs of internal misery, and all the self-reproaching consciousness of endeavouring to

deceive.

I know but of two sects of philosophers in the world that have endeavoured to inculcate, that fortitude is but an imaginary virtue; I mean the followers of Confucius, and those who profess the doctrines of Christ. All other sects teach pride under misfortunes; they alone teach humility. Night, says our Chinese philosopher, not more surely follows day, than groans and tears grow out of pain; when misfortunes therefore oppress, when tyrants threaten, it is our interest, it is our duty, to fly even to dissipation for support, to seek redress from friendship, or seek redress from that best of friends who loved us into being.

Philosophers, my son, have long declaimed against the passions, as being the source of all our miseries; they are the source of all our misfortunes, I own; but they are the source of our pleasures too: and every endeavour of our lives, and all the institutions of philosophy, should tend to this: not to dissemble an absence of passion, but to repel those which lead to vice by those which

direct to virtue.

The soul may be compared to a field of battle, where two armies are ready every moment to encounter; not a single vice but has a more powerful opponent; and not one virtue but may be overborne by a combination of vices. guides the hands of either host, nor can it subdue one passion but by the assistance of another. Thus as a bark on every side beset with storms enjoys a state of rest, so does the mind, when influenced by a just equipoise of the passions, enjoy tranquillity.

I have used such means as my little fortune would admit to procure your freedom. I have lately written to the governor of Argun to pay your ransom, though at the expense of all the wealth I brought with me from China. If we become poor, we shall at least have the pleasure of bearing poverty together; for what is fatigue or famine when weighed against friendship and

freedom? Adieu.

LETTER XLVIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to ****, Merchant in Amsterdam.

HAPPENING some days ago to call at a painter's to amuse myself in examining some pictures, (I had no design to buy,) it surprised me to see a young prince in the working-room, dressed in a painter's apron, and assiduously learning the trade. We instantly remembered to have seen each other; and, after the usual compliments, I stood by while he continued to paint on. As everything done by the rich is praised, as princes here, as well as in China, are never without followers, three or four persons who had the appearance of gentlemen were placed behind him, to comfort and applaud him at every stroke.

Need I tell, that it struck me with very disagreeable sensations to see a youth, who by his station in life had it in his power to be useful to thousands, thus letting his mind run to waste upon canvas, at the same time fancying himself improving in taste, and filling his rank with proper decorum?

As seeing an error, and attempting to redress it, are only one and the same with me, I took occasion, upon his lordship's desiring my opinion of a Chinese scroll, intended for the frame of a picture, to assure him, that a mandarin of China thought a minute acquaintance with such mecha-

nical trifles below his dignity.

This reply raised the indignation of some, and the contempt of others: I could hear the names of Vandal, Goth, taste, polite arts, delicacy, and fire, repeated in tones of ridicule or resentment. But considering that it was in vain to argue against people who had so much to say, without contradicting them, I begged leave to repeat a fairy tale. This request redoubled their laughter; but, not easily abashed at the raillery of boys, I persisted, observing, that it would set the absurdity of placing our affections upon trifles in the strongest point of view, and adding, that it was hoped the moral would compensate for its stupidity.
"For heaven's sake," cried the great man, washing his brush in water, "let us have no morality at present: if we must have a story, let it be without any moral." I pretended not to hear; and, while he handled the brush, proceeded as follows:

"In the kingdom of Bonbobbin, which, by the Chinese annals, appears to have flourished twenty thousand years ago, there reigned a prince endowed with every accomplishment which generally distinguishes the sons of kings. His beauty was brighter than the sun. The sun, to which he was nearly related, would sometimes stop his course

in order to look down and admire him.

"His mind was not less perfect than his body; he knew all things without having ever read; philosophers, poets, and historians submitted their works for his decision; and so penetrating was he, that he could tell the merit of a book by looking on the cover. He made epic.poems, tragedies, and pastorals with surprising facility; song, epigram, or rebus, was all one to him, though it is observed he could never finish an acrostic. In short, the fairy who presided at his birth had endowed him with almost every perfection, or, what was just the same, his subjects were ready to acknowledge he possessed them all; and for his own part he knew nothing to the contrary. A prince so accomplished received a name suitable to his merit, and he was called Bonbennin-bonbobbin-bonbobbinet, which signifies, Enlightener of the Sun.

"As he was very powerful, and yet unmarried, all the neighbouring kings earnestly sought his alliance. Each sent his daughter dressed out in the most magnificent manner, and with the most sumptuous retinue imaginable, in order to allure the prince: so that at one time there were seen at his court not less than seven hundred foreign princesses of exquisite sentiment and beauty, each alone sufficient to make seven hundred ordinary

men happy.

"Distracted in such a variety, the generous Bonbennin, had he not been obliged by the laws of the empire to make choice of one, would very willingly have married them all, for none understood gallantry better. He spent numberless hours of solicitude in endeavouring to determine whom he should choose: one lady was possessed of every perfection, but he disliked her eyebrows; another was brighter than the morning star, but he disapproved her fong whang; a third did not lay white enough on her cheek; and a fourth did not sufficiently blacken her nails. At last, after numberless disappointments on the one side and the other, he made choice of the incomparable Nanhoa, queen of the searlet dragons.

"The preparations for the royal nuptials, or the envy of the disappointed ladies, needs no description; both the one and the other were as great as they could be; the beautiful princess was conducted, amidst admiring multitudes, to the royal couch, where, after being divested of every encumbering ornament, she was placed in expectance of the youthful bridegroom, who did not keep her long in expectation. He came more cheerful than the morning, and imprinting on her lips a burning kiss, the attendants took this as a proper signal to

withdraw.

"Perhaps I ought to have mentioned in the beginning that, among several other qualifications, the prince was fond of collecting and breeding mice, which, being a harmless pastime, none of his counsellors thought proper to dissuade him from. He therefore kept a variety of these pretty little animals in the most beautiful cages, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones: thus he innocently spent four hours each day, in contemplating their innocent

"But to proceed. The prince and princess were now in bed; one with all the love and expectation, the other with all the modesty and fear, which is natural to suppose, both willing, yet afraid to begin; when the prince, happening to look towards the outside of the bed, perceived one of the most beautiful animals in the world, a white mouse with green eyes, playing about the floor, and performing a hundred pretty tricks. He was already master of blue mice, red mice, and even white mice with yellow eyes! but a white mouse with green eyes was what he long endeavoured to possess: wherefore, leaping from bed with the utmost impatience and agility, the youthful prince attempted to seize the little charmer, but it was fled in a moment; for alas! the mouse was sent by a discontented princess, and was itself a fairy.

"It is impossible to describe the agony of the prince upon this occasion, he sought round and round every part of the room, even the bed where the princess lay was not exempt from the inquiry; he turned the princess on one side and the other, stripped her quite naked, but no mouse was to be found; the princess was kind enough to assist,

but still to no purpose.

"'Alas,' cried the young prince in an agony, 'how unhappy am I to be thus disappointed! never sure was so beautiful an animal seen! I would give half my kingdom and my princess to him that would find it.' The princess, though not much pleased with the latter part of his offer, endeavoured to comfort him as well as she could; she

let him know that he had a hundred mice already, which ought to be at least sufficient to satisfy any philosopher like him. Though none of them had green eyes, yet he should learn to thank Heaven that they had eyes. She told him (for she was a profound moralist) that incurable evils must be borne, and that useless lamentations were vain. and that man was born to misfortunes; she even entreated him to return to bed, and she would endeavour to lull him on her bosom to repose; but still the prince continued inconsolable; and, regarding her with a stern air for which his family was remarkable, he vowed never to sleep in the royal palace, or indulge himself in the innocent pleasures of matrimony, till he had found the white mouse with the green eyes."
"Prythee, Colonel Leech," cried his lordship,

interrupting me, " how do you like that nose; don't you think there is something of the manner of Rembrandt in it? A prince in all this agony for a white mouse, O ridiculous! Don't you think, Major Vampyre, that eyebrow stippled very prettily? But pray what are the green eyes to the purpose, except to amuse children? I would give a thousand guineas to lay on the colouring of this cheek more smoothly. But I ask pardon; pray,

sir, proceed."

LETTER XLIX.

FROM THE SAME.

"Kings," continued I, "at that time were different from what they are now: they then never engaged their word for anything which they did not rigorously intend to perform. This was the case of Bonbennin, who continued all night to lament his misfortunes to the princess, who echoed groan for groan. When morning came, he published an edict, offering half his kingdom and his princess, to the person who should catch and bring him the

white mouse with the green eyes.

"The edict was scarcely published, when all the traps in the kingdom were baited with cheese; numberless mice were taken and destroyed; but still the much-wished-for mouse was not among the number. The privy-council was assembled more than once to give their advice: but all their deliberations came to nothing; even though there were two complete vermin-killers, and three professed rat-catchers of the number. Frequent addresses, as is usual on extraordinary occasions, were sent from all parts of the empire; but though these promised well, though in them he received an assurance, that his faithful subjects would assist in his search with their lives and fortunes, yet, with all their loyalty, they failed when the time came that the mouse was to be caught.

"The prince therefore was resolved to go himself in search, determined never to lie two nights in one place till he had found what he sought for. Thus quitting his palace without attendants, he set out upon his journey, and travelled through many a desert, and crossed many a river, over high hills, and down along vales, still restless, still inquiring wherever he came; but no white mouse

was to be found.

"As one day, fatigued with his journey, he was shading houself from the heat of a mid-day sun, under the arching branches of a banana-tree.

meditating on the object of his pursuit, he perceived an old woman, hideously deformed, approaching him. By her stoop, and the wrinkles of her visage, she seemed at least five hundred years old; and the spotted toad was not more freekled than was her skin. 'Ah! Prince Bonbennin-bon-bobbin-bonbobbinet,' cried the fairy, 'what has led you so many thousand miles from your own kingdom; what is it you look for, and what induces you to travel into the kingdom of Emmets?' The prince, who was excessively complaisant, told her the whole story three times over, for she was hard of hearing. 'Well,' said the old fairy, for such she was, 'I promise to put you in possession of the white mouse with green eyes, and that immediately too, upon one condition.' One condition,' cried the prince in a rapture, 'name a thousand! I shall undergo them all with pleasure.' 'Nay,' interrupted the old fairy, 'I ask but one, and that not very mortifying neither; and it is only that you in-

stantly consent to marry me.'

"It is impossible to express the prince's confusion at this demand: he loved the mouse, but he detested the bride; he hesitated; he desired time to think upon the proposal; he would have been glad to consult his friends on such an occasion. 'Nay, nay,' cried the odious fairy, 'if you demur, I retract my promise; I do not desire to force my favours on any man. Here, you my attendants,' cried she, stamping with her foot, 'let my machine be driven up; Barbacela, Queen of Emmets, is not used to contemptuous treatment.' She had no sooner spoken than her fiery chariot appeared in the air, drawn by two snails; and she was just going to step in, when the prince reflected that now or never was the time to be possessed of the white mouse; and quite forgetting his lawful princess Nanhoa, falling on his knees, he implored forgiveness for having rashly rejected so much beauty. This well-timed compliment instantly appeased the angry fairy. She affected a hideous leer of approbation, and, taking the young prince by the hand, conducted him to a neighbouring church, where they were married together in a moment. As soon as the ceremony was performed, the prince, who was to the last degree desirous of seeing his favourite mouse, reminded the bride of her promise. 'To confess a truth, my prince,' cried she, 'I myself am that very white mouse you saw on your wedding night in the royal apartment. I now therefore give you the choice, whether you would have me a mouse by day and a woman by night, or a mouse by night and a woman by day. Though the prince was an excellent casuist, he was quite at a loss how to determine, but at last thought it most prudent to have recourse to a blue cat that had followed him from his own dominions, and frequently amused him with its conversation, and assisted him with its advice; in fact, this cat was no other than the faithful princess Nanhoa herself, who had shared with him all his hardships in this disguise.

"By her instructions he was determined in his choice, and, returning to the old fairy, prudently observed, that as she must have been sensible he had married her only for the sake of what she had, and not for her personal qualifications, he thought it would for several reasons be most convenient if she continued a woman by day and

appeared a mouse by night.

"The old fairy was a good deal mortified at her husband's want of gallantry, though she was reluctantly obliged to comply; the day was therefore spent in the most polite amusements, the gentlemen talked smut, the ladies laughed, and were angry. At last the happy night drew near, the blue cat still stuck by the side of its master, and even followed him to the bridal apartment. Barbacela entered the chamber, wearing a train fifteen yards long, supported by porcupines, and all over beset with jewels, which served to render her more detestable. She was just stepping into bed to the prince, forgetting her promise, when he insisted upon seeing her in the shape of a mouse. She had promised, and no fairy can break her word; wherefore assuming the figure of the most beautiful mouse in the world, she skipped and played about with an infinity of amusement. The prince, in an agony of rapture, was desirous of seeing his pretty playfellow move a slow dance about the floor to his own singing; he began to sing, and the mouse immediately to perform with the most perfect knowledge of time, and the finest grace and greatest gravity imaginable: it only began, for Nanhoa, who had long waited the opportunity in the shape of a cat, flew upon it instantly without remorse, and eating it up in the hundredth part of a moment, broke the charm, and then resumed her natural figure.

"The prince now found that he had all along been under the power of enchantment, that his passion for the white mouse was entirely fictitious, and not the genuine complexion of his soul; he now saw that his earnestness after mice was an illiberal amusement, and much more becoming a rat-catcher than a prince. All his meannesses now stared him in the face, he begged the discreet princess's pardon a hundred times. The princess very readily forgave him; and both returning to their palace in Bonbobbin, lived very happily together, and reigned many years with all that wisdom which, by the story, they appear to have been possessed of; perfectly convinced by their former adventures, that they who place their affections on trifles at first for amusement, will find those trifles at last become their most serious con-cern." Adieu.

LETTER L.

From LIEN CHI ALTANGI to FUM HOAM, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

Ask an Englishman what nation in the world enjoys most freedom, and he immediately answers his own. Ask him in what that freedom consists, and he is instantly silent. This happy pre-eminence does not arise from the people's enjoying a larger share in legislation than elsewhere; for in this particular several states in Europe excel them; nor does it arise from a greater exemption from taxes, for few countries pay more; it does not proceed from their being restrained by fewer laws, for no people are burdened with so many; nor does it particularly consist in the security of their property, for property is pretty well secured in every polite state of Europe.

How then are the English more free (for more free they certainly are) than the people of any other country, or under any other form of government whatever? Their freedom consists in their enjoying all the advantages of democracy with this superior prerogative borrowed from monarchy, that the severity of their laws may be relaxed with-

out endangering the constitution.

In a monarchical state, in which the constitution is strongest, the laws may be relaxed without danger; for though the people should be unanimous in the breach of any one in particular, yet still there is an effective power superior to the people, capable of enforcing obedience, whenever it may be proper to inculcate the law either towards the support or welfare of the commu-

But in all those governments where laws derive their sanction from the people alone, transgressions cannot be overlooked without bringing the constitution into danger. They who transgress the law in such a case are those who prescribe it, by which means it loses not only its influence but its sanction. In every republic the laws must be strong, because the constitution is feeble; they must resemble an Asiatic husband, who is justly jealous, because he knows himself impotent. in Holland, Switzerland, and Genoa, new laws are not frequently enacted, but the old ones are observed with unremitting severity. In such republics, therefore, the people are slaves to laws of their own making, little less than in unmixed monarchies, where they are slaves to the will of one subject to frailties like themselves.

In England, from a variety of happy accidents, their constitution is just strong enough, or, if you will, monarchical enough, to permit a relaxation of the severity of laws, and yet those laws still to remain sufficiently strong to govern the people. This is the most perfect state of civil liberty, of which we can form any idea; here we see a greater number of laws than in any other country, while the people at the same time obey only such as are immediately conducive to the interests of society; several are unnoticed, many unknown; some kept to be revived and enforced upon proper occasions, others left to grow obsolete, even without the

necessity of abrogation.

There is scarcely an Englishman who does not, almost every day of his life, offend with impunity against some express law, and for which in a certain conjuncture of circumstances he would not receive punishment. Gaming-houses, preaching at prohibited places, assembled crowds, nocturnal amusements, public shows, and a hundred other instances, are forbid and frequented. These prohibitions are useful; though it be prudent in their magistrates, and happy for their people, that they are not enforced, and none but the venal or mercenary attempt to enforce them.

The law in this case, like an indulgent parent, still keeps the rod, though the child is seldom corrected. Were those pardoned offences to rise into enormity, were they likely to obstruct the happiness of society, or endanger the state, it is then that justice would resume her terrors, and punish those faults she had so often overlooked with indulgence. It is to this ductility of the laws that an Englishman owes the freedom he enjoys superior to others in a more popular government; every step therefore the constitution takes towards a democratic form, every diminution of the legal authority, is, in fact, a diminution of the subject's

freedom; but every attempt to render the government more popular, not only impairs natural liberty, but even will at last dissolve the political constitution.

Every popular government seems calculated to last only for a time; it grows rigid with age, new laws are multiplying, and the old continue in force; the subjects are oppressed, burdened with a multiplicity of legal injunctions; there are none from whom to expect redress, and nothing but a strong convulsion in the state can vindicate them into former liberty: thus the people of Rome, a few great ones excepted, found more real freedom under their emperors, though tyrants, than they had experienced in the old age of the commonwealth, in which their laws were become numerous and painful, in which new laws were every day enacting, and the old ones executed with rigour. They even refused to be reinstated in their former prerogatives, upon an offer made them to this purpose; for they actually found emperors the only means of softening the rigours of their constitution.

The constitution of England is at present possessed of the strength of its native oak, and the flexibility of the bending tamarisk; but should the people at any time, with a mistaken zeal, pant after an imaginary freedom, and fancy that abridging monarchy was increasing their privileges, they would be very much mistaken, since every jewel plucked from the crown of majesty would only be made use of as a bribe to corruption; it might enrich the few who shared it among them, but would in fact impoverish the public.

As the Roman senators by slow and imperceptible degrees became masters of the people, yet still flattered them with a show of freedom, while them selves only were free; so is it possible for a body of men, while they stand up for privileges, to grow into an exuberance of power themselves, and the public become actually dependent, while some of

its individuals only governed.

If then, my friend, there should in this country ever be on the throne a king who through goodnature or age should give up the smallest part of his prerogative to the people, if there should come a minister of merit and popularity—but I have

room for no more. Adieu.

LETTER LI.

TO THE SAME.

As I was yesterday seated at breakfast over a pensive dish of tea, my meditations were interrupted by my old friend and companion, who introduced a stranger, dressed pretty much like himself. The gentleman made several apologies for his visit, begged of me to impute his intrusion to the sincerity of his respect, and the warmth of his curiosity.

As I am very suspicious of my company when I find them very civil without any apparent reason, I answered the stranger's caresses at first with reserve; which my friend perceiving, instantly let me into my visitant's trade and character, asking Mr. Fudge, whether he had lately published any thing new? I now conjectured that my guest was no other than a bookseller, and his answer confirmed my suspicions.

"Excuse me, sir," says he, "it is not the season; books have their time as well as cucumbers. would no more bring out a new work in summer, than I would sell pork in the dog-days. in my way goes off in summer except very light goods indeed. A review, a magazine, or a sessions paper may amuse a summer reader; but all our stock of value we reserve for a spring and winter trade." "I must confess, sir," says I, "a curiosity to know what you call a valuable stock, which can only bear a winter perusal."-"Sir," replied the bookseller, "it is not my way to cry up my own goods, but without exaggeration I will venture to show with any of the trade; my books at least have the peculiar advantage of being always new; and it is my way to clear off my old to the trunkmakers every season. I have ten new title-pages now about me, which only want books to be added to make them the finest things in nature. Others may pretend to direct the vulgar; but that is not my way; I always let the vulgar direct me; wherever popular clamour arises, I always echo the million. For instance, should the people in general say that such a man is a rogue, I instantly give orders to set him down in print a villain; thus every man buys the book, not to learn new sentiments, but to have the pleasure of seeing his own reflected."—"But sir," interrupted I, "you speak as if yourself wrote the books you publish; may I be so bold as to ask a sight of some of these intended publications which are shortly to surprise the world?"—"As to that sir," replied the talk-ative bookseller, "I only draw out the plans myself; and though I am very cautious of communicating them to any, yet, as in the end I have a favour to ask, you shall see a few of them. Here, sir, here they are, diamonds of the first water, I assure you. Imprimis, a translation of several medical precepts for the use of such physicians as do not understand Latin. Item, the young clergyman's art of placing patches regularly, with a dissertation on the different manners of smiling without distorting the face. Item, the whole art of love made perfectly easy by a broker of 'Change Alley. Item, the proper manner of cutting black-lead pencils, and making crayons; by the Right Hon. the Earl of ***. Item, the muster-master-general, or the review of reviews—" "Sir," cried I, interrupting him, "my curiosity with regard to title pages is satisfied, I should be glad to see some longer manuscript, a history, or an epic poem."-"Bless me," cries the man of industry, "now you speak of an epic poem, you shall see an excellent farce. Here it is; dip into it where you will, it will be found replete with true modern humour. Strokes, sir; it is filled with strokes of wit and satire in every line." "Do you call these dashes of the pen strokes," replied I, "for I must confess I can see no other?" "And pray, sir, what do you call them? Do you see anything good now-a-days that is not filled with strokes—and dashes? -Sir, a well-placed dash makes half the wit of our writers of modern humour*. I bought last

^{*} The idea is well ridiculed by our late excellent poet Cowper, who in his Table Talk has given the following admirable description of—

[&]quot;A prologue interdash'd with many a stroke, An art contrived to advertise a joke, So that the jest is clearly to be seen, Not in the words—but in the gap between."

season a piece that had no other merit upon earth than nine hundred and ninety-five breaks, seventytwo ha ha's, three good things, and a garter. And yet it played off, and bounced, and cracked, and made more sport than a fire-work."-" I fancy then, sir, you were a considerable gainer ?"-" It must be owned the piece did pay; but upon the whole I cannot much boast of last winter's success; I gained by two murders, but then I lost by an ill-timed charity sermon. I was a considerable sufferer by my Direct Road to an Estate, but the Infernal Guide brought me up again. Ah, sir, that was a piece touched off by the hands of a master, filled with good things from one end to the other. The author had nothing but the jest in view; no dull moral lurking beneath, nor illnatured satire to sour the reader's good-humour; he wisely considered that moral and humour at the same time were quite overdoing the business."-"To what purpose was the book then published?" cried I. "Sir, the book was published in order to be sold; and no book sold better, except the criticisms upon it, which came out soon after; of all kinds of writings, that goes off best at present; and I generally fasten a criticism upon every sell-

ing book that is published.

"I once had an author who never left the least opening for the critics; close was the word, always very right and very dull, ever on the safe side of an argument; yet, with all his qualifications, incapable of coming into favour. I soon perceived that his bent was for criticism; and as he was good for nothing else, supplied him with pens and paper, and planted him at the beginning of every month as a censor on the works of others. In short, I found him a treasure; no merit could escape him; but what is most remarkable of all, he ever wrote best and bitterest when drunk."-"But are there not some works," interrupted I, "that from the very manner of their composition must be exempt from criticism; particularly such as profess to disregard its laws?"—"There is no work whatsoever but he can criticise," replied the bookseller; "even though you wrote in Chinese he would have a pluck at you. Suppose you should take it into your head to publish a book, let it be a volume of Chinese letters for instance; write how you will, he shall show the world you could have written better. Should you, with the most local exactness, stick to the manners and customs of the country from whence you come; should you confine yourself to the narrow limits of Eastern knowledge, and be perfectly simple, and perfectly natural, he has then the strongest reason to exclaim. He may with a sneer send you back to China for readers. He may observe, that after the first or second letter the iteration of the same simplicity is insupportably tedious; but the worst of all is, the public in such a case will anticipate his censures, and leave you, with all your uninstructive simplicity, to be mauled at discretion."

"Yes," cried I, "but in order to avoid his indignation, and what I should fear more, that of the public, I would in such a case write with all the knowledge I was master of. As I am not possessed of much learning, at least I would not suppress what little I had; nor would I appear more stupid than nature made me."-" Here then," cries the bookseller, "we should have you entirely in our power; unnatural, uneastern; quite out of

character; 'erroneously sensible!' would be the whole cry; sir, we should then hunt you down like a rat."—"Head of my father!' said I, "sure there are but the two ways; the door must either be shut, or it must be open. I must either be natural or unnatural."—" Be what you will, we shall criticise you," returned the bookseller, "and prove you a dunce in spite of your teeth. But, sir, it is time that I should come to business. I have just now in the press a history of China; and if you will but put your name to it as the author, I shall repay the obligation with gratitude."—" What, sir," replied I, " put my name to a work which I have not written! Never, while I retain a proper respect for the public and myself." The bluntness of my reply quite abated the ardour of the bookseller's conversation; and, after about half an hour's disagreeable reserve, he, with some ceremony, took his leave and withdrew. Adieu.

LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

In all other countries, my dear Fum Hoam, the rich are distinguished by their dress. In Persia, China, and most parts of Europe, those who are possessed of much gold or silver, put some of it upon their clothes: but in England, those who carry much upon their clothes are remarked for having but little in their pockets. A tawdry outside is regarded as a badge of poverty, and those who can sit at home, and gloat over their thousands in silent satisfaction, are generally found to do it in plain clothes.

This diversity of thinking from the rest of the world which prevails here, I was at first at a loss to account for; but am since informed that it was introduced by an intercourse between them and their neighbours the French; who, whenever they came in order to pay these islanders a visit, were generally very well dressed, and very poor, daubed with lace, but all the gilding on the outside. By this method laced clothes have been brought so much into contempt, that at present even their

mandarins are ashamed of finery.

I must own myself a convert to English simplicity: I am no more for ostentation of wealth than of learning. The person who in company should pretend to be wiser than others, I am apt to regard as illiterate and ill-bred; the person whose clothes are extremely fine, I am apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose.

I was lately introduced into a company of the best-dressed men I have seen since my arrival. Upon entering the room, I was struck with awe at the grandeur of the different dresses. That personage, thought I, in blue-and-gold must be some emperor's son; that in green-and-silver, a prince of the blood; and he in embroidered scarlet, a prime minister, all first-rate noblemen I suppose, and well-looking noblemen too. I sat for some time with that uneasiness which conscious inferiority produces in the ingenuous mind, all attention to their discourse. However, I found their conversation more vulgar than I could have

expected from personages of such distinction: if these, thought I to myself, be princes, they are the most stupid princes I have ever conversed with: yet still I continued to venerate their dress; for dress has a kind of mechanical influence on the

My friend in black indeed did not behave with the same deference, but contradicted the finest of them all in the most peremptory tones of contempt. But I had scarcely time to wonder at the imprudence of his conduct, when I found occasion to be equally surprised at the absurdity of theirs; for upon the entry of a middle-aged man, dressed in a cap, dirty shirt and boots, the whole circle seemed diminished of their former importance, and contended who should be first to pay their obeisance to the stranger. They somewhat resembled a circle of Kalmucs offering incense to a

Eager to know the cause of so much seeming contradiction, I whispered my friend out of the room, and found that the august company consisted of no other than a dancing-master, two fiddlers, and a third-rate actor, all assembled in order to make a set of country dances; and the middle-aged gentleman whom I saw enter, was a squire from the country, and desirous of learning the new manner of footing, and smoothing up the

rudiments of his rural minuet.

I was no longer surprised at the authority which my friend assumed among them, nay, was even displeased (pardon my Eastern education) that he had not kicked every creature of them down stairs. "What," said I, "shall a set of such paltry fellows dress themselves up like sons of kings, and claim even the transitory respect of half an hour! There should be some law to restrain so manifest a breach of privilege; they should go from house to house, as in China, with the instruments of their profession strung round their necks; by this means we might be able to distinguish and treat them in a style of becoming contempt." "Hold, my friend," replied my companion, "were your reformation to take place, as dancing-masters and fiddlers now mimic gentlemen in appearance, we should then find our fine gentlemen conforming to theirs. A beau might be introduced to a lady of fashion with a fiddle-case hanging at his neck by a red riband; and, instead of a cane, might carry a fiddle-stick. Though to be as dull as a firstrate dancing-master might be used with proverbial justice, yet dull as he is, many a fine gentleman sets him up as the proper standard of politeness, copies not only the pert vivacity of his air, but the flat insipidity of his conversation. In short, if you make a law against dancing-masters imitating the fine gentleman, you should with as much reason enact, that no fine gentleman shall imitate the dancing-master.

After I had left my friend, I made toward home, reflecting, as I went, upon the difficulty of distinguishing men by their appearance. Invited, however, by the freshness of the evening, I did not return directly, but went to ruminate on what had passed in a public garden belonging to the city. Here, as I sat upon one of the benches, and felt the pleasing sympathy which nature in bloom inspires, a disconsolate figure, who sat on the other end of the seat, seemed no way to enjoy the

serenity of the season.

His dress was miserable beyond description; a threadbare coat of the rudest materials, a shirt, though clean, yet extremely coarse; hair that seemed to have been long unconscious of the comb; and all the rest of his equipage impressed with the

marks of genuine poverty.

As he continued to sigh, and testify every symptom of despair, I was naturally led, from a motive of humanity, to offer comfort and assistance. You know my heart; and that all who are miserable may claim a place there. The pensive stranger at first declined my conversation; but at last perceiving a peculiarity in my accent and manner of thinking, he began to unfold himself by de-

I now found that he was not so very miserable as he at first appeared: upon my offering him a small piece of money, he refused my favour, yet without appearing displeased at my intended generosity. It is true, he sometimes interrupted the conversation with a sigh, and talked pathetically of neglected merit; still I could perceive a serenity in his countenance, that, upon a closer inspection,

bespoke inward content.

Upon a pause in the conversation I was going to take my leave, when he begged I would favour him with my company home to supper. I was surprised at such a demand from a person of his appearance, but willing to indulge curiosity I accepted his invitation; and though I felt some repugnance at being seen with one who appeared so very wretched, went along with seeming ala-

Still as he approached nearer home, his good humour proportionably seemed to increase. At last he stopped, not at the gate of a hovel, but of a magnificent palace! When I cast my eyes upon all the sumptuous elegance which everywhere presented upon entering, and then when I looked at my seeming miserable conductor, I could scarcely think that all this finery belonged to him; yet in fact it did. Numerous servants ran through the apartments with silent assiduity; several ladies of beauty, and magnificently dressed, came to welcome his return: a most elegant supper was provided; in short I found the person, whom a little before I had sincerely pitied, to be in reality a most refined epicure! one who courted contempt abroad, in order to feel with keener gust the pleasure of pre-eminence at home. Adieu.

LETTER LIII.

TO THE SAME.

How often have we admired the eloquence of Europe! that strength of thinking, that delicacy of imagination, even beyond the efforts of the Chinese themselves. How were we enraptured with those bold figures which sent every sentiment with force to the heart; how have we spent whole days together in learning those arts by which European writers got within the passions, and led the reader as if by enchantment!

But though we have learned most of the rhetorical figures of the last age, yet there seems to be one or two of great use here, which have not yet travelled to China. The figures I mean are called bawdy and pertness; none are more fashionable; none so sure of admirers; they are of such a

nature, that the merest blockhead, by a proper use of them, shall have the reputation of a wit; they lie level to the meanest capacities, and address those passions which all have, or would be ashamed to disown.

It has been observed, and I believe with some truth, that it is very difficult for a dunce to obtain the reputation of a wit; yet by the assistance of the figure bawdy, this may be easily effected, and a bawdy blockhead often passes for a fellow of smart parts and pretensions. Every object in nature helps the joke forward, without scarcely any effort of the imagination. If a lady stands, something very good may be said upon that: if she happens to fall, with the help of a little fashionable pruriency, there are forty sly things ready on the occasion. But a prurient jest has always been found to give most pleasure to a few very old gentlemen, who, being in some measure dead to other sensations, feel the force of the allusion with double violence on the organs of risibility.

An author who writes in this manner is generally sure therefore of having the very old and the impotent among his admirers; for these he may properly be said to write, and from these he ought to expect his reward, his works being often a very proper succedaneum to cantharides, or an assafœtida pill. His pen should be considered in the same light as the squirt of an apothecary, both being directed at the same generous end.

But though this manner of writing be perfectly adapted to the taste of gentlemen and ladies of fashion here, yet still it deserves greater praise in being equally suited to the most vulgar apprehensions. The very ladies and gentlemen of Benin or Caffraria are in this respect tolerably polite, and might relish a prurient joke of this kind with critical propriety; probably too with higher gust, as they wear neither breeches nor petticoats to intercept the application.

It is certain I never could have expected the ladies here, biassed as they are by education, capable at once of bravely throwing off their prejudices, and not only applauding books in which this figure makes the only merit, but even adopting it in their own conversation. Yet so it is, the pretty innocents now carry those books only in their hands, which formerly were hid under the cushion; they now lisp their double meanings with so much grace, and talk over the raptures they bestow with such little reserve, that I am sometimes reminded of a custom among the entertainers in China, who think it a piece of necessary breeding to whet the appetites of their guests, by letting them smell dinner in the kitchen before it is served up to table.

The veneration we have for many things entirely proceeds from their being carefully concealed. Were the idolatrous Tartar permitted to lift the veil which keeps his idol from view, it might be a certain method to cure his future superstition; with what a noble spirit of freedom therefore must that writer be possessed, who bravely paints things as they are, who lifts the veil of modesty, who displays the most hidden recesses of the temple, and shows the erring people that the object of their vows is either, perhaps, a mouse or a monkey.

However, though this figure be at present so much in fashion; though the professors of it are so much caressed by the great, those perfect judges of literary excellence: yet it is confessed to be only a revival of what was once fashionable here before. There was a time when, by this very manner of writing, the gentle Tom Durfey, as I read in English authors, acquired his great reputation, and became the favourite of a king.

The works of this original genius, though they never travelled abroad to China, and scarcely have reached posterity at home, were once found upon every fashionable toilet, and made the subject of polite, I mean very polite, conversation.
"Has your grace seen Mr. Durfey's last new thing, the Oylet Hole ? A most facetious piece !" "Sure, my lord, all the world must have seen it; Durfey is certainly the most comical creature alive. It is impossible to read his things and live. Was there ever anything so natural and pretty as when the Squire and Bridget meet in the cellar? And then the difficulties they both find in broaching the beer-barrel are so arch and so ingenious! We have certainly nothing of this kind in the language." In this manner they spoke then, and in this manner they speak now; for though the successor of Durfey does not excel him in wit, the world must confess he outdoes him in obscenity.

There are several very dull fellows, who, by a few mechanical helps, sometimes learn to become extremely brilliant and pleasing, with a little dexterity in the management of the eye-brows, fingers, and nose. By imitating a cat, a sow, and pigs; by a loud laugh, and a slap on the shoulder, the most ignorant are furnished out for conversation. But the writer finds it impossible to throw his winks, his shrugs, or his attitudes upon paper; he may borrow some assistance indeed, by printing his face at the title-page; but without wit to pass for a man of ingenuity, no other mechanical help but downright obscenity will suffice. By speaking to some peculiar sensations, we are always sure of exciting laughter, for the jest does not lie in the writer, but in the subject.

But bawdy is often helped on by another figure, called pertness; and few indeed are found to excel in one that are not possessed of the other.

As in common conversation, the best way to make the audience laugh is by first laughing yourself; so in writing, the properest manner is to show an attempt at humour, which will pass upon most for humour in reality. To effect this, readers must be treated with the most perfect familiarity; in one page the author is to make them a low bow, and in the next to pull them by the nose: he must talk in riddles, and then send them to bed in order to dream for the solution. He must speak of himself and his chapters, and his manner, and what he would be at, and his own importance, and his mother's importance, with the most unpitying prolixity: now and then testifying his contempt for all but himself, smiling without a jest, and without wit possessing vivacity. Adieu.

LETTER LIV.

FROM THE SAME.

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a pur-In those places, without being marked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with

greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk: I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Dry-bone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion; his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance: " Psha, psha, Will," cried the figure, " no more of that if you love me; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet faith I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one-half because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Muddler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's; my lord was there. 'Ned,' says he to me,

'Ned,' says he, 'I'll hold gold to silver, I can tell where you were poaching last night.' 'Poaching, my lord,' said I; 'faith you have missed already; for I staid at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth."

" Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy tellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity, "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company ?"-" Improved ?" replied the other; "You shall know,-but let it go no farther,-a great secret,-five hundred a year to begin with .- My lord's word of honour for ithis lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tête-à-tête dinner in the country; where we talked of nothing else."-" I fancy you forget, sir," cried I, " you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town !" -" Did I say so ?" replied he, coolly, " to be sure if I said so it was so-dined in town; egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the by, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go no farther-a secret : well, there happened to be no assafœtida in the sauce to a turkey, upon which, says I, I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that-but dear Dry-bone, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till-but, heark'e, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. "His very dress," cries my friend, "is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags, if the next in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion because he understands flattery, and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse .-While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence, but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all: condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience." Adieu.

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

I AM apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau of yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the

most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spec-

tacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by

every spectator.

When we were got to the end of the procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen."—"No company," interrupted I peevishly; " no company where there is such a crowd! why man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company ?"_" Lard, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good-humour, "you seem immensely chagrined; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at all the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day, I must insist on't: I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice, but no more of that, she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature: I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son, but that's in friendship, let it go no farther; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret.

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the

benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects, to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you

one of the most charming in the world out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip-top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always like to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may see me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney, and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, "Who's there ?" My conductor answered, that it was he. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady? "Good troth," replied she, in a peculiar dialect, " she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer."-" My two shirts !" cries he, in a tone that faultered with confusion, "what does the idiot mean?"—"I ken what I mean well enough," replied the other; " she's washing your two shirts next door, because"-" Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations," cried he,-"Go and inform her we have got company. that Scotch hag to be for ever in the family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high-life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament-man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world : but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls, several paltry, unframed pictures, which he observed were all his own drawing. "What do you think, sir, of that head in a corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? there's the true keeping in it; it's my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me a hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquet; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at the Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper."—"Poor Jack," cries he, "a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us, something elegant, and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a-" " Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, " of a nice pretty bit of oxcheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?"—"The very thing," replies he, "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat, that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy; I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave. Mr. Tibbs assured me that dinner, if I staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

LETTER LVI.

From Fum Hoam to Altangi, the discontented Wanderer.

THE distant sounds of music that catch new sweetness as they vibrate in the long-drawn valley, are not more pleasing to the ear than the tidings

of a far distant friend.

I have just received two hundred of thy letters by the Russian caravan, descriptive of the manners of Europe. You have left it to geographers to determine the size of their mountains, and extent of their lakes, seeming only employed in discovering the genius, the government, and the disposition of the people. In those letters I perceive a journal of the operations of your mind upon whatever occurs, rather than a detail of your travels from one building to another; of your taking a draught of this ruin, or that obelisk; of paying so many tomans for this commodity, or laying up a proper store for the passage of some new wilderness.

From your accounts of Russia I learn, that this nation is again relaxing into pristine barbarity, that its great emperor wanted a life of a hundred years more to bring about his vast design. A savage people may be resembled to their own forests; a few years are sufficient to clear away the obstructions to agriculture; but it requires many ere the ground acquires a proper degree of fertility; the Russians, attached to their ancient prejudices, again renew their hatred to strangers, and indulge every former brutal excess. So true it is, that the revolutions of wisdom are slow and difficult, the revolutions of folly or ambition precipitate and easy. "We are not to be astonished," says Confucius*, "that the wise walk more slowly in their road to virtue, than fools in their passage to vice; since passion drags us along, while wisdom only points out the way."

The German empire, that remnant of the majesty of ancient Rome, appears from your account on the eve of dissolution. The members of its vast body want every tie of government to unite them, and seem feebly held together only by their respect for ancient institutions. The very name of country and countrymen, which in other nations

* Though this fine maxim be not found in the Latin edition of the Morals of Confucius, yet we find it ascribed to him by Le Compte, Etat Présent de la Chine, vol. i.

make one of the strongest bonds of government, has been here for some time laid aside, each of its inhabitants seeming more proud of being called from the petty state which gives him birth, than

by the well-known title of German.

This government may be regarded in the light of a severe master, and a feeble opponent. The states which are now subject to the laws of the Empire, are only watching a proper occasion to fling off the yoke, and those which are become too powerful to be compelled to obedience, now begin to think of dictating in their turn. struggles in this state are therefore not in order to preserve but to destroy the ancient constitution; if one side succeeds, the government must become despotic, if the other, several states will subsist without nominal subordination; but in either case the Germanic constitution will be no more.

Sweden, on the contrary, though now seemingly a strenuous asserter of its liberties, is probably only hastening on to despotism. Their senators, while they pretend to vindicate the freedom of the people, are only establishing their own independ-The deluded people will however at last ence. perceive the miseries of an aristocratical government; they will perceive that the administration of a society of men is ever more painful than that of one only. They will fly from this most oppressive of all forms, where one single member is capable of controlling the whole, to take refuge under the throne, which will ever be attentive to their complaints. No people long endured an aristocratical government, when they could apply elsewhere for redress. The lower orders of people may be enslaved for a time by a number of tyrants, but upon the first opportunity they will ever take a refuge in despotism or democracy.

As the Swedes are making concealed approaches to despotism, the French, on the other hand, are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom. When I consider that those parliaments (the members of which are all created by the court, the presidents of which can act only by immediate direction) presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who, till of late, received directions from the throne with implicit humility; when this is considered, I cannot help fancying that the genius of freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs more successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will certainly once

more be free.

When I compare the figure which the Dutch make in Europe with that they assume in Asia, I am struck with surprise. In Asia I find them the great lords of all the Indian seas; in Europe the timid inhabitants of a paltry state. No longer the sons of freedom, but of avarice; no longer asserters of their rights by courage, but by negotiations; fawning on those who insult them, and crouching under the rod of every neighbouring power. Without a friend to save them in distress, and without virtue to save themselves, their government is poor, and their private wealth will serve to invite some neighbouring invader.

I long with impatience for your letters from England, Denmark, Holland, and Italy; yet why wish for relations which only describe new calamities, which show that ambition and avarice are

equally terrible in every region? Adieu.

LETTER LVII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin in China.

I have frequently admired the manner of criticising in China, where the learned are assembled in a body to judge of every new publication; to examine the merits of the work without knowing the circumstances of the author, and then to usher it into the world with proper marks of respect or reprobation.

In England there are no such tribunals erected; but if a man thinks proper to be a judge of genius, few will be at the pains to contradict his pretensions. If any choose to be critics, it is but saying they are critics; and from that time forward they become invested with full power and authority over every caitiff who aims at their

instruction or entertainment.

As almost every member of society has by this means a vote in literary transactions, it is no way surprising to find the rich leading the way here as in other common concerns of life; to see them either bribing the numerous herd of voters by their interest, or brow-beating them by their

authority.

A great man says, at his table, that such a book is no bad thing. Immediately the praise is carried off by five flatterers to be dispersed at twelve different coffee-houses, from whence it circulates, still improving as it proceeds, through forty-five houses, where cheaper liquors are sold; from thence it is carried away by the honest tradesman to his own fire-side, where the applause is eagerly caught up by his wife and children, who have been long taught to regard his judgment as the standard of perfection. Thus, when we have traced a wideextended literary reputation up to its original source, we shall find it derived from some great man, who has, perhaps, received all his education and English from a tutor of Berne, or a dancingmaster of Picardy.

The English are a people of good sense; and I am the more surprised to find them swayed in their opinions by men who often from their very education are incompetent judges. Men who, being always bred in affluence, see the world only on one side, are surely improper judges of human nature: they may indeed describe a ceremony, a pageant, or a ball; but how can they pretend to dive into the secrets of the human heart, who have been nursed up only in forms, and daily behold nothing but the same insipid adulation smiling upon every face. Few of them have been bred in that best of schools, the school of adversity; and by what I can learn, fewer have been bred in

any school at all.

From such a description one would think, that a droning duke, or a dowager duchess, was not possessed of more just pretensions to taste than persons of less quality; and yet whatever the one or the other may write or praise shall pass for perfection, without farther examination. A nobleman has but to take a pen, ink, and paper, write away through three large volumes, and then sign his name to the title-page, though the whole might have been before more disgusting than his own rent-roll, yet signing his name and title gives value to the deed; title being alone equivalent to

taste, imagination, and genius.

As soon as a piece therefore is published, the first questions are, Who is the author? Does he keep a coach? Where lies his estate? What sort of a table does he keep? If he happens to be poor and unqualified for such a scrutiny, he and his works sink into immediate obscurity, and too late he finds, that having fed upon turtle is a more ready way to fame than having digested

The poor devil, against whom fashion has set its face, vainly alleges, that he has been bred in every part of Europe where knowledge was to be sold; that he has grown pale in the study of nature and himself; his works may please upon the perusal, but his pretensions to fame are entirely disregarded; he is treated like a fiddler, whose music, though liked, is not much praised, because he lives by it; while a gentleman performer, though the most wretched scraper alive, throws the audience into raptures. The fiddler indeed may in such a case console himself by thinking, that while the other goes off with all the praise, he runs away with all the money: but here the parallel drops; for while the nobleman triumphs in unmerited applause, the author by profession steals off with-Nothing.

The poor, therefore, here, who draw their pens auxiliary to the laws of their country, must think themselves very happy if they find, not fame but forgiveness; and yet they are hardly treated; for as every country grows more polite, the press becomes more useful; and writers become more necessary, as readers are supposed to increase. In a polished society, that man, though in rags, who has the power of enforcing virtue from the press, is of more real use than forty stupid brachmans or bonzes, or guebres, though they preached That man, never so often, or never so long. though in rags, who is capable of deceiving even indolence into wisdom, and who professes amusement while he aims at reformation, is more useful in refined society than twenty cardinals, with all their searlet, and tricked out in all the fopperies

of scholastic finery.

LETTER LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

As the man in black takes every opportunity of introducing me to such company as may serve to indulge my speculative temper, or gratify my curiosity, I was by his influence lately invited to a visitation dinner. To understand this term, you must know, that it was formerly the custom here for the principal priests to go about the country once a year, and examine upon the spot whether those of subordinate orders did their duty, or were qualified for the task; whether their temples were kept in proper repair, or the laity pleased with their administration.

Though a visitation of this nature was very useful, yet it was found to be extremely troublesome, and for many reasons utterly inconvenient; for as the principal priests were obliged to attend at court, in order to solicit preferment, it was impossible they could at the same time attend in the country, which was quite out of the road to promotion: if we add to this the gout, which has been time immemorial a clerical disorder here, together with the bad wine and ill-dressed provisions that must infallibly be served up by the way, it was not strange that the custom has been long discontinued. At present, therefore, every head of the church, instead of going about to visit his priests, is satisfied if his priests come in a body once a year to visit him; by this means the duty of half a year is despatched in a day. When assembled, he asks each in his turn how they have behaved, and are liked; upon which those who have neglected their duty, or are disagreeable to their congregation, no doubt accuse themselves, and tell him all their faults; for which he reprimands them most severely.

The thoughts of being introduced into a company of philosophers and learned men (for such I conceived them) gave me no small pleasure; I expected our entertainment would resemble those sentimental banquets so finely described by Xenophon and Plato; I was hoping some Socrates would be brought in from the door, in order to Harangue upon divine love; but as for eating and dřinking, I had prepared myself to be disappointed in that particular. I was apprised that fasting and temperance were tenets strongly recommended to the professors of Christianity; and I had seen the frugality and mortification of the priests of the East; so that I expected an entertainment where we should have much reasoning, and little meat.

Upon being introduced, I confess I found no great signs of mortification in the faces or persons of the company. However, I imputed their florid looks to temperance, and their corpulency to a sedentary way of living. I saw several preparations indeed for dinner, but none for philosophy. The company seemed to gaze upon the table with silent expectation; but this I easily excused. Men of wisdom, thought I, are ever slow of speech; they deliver nothing unadvisedly. "Silence," says Confucius, " is a friend that will never betray." They are now probably inventing maxims or hard sayings for their mutual instruction, when some one shall think proper to begin.

My curiosity was now wrought up to the highest pitch; I impatiently looked round to see if any were going to interrupt the mighty pause; when at last one of the company declared, that there was a sow in his neighbourhood that farrowed fifteen pigs at a litter. This I thought a very preposterous beginning: but just as another was about to second the remark, dinner was served, which interrupted the conversation for that

The appearance of dinner, which consisted of a variety of dishes, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness upon every face; so that I now expected the philosophical conversation to begin, as they improved in good humour. The principal priest, however, opened his mouth with only observing, that the venison had not been kept long enough, though he had given strict orders for having it killed ten days before. "I fear," continued he, "it will be found to want the true heathy flavour; you will find nothing of the original wildness in it." A priest, who sat next him, having smelt it and wiped his nose: "Ah, my good lord," cries he, "you are too modest, it is perfectly fine; every

body knows that nobody understands keeping venison with your lordship."-" Ay, and partridges too," interrupted another; "I never find them right anywhere else." His lordship was going to reply, when a third took off the attention of the company, by recommending the pig as inimitable. "I fancy, my lord," continues he, "it has been smothered in its own blood." "If it has been smothered in its blood," cried a facetious member, helping himself, "we'll now smother it in egg-sauce." This poignant piece of humour produced a long, loud laugh, which the facetious brother observing, and now that he was in luck, willing to second his blow, assured the company that he would tell them a good story about that: "As good a story," cries he, bursting into a violent fit of laughter himself, "as ever you heard in your lives. There was a farmer in my parish who used to sup upon wild ducks and flummery: so this farmer"—" Doctor Marrowfat," cries his lordship, interrupting him, "give me leave to drink your health."—" so being fond of wild ducks and flummery"—" Doetor," adds a gentleman who sat next him, "let me advise to a wing of this turkey."—" so this farmer being fond"—" Hob and nob, doctor, which do you choose, white or red?"—" so being fond of wild choose, white or red!"—" so being fond of wild ducks and flummery;"—" Take care of your band, sir, it may dip in the gravy." The doctor now looking round, found not a single ear disposed to listen: wherefore, calling for a glass of wine, he gulped down the disappointment and the tale in a bumper.

The conversation now began to be little more than a rhapsody of exclamations; as each had pretty well satisfied his own appetite, he now found sufficient time to press others. "Excellent! the very thing; let me recommend the pig: do but taste the bacon; never ate a better thing in my life; exquisite, delicious." This edifying discourse continued through three courses, which lasted as many hours, till every one of the company were unable to swallow or utter any thing more.

It is very natural for men who are abridged in one excess to break into some other. The clergy here, particularly those who are advanced in years, think if they are abstemious with regard to women and wine, they may indulge their other appetites without censure. Thus some are found to rise in the morning only to a consultation with their cook about dinner, and when that has been swallowed, make no other use of their faculties (if they have any) but to ruminate on the succeeding meal.

A debauch in wine is even more pardonable than this, since one glass insensibly leads on to another, and instead of satiating, whets the appetite. The progressive steps to it are cheerful and seducing; the grave are animated, the melancholy relieved, and there is even classic authority to countenance the excess. But in eating, after nature is once satisfied, every additional morsel brings stupidity and distempers with it, and as one of their own poets expresses it—

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines To seem but mortal, e'en in sound divines.'

Let me suppose, after such a meal as this I have been describing, while all the company are sitting in lethargic silence round the table, grunting under a load of soup, pig, pork, and bacon; let me suppose, I say, some hungry beggar, with looks of want, peeping through one of the windows, and thus addressing the assembly: "Pr'ythee, pluck those napkins from your chins; after nature is satisfied, all that you eat extraordinary is my property, and I claim it as mine. It was given you in order to relieve me, and not to oppress yourselves. How can they comfort and instruct others who can scarcely feel their own existence, except from the unsavoury returns of an ill-digested meal? But though neither you nor the cushious you sit upon will hear me, yet the world regards the excesses of its teachers with a prying eye, and notes their conduct with double severity." I know no other answer any one of the company could make to such an expostulation but this: "Friend, you talk of our losing a character, and being disliked by the world; well, and supposing all this to be true, what then ? who cares for the world ? We'll preach for the world, and the world shall pay us for preaching, whether we like each other or not."

LETTER LIX.

From Hingpo to Lien Chi Altangi, by the way of Moscow.

You will probably be pleased to see my letter dated from Terki, a city which lies beyond the bounds of the Persian empire: here, blessed with security, with all that is dear, I double my raptures by communicating them to you; the mind sympathising with the freedom of the body, my whole soul is dilated in gratitude, love, and praise.

Yet were my own happiness all that inspired my present joy, my raptures might justly merit the imputation of self-interest; but when I think that the beautiful Zelis is also free, forgive my triumph when I boast of having rescued from captivity the most deserving object upon earth.

You remember the reluctance she testified at being obliged to marry the tyrant she hated. Her compliance at last was only feigned, in order to gain time to try some future means of escape. During the interval between her promise and the intended performance of it, she came undiscovered one evening to the place where I generally retired after the fatigues of the day; her appearance was like that of an aerial genius, when it descends to minister comfort to undeserved distress; the mild lustre of her eye served to banish my timidity; her accents were sweeter than the echo of some distant symphony. "Unhappy stranger," said she, in the Persian language, "you here perceive one more wretched than yourself; all this solemnity of preparation, this elegance of dress, and the number of my attendants, serve but to increase my miseries; if you have courage to rescue an unhappy woman from approaching ruin, and our detested tyrant, you may depend upon my future gratitude." I bowed to the ground, and she left me, filled with rapture and astonishment. Night brought me no rest, nor could the ensuing morning calm the anxieties of my mind. I projected a thousand methods for her delivery; but each, when strictly examined, appeared impracticable; in this uncertainty the evening again arrived, and I placed myself in my former station in hopes of a repeated visit. After some short expectation, the bright perfection again appeared; I bowed, as before, to the ground; when, raising me up, she observed that the time was not to be spent in useless ceremony: she observed that the day following was appointed for the celebration of her nuptials, and that something was to be done that very night for our mutual deliverance. I offered with the utmost humility to pursue whatever scheme she should direct; upon which she proposed that instant to scale the garden wall, adding, that she had prevailed upon a female slave, who was now waiting at the appointed place, to assist her with a ladder.

Pursuant to this information, I led her trembling to the place appointed; but instead of the slave we expected to see, Mostadad himself was there awaiting our arrival; the wretch in whom we confided, it seems, had betrayed our design to her master, and we now saw the most convincing proofs of her information. He was just going to draw his sabre, when a principle of avarice repressed his fury, and he resolved, after a severe chastisement, to dispose of me to another master; in the mean time ordered me to be confined in the strictest manner, and the next day to receive a hundred blows on the soles of my feet.

When the morning came I was led out in order to receive the punishment, which, from the severity with which it is generally inflicted upon slaves, is worse even than death.

A trumpet was to be a signal for the solemnisation of the nuptials of Zelis, and for the infliction of my punishment. Each ceremony, to me equally dreadful, was just going to begin, when we were informed that a large body of Circassian Tartars had invaded the town, and were laying all in ruin. Every person now thought only of saving himself; I instantly unloosed the cords with which I was bound, and seizing a cimeter from one of the slaves who had not courage to resist me, flew to the women's apartment where Zelis was confined, dressed out for the intended nuptials. I bade her follow me without delay; and going forward, cut my way through the eunuchs, who made but a faint resistance. The whole city was now a scene of conflagration and terror; every person was willing to save himself, unmindful of others. In this confusion, seizing upon two of the fleetest coursers in the stable of Mostadad, we fled northward towards the kingdom of Circassia. As there were several others flying in the same manner, we passed without notice, and in three days arrived at Terki, a city that lies in a valley within the bosom of the frowning mountains of Caucasus.

Here, free from every apprehension of danger, we enjoy all those satisfactions which are consistent with virtue; though I find my heart at intervals give way to unusual passions, yet such is my admiration for my fair companion, that I lose even tenderness in distant respect. Though her person demands particular regard even among the beauties of Circassia, yet is her mind far more lovely. How very different is a woman who thus has cultivated her understanding, and been refined into delicacy of sentiment, from the daughters of the East, whose education is only formed to improve the person, and make them more tempting objects of prostitution! Adieu.

LETTER LX.

FROM THE SAME.

When sufficiently refreshed after the fatigues of our precipitate flight, my curiosity, which had been restrained by the appearance of immediate danger, now began to revive: I longed to know by what distressful accidents my fair fugitive became a captive, and could not avoid testifying a surprise how so much beauty could be involved in the calamities from whence she had been so lately rescued.

Talk not of personal charms, cried she, with emotion, since to them I owe every misfortune: look round on the numberless beauties of the country where we are; and see how nature has poured its charms upon every face, and yet by this profusion heaven would seem to show how little it regards such a blessing, since the gift is lavished upon a nation of prostitutes.

I perceive you desire to know my story, and your curiosity is not so great as my impatience to gratify it: I find a pleasure in telling past misfortunes to any, but when my deliverer is pleased with the relation, my pleasure is prompted by

duty.

I* was born in a country far to the west, where the men are braver, and the women more fair, than those of Circassia; where the valour of the hero is guided by wisdom, and where delicacy of sentiment points the shafts of female beauty. was the only daughter of an officer in the army, the child of his age, and as he used fondly to express it, the only chain that bound him to the world, or made his life pleasing. His station pro-cured him an acquaintance with men of greater rank and fortune than himself, and his regard for me induced him to bring me into every family where he was acquainted. Thus I was early taught all the elegances and fashionable foibles of such as the world calls polite, and, though without fortune myself, was taught to despise those who lived as if they were poor.

My intercourse with the great, and my affectation of grandeur, procured me many lovers; but want of fortune deterred them all from any other views than those of passing the present moment agreeably, or of meditating my future ruin. In every company I found myself addressed in a warmer strain of passion than other ladies who were superior in point of rank and beauty; and this I imputed to an excess of respect, which in reality proceeded from very different motives.

Among the number of such as paid me their addresses, was a gentleman, a friend of my father, rather in the decline of life, with nothing remarkable either in his person or address to recommend him. His age, which was about forty, his fortune, which was moderate and barely sufficient to support him, served to throw me off my guard, so that I considered him as the only sincere admirer I had.

Designing lovers in the decline of life are ever most dangerous. Skilled in all the weaknesses of

the sex, they seize each favourable opportunity, and by having less passion than youthful admirers, have less real respect, and therefore less timidity. This insidious wretch used a thousand arts to succeed in his base designs, all which I saw, but imputed to different views, because I thought it absurd to believe the real motives.

As he continued to frequent my father's, the friendship between them became every day greater; and at last, from the intimacy with which he was received, I was taught to look upon him as a guardian and a friend. Though I never loved, yet I esteemed him; and this was enough to make me wish for a union, for which he seemed desirous, but to which he feigned several delays; while in the mean time, from a false report of our being married, every other admirer forsook me.

I was at last however awakened from the delusion, by an account of his being just married to another young lady with a considerable fortune. This was no great mortification to me, as I had always regarded him merely from prudential motives; but it had a very different effect upon my father, who, rash and passionate by nature, and besides stimulated by a mistaken notion of military honour, upbraided his friend in such terms, that a challenge was soon given and

accepted. It was about midnight when I was awakened by a message from my father, who desired to see me that moment. I rose with some surprise, and following the messenger, attended only by another servant, came to a field not far from the house, where I found him, the assertor of my honour, my only friend and supporter, the tutor and companion of my youth, lying on one side covered over with blood, and just expiring. No tears streamed down my cheeks, nor sigh escaped from my breast, at an object of such terror. I sat down, and supporting his aged head in my lap, gazed upon the ghastly visage with an agony more poignant even than despairing madness. The servants were gone for more assistance. In this gloomy stillness of the night, no sounds were heard but his agonising respirations; no object was presented but his wounds, which still continued to stream. With silent anguish I hung over his dear face, and with my hands strove to stop the blood as it flowed from his wounds; he seemed at first insensible, but at last turning his dying eyes upon me, " My dear, dear child," cried he; "dear, though you have forgotten your own honour and stained mine, I will yet forgive you; by abandoning virtue you have undone me and yourself, yet take my forgiveness with the same compassion I wish Heaven may pity me." He expired. All my succeeding happiness fled with him. Reflecting that I was the cause of his death whom only I loved upon earth; accused of betraying the honour of his family with his latest breath; conscious of my own innocence, yet without even a possibility of vindicating it; without fortune or friends to relieve or pity me; abandoned to infamy and the wide censuring world, I called out upon the dead body that lay stretched before me, and in the agony of my heart asked why he could have left me thus! Why my dear, my only papa, why could you ruin me thus and yourself for ever! O, pity, and return, since there is none but you to comfort me. I soon found that I had real cause for sorrow;

^{*} This story bears a striking similitude to the real history of Miss S.—d, who accompanied Lady W.——c, in her retreat near Florence, and which the editor had from her own mouth.

that I was to expect no compassion from my own sex, nor assistance from the other; and that reputation was much more useful in our commerce with mankind than really to deserve it. Wherever I came, I perceived myself received either with contempt or detestation; or whenever I was civilly treated, it was from the most base and ungenerous

Thus driven from the society of the virtuous, I was at last, in order to dispel the anxieties of insupportable solitude, obliged to take up with the company of those whose characters were blasted like my own, but who perhaps deserved their infamy. Among this number was a lady of the first distinction, whose character the public thought proper to brand even with greater infamy than mine. A similitude of distress soon united us : I knew that general reproach had made her miserable; and I had learned to regard misery as an excuse for guilt. Though this lady had not virtue enough to avoid reproach, yet she had too much delicate sensibility not to feel it. She therefore proposed our leaving the country where we were born, and going to live in Italy, where our characters and misfortunes would be unknown. With this I eagerly complied, and we soon found ourselves in one of the most charming retreats in the most beautiful province of that enchanting country.

Had my companion chosen this as a retreat for injured virtue, a harbour where we might look with tranquillity on the distant angry world, I should have been happy; but very different was her design: she had pitched upon this situation only to enjoy those pleasures in private, which she had not sufficient effrontery to satisfy in a more open manner. A nearer acquaintance soon showed me the vicious part of her character: her mind as well as her body seemed formed only for pleasure; she was sentimental only as it served to protract the immediate enjoyment. Formed for society alone, she spoke infinitely better than she wrote, and wrote infinitely better than she lived. A person devoted to pleasure often leads the most miserable life imaginable: such was her case; she considered the natural moments of languor as insupportable, passed all her hours between rapture and anxiety, ever in an extreme of agony or of bliss. She felt a pain as sincere for want of appetite as the starving wretch who wants a meal. In those intervals she usually kept her bed, and rose only when in expectation of some new enjoyment. The luxuriant air of the country, the romantic situation of her palace, and the genius of a people whose only happiness lies in sensual refinement, all contributed to banish the remembrance of her native country.

But though such a life gave her pleasure, it had a very different effect upon me: I grew every day more pensive, and my melancholy was regarded as an insult upon her good-humour. I now per-ceived myself entirely unfit for all society; discarded from the good, and detesting the infamous, I seemed in a state of war with every rank of people: that virtue which should have been my protection in the world, was here my crime: in short, detesting life, I was determined to become a recluse, to leave a world where I found no pleasure that could allure me to stay. Thus determined, I embarked in order to go by sea to Rome, where I intended to take the veil; but even in so short a passage my hard fortune still attended me our ship was taken by a Barbary corsair, the whole crew, and I among the number, being made slaves. It carries too much the air of romance to inform you of my distresses or obstinacy in this miserable state; it is enough to observe, that I have been bought by several masters, each of whom perceiving my reluctance, rather than use violence, sold me to another, till it was my happiness to be at last rescued by you.

Thus ended her relation, which I have abridged; but as soon as we are arrived at Moscow, for which we intend to set out shortly, you shall be informed of all more particularly. In the mean time, the greatest addition to my happiness will

be to hear of yours. Adieu.

LETTER LXI.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingro.

THE news of your freedom lifts the load of former anxiety from my mind; I can now think of my son without regret, applaud his resignation under calamities, and his conduct in extricating himself from them.

You are now free, just let loose from the bondage of a hard master: this is the crisis of your fate; and as you now manage fortune, succeeding life will be marked with happiness or misery: a few years' perseverance in prudence, which at your age is but another name for virtue, will ensure comfort, pleasure, tranquillity, esteem: too eager an enjoyment of every good that now offers will reverse the medal, and present you with poverty, anxiety, remorse, contempt.

As it has been observed, that none are better qualified to give others advice than those who have taken the least of it themselves; so in this respect I find myself perfectly authorised to offer mine, even though I should waive my paternal

authority upon this occasion.

The most usual way among young men, who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured that every change of this nature is for the worse; people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life, but heed them not: whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth, and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice; even if the mind be a little balanced with stupidity, it may in this case be useful. Great abilities have always been less serviceable to the possessors than moderate ones. Life has been compared to a race, but the allusion still improves, by observing that the most swift are ever the least manageable.

To know one profession only is enough for one man to know; and this (whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary) is soon learned. Be contented therefore with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will

give you business in neither.

A conjuror and a tailor once happened to converse together. "Alas," cries the tailor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! if people should

ever take it in their heads to live without clothes, I am undone: I have no other trade to have recourse to." "Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjuror, "but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjuror, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away: it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation until you become rich, and then show away; the resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

Once upon a time a goose fed its young by a pond side; and a goose in such circumstances is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at him. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain a right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and slapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, had twenty times a good mind to give her a sly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh, "A pox take thee," cries he, "for a fool! sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil; that fluttering and hissing of thine may one day get thine head snapped off, but it can neither injure thy enemies, nor ever protect thee." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving none offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed; to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. 'The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that was not stigmatised with marks of disapprobation; not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner, and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find that the best way to please one half of the world is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties."

LETTER LXII,

FROM THE SAME.

A CHARACTER such as you have represented that of your fair companion, which continues virtuous, though loaded with infamy, is truly great. Many regard virtue because it is attended with applause; your favourite, only for the internal pleasure it confers. I have often wished that ladies like her were proposed as models for female imitation, and not such as have acquired fame by qualities repugnant to the natural softness of the sex.

Women famed for their valour, their skill in politics, or their learning, leave the duties of their own sex, in order to invade the privileges of ours. I can no more pardon a fair one for endeavouring to wield the club of Hercules, than I could him for attempting to twirl her distaff.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.

Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity; and when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their subsets and consequently without grace.

sphere, and consequently without grace.

Fame, therefore, has been very unjustly dispensed among the female sex. These who least deserved to be remembered meet our admiration and applause; while many, who have been an honour to humanity, are passed over in silence. Perhaps no age has produced a stronger instance of misplaced fame than the present: the Semiramis and the Thalestris of antiquity are talked of, while a modern character, infinitely greater than either, is unnoticed and unknown.

Catherina Alexowna*, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother in their cottage, covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. When Catherina spun, the woman would sit by and read some book of devotion: thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their fire-side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religión. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready, but a solid turn of thought; not only with a strong, but a right understanding. Such truly female accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country; but their offers were refused; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catherina was fifteen when her mother died; she now therefore left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided in quality of governess to his children, at once reconciling in her character unerring pru-

dence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the masters who attended the rest of his family; thus she continued to improve till he died, by which accident she was once more reduced to pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at that time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catherina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of great plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot; she was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way-side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, to follow the camp. They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance; upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was a happy interview for Catherina: the little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses; her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare to buy her, clothes, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gluck, a faithful friend of his father's, and superintendant of Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendant's family, as governess to his two daughters; and though yet but seventeen, showed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself in a short time offered her his hand, which to his great surprise she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent farther solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnised as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking: the very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh; the unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well-carned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off before the

consummation to an attack, from which he was

never after seen to return.

In the mean time, the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. This war between the two Northen powers at that time was truly barbarous; the innocent peasant and the harmless virgin often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catherina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free; she was now to conform to her lard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave: in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Russian general; he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great paying the prince a visit, Catherina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more

perfect than her person.

^{*} This account seems taken from the manuscript memoirs of H. Spillman, Esq.

He had been forced when young to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately inquired the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnised in private: the prince assuring his courtiers that virtue alone was the properest ladder to a throne.

We now see Catherina, from the low mud-walled cottage, empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this pre-

eminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, laboured for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied in her turn the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood; and at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret; regretted by all. Adieu.

LETTER LXIII.

From LIEN CHI ALTANGI to FUM HOAM, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

In every letter I expect accounts of some new revolutions in China, some strange occurrence in the state, or disaster among my private acquaintance. I open every packet with tremulous expectation, and am agreeably disappointed when I find my friends and my country continuing in felicity. I wander, but they are at rest; they suffer few changes but what pass in my own restless imagination; it is only the rapidity of my own motion gives an imaginary swiftness to

objects which are in some measure immovable.
Yet believe me, my friend, that even China itself is imperceptibly degenerating from her ancient greatness: her laws are now more venal. and her merchants are more deceitful than formerly: the very arts and sciences have run to decay. Observe the carvings on our ancient bridges; figures that add grace even to nature. There is not an artist now in all the empire that can imitate their beauty. Our manufactures in porcelain, too, are inferior to what we once were famous for; and even Europe now begins to excel us. There was a time when China was the receptacle of strangers; when all were welcome, who either came to improve the state, or admire its greatness; now the empire is shut up from every foreign improvement, and the very inhabitants discourage each other from prosecuting their own internal advantages.

Whence this degeneracy in a state so little subject to external revolutions? How happens it that China, which is now more powerful than ever, which is less subject to foreign invasions, and even assisted in some discoveries by her connexions with Europe; whence comes it, I say, that the empire is thus declining so fast into

barbarity?

This decay is surely from nature, and not the result of voluntary degeneracy. In a period of two or three thousand years, she seems, at proper intervals, to produce great minds, with an effort resembling that which introduces the vicissitudes of seasons. They rise up at once, continue for an age, enlighten the world, fall like ripened corn, and mankind again gradually relapse into pristine barbarity. We little ones look around, are amazed at the decline, seek after the causes of this invisible decay, attribute to want of encouragement what really proceeds from want of power, are astonished to find every art and every science in the decline, not considering that autumn is over, and fatigued nature again begins to repose for some succeeding effort.

Some periods have been remarkable for the production of men of extraordinary stature; others for producing some particular animals in great abundance; some for excessive plenty; and others again for seemingly causeless famine. Nature, which shows herself so very different in her visible productions, must surely differ also from herself in the production of minds; and while she astonishes one age with the strength and stature of a Milo, or a Maximin, may bless another with the wisdom of a Plato, or the good-

ness of an Antonine.

Let us not then attribute to accident the falling off of every nation, but to the natural revolution of things. Often, in the darkest ages, there has appeared some one man of surprising abilities, who, with all his understanding, failed to bring his barbarous age into refinement: all mankind seemed to sleep, till nature gave the general call, and then the whole world seemed at once roused at the voice: science triumphed in every country, and the brightness of a single genius seemed lost

in a galaxy of contiguous glory.

Thus the enlightened periods in every age have been universal. At the time when China first began to emerge from barbarity, the western world was equally rising into refinement: when we had our Yau, they had their Sesostris. In succeeding ages, Confucius and Pythagoras seem born nearly together, and a train of philosophers then sprang up as well in Greece as in China. The period of renewed barbarity began to have a universal spread much about the same time, and continued for several centuries, till in the year of the Christian era 1400, the emperor Yonglo arose to revive the learning of the East; while about the same time the Medicean family laboured in Italy to raise infant genius from the cradle : thus we see politeness spreading over every part of the world in one age, and barbarity succeeding in another; at one period a blaze of light diffusing itself over the whole world, and at another all mankind wrapped up in the profoundest ignorance.

Such has been the situation of things in times past; and such probably it will ever be. China, I have observed, has evidently begun to degenerate from its former politeness; and were the learning of the Europeans at present candidly considered, the decline would perhaps appear to

have already taken place. We should find among the natives of the West the study of morality displaced for mathematical disquisition or metaphysical subtleties: we should find learning begin to separate from the useful duties and concerns of life, while none ventured to aspire after that character, but they who know much more than is truly amusing or useful. We should find every great attempt suppressed by prudence, and the rapturous sublimity in writing cooled by a cautious fear of offence. We should find few of those daring spirits, who bravely ventured to be wrong, and who are willing to hazard much for the sake of great acquisition. Providence has indulged the world with a period of almost four hundred years' refinement; does it not now by degrees sink us into our former ignorance, leaving us only the love of wisdom, while it deprives us of its advantages? Adieu.

LETTER LXIV.

FROM THE SAME.

The princes of Europe have found out a manner of rewarding their subjects, who have behaved well, by presenting them with about two yards of blue ribbon, which is worn about the shoulder. They who are honoured with this mark of distinetion are called knights, and the king himself is always the head of the order. This is a very frugal method of recompensing the most important services: and it is very fortunate for kings that their subjects are satisfied with such trifling rewards. Should a nobleman happen to lose his leg in a battle, the king presents him with two yards of ribbon, and he is paid for the loss of his limb. Should an ambassador spend all his paternal fortune in supporting the honour of his country abroad, the king presents him with two yards of ribbon, which is to be considered as an equivalent to his estate. In short, while a European king has a yard of blue or green ribbon left, he need be under no apprehension of wanting statesmen, generals, or soldiers.

I cannot sufficiently admire those kingdoms in which men with large patrimonial estates are willing thus to undergo real hardships for empty favours. A person already possessed of a competent fortune, who undertakes to enter the career of ambition, feels many real inconveniences from his station, while it procures him no real happiness that he was not possessed of before. He could eat, drink, and sleep before he became a courtier, as well, perhaps better, than when invested with his authority. He could command flatterers in a private station, as well as in his public capacity, and indulge at home every favourite inclination, uncensured and unseen by the people.

What real good then does an addition to a fortune already sufficient procure? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusement.

Was he, by having his one thousand made two, thus enabled to enjoy two wives, or eat two dinners; then indeed he might be excused for undergoing some pain, in order to extend the sphere of his enjoyments. But, on the contrary, he finds his desire for pleasure often lessen, as he takes pains

to be able to improve it; and his capacity of enjoyment diminishes as his fortune happens to increase.

Instead, therefore, of regarding the great with envy, I generally consider them with some share of compassion. I look upon them as a set of goodnatured, misguided people, who are indebted to us, and not to themselves, for all the happiness they enjoy. For our pleasure, and not their own, they sweat under a cumbrous heat of finery; for our pleasure the lackeyed train, the slow parading pageant, with all the gravity of grandeur, moves in review, a single coat or a single footman answers all the purposes of the most indolent refinement as well; and those who have twenty, may be said to keep one for their own pleasure, and the other nineteen merely for ours. So true is the observation of Confueius, that we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy, than endeavouring to think so ourselves,

But though the desire of being seen, of being made the subject of discourse, and of supporting the dignities of an exalted station, be troublesome enough to the ambitious, yet it is well for society that there are men thus willing to exchange ease and safety for danger and a ribbon. We lose nothing by their vanity, and it would be unkind to endeavour to deprive a child of its rattle. If a duke or a duchess are willing to earry a long train for our entertainment, so much the worse for themselves; if they choose to exhibit in public with a hundred lackeys and Mamelukes in their equipage for our entertainment, still so much the worse for themselves; it is the spectators alone who give and receive the pleasure: they only the sweating figures that swell the pageant.

A mandarin, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old sly bonze, who followed him through several streets, and, bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. "What does he mean?" cried the mandarin. "Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels." "No," replied the other; "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them; and that is an employment I don't much desire."

LETTER LXV.

FROM THE SAME.

Though not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it; it is amusing to observe the effect which such a spectacle has upon the variety of faces, the pleasure it excites in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it raises in all. With this design I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in the mob, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate for a while the pleasures and wishes of the vulgar.

Struggling here for some time, in order to be first to see the cavaleade as it passed, some one of the crowd unluckily happened to tread upon my shoe, and tore it in such a manner, that I was utterly unqualified to march forward with the main body, and obliged to fall back in the rear. Thus

rendered incapable of being a spectator of the show myself, I was at least willing to observe the spectators, and limped behind, like one of the invalids which follow the march of an army.

In this plight I was considering the eagerness that appeared on every face; how some bustled to get foremost, and others contented themselves with taking a transient peep, when they could; how some praised the four black servants that were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribbons that decorated the horses' necks in another; my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any that I had yet seen : a poor cobbler sat in his stall by the way-side, and continued to work while the crowd passed by, without testifying the smallest share of curiosity. I own his want of attention excited mine; and as I stood in need of his assistance, I thought it best to employ a philosophic cobbler on this occasion: perceiving my business, therefore, he desired me to enter and sit down, took my shoe into his lap, and began to mend it with his usual indifference

and taciturnity.

"How, my friend," said I to him, "can you continue to work while all those fine things are passing by your door ?"-" Very fine they are, master, returned the cobbler, "for those that like them to be sure; but what are all those fine things to me? You do not know what it is to be a cobbler, and so much the better for yourself. Your bread is baked, you may go and see sights the whole day, and eat a warm supper when you come home at night; but for me, if I should run hunting after all these fine folk, what should I get by my journey but an appetite ? and, God help me, I have too much of that at home already, without stirring out for it. Your people who may eat four meals a day, and a supper at night, are but a bad example to such a one as I. No, master, as God has called me into this world in order to mend old shoes, I have no business with fine folk, and they no business with me." I here interrupted him with a smile. "See this last, master," continues he, "and this hammer: this last and hammer are the two best friends I have in this world: nobody else will be my friend because I want a friend. The great folks you saw pass by just now have five hundred friends, because they have no occasion for them; now, while I stick to my good friends here, I am very contented; but when I ever so little run after sights and fine things, I begin to hate my work, I grow sad, and have no heart to mend shoes any longer."

This discourse only served to raise my curiosity to know more of a man whom nature had thus formed into a philosopher. I therefore insensibly led him into a history of his adventures: "I have lived," said he, "a wandering life now five-and-fifty years, here to-day and gone to-morrow; for it was my misfortune, when I was young, to be fond of changing."—"You have been a traveller then, I presume?" interrupted I. "I cannot boast much of travelling," continued he, "for I have never left the parish in which I was born but three times in my life, that I can remember: but then there is not a street in the whole neighbourhood that I have not lived in at some time or another. When I began to settle and take to my business in one street, some unforeseen misfortune, or a desire of trying my luck elsewhere, has

removed me, perhaps a whole mile away from my former customers, while some more lucky cobbler would come into my place, and make a handsome fortune among friends of my making: there was one who actually died in a stall that I had left worth seven pounds seven shillings, all in hard gold, which he had quilted into the waistband of his breeches."

I could not but smile at these migrations of a man by the fire-side, and continued to ask if he had ever been married. "Ay, that I have, master," replied he, "for sixteen long years: and a weary life I had of it, Heaven knows. My wife took it into her head, that the only way to thrive in this world was to save money; so, though our comingsin was but about three shillings a week, all that ever she could lay her hands upon she used to hide away from me, though we were obliged to

starve the whole week after for it.

"The first three years we used to quarrel about this every day, and I always got the better; but she had a hard spirit, and still continued to hide as usual; so that I was at last tired of quarrelling and getting the better, and she scraped and scraped at pleasure, till I was almost starved to death. Her conduct at last drove me in despair to the alehouse; here I used to sit with people who hated home like myself, drank while I had money left, and ran in score when anybody would trust me; till at last the landlady coming one day with a long bill when I was from home, and putting it into my wife's hands, the length of it effectually broke her heart. I searched the whole stall after she was dead for money, but she had hidden it so effectually, that with all my pains I could never find a farthing."

By this time my shoe was mended, and satisfying the poor artist for his trouble, and rewarding him besides for this information, I took my leave, and returned home to lengthen out the amusement his conversation afforded by communicating it to

my friend. Adieu.

LETTER LXVI.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, by the way of Moscow.

Generosity properly applied will supply every other external advantage in life but the love of those we converse with; it will procure esteem, and a conduct resembling real affection, but actual love is the spontaneous production of the mind: no generosity can purchase, no rewards increase, nor no liberality continue it: the very person who is obliged, has it not in his power to force his lingering affections upon the object he should love, and voluntarily mix passion with gratitude.

Imparted fortune, and well-placed liberality, may procure the benefactor good-will, may load the person obliged with the sense of duty he lies under to retaliate; this is gratitude: and simple gratitude, untinetured with love, is all the return an ingenuous mind can bestow for former benefits.

But gratitude and love are almost opposite affections; love is often an involuntary passion, placed upon our companions without our consent, and frequently conferred without our previous esteem. We love some men we know not why; our tenderness is naturally excited in all their concerns; we excuse their faults with the same

indulgence, and approve their virtues with the same applause, with which we consider our own. While we entertain the passion it pleases us, we cherish it with delight, and give it up with reluctance, and love for love is all the reward we expect or desire.

Gratitude, on the contrary, is never conferred but where there have been previous endeavours to excite it; we consider it as a debt, and our spirits wear a load till we have discharged the obligation. Every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumstance of humiliation, and some are found to submit to frequent mortifications of this kind; proclaiming what obligations they owe, merely because they think it in some measure

cancels the debt.

Thus love is the most easy and agreeable, and gratitude the most humiliating affection of the mind; we never reflect on the man we love, without exulting in our choice, while he who has bound us to him by benefits alone, rises to our idea as a person to whom we have in some measure forested our freedom. Love and gratitude are seldom, therefore, found in the same breast without impairing each other; we may tender the one or the other singly to those we converse with, but cannot command both together. By attempting to increase we diminish them; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large obligations; all additional benefits lessen every hope of future return, and shut up every avenue that leads to tenderness.

In all our connexions with society, therefore, it is not only generous, but prudent, to appear insensible of the value of those favours we bestow, and endeavour to make the obligation seem as slight as possible. Love must be taken by stratagem, and not by open force: we should seem ignorant that we oblige, and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuse its affections: for constraint may indeed leave the receiver still grateful, but it will

certainly produce disgust.

If to procure gratitude be our only aim, there is no great art in making the acquisition; a benefit conferred demands a just acknowledgment, and we have a right to insist upon our due.

But it were much more prudent to forego our right on such an occasion, and exchange it, if we can, for love. We receive but little advantage from repeated protestations of gratitude, but they cost him very much from whom we exact them in return: exacting a grateful acknowledgment is demanding a debt by which the creditor is not advantaged, and the debtor pays with reluctance.

As Meneius the philosopher was travelling in pursuit of wisdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitations of men. Here, as he was straying, while rain and thunder conspired to make solitude still more hideous, he perceived a hermit's cell, and, approaching, asked for shelter. "Enter," cries the hermit, in a severe tone, "men deserve not to be obliged, but it would be imitating their ingratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come in: examples of vice may sometimes strengthen us in the ways of virtue."

After a frugal meal, which consisted of roots and tea, Meneius could not repress his curiosity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, the actions of whom taught the truest lessons of wisdom. "Mention not the name of man," cries

the hermit, with indignation; "here let me live retired from a base ungrateful world; here among the beasts of the forest I shall find no flatterers; the lion is a generous enemy, and the dog a faithful friend; but man, base man, can poison the bowl, and smile while he presents it."-" You have been used ill by mankind?" interrupted the philosopher, shrewdly. "Yes," replied the hermit, "on mankind I have exhausted my whole fortune, and this staff, and that cup, and those roots, are all that I have in return."—" Did you bestow your fortune, or did you only lend it ?" returned Mencius. "I bestowed it, undoubtedly," replied the other, "for where were the merit of being a money-lender?"-" Did they ever own that they received it?" still adds the philosopher.—"A thousand times," cries the hermit, "they every day loaded me with professions of gratitude for obligations received, and solicitations for future favours." -" If then," says Mencius, smiling, "you did not lend your fortune in order to have it returned, it is unjust to accuse them of ingratitude; they owned themselves obliged, you expected no more, and they certainly earned each favour by frequently acknowledging the obligation." The hermit was struck with the reply, and surveying his guest with emotion, "I have heard of the great Mencius, and you certainly are the man; I am now fourscore years old, but still a child in wisdom; take me back to the school of man, and educate me as one of the most ignorant and the youngest of your disciples."

Indeed, my son, it is better to have friends in our passage through life than grateful dependants; and as love is a more willing, so it is a more lasting tribute than extorted obligation. As we are uneasy when greatly obliged, gratitude once refused can never after be recovered; the mind that is base enough to disallow the just return, instead of feeling any uneasiness upon recollection, triumphs in its new-acquired freedom, and in some measure is pleased with conscious baseness.

Very different is the situation of disagreeing friends, their separation produces mutual uneasiness: like that divided being in fabulous creation, their sympathetic souls once more desire their former union, the joys of both are imperfect, their gayest moments tinetured with uneasiness; each seeks for the smallest concessions to clear the way to a wished-for explanation; the most trifling acknowledgment, the slightest accident, serves to effect a mutual reconciliation.

But instead of pursuing the thought, permit me to soften the severity of advice, by a European story, which will fully illustrate my meaning.

A fiddler and his wife, who had rubbed through life, as most couples usually do, sometimes good friends, at others not quite so well, one day happened to have a dispute, which was conducted with becoming spirit on both sides. The wife was sure she was right, and the husband was resolved to have his own way. What was to be done in such a case? the quarrel grew worse by explanations, and at last the fury of both rose to such a pitch, that they made a vow never to sleep together in the same bed for the future. This was the most rash vow that could be imagined, for they still were good friends at the bottom, and besides, they had but one bed in the house; however, resolved they were to go through with it,

and at night the fiddle-case was laid in bed between them, in order to make a separation. this manner they continued for three weeks; every night the fiddle-case being placed as a barrier to

divide them.

By this time, however, each heartily repented of their vow, their resentment was at an end, and their love began to return; they wished the fiddlecase away, but both had too much spirit to begin. One night, however, as they were both lying awake with the detested fiddle-case between them, the husband happened to sneeze; to which the wife, as is usual in such cases, bid God bless him: "Ay, but," returns the husband, "woman, do you say that from your heart?"—" Indeed I do, my poor Nicholas," cried his wife, "I say it with all my heart."-" If so, then," says the husband, " we had as good remove the fiddle-case."

LETTER LXVII.

FROM THE SAME.

Books, my son, while they teach us to respect the interest of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail, and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert. I dislike, therefore, the philosopher who describes the inconveniences of life, in such pleasing colours, that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniences till he severely feels

A youth who has thus spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man, but by philosophic information, may be considered as a being whose mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wise; utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own skill in the direction, he sets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himself at last undone.

He first has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in excess; and he has been long taught to detest vice and love virtue; warm, therefore, in attachments, and steadfast in enmity, he treats every creature as a friend or foe; expects from those he loves unerring integrity, and consigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds; and here begin his disappointments; upon a closer inspection of human nature, he perceives that he should have moderated his friendship, and softened his severity; for he often finds the excellences of one part of mankind clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue: he finds no character so sanctified that has not its failing; none so infamous but has somewhat to attract our esteem; he beholds impiety in lawn, and fidelity in fetters.

He now, therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards should have been more cool, and his hatred less violent; that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendships with the good, and avoid, if possible, the resentment even of the wicked: every moment gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are broken if drawn too closely, and that those whom he has treated with disrespect more than retaliate the injury: at length, therefore, he is obliged to confess, that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among

the virtuous to espouse his quarrel.

Our book-taught philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and though poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without shrinking: philosophers have described poverty in most charming colours; and even his vanity is touched, in thinking that he shall show the world, in himself, one more example of patience, fortitude, and resignation. "Come, then, O poverty! for what is there in thee dreadful to the wise; temperance, health, and frugality, walk in thy train; cheerfulness and liberty are ever thy companions. Shall any be ashamed of thee of whom Cincinnatus was not ashamed? The running brook, the herbs of the field, can amply satisfy nature; man wants but little, nor that little long*; come then, O poverty, while kings stand by and gaze with admiration at the true philosopher's resignation."

The goddess appears: for Poverty ever comes at the call; but alas! he finds her by no means the charming figure books and his warm imagination had painted. As when an Eastern bride, whom her friends and relations had long described as a model of perfection, pays her first visit, the longing bridegroom lifts her veil to see a face he had never seen before; but instead of a countenance blazing with beauty like the sun, he beholds deformity shooting icicles to his heart; such appears Poverty to her new entertainer: all the fabric of enthusiasm is at once demolished, and a thousand miseries rise upon its ruins, while Contempt, with pointing finger, is foremost in the

hideous procession.

The poor man now finds that he can get no kings to look at him while he is eating; he finds that in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philosopher in all the majesty of solitude; it might be agreeable enough to play the philosopher, while we are conscious that mankind are spectators; but what signifies wearing the mask of sturdy contentment, and mounting the stage of restraint, when not one creature will assist at the exhibition? Thus is he forsaken of men, while his fortitude wants the satisfaction even of self-applause; for either he does not feel his present calamities, and that is natural insensibility, or he disguises his feelings, and that is dissimulation.

Spleen now begins to take up the man; not distinguishing his resentments, he regards all mankind with detestation, and commencing man-hater, seeks solitude to be at liberty to rail.

It has been said, that he who retires to solitude is either a beast or an angel; the censure is too

* Our author has repeated this thought in nearly the same words in his "Hermit:

> Then pilgrim turn, thy cares forego, All earth-born cares are wrong: Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long.

severe, and the praise unmerited; the discontented being who retires from society is generally some good-natured man, who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind. Adieu.

LETTER LXVIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

I formerly acquainted thee, most grave Fum, with the excellence of the English in the art of healing. The Chinese boast their skill in pulses; the Siamese their botanical knowledge; but the English advertising physicians alone of being the great restorers of health, the dispensers of youth, and the insurers of longevity. I can never enough admire the sagacity of this country for the encouragement given to the professors of this art: with what indulgence does she foster up those of her own growth, and kindly cherish those that come from abroad! Like a skilful gardener, she invites them from every foreign climate to herself. Here every great exotic strikes root as soon as imported, and feels the genial beam of favour; while the mighty metropolis, like one vast munificent dunghill, receives them indiscriminately to her breast, and supplies each with more than native nourishment.

In other countries the physician pretends to eure disorders in the lump: the same doctor who combats the gout in the toe, shall pretend to prescribe for a pain in the head; and he who at one time eures a consumption, shall at another give drugs for a dropsy. How absurd and ridiculous! this is being a mere jack-of-all-trades. Is the animal machine less complicated than a brass pin? Not less than ten different hands are required to make a pin; and shall the body be set right by one single operator?

The English are sensible of the force of this reasoning; they have therefore one doctor for the eyes, another for the toes; they have their sciatica doctors, and inoculating doctors; they have one doctor who is modestly content with securing them from bug-bites, and five hundred who prescribe for the bite of mad dogs.

The learned are not here retired with vicious modesty from the public view: for every dead wall is covered with their names, their abilities, their amazing cures, and places of abode. Few patients can escape falling into their hands, unless blasted by lightning, or struck dead with some sudden disorder: it may sometimes happen, that a stranger who does not understand English, or a countryman who cannot read, dies without ever hearing of the vivifying drops, or restorative electuary; but, for my part, before I was a week in town, I had learned to bid the whole catalogue of disorders defiance, and was perfectly acquainted with the names and the medicines of every great man or great woman of them all.

But as nothing pleases curiosity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute or trifling, I must present you, inadequate as my abilities are to the subject, with some account of those personages who lead in this honourable profession.

The first upon the list of glory is Doctor Richard Rock, F. U. N. This great man, short of

stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three-tailed wig, nicely combed, and frizzed upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never; it is indeed very remarkable that this extraordinary personage should never wear a hat, but so it is, he never wears a hat. He is usually drawn at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm-chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, packets, and gallypots. No man can promise fairer nor better than he; for, as he observes, "Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness, make yourself quite easy, I can cure you."

The next in fame, though by some reckoned of equal pretensions, is Doctor Timothy Franks, F. O. G. H. living in a place called the Old Bailey. As Rock is remarkably squab, his great rival Franks is as remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Christian era 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly sixty-eight years three months and four days old. Age, however, has no way impaired his usual health and vivacity; I am told he generally walks with his breast open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarkable for a becoming assurance, which carries him gently through life; for, except Dr. Rock, none are more blest with the advantages of face than Dr. Franks.

And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little. I am almost ashamed to mention it. Let the foibles of the great rest in peace. I must impart the whole to my friend. These two great men are actually now at variance; yes, my dear Fum Hoam, by the head of our grandfather, they are now at variance like mere men, mere common mortals. The champion Rock advises the world to beware of bog-trotting quacks, while Franks retorts the wit and the sarcasm (for they have both a world of wit) by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dumplin Dick! He calls the serious Doctor Rock Dumplin Dick. Head of Confucius, what profanation! Dumplin Dick! What a pity, ye powers, that the learned, who were born mutually to assist in enlightening the world, should thus differ among themselves, and make even the profession ridiculous! Sure the world is wide enough, at least, for two great personages to figure in; men of science should leave controversy to the little world below them; and then we might see Rock and Franks walking together hand in hand, smiling onward to immortality.

Next to these is Doctor Walker, preparator of his own medicines. This gentleman is remarkable for an aversion to quacks; frequently cautioning the public to be careful into what hands they commit their safety; by which he would insinuate that if they do not employ him alone, they must be undone. His public spirit is equal to his success. Not for himself, but his country, is the gallypot prepared and the drops sealed up, with proper directions for any part of the town or country. All this is for his country's good; so that he is now grown old in the practice of physic and virtue; and, to use his own elegance of expression, "There is not such another medicine as his in the world again."

This, my friend, is a formidable triumvirate; and yet, formidable as they are, I am resolved to

defend the honour of Chinese physic against them all. I have made a vow to summon Dr. Rock to a solemn disputation in all the mysteries of the profession, before the face of every philomath, student in astrology, and member of the learned societies. I adhere to and venerate the doctrines of old Wang-shu-ho. In the very teeth of opposition I will maintain, "that the heart is the son of the liver, which has the kidneys for its mother, and the stomach for its wife." I have therefore drawn up a disputation challenge, which is to be sent speedily, to this effect.

"I, Lien Chi Altangi, D. N. R. H. native of Honan in China, to Richard Rock, F. U. N. native of Garbage-alley, in Wapping, defiance. Though, sir, I am perfectly sensible of your importance, though no stranger to your studies in the path of nature, yet there may be many things in the art of physic with which you are yet unacquainted. I know full well a doctor thou art, great Rock, and so am I. Wherefore I challenge, and do hereby invite you to a trial of learning upon hard problems and knotty physical points. In this debate we will calmly investigate the whole theory and practice of medicine, botany, and chemistry; and I invite all the philomaths, with many of the lecturers in medicine, to be present at the dispute; which, I hope, will be carried on with due decorum, with proper gravity, and as befits men of erudition and science, among each other. But before we meet face to face, I would thus publicly, and in the face of the whole world, desire you to answer me one question; I ask it with the same earnestness with which you have often solicited the public; answer me, I say, at once, without having recourse to your physical dictionary, which of those three disorders, incident to the human body, is the most fatal, the syncope, parenthesis, or apoplexy. I beg your reply may be as public as this my demand. + I am, as hereafter may be, your admirer or your rival." Adieu.

LETTER LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Inducent nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain but a few days beyond the expected scason, in China, spreads famine, desolation, and terror over the whole country; the winds that blew from the brown bosom of the western desert are impregnated with death in every gale; but in this fortunate land of Britain, the inhabitant courts health in every breeze, and the husbandman ever sows in joyful expectation.

But though the nation be exempt from real evils, think not, my friend, that it is more happy on this account than others. They are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor pestilence, but then there is a disorder peculiar to the country, which every season makes strange ravages among them; it spreads with pestilential rapidity, and infects almost every rank of people; what is still more strange, the natives have no name for this

* See Du Halde, vol. ii. fol. p. 185.

peculiar malady, though well enough known to foreign physicians by the appellation of Epidemic Terror.

A scason is never known to pass in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity in one shape or another, seemingly different though ever the same : one year it issues from a baker's shop in the shape of a sixpenny loaf, the next it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tail, a third it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat, and a fourth it carries consternation at the bite of a mad dog. The people, when once infected, lose their relish for happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful the object of terror may be, when once they resolve to fright and be frighted, the merest trifles sow consternation and dismay, each proportions his fears, not to the object, but to the dread he discovers in the countenance of others; for when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itself, though the original cause be discontinued which first set it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy, if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no, somewhat resembles the ancient European custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot, and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burnt for a witch; if she sunk, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner a crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side. If he attempts to stand upon the defensive, and bite, then he is unanimously found guilty, for "a mad dog always snaps at everything;" if, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for "mad dogs always run straight forward before them."

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who have no share in these ideal calamities, to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog that had gone through a neighbouring village, which was thought to be mad by several that had seen him. The next account comes, that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which immediately run mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies soon after. Then comes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipped in the salt water. When the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a

[†] The day after this was published the editor received an answer, in which the doctor seems to be of opinion that the apoplexy is most fatal.

man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another, still more hideous; as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog; and how the poor father first perceived the infection, by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lap-dog swimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster; as in stories of ghosts each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy; so here each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frighted by the barking of a dog; and this, alas! too frequently happens. The story soon is improved and spreads, that a mad dog has frighted a lady of distinction. These circumstances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighbouring village; and there the report is, that a lady of quality was bit by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers new strength, and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital; and, by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is described, with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all-fours, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds by the advice of her doctors; while the mad mastiff is, in the mean time, ranging the whole country over, slavering at the mouth, and " seeking whom he may devonr.

My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before the usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her looks. She desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within; for, a few days ago, so dismal an accident had happened, as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who, soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and, raising herself up, walked about on her hind-legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature thoroughly examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer were no way injured: and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in a hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts in general therefore only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors; and sometimes fright the patient into actual frenzy, by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death (and four is probably too large a concession), yet still it is not considered how many are preserved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance; the insidious thief is often detected; the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution; and the poor man finds in his dog a willing

assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

" A dog," says one of the English poets, " is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs." Of all the beasts that graze the lawn, or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks in all his necessity, with a speaking eye, for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, steadfast dependant; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind then to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! how ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services! Adieu.

LETTER LXX.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, by the way of Moscow.

THE Europeans are themselves blind who describe Fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or saw more clearly; they who have no other trade but seeking their fortune, need never hope to find her; coquette-like, she flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic, who stays at home and minds his business.

I am amazed how men can call her blind, when by the company she keeps she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming-table, be very sure Fortune is not there; wherever you see a house with the doors open, be very sure Fortune is not there; when you see a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gold, be satisfied Fortune is not there; wherever you see a beautiful woman good-natured and obliging, be convinced Fortune is never there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheel-barrow as lolling in a coach-and-six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or to personize her no longer; if you desire, my son, to be rich and have money, be more eager to save than to acquire: when people say, "Money is to be got here, and money is to be got there," take no notice; mind your own business; stay where you are; and secure all you can get, without stirring. When you hear that your neighbour has picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you in order to pick up such another; or when you are informed that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once, but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you may despise the petty sum; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend them it, think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend, because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang in our books of Chinese learning; he who, despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had?

Whang the miller was naturally avaricious;

nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate; he stood for a child of mine:" but if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor; he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him, but though these were small they were certain; while his mill stood and went he was sure of eating, and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would, at intervals, count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to

be possessed of affluence.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, " toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him, with what pleasure would I dig round the pan: how slily would I carry it home; not even my wife should see me; and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former assiduity, he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed, that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered, he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning, he repairs alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the nill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug: digging still deeper, he turns up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad flat stone, but then so large, that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it. "Here," cried he in raptures to himself, "here it is! under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair,

and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion easily may be imagined, she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen. Adieu.

LETTER LXXI.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

The people of London are as fond of walking as our friends at Pekin of riding; one of the principal entertainments of the citizens here in summer is to repair, about nightfall, to a garden not far from town, where they walk about, show their best clothes and best faces, and listen to a

concert provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation, a few evenings ago, from my old friend, the man in black, to be one of a party that was to sup there, and at the appointed hour waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company assembled, and expecting my arrival. Our party consisted of my friend, in superlative finery,—his stockings rolled, a black velvet waistcoat, which was formerly new; and a grey wig, combed down in imitation of hair; a pawnbroker's widow, of whont, by-the-bye, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed out in green damask, with three gold rings on every finger; Mr. Tibbs, the second-rate beau, I have formerly described; together with his lady, in flimsy silk, dirty gauze instead of linen, and a hat as big as an umbrella.

Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. Mrs. Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water, and the widow being a little in flesh, as warmly protested against walking; a coach was therefore agreed upon, which being too small to carry five, Mr. Tibbs consented to

sit in his wife's lap.

In this manner, therefore, we set forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr. Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a cheesemonger; that this was the last night of the gardens, and that consequently we should be pestered with the nobility and gentry from Thames-street and Crooked-lane, with several other prophetic ejaculations, probably inspired by

the uneasiness of his situation.

The illuminations began before we arrived, and I must confess that, upon entering the gardens, I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure; the lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely-moving trees; the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of the night; the natural concert of the birds, in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily-dressed, looking satisfaction, and the tables spread with various delicacies, all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the

Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstacy of admiration. "Head of Confucius," cried I to my friend, "this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence: if we except the virgins of immortality that hang on every tree, and may be plucked at every desire, I do not see how this falls short of Mahomet's paradise!" "As for virgins," cries my friend, "it is true, they are a fruit that do not much abound in our gardens here; but if ladies as plenty as apples in autumn, and as complying as any hoüri of them all, can content you, I faney we have no need to go to heaven for paradise."

I was going to second his remarks, when we were called to a consultation by Mr. Tibbs, and the rest of the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out the evening to the greatest advantage. Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she observed, there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing-place to see the water-works, which she assured us would begin in less than an hour at furthest; a dispute, therefore, began, and as it was managed between two of very opposite characters, it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply. Mrs. Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world, who had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter; to which the other replied, "that though some people sat behind counters, yet they could sit at the head of their own tables too, and carve three good dishes of hot meat whenever they thought proper, which was more than some people could say for themselves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green goose and gooseberries."

It is hard to say where this might have ended, had not the husband, who probably knew the impetuosity of his wife's disposition, proposed to end the dispute by adjourning to a box, and try if there was anything to be had for supper that was supportable. To this we all consented: but here a new distress arose; Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs would sit in none but a genteel box, a box where they might see and be seen; one, as they expressed it, in the very focus of public view: but such a box was not easy to be obtained: for though we were perfectly convinced of our own gentility, and the gentility of our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the keepers of the boxes to be of our opinion; they chose to reserve genteel boxes for what they judged more genteel

At last, however, we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely, and supplied with the usual entertainment of the place. The widow found the supper excellent, but Mrs. Tibbs thought everything detestable: "Come, come, my dear," cries the husband, by way of consolation, "to be sure we ean't find such dressing here as we have at Lord Crump's or Lady Crump's; but for Vauxhall dressing it is pretty good: it is not their vietuals indeed I find fault with, but their wine; their wine," cries he, drinking off a glass, "indëed is most abominable."

By this last contradiction, the widow was fairly conquered in point of politeness. She perceived now that she had no pretensions in the world to taste, her very senses were vulgar, since she had

praised detestable custard, and smacked at wretched wine; she was therefore contented to yield the victory, and for the rest of the night to listen and improve. It is true she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased: but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement. She once praised the painting of the box in which we were sitting; but was soon convinced that such paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction: she ventured again to commend one of the singers; but Mrs. Tibbs soon let her know, in the style of a connoisseur, that the singer in question had neither ear, voice, nor judgment.

Mr. Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretensions to music were just, entreated her to favour the company with a song; but to this she gave a positive denial; "For you know very well, my dear," says she, "that I am not in voice to-day, and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment, what signifies singing! besides, as there is no aecompaniment, it would be but spoiling music." All these excuses, however, were overruled by the rest of the company, who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in the entreaty. But particularly the widow, now willing to convince the company of her breeding, pressed so warmly, that she seemed determined to take no refusal. At last then the lady complied, and after humming for some minutes, began with such a voice and such affectation, as I could perceive gave but little satisfaction to any except her husband. He sat with rapture in his eye, and beat time with his hand on the table.

You must observe, my friend, that it is the custom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to sing, for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues. Every feature, every limb, must seem to correspond in fixed attention, and while the song continues they are to remain in a state of universal petrifaction. In this mortifying situation we had continued for some time, listening to the song, and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us that the water-works were going to begin. At this information I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat; but, correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good-breeding. Mrs. Tibbs, who had seen the water-works a hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had the smallest pity on our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment; in it I could plainly read the struggle she felt between good-breeding and curiosity; she talked of the water-works the whole evening before, and seemed to have come merely in order to see them; but then she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretensions to high life, or high-lived company, ever after. Mrs. Tibbs therefore kept on singing, and we continued to listen, till at last, when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the water-works were over.

"The water-works over!" cried the widow, "the water-works over already, that's impossible, they can't be over so soon!" "It is not my business," replied the fellow, "to contradict your ladyship, I'll run again and see;" he went, and soon

returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's disappointed mistress, she testified her displeasure in the openest manner; in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns. Adieu.

LETTER LXXII.

FROM THE SAME.

Nor far from this city lives a poor tinker, who has educated seven sons, all at this very time in arms and fighting for their country, and what reward do you think has the tinker from the state for such important services? None in the world; his sons, when the war is over, may probably be whipped from parish to parish as vagabonds, and the old man, when past labour, may die a prisoner in some house of correction.

Such a worthy subject in China would be held in universal reverence: his services would be rewarded, if not with dignities, at least with an exemption from labour; he would take the left hand at feasts, and mandarins themselves would be proud to show their submission. The English laws punish vice; the Chinese laws do more, they

reward virtue!

Considering the little encouragement given to matrimony here, I am not surprised at the discouragements given to propagation. Would you believe it, my dear Fum Hoam, there are laws made which even forbid the people's marrying each other. By the head of Confucius, I jest not; there are such laws in being here; and yet their lawgivers have neither been instructed among the Hottentots, nor imbibed their principles of equity

from the natives of Anamaboo.

There are laws which ordain, that no man shall marry a woman against her own consent. This, though contrary to what we are taught in Asia, and though in some measure a clog upon matrimony, I have no great objection to. There are laws which ordain, that no woman shall marry against her father and mother's consent, unless arrived at an age of maturity, by which is understood those years when women with us are generally past child-bearing. This must be a clog upon matrimony, as it is more difficult for the lover to please three than one, and much more difficult to please the old people than young ones. The laws ordain, that the consenting couple shall take a long time to consider before they marry; this is a very great clog, because people like to have all rash actions done in a hurry. It is ordained, that all marriages shall be proclaimed before celebration; this is a severe clog, as many are ashamed to have their marriage made public, from motives of vicious modesty, and many afraid from views of temporal interest. It is ordained, that there is nothing sacred in the ceremony; but that it may be dissolved to all intents and purposes by the authority of any civil magistrate. And vet opposite to this it is ordained, that the priest shall be paid a large sum of money for granting his sacred permission.

Thus you see my friend, that matrimony here

is hedged round with so many obstructions, that those who are willing to break through or surmount them must be contented, if at last they find it a bed of thorns. The laws are not to blame, for they have deterred the people from engaging as much as they could. It is indeed become a very serious affair in England, and none but serious people are generally found willing to engage. The young, the gay, and the beautiful, who have motives of passion only to induce them, are seldom found to embark, as those inducements are taken away; and none but the old, the ugly, and the mercenary, are seen to unite, who, if they have posterity at all, will probably be an ill-favoured race like themselves.

What gave rise to those laws might have been some such accidents as these. It sometimes happened, that a miser, who had spent all his youth in scraping up money to give his daughter such a fortune as might get her a mandarin husband, found his expectations disappointed at last, by her running away with his footman: this must have been a sad shock to the poor disconsolate parent, to see his poor daughter in a one-horse chaise, when he had designed her for a coach-and-six; what a stroke from Providence! to see his dear money go to enrich a beggar: all nature cried out at the profanation!

It sometimes happened also, that a lady who had inherited all the titles and all the nervous complaints of nobility, thought fit to impair her dignity and mend her constitution by marrying a farmer; this must have been a sad shock to her inconsolable relations, to see so fine a flower snatched from a flourishing family, and planted in a dunghill; this was an absolute inversion of the first principles

of things.

In order, therefore, to prevent the great from being thus contaminated by vulgar alliances, the obstacles to matrimony have been so contrived that the rich only can marry amongst the rich, and the poor, who would leave eclibacy, must be content to increase their poverty with a wife. Thus have their laws fairly inverted the inducements to matrimony. Nature tells us, that beauty is the proper allurement of those who are rich, and money of those who are poor; but things here are so contrived, that the rich are invited to marry by that fortune which they do not want, and the poor have no inducement but that beauty which they do not feel.

An equal diffusion of riches through any country ever constitutes its happiness. Great wealth in the possession of one stagnates, and extreme poverty with another keeps him in unambitious indigence; but the moderately rich are generally active: not too far removed from poverty to fear its calamities, nor too near extreme wealth to slacken the nerve of labour, they remain still between both in a state of continual fluctuation. How impolitic, therefore, are those laws which promote the accumulation of wealth among the rich, more impolitic still in attempting to increase the depression of poverty!

Bacon, the English philosopher, compares money to manure; if gathered in heaps, says he, it does no good; on the contrary, it becomes offensive. But being spread, though never so thinly, over the surface of the earth, it enriches the whole country. Thus the wealth a nation possesses must expatiate,

or it is of no benefit to the public; it becomes rather a grievance, where matrimonial laws thus confine it to a few.

But this restraint upon matrimonial community, even considered in a physical light, is injurious. As those who rear up animals take all possible pains to cross the strain in order to improve the breed; so in those countries, where marriage is most free, the inhabitants are found every age to improve in stature and in beauty: on the contrary, where it is confined to a caste, a tribe, or a horde, as among the Gaurs, the Jews, or the Tartars, each division soon assumes a family likeness, and every tribe degenerates into peculiar deformity. Hence it may be easily inferred, that if the mandarins here are resolved only to marry among each other, they will soon produce a posterity with mandarin faces; and we shall see the heir of some honourable family scarcely equal to the abortion of a country farmer.

These are a few of the obstacles to marriage here, and it is certain they have in some measure answered the end, for ceilbacy is both frequent and fashionable. Old bachelors appear abroad without a mask, and old maids, my dear Fum Hoam, have been absolutely known to ogle. To confess in friendship,—if I were an Englishman, I fancy I should be an old bachelor myself; I should never find courage to run through all the adventures prescribed by the law. I could submit to court my mistress herself upon reasonable terms; but to court her father, her mother, and a long tribe of cousins, aunts, and relations, and then stand the but of a whole country clurch; I would as soon turn tail and make love to her grandmother.

I can conceive no other reason for thus loading matrimony with so many prohibitions, unless it be that the country was thought already too populous, and this was found to be the most effectual means of thinning it. If this was the motive, I cannot but congratulate the wise projectors on the success of their scheme. Hail, O ye dim-sighted politicians, ye weeders of men! 'Tis yours to clip the wing of industry, and convert Hymen to a broker. 'Tis yours to behold small objects with a microscopic eye, but to be blind to those which require an extent of vision. 'Tis yours, O ye discerners of mankind, to lay the line between society, and weaken that force by dividing, which should bind with united vigour. Tisyours to introduce national real distress, in order to avoid the imaginary distresses of a few. Your actions can be justified by a hundred reasons like truth, they can be opposed by but a few reasons, and those reasons are true. Farewell.

LETTER LXXIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, by the way of Moscow.

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

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to

which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective still beckons me to pursue; and like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

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

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

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

prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise; yet still we love it : destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

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

LETTER LXXIV.

From LIEN CHI ALTANGI to FUM HOAM, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

In reading the newspapers here, I have reckoned up not less than twenty-five great men, seventeen very great men, and nine very extraordinary men, in less than the compass of half a year. These, say the gazettes, are the men that posterity are to gaze at with admiration: these the names that fame will be employed in holding up for the astonishment of succeeding ages. Let me see: forty-six great men in half a year amount just to ninety-two in a year.—I wonder how posterity will be able to remember them all, or whether the people in future times will have any other business to mind, but that of getting the catalogue by heart.

Does the mayor of a corporation make a speech? he is instantly set down for a great man. Does a pedant digest his common-place book into a folio? he quickly becomes great. Does a poet string up trite sentiments in rhyme? he also becomes the great man of the hour. How diminutive soever

the object of admiration, each is followed by a crowd of still more diminutive admirers. The shout begins in his train, onward he marches towards immortality, looks back at the pursuing crowd with self-satisfaction; catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littleness of conscious greatness, by the way.

I was yesterday invited by a gentleman to dinner, who promised that our entertainment should consist of a haunch of vension, a turtle, and a great man. I came according to appointment. The venison was fine, the turtle good, but the great man insupportable. The moment I ventured to speak, I was at once contradicted with a snap. I attempted, by a second and third assault, to retrieve my lost reputation, but was still beat back with confusion. I was resolved to attack him once more from entrenchment, and turned the conversation upon the government of China: but even here he asserted, snapped, and contradicted as before. Heavens, thought I, this man pretends to know China, even better than myself! I looked round to see who was on my side, but every eye was fixed with admiration on the great man; I therefore at last thought proper to sit silent, and act the pretty gentleman during the ensuing conversation.

When a man has once secured a circle of admirers, he may be as ridiculous here as he thinks proper; and it all passes for elevation of sentiment, or learned absence. If he transgresses the common forms of breeding, mistakes even a tea-pot for a tobacco-box, it is said that his thoughts are fixed on more important objects: to speak and act like the rest of mankind, is to be no greater than they. There is something of oddity in the very idea of greatness; for we are seldom astonished at a thing very much resembling ourselves.

When the Tartars make a lama, their first care is to place him in a dark corner of the temple; here he is to sit half-concealed from view, to regulate the motion of his hands, lips, and eyes; but above all, he is enjoined gravity and silence. This, however, is but the prelude to his apotheosis; a set of emissaries are despatched among the people to cry up his piety, gravity, and love of raw flesh; the people take them at their word, approach the lama, now become an idol, with the most humble prostration; he receives their addresses without motion, commences a god, and is ever after fed by his priests with the spoon of immortality. The same receipt in this country serves to make a great The idol only keeps close; sends out his little emissaries to be hearty in his praise; and straight, whether statesman or author, he is set down in the list of fame, continuing to be praised while it is fashionable to praise, or while he prudently keeps his minuteness concealed from the public.

I have visited many countries, and have been in cities without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of those little great men, all fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation. It is amusing enough when two of those domestic prodigies of learning mount the stage of ceremony, and give and take praise from each other. I have been present when a German doctor, for having pronounced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the most ingenious man in the world, till

the monk soon after divided his reputation by returning the compliment; by which means they both marched off with universal applause.

The same degree of undeserved adulation that attends our great man while living, often also follows him to the tomb. It frequently happens that one of his little admirers sits down big with the important subject, and is delivered of the history of his life and writings. This may properly be called the revolutions of a life between the fireside and the easy-chair. In this we learn the year in which he was born, at what an early age he gave symptoms of uncommon genius and application, together with some of his smart sayings, collected by his aunt and mother, while yet but a boy. The next book introduces him to the university, where we are informed of his amazing progress in learning, his excellent skill in darning stockings, and his new invention for papering books to save the covers. He next makes his appearance in the republic of letters, and publishes his folio. Now the colossus is reared, his works are eagerly bought up by all the purchasers of scarce books. The learned societies invite him to become a member : he disputes against some foreigner with a long Latin name, conquers in the controversy, is complimented by several authors of gravity and importance, is excessively fond of egg-sauce with his pig, becomes president of a literary club, and dies in the meridian of his glory. Happy they, who thus have some little faithful attendant, who never forsakes them, but prepares to wrangle and to praise against every opposer; at once ready to increase their pride while living, and their character when dead. For you and I, my friend, who have no humble admirer thus to attend us, we, who neither are, nor ever will be, great men, and who do not much care whether we are great men or no, at least let us strive to be honest men, and to have common sense.

LETTER LXXV.

PROM THE SAME.

There are numbers in this city who live by writing new books; and yet there are thousands of volumes in every large library unread and forgetten. This, upon my arrival, was one of those contradictions which I was unable to account for. Is it possible, said I, that there should be any demand for new books, before those already published are read? Can there be so many employed in producing a commodity with which the market is overstocked; and with goods also better than any of modern manufacture!

What at first view appeared an inconsistency, is a proof at once of this people's wisdom and refinement. Even allowing the works of their ancestors better written than theirs, yet those of the moderns acquire a real value, by being marked with the impression of the times. Antiquity has been in the possession of others; the present is our own: let us first, therefore, learn to know what belongs to ourselves, and then, if we have leisure, cast our reflections back to the reign of Shonou, who governed twenty thousand years before the creation of the moon.

The volumes of antiquity, like medals, may very

well serve to amuse the curious; but the works of the moderns, like the current coin of a kingdom, are much better for immediate use; the former are often prized above their intrinsic value, and kept with care, the latter seldom pass for more than they are worth, and are often subject to the merciless hands of sweating critics, and clipping compilers: the works of antiquity were ever praised, those of the moderns read; the treasures of our ancestors have our esteem, and we boast the passion; those of contemporary genius engage our heart, although we blush to own it. The visits we pay the former resemble those we pay the great; the ceremony is troublesome, and yet such as we would not choose to forego; our acquaintance with modern books is like sitting with a friend; our pride is not flattered in the interview, but it gives more internal satisfaction.

In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become more necessary. Savage rusticity is reclaimed by oral admonition alone; but the elegant recesses of refinement are best corrected by the still voice of a studious inquiry. In a polite age almost every person becomes a reader, and receives more instruction from the press than the pulpit. The preaching bonze may instruct the illiterate peasant, but nothing less than the insimuating address of a fine writer can win its way to a heart already relaxed in all the effeminacy of refinement. Books are necessary to correct the vices of the polite, but those vices are ever changing, and the antidote should be changed accordingly, should still be new.

Instead, therefore, of thinking the number of new publications here too great, I could wish it still greater, as they are the most useful instruments of reformation. Every country must be instructed either by writers or preachers: but as the number of readers increases, the number of hearers is proportionably diminished, the writer becomes more useful, and the preaching bonze less necessary.

Instead, therefore, of complaining that writers are over-paid, when their works procure them a bare subsistence, I should imagine it the duty of a state not only to encourage their numbers, but their industry. A bonze is rewarded with immense riches for instructing only a few, even of the most ignorant of the people; and sure the poor scholar should not beg his bread, who is capable of instructing a million.

Of all rewards, I grant, the most pleasing to a man of real merit, is fame; but a polite age, of all times, is that in which scarcely any share of merit; can acquire it. What numbers of fine writers in the latter empire of Rome, when refinement, was carried to the highest pitch, have missed that fame and immortality which they had fondly arrogated to themselves? How many Greek authors, who wrote at that period when Constantinople was the refined mistress of the empire, now rest, either not printed, or not read, in the libraries of Europe! Those who came first, while either state as yet was barbarous, carried all the reputation away. Authors, as the age refined, became more numerous, and their numbers destroyed their fame. It is but natural, therefore, for the writer, when conscious that his works will not procure him fame hereafter, to endeavour.

to make them turn out to his temporal interest here.

Whatever be the motives which induce men to write, whether avarice or fame, the country becomes most wise and happy, in which they most serve for instructors. The countries, where sacerdotal instruction alone is permitted, remain in ignorance, superstition, and hopeless slavery. In England, where there are as many new books published as in all the rest of Europe together, a spirit of freedom and reason reigns among the people; they have been often known to act like fools, they are generally found to think like men.

The only danger that attends the multiplicity of publications is, that some of them may be calculated to injure rather than benefit society. But where writers are numerous, they also serve as a check upon each other; and perhaps a literary inquisition is the most terrible punishment that can be conceived, to a literary transgressor.

But to do the English justice, there are but few offenders of this kind; their publications in general aim at mending either the heart, or improving the commonwealth. The dullest writer talks of virtue, and liberty and benevolence, with esteem; tells his true story, filled with good and wholesome advice; warns against slavery, bribery, or the bite of a mad dog, and dresses up his little useful magazine of knowledge and entertainment, at least with a good intention. The dunces of France, on the other hand, who have less encouragement, are more vicious. Tender hearts, languishing eyes, Leonora in love at thirteen, ecstatic transports, stolen blisses, are the frivolous subjects of their frivolous memoirs. In England, if a bawdy blockhead thus breaks in on the community, he sets his whole fraternity in a roar; nor can he escape, even though he should fly to the nobility for shelter.

Thus even dunces, my friend, may make themselves useful. But there are others whom nature has blest with talents above the rest of mankind; men capable of thinking with precision, and impressing their thoughts with rapidity. Beings who diffuse those regards upon mankind, which others contract and settle upon themselves. These deserve every honour from that community of which they are more peculiarly the children; to such I would give my heart, since to them I am indebted for its humanity! Adieu.

LETTER LXXVI.

From Hingpo to Lien Chi Altangi, by the way of Moscow.

I STILL remain at Terki, where I have received that money which was remitted here, in order to release me from captivity. My fair companion still improves in my esteem; the more I know her mind, her beauty becomes more poignant; she appears charming, even among the daughters of Circassia.

Yet were I to examine her beauty with the art of a statuary, I should find numbers here that far surpass her; nature has not granted her the boasted Circassian regularity of features, and yet she greatly exceeds the fairest of the country, in the art of seizing the affections. Whence, have I often said to myself, this resistless magic that

attends even moderate charms; though I regard the beauties of the country with admiration, every interview weakens the impression, but the form of Zelis grows upon my imagination; I never behold her without an increase of tenderness and respect. Whence this injustice of the mind in preferring imperfect beauty to that which nature seems to have finished with care! Whence the infatuation, that he whom a comet could not amaze, should be astonished at a meteor? When reason was thus fatigued to find an answer, my imagination pursued the subject, and this was the result.

I fancied myself placed between two landscapes, this called the Region of Beauty, and that the Valley of the Graces: the one adorned with all that luxuriant nature could bestow; the fruits of various climates adorned the trees, the grove resounded with music, the gale breathed perfume, every charm that could arise from symmetry and exact distribution were here conspicuous, the whole offering a prospect of pleasure without end. The Valley of the Graces, on the other hand, seemed by no means so inviting, the streams and the groves appeared just as they usually do in frequented countries; no magnificent parterres, no concert in the grove, the rivulet was edged with weeds, and the rook joined its voice to that of the nightingale. All was simplicity and

The most striking objects ever first allure the traveller. I entered the Region of Beauty with increased curiosity, and promised myself endless satisfaction in being introduced to the presiding goddess. I perceived several strangers, who entered with the same design, and what surprised me not a little, was to see several others hastening to leave this abode of seeming felicity.

After some fatigue, I had at last the honour of being introduced to the goddess, who represented Beauty in person. She was seated on a throne, at the foot of which stood several strangers lately introduced like me; all regarding her form in ecstacy. "Ah, what eyes! what lips! how clear her complexion! how perfect her shape!" at these exclamations, Beauty, with downcast eyes, would endeavour to counterfeit modesty, but soon again looking round as if to confirm every spectator in his favourable sentiments: sometimes she would attempt to allure us by smiles; and at intervals would bridle back, in order to inspire us with respect as well as tenderness.

This ceremony lasted for some time, and had so much employed our eyes, that we had forgot all this while that the goddess was silent. We soon, however, began to perceive the defect: "What," said we, among each other, "are we to have nothing but languishing airs, soft looks, and inclinations of the head? will the goddess only deign to satisfy our eyes?" Upon this one of the company stepped up to present her with some fruits he had gathered by the way. She received the present most sweetly smiling, and with one of the whitest hands in the world, but still not a word escaped her lips.

I now found that my companions grew weary of their homage; they went off one by one, and resolving not to be left behind, I offered to go in my turn; when just at the door of the temple I was called back by a female, whose name was

Pride, and who seemed displeased at the behaviour of the company. "Where are you hastening?" said she to me, with an angry air; "the Goddess of Beauty is here."—"I have been to visit her, madam," replied I, "and find her more beautiful even than report had made her."-" And why then will you leave her ?" added the female. "I have seen her long enough," returned I; "I have got all her features by heart. Her eyes are still the same. Her nose is a very fine one, but it is still just such a nose now as it was half an hour ago could she throw a little more mind into her face, perhaps I should be for wishing to have more of her company."—" What signifies," replied my female, " whether she has a mind or not: has she any occasion for mind, so formed as she is by nature? If she had a common face, indeed, there might be some reason for thinking to improve it; but when features are already perfect, every alteration would but impair them. A fine face is already at the point of perfection, and a fine lady should endeavour to keep it so; the impression it would receive from thought, would but disturb its whole economy."

To this speech I gave no reply, but made the best of my way to the Valley of the Graces. Here I found all those who before had been my companions in the Region of Beauty, now upon the

same errand.

As we entered the valley, the prospect insensibly seemed to improve; we found everything so natural, so domestic, and pleasing, that our minds, which before were congealed in admiration, now relaxed into gaiety and good-humour. We had designed to pay our respects to the presiding goddess, but she was no where to be found. One of our companions asserted that her temple lay to the right; another, to the left; a third insisted that it was straight before us; and a fourth that we had left it behind. In short, we found everything familiar and charming, but could not determine where to seek for the Grace in person.

In this agreeable incertitude we passed several hours, and though very desirous of finding the goddess, by no means impatient of the delay. Every part of the valley presented some minute beauty, which, without offering itself at once, stole within the soul, and captivated us with the charms of our retreat. Still, however, we continued to search, and might still have continued, had we not been interrupted by a voice which, though we could not see from whence it came,

addressed us in this manner:

" If you would find the Goddess of Grace, seek her not under one form, for she assumes a thousand. Ever changing under the eye of inspection, her variety, rather than her figure, is pleasing. In contemplating her beauty, the eye glides over every perfection with giddy delight, and, capable of fixing no where, is charmed with the whole*. She is now Contemplation with solemn look, again Compassion with humid eye; she now sparkles with joy, soon every feature speaks distress: her looks at times invite our approach, at others repress our presumption : the goddess cannot be properly called beautiful under any one of these forms, but, by combining them all, she becomes irresistibly pleasing." Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy, at Pekin, in China-

The shops of London are as well furnished as those of Pekin. Those of London have a picture hung at their door, informing the passengers what they have to sell, as those at Pekin have a board to assure the buyer that they have no intention

to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy silk for a night-cap: immediately upon entering the mercer's shop, the master and his two men, with wigs plastered with powder, appeared to ask my commands. They were certainly the civilest people alive; if I but looked, they flew to the place where I cast my eye; every motion of mine sent them running round the whole shop for my satisfaction. I informed them that I wanted what was good, and they showed me not less than forty pieces, and each was better than the former; the prettiest pattern in nature, and the fittest in the world for night-caps. "My very good friend," said I to the mercer, " you must not pretend to instruct me in silks; I know these in particular to be no better than your mere flimsy Bungees."-" That may be," cried the mercer, who I afterward found had never contradicted a man in his life, " I cannot pretend to say but they may; but I can assure you, my Lady Trail has had a sacque from this piece this very morning."—" But, friend," said I, "though my lady has chosen a sacque from it, I see no necessity that I should wear it for a nightcap,"—"That may be," returned he again, "yet what becomes a pretty lady, will at any time look well on a handsome gentleman." This short compliment was thrown in so very seasonably upon my ugly face, that even though I disliked the silk, I desired him to cut me off the pattern of a night-cap.

While this business was consigned to his journeyman, the master himself took down some pieces of silk still finer than any I had yet seen, and spreading them before me, "There," crics he, "there's beauty; my Lord Snakeskin has bespoke the fellow to this for the birth-night this very morning: it would look charmingly in waistcoats. -" But 1 do not want a waistcoat," replied I.
"Not want a waistcoat?" returned the mercer, "then I would advise you to buy one; when waistcoats are wanted, you may depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside." There was so much justice in his advice, that I could not refuse taking it; besides, the silk, which was really a good one, increased the temptation; so I gave orders for that

As I was waiting to have my bargains measured and cut, which, I know not how, they executed but slowly; during the interval the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of some of the nobility receiving company in their morning-gowns: "Perhaps, sir," adds he, "you have a mind to see what kind of silk is universally worn." Without waiting for my reply, he spreads a piece before me which might be reckoned beautiful even in China. " If the nobility," continues he, " were to know I sold this to any under a Right

^{*} Vultus nimium lubricus aspici,--IIon,

Honourable, I should certainly lose their custom; you see, my lord, it is at once rich, tasty, and quite the thing."—" I am no lord," interrupted I. "I beg pardon," cried he, "but be pleased to remember, when you intend buying a morning-gown, that you had an offer from me of something worth money. Conscience, sir, conscience is my way of dealing; you may buy a morning-gown now, or you may stay till they become dearer and less fashionable, but it is not my business to advise." In short, most reverend Fum, he persuaded me to buy a morning-gown also, and would probably have persuaded me to have bought half the goods in his shop, if I had staid long enough, or was furnished with sufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help reflecting, with some astonishment, how this very man, with such a confined education and capacity, was yet capable of turning me as he thought proper, and moulding me to his inclinations! I knew he was only answering his own purposes, even while he attempted to appear solicitous about mine; yet, by a voluntary infatuation, a sort of passion compounded of vanity and good-nature, I walked into the snare with my eyes open, and put myself to future pain, in order to give him immediate pleasure. The wisdom of the ignorant somewhat resembles the instinct of animals; it is diffused in but a very narrow sphere, but within that circle it acts with vigour, uniformity, and success. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

From my former accounts, you may be apt to fancy the English the most ridiculous people under the sun. They are indeed ridiculous: yet every other nation in Europe is equally so; each laughs at each, and the Asiatic at all.

I may, upon another occasion, point out what is most strikingly absurd in other countries; I shall at present confine myself only to France. The first national peculiarity a traveller meets, upon entering that kingdom, is an odd sort of a staring vivacity in every eye, not excepting even the children; the people, it seems, have got it into their heads that they have more wit than others, and so stare in order to look smart.

I know not how it happens, but there appears a sickly delicacy in the faces of their finest women. This may have introduced the use of paint, and paint produces wrinkles: so that a fine lady shall look like a hag at twenty-three. But as in some measure they never appear young, so it may be equally asserted, that they actually think themselves never old; a gentle miss shall prepare for new conquests at sixty, shall hobble a rigadoon when she can scarcely hobble out without a crutch, she shall affect the girl, play her fan and her eyes, and talk of sentiments, bleeding hearts, and expiring for love when dying with age. Like a departing philosopher, she attempts to make her last moments the most brilliant of her life.

Their civility to strangers is what they are chiefly proud of; and to confess sincerely, their beggars are the very politest beggars I ever knew; in other places a traveller is addressed with a pitcous whine, or a sturdy solemnity, but

a French beggar shall ask your charity with a very genteel bow, and thank you for it with a smile and shrug.

Another instance of this people's breeding I must not forget. An Englishman could not speak his native language in a company of foreigners where he was sure that none understood him; a travelling Hottentot himself would be silent if acquainted only with the language of his country: but a Frenchman shall talk to you whether you understand his language or not; never troubling his head whether you have learned French, still he keeps up the conversation, fixes his eye full in your face, and asks a thousand questions which he answers himself for want of a more satisfactory renly.

But their civility to foreigners is not half so great as their admiration of themselves. Everything that belongs to them and their nation is great, magnificent beyond expression; quite romantic; every garden is a paradise, every hovel a palace, and every woman an angel. They shut their eyes close, throw their mouths wide open, and cry out in rapture: Sacré! what beauty! O Ciel, what taste! mort de ma vie, what grandeur! was ever any people like ourselves? we are the nation of men, and all the rest no better than two-legged barbarians!

I fancy the French would make the best cooks in the world, if they had but meat; as it is, they can dress you out five different dishes from a nettle-top, seven from a dock-leaf, and twice as many from a frog's haunches; these eat prettily enough when one is a little used to them, are easy of digestion, and seldom overload the stomach with crudities. They seldom dine under seven hot dishes; it is true, indeed, with all this magnificence, they seldom spread a cloth before the guests; but in that I cannot be angry with them; since those who have got no linen on their backs, may very well be excused for wanting it upon their tables.

Even religion itself loses its solemnity among them. Upon their roads, at about every five miles' distance, you see an image of the Virgin Mary dressed up in grim head-cloths, painted cheeks, and an old red petticoat; before her a lamp is often kept burning, at which, with the saint's permission, I have frequently lighted my pipe. Instead of the Virgin you are sometimes presented with a crucifix, at other times with a wooden Saviour, fitted out in complete garniture, with sponge, spear, nails, pincers, hammer, beeswax, and vinegar-bottle. Some of these images, I have been told, came down from heaven; if so, in heaven they have but bungling workmen.

In passing through their towns, you frequently see the men sitting at the doors knitting stockings, while the care of cultivating the ground and pruning the vines falls to the women. This is perhaps the reason why the fair sex are granted some peculiar privileges in this country; particularly, when they can get horses, of riding without a side-saddle.

But I begin to think you may find this description pert and dull enough; perhaps it is so, yet in general it is the manner in which the French usually describe foreigners; and it is but just to force a part of that ridicule back upon them, which they attempt to lavish on others.

LETTER LXXIX.

FROM THE SAME.

THE two theatres, which serve to amuse the citizens here, are again opened for the winter. The mimetic troops, different from those of the state, begin their campaign when all the others quit the field; and at a time when the Europeans cease to destroy each other in reality, they are entertained with mock battles upon the stage.

The dancing-master once more shakes his quivering feet; the carpenter prepares his paradise of pasteboard; the hero resolves to cover his forehead with brass, and the heroine begins to scour up her copper tail, preparative to future operations; in short, all are in motion, from the theatrical letter-carrier in yellow clothes, to Alexander

the Great that stands on a stool.

Both houses have already commenced hostilities. War, open war, and no quarter received or given! Two singing-women, like heralds, have begun the contest; the whole town is divided on this solemn occasion: one has the finest pipe, the other the finest manner; one curtsics to the ground, the other salutes the audience with a smile; one comes on with modesty which asks, the other with boldness which extorts, applause; one wears powder, the other has none; one has the longest waist, but the other appears most easy: all, all is important and serious. The town as yet perseveres in its neutrality, a cause of such moment demands the most mature deliberation; they continue to exhibit, and it is very possible this contest may continue to please to the end of the season.

But the generals of either army have, as I am told, several reinforcements to lend occasional assistance. If they produce a pair of diamond buckles at one house, we have a pair of eye-brows that can match them at the other. If we outdo them in our attitude, they can overcome us by a shrug; if we can bring more children on the stage, they can bring more guards in red clothes, who strut and shoulder their swords to the astonish-

ment of every spectator.

They tell me here, that people frequent the theatre in order to be instructed as well as amused. I smile to hear the assertion. If I ever go to one of their play-houses, what with trumpets, hallooing behind the stage, and bawling upon it, I am quite dizzy before the performance is over. If I enter the house with any sentiments in my head, I am sure to have none going away; the whole mind being filled with a dead march, a funeral procession, a cat-call, a jig, or a tempest.

There is perhaps nothing more easy than to write properly for the English theatre; I am amazed that none are apprenticed to the trade. The author, when well acquainted with the value of thunder and lightning, when versed in all the mystery of scene-shifting and trap-doors; when skilled in the proper periods to introduce a wire walker, or a water-fall; when instructed in every actor's peculiar talent, and capable of adapting his speeches to the supposed excellence; when thus instructed, he knows all that can give a modern audience pleasure. One player shines in an exclamation, another in a groan, a third in a horror, a fourth in a start, a fifth in a smile, a sixth faints and a seventh fidgets round the stage with pecu-

liar vivacity; that piece therefore will succeed best where each has a proper opportunity of shining; the actor's business is not so much to adapt himself to the poet, as the poet's to adapt himself to the actor.

The great secret therefore of tragedy writing at present, is a perfect acquaintance with theatrical ah's and oh's, a certain number of these interspersed with gods! tortures, racks, and damnation, shall distort every actor almost into convulsions, and draw tears from every spectator; a proper use of these will infallibly fill the house with applause. But, above all, a whining scene must strike most forcibly. I would advise, from my present knowledge of the audience, the two favourite players of the town to introduce a scene of this sort in every play. Towards the middle of the last act, I would have them enter with wild looks and out-spread arms; there is no necessity for speaking, they are only to groan at each other, they must vary the tones of exclamation and despair through the whole theatrical gamut, wring their figures into every shape of distress, and when their calamities have drawn a proper quantity of tears from the sympathetic spectators, they may go off in dumb solemnity at different doors, clasping their hands, or slapping their pocket-holes; this, which may be called a tragic pantomime, will answer every purpose of moving the passions, as well as words could have done, and it must save those expenses which go to reward an

All modern plays that would keep the audience alive, must be conceived in this manner, and indeed, many a modern play is made up on no other plan. This is the merit that lifts up the heart, like opium, into a rapture of insensibility, and can dismiss the mind from all the fatigue of thinking: this is the eloquence that shines in many a long-forgotten scene, which has been reckoned excessively fine upon acting; this the lightning that flashes no less in the hyperbolical tyrant, who breakfasts on the wind, than in little Norval, as harmless as the babe unborn. Adieu.

LETTER LXXX.

FROM THE SAME.

I HAVE always regarded the spirit of mercy which appears in the Chinese laws with admiration. An order for the execution of a criminal is carried from court by slow journeys of six miles a day; but a pardon is sent down with the most rapid despatch. If five sons of the same father be guilty of the same offence, one of them is forgiven, in order to continue the family, and comfort the aged parents in their decline. Similar to this, there is a spirit of mercy breathes through the laws of England, which some erroneously endeavour to suppress; the laws however seem unwilling to punish the offender, or to furnish the officers of justice with every means of acting with severity. Those who arrest debtors are denied the use of arms, the nightly watch is permitted to repress the disorders of the drunken citizens only with clubs; Justice in such a case seems to hide her terrors, and permits some offenders to escape, rather than load any with a punishment dispreportioned to the crime.

Thus it is the glory of an Englishman, that he is not only governed by laws, but that these are also tempered with mercy; a country restrained by severe laws, and those too executed with severity (as in Japan), is under the most terrible species of tyranny; a royal tyrant is generally dreadful to the great, but numerous penal laws grind every rank of people, and chiefly those least

able to resist oppression-the poor.

It is very possible, thus for a people to become slaves to laws of their own enacting, as the Athenians were to those of Draco, "It might first happen," says the historian, "that men with peculiar talents for villany attempted to evade the ordinances already established, their practices therefore soon brought on a new law levelled against them; but the same degree of cunning which had taught the knave to evade the former statutes, taught him to evade the latter also; he flew to new shifts, while justice pursued with new ordinances; still, however, he kept his proper distance, and whenever one crime was judged penal by the state, he left committing it in order to practise some unforbidden species of villany. Thus the criminal against whom the threatenings were denounced always escaped free; while the simple rogue alone felt the rigour of justice. In the mean time penal laws became numerous, almost every person in the state unknowingly at different times offended, and was every moment subject to a malicious prosecution." In fact, penal laws, instead of preventing crimes, are generally enacted after the commission; instead of repressing the growth of ingenious villany, only multiply deceit, by putting it upon new shifts and expedients of practising with impunity.

Such laws, therefore, resemble the guards which are sometimes imposed upon tributary princes, apparently indeed to secure them from danger, but

in reality to confirm their captivity.

Penal laws, it must be allowed, secure property in a state, but they also diminish personal security in the same proportion: there is no positive law, how equitable soever, that may not be sometimes capable of injustice. When a law enacted to make theft punishable with death happens to be equitably executed, it can at best only guard our possessions; but when by favour or ignorance justice pronounces a wrong verdiet, it then attacks our lives, since in such a case the whole community suffers with the innocent victim: if, therefore, in order to secure the effects of one man, I should make a law which may take away the life of another, in such a case, to attain a smaller good, I am guilty of a greater evil; to secure society in the possession of a bauble, I render a real and valuable possession precarious. And, indeed, the experience of every age may serve to vindicate the assertion; no law could be more just than that called lesæ majestatis, when Rome was governed by emperors. It was but reasonable, that every conspiracy against the administration should be detected and punished; yet what terrible slaughter succeeded in consequence of its enactment! proscriptions, stranglings, poisonings, in almost every family of distinction, yet all done in a legal way; every criminal had his trial, and lost his life by a majority of witnesses.

And such will ever be the case, where punishments are numerous, and where a weak, vicious,

but above all, where a mercenary magistrate is concerned in their execution; such a man desires to see penal laws increased, since he too frequently has it in his power to turn them into instruments of extortion; in such hands the more laws, the wider means, not of satisfying justice, but of satiating avarice.

A mercenary magistrate who is rewarded in proportion, not to his integrity, but to the number he convicts, must be a person of the most unblemished character, or he will lean to the side of cruelty; and when once the work of injustice is begun, it is impossible to tell how far it will proceed. It is said of the hyana, that naturally it is no way ravenous, but when once it has tasted human flesh it becomes the most voracious animal of the forest, and continues to persecute mankind ever after: a corrupt magistrate may be considered as a human hyana; he begins perhaps by a private snap, he goes on to a morsel among friends, he proceeds to a meal in public, from a meal he advances to a surfeit, and at last sucks

blood like a vampire.

Not into such hands should the administration of justice be entrusted, but to those who know how to reward as well as to punish. It was a fine saying of Nangfu, the emperor, who being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, "Come then, my friends," said he, "follow me, and I promise you that we shall quickly destroy them:" he marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How!" cries his first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise; your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold you have pardoned all, and even caressed some!" "I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies, I have fulfilled my word, for see, they are enemies no longer; I have made friends of them."

This, could it always succeed, were the true method of destroying the enemies of a state; well it were if rewards and mercy alone could regulate the commonwealth; but since punishments are sometimes necessary, let them at least be rendered terrible, by being executed but seldom, and let Justice lift her sword rather to terrify than revenge. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXI.

FROM THE SAME.

I HAVE as yet given you but a short and imperfect description of the ladies of England. Woman, my friend, is a subject not easily understood, even in China; what, therefore, can be expected from my knowledge of the sex in a country where they are universally allowed to be riddles, and I but a stranger?

To confess a truth, I was afraid to begin the description, lest the sex should undergo some new revolution before it was finished; and my picture should thus become old before it could well be said to have ever been new. To-day they are lifted upon stilts, to-morrow they lower their heels

and raise their heads; their clothes at one time are bloated out with whalebone; at present they have laid their hoops aside, and are become as slim as mermaids. All, all is in a state of continual fluctuation, from the mandarin's wife who rattles through the streets in her chariot, to the humble sempstress who clatters over the pavement

in iron-shod pattens.

What chiefly distinguishes the sex at present is the train. As a lady's quality or fashion was once determined here by the circumference of her hoop, both are now measured by the length of her tail. Women of moderate fortunes are contented with tails moderately long; but ladies of true taste and distinction set no bounds to their ambition in this particular. I am told the Lady Mayoress, on days of ceremony, carries one longer than a bellwether of Bantam, whose tail you know is trundled along in a wheel-barrow.

Sun of China, what contradictions do we find in this strange world! not only the people of different countries think in opposition to each other, but the inhabitants of a single island are often found inconsistent to themselves; would you believe it? this very people, my Fum, who are so fond of seeing their women with long tails, at the same time

dock their horses to the very rump!!!

But you may easily guess that I am no way displeased with a fashion which tends to increase a demand for the commodities of the East, and is so very beneficial to the country in which I was born. Nothing can be better calculated to increase the price of silk than the present manner of dressing. A lady's train is not bought but at some expense, and after it has swept the public walks for a very few evenings, is fit to be worn no longer; more silk must be bought in order to repair the breach, and some ladies of peculiar economy are thus found to patch up their tails eight or ten times in a season. This unnecessary consumption may introduce poverty here, but then we shall be the richer for it in China.

The man in black, who is a professed enemy to this manner of ornamenting the tail, assures me, there are numberless inconveniences attending it, and that a lady dressed up to the fashion is as much a cripple as any in Nankin. But his chief indignation is levelled at those who dress in this manner, without a proper fortune to support it; he assures me that he has known some, who would have a tail though they wanted a petocoat, and others, who, without any other pretensions, fancied they became ladies merely from the addition of three superfluous yards of ragged silk; I know a thrifty good woman, continues he, who thinking herself obliged to carry a train like her betters, never walks from home without the uneasy apprehensions of wearing it out too soon; every excursion she makes gives her new anxiety, and her train is every blt as importunate, and wounds her peace as much, as the bladder we sometimes see tied to the tail of a cat.

Nay, he ventures to affirm, that a train may often bring a lady into the most critical circumstances; "for should a rude fellow," says he, "offer to come up to ravish a kiss, and the lady attempt to avoid it, in retiring she must necessarily tread upon her train, and thus fall fairly upon her back, by which means every one knows-her

clothes may be spoiled."

The ladies here make no scruple to laugh at the smallness of a Chinese slipper; but I fancy our wives at China would have a more real cause of laughter, could they but see the immoderate length of a European train. Head of Confucius! to view a human being crippling herself with a great unwieldy tail for our diversion; backwards she cannot go, forward she must move but slowly, and if ever she attempts to turn round, it must be in a circle not smaller than that described by the wheeling erocodile, when it would face an assailant. And yet to think that all this confers importance and majesty! to think that a lady acquires additional respect from fifteen yards of trailing taffety! I cannot contain: ha, ha, ha; this is certainly a remnant of European barbarity; the female Tartar dressed in sheep-skins is in far more convenient drapery. Their own writers have sometimes inveighed against the absurdity of this fashion; but perhaps it has never been ridiculed so well as upon the Italian theatre; where Pasquarielo being engaged to attend on the Countess of Fernambroco, having one of his hands employed in carrying her muff, and the other her lap-dog, he bears her train majestically along by sticking it in the waistband of his breeches. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXII.

FROM THE SAME.

A DISPUTE has for some time divided the philosophers of Europe; it is debated, whether arts and sciences are more serviceable or prejudicial to mankind. They who maintain the cause of literature endeavour to prove their usefulness from the impossibility of a large number of men subsisting in a small tract of country without them; from the pleasure which attends the acquisition, and from the influence of knowledge in promoting practical

They who maintain the opposite opinion, display the happiness and innocence of those uncultivated nations who live without learning; urge the numerous vices which are to be found only in polished society, enlarge upon the oppression, the cruelty, and the blood which must necessarily be shed, in order to cement civil society, and insist upon the happy equality of conditions in a barbarous state, preferable to the natural subordination of a more

refined constitution.

This dispute, which has already given so much employment to speculative indolence, has been managed with much ardour, and (not to suppress our sentiments) with but little sagacity. who insist that the sciences are useful in refined society are certainly right, and they who maintain that barbarous nations are more happy without them are right also: but when one side for this reason attempts to prove them as universally useful to the solitary barbarian as to the native of a crowded commonwealth; or when the other endeavours to banish them, as prejudicial to all society, even from populous states, as well as from the inhabitants of the wilderness, they are both wrong; since that knowledge which makes the happiness of a refined European would be a torment to the precarious tenant of an Asiatic wild.

Let me, to prove this, transport the imagination for a moment to the midst of a forest in Siberia.

There we behold the inhabitant, poor indeed, but equally fond of happiness with the most refined philosopher of China. The earth lies uncultivated and uninhabited for miles around him; his little family and he the sole and undisputed possessors. In such circumstances, nature and reason will induce him to prefer a hunter's life to that of cultivating the earth. He will certainly adhere to that manner of living which is carried on at the smallest expense of labour, and that food which is most agreeable to the appetite; he will prefer indolent though precarious luxury, to a laborious though permanent competence; and a knowledge of his own happiness will determine him to persevere in native barbarity.

In like manner his happiness will incline him to bind himself by no law: laws are made in order to secure present property, but he is possessed of no property which he is afraid to lose, and desires no more than will be sufficient to sustain him; to enter into compacts with others would be undergoing a voluntary obligation without the expectance of any reward. He and his countrymen are tenants, not rivals, in the same inexhaustible forest; the increased possessions of one by no means diminishes the expectations arising from equal assiduity in another; there is no need of laws therefore to repress ambition, where there can be no mischief attending its most boundless

gratifications.

Our solitary Siberian will, in like manner, find the sciences not only entirely useless in directing his practice, but disgusting even in speculation. In every contemplation our curiosity must be first excited by the appearances of things, before our reason undergoes the fatigue of investigating the causes. Some of those appearances are produced by experiment, others by minute inquiry; some arise from a knowledge of foreign climates, and others from an intimate study of our own. But there are few objects in comparison which present themselves to the inhabitant of a barbarous country; the game he hunts, or the transient cottage he builds, make up the chief objects of his concern; his curiosity therefore must be proportionably less; and if that is diminished, the reasoning faculty will be diminished in proportion.

Besides, sensual enjoyment adds wings to curiosity.—We consider few objects with ardent attention, but those which have some connection with our wishes, our pleasures, or our necessities. A desire of enjoyment first interests our passions in the pursuit, points out the object of investigation, and reason then comments where sense has led the way. An increase in the number of our enjoyments therefore necessarily produces an increase of scientific research; but in countries where almost every enjoyment is wanting, reason there seems destitute of its great inspirer, and speculation is the business of fools when it becomes its

own reward.

The barbarous Siberian is too wise, therefore, to exhaust his time in quest of knowledge, which neither curiosity prompts, nor pleasure impels him to pursue. When told of the exact admeasurement of a degree upon the equator at Quito, he feels no pleasure in the account; when informed that such a discovery tends to promote navigation and commerce, he finds himself no way interested in either. A discovery which some have pursued

at the hazard of their lives, affects him with neither astonishment nor pleasure. He is satisfied with thoroughly understanding the few objects which contribute to his own felicity; he knows the properest places where to lay the snare for the sable; and discerns the value of furs with more than European sagacity. More extended knowledge would only serve to render him unhappy: it might lend a ray to show him the misery of his situation; but could not guide him in his efforts to avoid it. Ignorance is the happiness of

the poor.

The misery of a being endowed with sentiments above its capacity of fruition, is most admirably described in one of the fables of Locman the Indian moralist. "An elephant, that had been peculiarly serviceable in fighting the battles of Wistnow, was ordered by the god to wish for whatever he thought proper, and the desire should be The eleattended with immediate gratification. phant thanked his benefactor on bended knees. and desired to be endowed with the reason and the faculties of a man. Wistnow was sorry to hear the foolish request, and endeavoured to dissuade him from his misplaced ambition; but finding it to no purpose, gave him at last such a portion of wisdom as could correct even the Zendavesta of Zoroaster. The reasoning elephant went away rejoicing in his new acquisition, and though his body still retained its ancient form, he found his appetites and passions entirely altered. He first considered, that it would not only be more comfortable, but also more becoming, to wear clothes; but unhappily he had no method of making them himself, nor had he the use of speech to demand them from others, and this was the first time he felt real anxiety. He soon perceived how much more elegantly men were fed than he, therefore he began to loathe his usual food, and longed for those delicacies which adorn the tables of princes; but here again he found it impossible to be satisfied; for though he could easily obtain flesh, yet he found it impossible to dress it in any degree of perfection. In short, every pleasure that contributed to the felicity of mankind, served only to render him more miserable, as he found himself utterly deprived of the power of enjoy-In this manner he led a repining, discontented life, detesting himself, and displeased with his ill-judged ambition, till at last his benefactor, Wistnow, taking compassion on his forlorn situation, restored him to the ignorance and happiness which he was originally formed to enjoy."

No, my friend, to attempt to introduce the sciences into a nation of wandering barbarians, is only to render them more miserable than even nature designed they should be. A life of simplicity is best fitted to a state of solitude.

The great lawgiver of Russia attempted to improve the desolate inhabitants of Siberia, by sending among them some of the politest men of Europe. The consequence has shown that the country was as yet unfit to receive them; they languished for a time with a sort of exotic malady, every day degenerated from themselves, and at last, intead of rendering the country more polite, they conformed to the soil, and put on barbarity.

No, my friend; in order to make the sciences useful in any country, it must first become populous; the inhabitant must go through the different

stages of hunter, shepherd, and husbandman: then, when property becomes valuable, and consequently gives cause for injustice; then, when laws are appointed to repress injury, and secure possession; when men, by the sanction of those laws, become possessed of superfluity; when luxury is thus introduced, and demands its continual supply, then it is that the sciences become necessary and useful; the state then cannot subsist without them; they must then be introduced, at once to teach men to draw the greatest possible quantity of pleasure from circumscribed possession, and to restrain them within the bounds of moderate enjoyment.

The sciences are not the cause of luxury, but its consequence; and this destroyer thus brings with it an antidote which resists the virulence of its own poison. By asserting that luxury introduces the sciences, we assert a truth; but if, with those who reject the utility of learning, we assert that the sciences also introduce luxury, we shall be at once false, absurd, and ridiculous. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, by the way of Moscow.

You are now arrived at an age, my son, when pleasure dissuades from application; but rob not, by present gratification, all the succeeding period of life of its happiness. Sacrifice a little pleasure at first to the expectance of greater. The study of a few years will make the rest of life completely

But instead of continuing the subject myself, take the following instructions borrowed from a modern philosopher of China *. "He who has begun his fortune by study will certainly confirm it by perseverance. The love of books damps the passion for pleasure; and when this passion is once extinguished, life is then cheaply supported; thus a man being possessed of more than he wants, can never be subject to great disappointments, and avoids all those meannesses which indigence sometimes unavoidably produces.

"There is an unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student. The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one. We ought to lay hold of every incident in life for improvement, the trifling as well as the important. It is not one diamond alone which gives lustre to another; a common coarse stone is also employed for that purpose. Thus I ought to draw advantage from the insults and contempt I meet with from a worthless fellow. His brutality ought to induce me to self-examination, and correct every blemish that may have given rise to his

"Yet, with all the pleasures and profits which are generally produced by learning, parents often find it difficult to induce their children to study. They often seem dragged to what wears the appearance of application. Thus being dilatory in the beginning, all future hopes of eminence are entirely cut off. If they find themselves obliged to write two lines more polite than ordinary, their pencil then seems as heavy as a millstone, and they spend ten years in turning two or three periods

with propriety.

"These persons are most at a loss when a banquet is almost over: the plate and the dice go round, that the number of little verses which each is obliged to repeat, may be determined by chance. The booby, when it comes to his turn, appears quite stupid and insensible. The company divert themselves with his confusion; and sneers, winks, and whispers, are circulated at his expense. As for him, he opens a pair of large heavy eyes, stares at all about him, and even offers to join in the laugh, without ever considering himself as the burthen of all their good-humour.

"But it is of no importance to read much, except you be regular in reading. If it be interrupted for any considerable time, it can never be attended with proper improvement. There are some who study for one day with intense application, and repose themselves for ten days after. But wisdom is a coquette, and must be courted

with unabating assiduity.

"It was a saying of the ancients, that a man never opens a book without reaping some advantage by it. I say with them, that every book can serve to make us more expert, except romances, and these are no better than the instruments of debauchery. They are dangerous fictions, where

love is the ruling passion.

"The most indecent strokes there pass for turns of wit, intrigue and criminal liberties for gallantry and politeness. Assignations, and even villany, are put in such strong lights, as may inspire even grown men with the strongest passion; how much therefore ought the youth of either sex to dread them, whose reason is so weak, and whose hearts

are so susceptible of passion!

"To slip in by a back door, or leap a wall, are accomplishments that, when handsomely set off, enchant a young heart. It is true the plot is commonly wound up by a marriage, concluded with the consent of parents, and adjusted by every ceremony prescribed by law. But as in the body of the work there are many passages that offend good morals, overthrow laudable custom, violate the laws, and destroy the duties most essential to society, virtue is thereby exposed to the most dangerous attacks.

"But, say some, the authors of these romances have nothing in view, but to represent vice punished, and virtue rewarded. Granted. But will the greater number of readers take notice of these punishments and rewards? Are not their minds carried to something else? Can it be imagined that the heart with which the author inspires the love of virtue can overcome that crowd of thoughts which sway them to licentionsness? To be able to inculcate virtue by so leaky a vehicle, the author must be a philosopher of the first rank. But in our age we can find but few first-rate philosophers.

"Avoid such performances where vice assumes the face of virtue; seek wisdom and knowledge without ever thinking you have found them. A man is wise while he continues in the pursuit of wisdom; but when he once fancies that he has found the object of his inquiry, he then becomes

^{*} A translation of this passage may also be seen in Du Halde, vol. ii. fol. pp. 47 and 58. This extract will at least serve to show that fondness for humour which appears in the writings of the Chinese.

a fool. Learn to pursue virtue from the man that is blind, who never makes a step without first

examining the ground with his staff.

"The world is like a vast sea, mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom. Our prudence is its sails, the sciences serve us for oars, good or bad fortune are the favourable or contrary winds, and judgment is the rudder: without this last the vessel is tossed by every billow, and will find shipwreck in every breeze. In a word, obscurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and economy; vigilance and economy of riches and honour; riches and honour of pride and luxury; pride and luxury, of impurity and idleness; and impurity and idleness again produce indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life." Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy, at Pekin, in China.

I fancy the character of a poet is in every country the same, fond of enjoying the present, careless of the future, his conversation that of a man of sense, his actions those of a fool! of fortitude able to stand unmoved at the bursting of an earthquake, yet of sensibility to be affected by the breaking of a tea-cup; such is his character, which, considered in every light, is the very opposite of that which leads to riches.

The poets of the West are as remarkable for their indigence as their genius, and yet among the numerous hospitals designed to relieve the poor, I have heard of but one erceted for the benefit of decayed authors. This was founded by Pope Urban VIII. and called the Retreat of the Incurables; intimating, that it was equally impossible to reelaim the patients, who sued for reception, from poerty, or from poetry. To be sincere, were I to send you an account of the lives of the Western poets, either ancient or modern, I fancy you would think me employed in collecting materials for a history of human wretchedness.

Homer is the first poet and beggar of note among the ancients; he was blind, and sung his ballads about the streets; but it is observed, that his mouth was more frequently filled with verses than with bread. Plautus, the comic poet, was better off: he had two trades; he was a poet for his diversion, and helped to turn a mill, in order to gain a livelihood. Terence was a slave, and Boethius died in

gaol.

Among the Italians, Paulo Borghese, almost as good a poet as Tasso, knew fourteen different trades. and yet died because he could get employment in none. Tasso himself, who had the most amiable character of all poets, has often been obliged to borrow a crown from some friend, in order to pay for a month's subsistence; he has left us a pretty sonnet, addressed to his cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes to write by, being too poor to afford himself a candle. But Bentivoglio, poor Bentivoglio! chiefly demands our pity. His comedies will last with the Italian language; he dissipated a noble fortune in acts of charity and benevolence: but falling into misery in his old age, was refused to be admitted into an hospital which he himself had erected.

In Spain, it is said, the great Cervantes died of hunger; and it is certain, that the famous Camoens ended his days in an hospital.

If we turn to France, we shall there find even stronger instances of the ingratitude of the public. Vaugelas, one of the politest writers, and one of the honestest men of his time, was surnamed the Owl, from his being obliged to keep within all day, and venture out only by night, through fear of his creditors. His last will is very remarkable; after having bequeathed all his worldly substance to the discharging his debts, he goes on thus: "But as there still may remain some creditors unpaid, even after all that I have shall have been disposed of, in such a case, it is my last will, that my body should be sold to the surgeons to the best advantage, and that the purchase should go to the discharging those debts which I owe to society; so that, if I could not, while living, at least when dead, I may be useful."

Cassander was one of the greatest geniuses of his time, yet all his merit could not procure him a bare subsistence. Being by degrees driven into a hatred of all mankind from the little pity he found amongst them, he even ventured at last ungratefully to impute his calamities to Providence. In his last agonies, when the priest entreated him to rely on the justice of heaven, and ask mercy from him that made him; "If God," replies he, "has shown me no justice here, what reason have I to expect any from him hereafter?" But being answered, that a suspension of justice was no argument that should induce us to doubt of its reality; "Let me entreat you," continued his confessor, "by all that is dear, to be reconciled to God, your father, your maker, and friend."-" No,' replied the exasperated wretch, "you know the manner in which he left me to live;" and pointing to the straw on which he was stretched, "and you see the manner in which he leaves me to die !"

But the sufferings of the poet in other countries is nothing when compared to his distresses here; the names of Spenser and Otway, Butler and Dryden, are every day mentioned as a national reproach: some of them lived in a state of precarious indigence, and others literally died of hunger.

At present the few poets of England no longer depend on the great for subsistence, they have now no other patrons but the public; and the public, collectively considered, is a good and a generous master. It is, indeed, too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favour; but to make amends, it is never mistaken long. A performance indeed may be forced for a time into reputation, but destitute of real merit it soon sinks; time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud; and an author should never arrogate to himself any share of success, till his works have been read at least ten years with satisfaction.

A man of letters at present, whose works are valuable, is perfectly sensible of their value. Every polite member of the community, by buying what he writes, contributes to reward him. The ridicule therefore of living in a garret, might have been wit in the last age, but continues such no longer, because no longer true. A writer of real merit now may easily he rich if his heart be set only on fortune: and for those who have no merit, it is but fit that such should remain in merited obscu-

rity. He may now refuse an invitation to dinner, without fearing to incur his patron's displeasure, or to starve by remaining at home. He may now venture to appear in company with just such clothes as other men generally wear, and talk even to princes with all the conscious superiority of wisdom. Though he cannot boast of fortune here, yet he can bravely assent the dignity of independence. Adicu.

LETTER LXXXV.

FROM THE SAME.

I have interested myself so long in all the concerns of this people, that I am almost become an Englishman; I now begin to read with pleasure of their taking towns or gaining battles, and secretly wish disappointment to all the enemies of Britain. Yet still my regard to mankind fills me with concern for their contentions. I could wish to see the disturbances of Europe once more amicably adjusted; I am an enemy to nothing in this good world but war; I hate fighting between rival states; I hate it between man and man; I hate fighting even between women.

I already informed you, that while Europe was at variance, we were also threatened from the stage with an irreconcileable opposition, and that our singing-women were resolved to sing at each other to the end of the season. O my friend, those fears were just. They are not only determined to sing at each other to the end of the season, but what is worse, to sing the same song, and what is still more insupportable, to make us pay for hear-

ing.

If they be for war, for my part I should advise them to have a public congress, and there fairly squall at each other. What signifies sounding the trumpet of defiance at a distance, and calling in the town to fight their battles. I would have them come boldly into one of the most open and frequented streets, face to face, and there try their

skill in quavering.

However this may be, resolved I am that they shall not touch one single piece of silver more of mine. Though I have ears for music, thanks to heaven they are not altogether asses' ears. What! Polly and the Pickpocket to-morrow night, and Polly and the Pickpocket again; I want patience. I will hear no more. My soul is out of tune, all jarring discord and confusion. Rest, rest ye dear three clinking shillings in my pocket's bottom; the music you make is more harmonious to my spirit, than catgut, rosin, or all the nightingales that ever chirruped in petticoats.

But what raises my indignation to the greatest degree, is that this piping does not only pester me on the stage, but is my punishment in private conversation. What is it to me, whether the fine pipe of one, or the great manner of the other, be preferable? what care I if one has a better top, or the other a nobler bottom? how am I concerned if one sings from the stomach, or the other sings with a snap? Yet paltry as these matters are, they make a subject of debate wherever I go, and this musical dispute, especially among the fair sex, almost always ends in a very unmusical alteraction.

Sure the spirit of contention is mixed into the very constitution of the people; divisions among the inhabitants of other countries arise only from their higher concerns, but subjects the most contemptible are made an affair of party here, the spirit is carried even into their amusements. The very ladies, whose duty it should seem to allay the impetuosity of the opposite sex, become themselves party champions, engage in the thickest of the fight, soold at each other, and show their courage, even at the expense of their lovers and their beauty.

There are even a numerous set of poets who help to keep up the contention, and write for the stage. Mistake me not, I do not mean pieces to be acted upon it, but panegyrical verses on the performers, for that is the most universal method of writing for the stage at present. It is the business of the stage poet therefore to watch the appearance of every new player at his own house, and so come out next day with a flaunting copy of newspaper verses. In these Nature and the actor may be said to run races, the player always coming off victorious; or Nature may mistake him for herself; or old Shakspeare may put on his winding sheet and pay him a visit; or the tuneful Nine may strike up their harps in his praise; or, should it happen to be an actress, Venus, the beauteous Queen of Love, and the naked Graces, are ever in waiting: the lady must be herself a goddess bred and born; she must-but you shall have a specimen of one of these poems, which may convey a more precise idea.

ON SEEING MRS. --- PERFORM IN THE CHARACTER OF ---

To you, bright fair, the Nine address their lays, And tune my feeble voice to sing thy praise. The heartfelt power of every charm divine, Who can withstand their all-commanding shine! See how she moves along with every grace, While soul-brought tears steal down each shining face. She speaks, 'tis rapture all and namelers bliss, Ye gods! what transport e'er compared to this? As when in Paphian groves the queen of love, With fond complaint address'd the listening Jeve; 'Twas joy and endless blisses all around, And rocks forgot their hardness at the seind. Then first, at last e'en Jove was taken in, And felt her charms, without disguise, within,

And yet think not, my friend, that I have any particular animosity against the champions who are at the head of the present commotion; on the contrary, I could find pleasure in their music, if served up at proper intervals; if I heard it only on proper occasions, and not about it wherever I go. In fact, I could patronize them both; and as an instance of my condescension in this particular, they may come and give me a song at my lodging, on any evening when I am at leisure, provided they keep a becoming distance, and stand, while they continue to entertain me, with decent humility at the door.

You perceive I have not read the seventeen books of Chinese ceremonies to no purpose. I know the proper share of respect due to every rank in society. Stage-players, fire-eaters, singing-women, dancing-dogs, wild beasts, and wire-walkers, as their efforts are exerted for our amusement, ought not entirely to be despised. The laws of every country should allow them to play their tricks at least with impunity. They should not be

branded with the ignominious appellation of vagabonds; at least they deserve a rank in society equal to the mystery of barbers or undertakers; and could my influence extend so far, they should be allowed to earn even forty or fifty pounds a

year, if eminent in their profession.

I am sensible, however, that you will censure me for profusion in this respect, bred up as you are in the narrow prejudices of Eastern frugality. You will undoubtedly assert, that such a stipend is too great for so useless an employment. how will your surprise increase, when told, that though the law holds them as vagabonds, many of them earn more than a thousand a year. You are amazed. There is cause for amazement. vagabond with a thousand a year is indeed a curiosity in nature; a wonder far surpassing the flying-fish, petrified crab, or travelling lobster. However, from my great love to the profession, I would willingly have them divested of part of their contempt, and part of their finery; the law should kindly take them under the wing of protection, fix them into a corporation, like that of the barbers, and abridge their ignominy and their pensions. As to their abilities in other respects, I would leave that entirely to the public, who are certainly in this case the properest judgeswhether they despise them or no.

Yes, my Fum, I would abridge their pensions. A theatrical warrior, who conducts the battles of the stage, should be cooped up with the same caution as a Bantam cock that is kept for fighting. When one of those animals is taken from its native dunghill, we retrench it both in the quantity of its food, and the number of its seraglio: players should in the same manner be fed, not fattened: they should be permitted to get their bread, but not to eat the people's bread into the bargain; and, instead of being permitted to keep four mistresses, in conscience they should be contented only with two.

Were stage-players thus brought into bounds, perhaps we should find their admirers less sanguine, and consequently less ridiculous in patronizing them. We should no longer be struck with the absurdity of seeing the same people, whose valour makes such a figure abroad, apostrophizing in the praise of a bouncing blockhead, and wrangling in the defence of a copper-tailed actress at hôme.

I shall conclude my letter with the sensible admonition of Mê the philosopher. "You love harmony," says he, "and are charmed with music. I do not blame you for hearing a fine voice, when you are in your closet with a lovely parterre under your eye, or in the night-time, while perhaps the moon diffuses her silver rays. But is a man to carry this passion so far as to let a company of comedians, musicians, and singers grow rich upon his exhausted fortune? If so, he resembles one of those dead bodies, whose brains the embalmers have picked out through its ears." Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

PROM THE SAME.

Or all the places of amusement where gentlemen and ladies are entertained, I have not been yet to visit Newmarket. This, I am told, is a large field; where, upon certain occasions, three or four horses

are brought together; then set a running, and that horse which runs the fastest wins the wager.

This is reckoned a very polite and fashionable amusement here, much more followed by the nobility than partridge-fighting at Java, or paper kites in Madagascar; several of the great here, I am told, understand as much of farriery as their grooms; and a horse, with any share of merit, can never want a patron among the nobility.

We have a description of this entertainment almost every day in some of the gazettes, as for instance: "On such a day the Give and Take plate was run for between his grace's Crab, his lordship's Periwinkle, and 'squire Smackem's Slamerkin. All rode their own horses. There was the greatest concourse of nobility that has been known here for several seasons. The odds were in favour of Crab in the beginning, but Slamerkin, after the first heat, seemed to have the match hollow: however, it was soon seen that Periwinkle improved in wind, which at last turned out accordingly; Crab was run to a stand-still, Slamerkin was knocked up, and Periwinkle was brought in with universal applause." Thus you see Peri-winkle received universal applause, and no doubt his lordship came in for some share of that praise which was so liberally bestowed upon Periwinkle. Sun of China! how glorious must the senator appear in his cap and leather breeches, his whip crossed in his mouth, and thus coming to the goal amongst the shouts of grooms, jockeys, pimps, stable-bred dukes, and degraded generals!

From the description of this princely amusement, now transcribed, and from the great veneration I have for the characters of its principal promoters, I make no doubt but I shall look upon a horse-race with becoming reverence, predisposed as I am by a similar amusement, of which I have lately been a spectator; for just now I happened to have an opportunity of being present at a cart-

Whether this contention between three carts of different parishes was promoted by a subscription among the nobility, or whether the grand jury, in council assembled, had gloriously combined to encourage plaustral merit, I cannot take upon me to determine; but certain it is the whole was conducted with the utmost regularity and decorum, and the company, which made a brilliant appearance, were universally of opinion, that the sport was high, the running fine, and the riders influenced by no bribe.

It was run on the road from London to a village called Brentford, between a turnip-cart, a dust-cart, and a dung-cart; each of the owners condescending to mount and be his own driver. The odds at starting were Dust against Dung five to four; but, after half a mile's going, the knowing ones found themselves all on the wrong side, and it was Turnip against the field, brass to silver.

Soon, however, the contest became more doubtful; Turnip indeed kept the way, but it was perceived that Dung had better bottom. The road re-echoed with the shouts of the spectators; "Dung against Turnip! Turnip against Dung!" was now the universal cry; neck and neck; one rode lighter, but the other had more judgment. I could not but particularly observe the ardour with which the fair sex espoused the cause of the different

riders on this occasion; one was charmed with the unwashed beauties of Dung; another was captivated with the patibulary aspect of Turnip; while, in the mean time, unfortunate gloomy Dust, who came whipping behind, was cheered by the encouragement of some, and pity of all.

The contention now continued for some time, without a possibility of determining to whom victory designed the prize. The winning-post appeared in view, and he who drove the turnip-cart assured himself of success; and successful he might have been, had his horse been as ambitious as he; but upon approaching a turn from the road, which led homewards, the horse fairly stood still, and refused to move a foot farther. The dung-cart had scarcely time to enjoy this temporary triumph, when it was pitched headlong into a ditch by the wayside, and the rider left to wallow in congenial mud. Dust, in the mean time, soon came up, and not being far from the post,

came in amidst the shouts and acclamations of all

the spectators, and greatly caressed by all the quality of Brentford. Fortune was kind only to one, who ought to have been favourable to all; each had peculiar merit, each laboured hard to earn the

prize, and each richly deserved the eart he drove. I do not know whether this description may not have anticipated that which I intended giving of Newmarket. I am told there is little else to be seen even there. There may be some minute differences in the dress of the spectators, but none at all in their understandings; the quality of Brentford are as remarkable for politeness and delicacy as the breeders of Newmarket. The quality of Brentford drive their own carts, and the honourable fraternity of Newmarket ride their own horses. In short, the matches in one place are as rational as those in the other; and it is more than probable that turnips, dust, and dung, are all that can

be found to furnish out description in either.

Forgive me, my friend, but a person like me, bred up in a philosophic seclusion, is apt to regard, perhaps with too much asperity, those occurrences, which sink man below his station in nature, and diminish the intrinsic value of humanity. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Fum Hoam to Lien Chi Altangi,

You tell me the people of Europe are wise; but where lies their wisdom? You say they are valiant too; yet I have some reasons to doubt of their valour. They are engaged in war among each other, yet apply to the Russians, their neighbours and ours, for assistance. Cultivating such an alliance argues at once imprudence and timidity. All subsidies paid for such an aid is strengthening the Russians, already too powerful, and weakening the employers, already exhausted by intestine commotions.

I cannot avoid beholding the Russian empire as the natural enemy of the more western parts of Europe; as an enemy already possessed of great strength, and, from the nature of the government, every day threatening to become more powerful. This extensive empire, which, both in Europe and Asia, occupies almost a third of the old world, was, about two centuries ago, divided into separate kingdoms and dukedoms, and from such a

division consequently feeble. Since the times, however, of Johan Basilides, it has increased in strength and extent; and those untrodden forests, those innumerable savage animals which formerly covered the face of the country, are now removed, and colonies of mankind planted in their room. A kingdom thus enjoying peace internally, possessed of an unbounded extent of dominion, and learning the military art at the expense of others abroad, must every day grow more powerful; and it is probable we shall hear Russia, in future times, as formerly, called the Officina Gentium.

It was long the wish of Peter, their great monarch, to have a fort in some of the western parts of Europe; many of his schemes and treaties were directed to this end, but happily for Europe he failed in them all. A fort in the power of this people would be like the possession of a floodgate; and whenever ambition, interest, or necessity prompted, they might then be able to deluge the whole western world with a barbarous inundation.

Believe me, my friend, I cannot sufficiently contemn the politicians of Europe, who thus make this powerful people arbitrators in their quarrel. The Russians are now at that period between refinement and barbarity, which seems most adapted to military achievement, and if once they happen to get footing in the western parts of Europe, it is not the feeble efforts of the sons of effeminacy and dissention that can serve to remove them. The fertile valley and soft climate will ever be sufficient inducements to draw whole myriads from their native deserts, the trackless wild, or snowy mountain.

History, experience, reason, nature, expand the book of wisdom before the eyes of mankind, but they will not read. We have seen with terror a winged phalanx of famished locusts, each singly contemptible, but from multitude become hideous, cover, like clouds, the face of day, and threaten the whole world with ruin. We have seen them settling on the fertile plains of India and Egypt, destroying in an instant the labours and the hopes of nations; sparing neither the fruit of the earth nor the verdure of the fields, and changing into a frightful desert landscapes of once luxuriant beauty. We have seen myriads of ants issuing together from the southern desert, like a torrent whose source was inexhaustible, succeeding each other without end, and renewing their destroyed forces with unwearied perseverance, bringing desolation wherever they came, banishing men and animals, and, when destitute of all subsistence, in heaps infecting the wilderness which they had made! Like these have been the migrations of men. When as yet savage, and almost resembling their brute partners in the forest, subject, like them, only to the instincts of nature, and directed by hunger alone in the choice of an abode, how have we seen whole armies starting wild at once from their forests and their dens! Goths, Huns, Vandals, Saracens, Turks, Tartars, myriads of men, animals in human form, without country, without name, without laws, overpowering by numbers all opposition, ravaging cities, over-turning empires, and, after having destroyed whole nations, and spread extensive desolation, how have we seen them sink oppressed by some new enemy, more barbarous and even more unknown than they! Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From LIEN CHI ALTANGI to FUM HOAM. First President of the Ceremonial Academy, at Pekin, in China.

As the instruction of the fair sex in this country is entirely committed to the care of foreigners, as their language-masters, nusic-masters, hair-frizzers, and governesses, are all from abroad, I had some intentions of opening a female academy myself, and made no doubt, as I was quite a foreigner, of meeting a favourable reception.

In this I intended to instruct the ladies in all the conjugal mysteries; wives should be taught the art of managing husbands, and maids the skill of properly choosing them. I would teach a wife how far she might venture to be sick without giving disgust; she should be acquainted with the great benefits of the colic in the stomach, and all the thorough-bred insolence of fashion; maids should learn the secret of nicely distinguishing every competitor; they should be able to know the difference between a pedant and a scholar, a citizen and a prig, a squire and his horse, a beau and his monkey; but chiefly they should be taught the art of managing their smiles, from the contemptuous simper to the long laborious laugh.

But I have discontinued the project; for what would signify teaching ladies the manner of governing or choosing husbands, when marriage is at present so much out of fashion, that a lady is very well off who can get any husband at all! Celibacy now prevails in every rank of life; the streets are crowded with old bachelors, and the houses with ladies who have refused good offers, and are never likely to receive any for the future.

The only advice, therefore, I could give the fair sex, as things stand at present, is to get husbands as fast as they can. There is certainly nothing in the whole creation, not even Babylon in ruins, more truly deplorable than a lady in the virgin bloom of sixty-three; nor a battered unmarried beau, who squibs about from place to place, showing his pigtail wig and his ears. The one appears to my imagination in the form of a double nightcap, or a roll of pomatum, the other in the shape of an electuary, or a box of pills.

I would once more, therefore, advise the ladies to get husbands. I would desire them not to discard an old lover without very sufficient reasons, nor treat the new with ill-nature till they know him false; let not prudes allege the falseness of their sex, coquettes the pleasures of long courtship, or parents the necessary preliminaries of penny for penny. I have reasons that would silence even a casuist in this particular. In the first place, therefore, I divide the subject into fifteen heads, and then sic argumentor—but not to give you and myself the spleen, be contented at present with an Indian tale:—

In a winding of the river Amidar, just before it falls into the Caspian Sea, there lies an island unfrequented by the inhabitants of the continent. In this seclusion, blessed with all that wild uncultivated nature could bestow, lived a princess and her two daughters. She had been wrecked upon the coast while her children as yet were infants, who, of consequence, though grown up, were entirely unacquainted with man. Yet, inexperienced as the young ladies were to the opposite sex, both

early discovered symptoms, the one of prudery, the other of being a coquette. The eldest was ever learning maxims of wisdom and discretion from her mama, while the youngest employed all her hours in gazing at her own face in a neighbouring fountain.

Their usual amusement in this solitude was fishing: their mother had taught them all the secrets of the art; she showed them which were the most likely places to throw out the line, what baits were most proper for the various seasons, and the best manner to draw up the finny prey when they had hooked it. In this manner they spent their time, easy and innocent, till one day, the princess being indisposed, desired them to go and catch her a sturgeon or a shark for supper, which she fancied might sit easy on her stomach. The daughters obeyed, and clapping on a gold fish, the usual bait on those occasions, went and sat upon one of the rocks, letting the gilded hook glide down with the stream.

On the opposite shore, farther down, at the mouth of the river, lived a diver for pearls; a youth, who by long habit in his trade was almost grown amphibious; so that he could remain whole hours at the bottom of the water without ever fetching breath. He happened to be at that very instant diving when the ladies were fishing with the gilded hook. Seeing, therefore, the bait, which to him had the appearance of real gold, he was resolved to seize the prize; but both his hands being already filled with pearl oysters, he found himself obliged to snap at it with his mouth: the consequence is easily imagined; the hook, before unperceived, was instantly fastened to the jaw, nor could he, with all his efforts or his floundering, get free.

"Sister," cries the youngest princess, "I have certainly caught a monstrous fish; I never perceived anything struggle so at the end of my line before; come and help me to draw it in." They both now, therefore, assisted in fishing up the diver on shore; but nothing could equal their surprise upon seeing him. "Bless my eyes," cries the prude, "what have we got here? This is a very odd fish, to be sure; I never saw anything in my life look so queer; what eyes, what terrible claws, what a monstrous snout! I have read of this monster somewhere before, it certainly must be a tanlang, that eats women; let us throw it back into the sea, where we found it."

The diver in the meantime stood upon the beach, at the end of the line, with the hook in his mouth, using every art that he thought could best excite pity, and particularly looking extremely tender, which is usual in such circumstances. The cowhich is usual in such circumstances. quette, therefore, in some measure influenced by the innocence of his looks, ventured to contradict her companion. "Upon my word, sister," says she, "I see nothing in the animal so very terrible as you are pleased to apprehend; I think it may serve well enough for a change. Always sharks, and sturgeons, and lobsters, and crawfish, make me quite sick. I fancy a slice of this, nicely grilladed, and dressed up with shrimp sauce, would be pretty eating. I faney mamma would like a bit with pickles above all things in the world; and if it should not sit easy on her stomach, it will be time enough to discontinue it when found disagreeable, you know."-" Horrid!" cries the prude,

"would the girl be poisoned! I tell you it is a tanlang: I have read of it in twenty places. It is everywhere described as the most pernicious animal that ever infested the ocean. I am certain it is the most insidious, ravenous creature in the world, and is certain destruction if taken internally." The youngest sister was now, therefore, obliged to submit; both assisted in drawing the hook with some violence from the diver's jaw; and he, finding himself at liberty, bent his breast against the broad wave and disappeared in an instant.

Just at this juncture the mother came down to the beach, to know the cause of her daughters' delay; they told her every circumstance, describing the monster they had caught. The old lady was one of the most discreet women in the world; she was called the black-eyed princess, from two black eyes she had received in her youth, being a little addicted to boxing in her liquor. "Alas, my children," cries she, "what have you done? The fish you caught was a man-fish; one of the most tame domestic animals in the world. We could have let him run and play about the garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertaining than our squirrel or monkey."-" If that be all." says the young coquette, "we will fish for him again. If that be all, I'll hold three tooth-picks to one pound of snuff, I catch him whenever I please." Accordingly they threw in their line Accordingly they threw in their line once more; but with all their gilding, and paddling, and assiduity, they could never after catch the diver. In this state of solitude and disappointment they continued for many years, still fishing, but without success; till, at last, the genius of the place, in pity to their distresses, changed the prude into a shrimp, and the coquette into an oyster. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIX.

FROM THE SAME.

I AM amused, my dear Fum, with the labours of some of the learned here. One shall write you a whole folio on the dissection of a caterpillar. Another shall swell his works with the description of the plumage on the wing of a butterfly; a third shall see a little world on a peach-leaf, and publish a book to describe what his readers might see more clearly in two minutes, only by being furnished

with eyes and a microscope.

I have frequently compared the understandings of such men to their own glasses. Their field of vision is too contracted to take in the whole of any but minute objects; they view all nature bit by bit; now the proboscis, now the antennæ, now the pinnæ of - a flea. Now the polypus comes to breakfast upon a worm; now it is kept up to see how long it will live without eating; now it is turned inside outward; and now it sickens and dies. Thus they proceed, laborious in trifles, constant in experiment, without one single abstraction, by which alone knowledge may be properly said to increase; till at last their ideas, ever employed upon minute things, contract to the size of the diminutive object, and a single mite shall fill the whole mind's capacity.

Yet believe me, my friend, ridiculous as these men are to the world, they are set up as objects of

They have particular esteem for each other. places appointed for their meetings; in which one shows his cockle-shell, and is praised by all the society; another produces his powder, makes some experiments that result in nothing, and comes off with admiration and applause; a third comes out with the important discovery of some new process in the skeleton of a mole, and is set down as the accurate and sensible; while one, still more fortunate than the rest, by pickling, potting, and preserving monsters, rises into unbounded reputation.

The labours of such men, instead of being calculated to amuse the public, are laid out only in diverting each other. The world becomes very diverting each other. The world becomes very little the better or the wiser for knowing what is the peculiar food of an insect, that is itself the food of another, which in its turn is eaten by a third; but there are men who have studied themselves into a habit of investigating and admiring such minutiæ. To these such subjects are pleasing, as there are some who contentedly spend whole days in endeavouring to solve enigmas, or disentangle the puzzling-sticks of children.

But of all the learned, those who pretend to investigate remote antiquity, have least to plead in their own defence, when they carry this passion to a faulty excess. They are generally found to supply by conjecture the want of record, and then by perseverance are wrought up into a confidence of the truth of opinions, which even to themselves at first appeared founded only in imagination.

The Europeans have heard much of the kingdom of China: its politeness, arts, commerce, laws, and morals are however but very imperfectly known among them. They have even now in their Indian warehouse numberless utensils, plants, minerals, and machines, of the use of which they are entirely ignorant; nor can any among them even make a profitable guess for what they might have been designed. Yet though this people be so ignorant of the present real state of China, the philosophers I am describing have entered into long, learned, laborious disputes about what China was two thousand years ago. China and European happiness are but little connected even at this day; but European happiness and China two thousand years ago have certainly no connexion at all. However, the learned have written on and pursued the subject through all the labyrinths of antiquity; though the carly dews and the tainted gale be passed away, though no footsteps remain to direct the doubtful chase, yet still they run forward, open upon the uncertain scent, and though in fact they follow nothing, are earnest in the pursuit. In this chase however they all take different One, for example, confidently assures us, that China was peopled by a colony from Egypt. Sesostris, he observes, led his army as far as the Ganges; therefore, if he went so far, he might still have gone as far as China, which is but about a thousand miles from thence; therefore he did go to China; therefore China was not peopled before he went there; therefore it was peopled by him. Besides, the Egyptians have pyramids: the Chinese have in like manner their porcelain tower; the Egyptians used to light up candles upon every rejoicing, the Chinese have lanterns upon the same occasion; the Egyptians had their great river, so have the Chinese; but what serves to put the mat

ter past a doubt is, that the ancient kings of China and those of Egypt were called by the same names. The Emperor Ki is certainly the same with King Atoes: for, if we only change K into A, and i into toes, we shall have the name Atoes; and with equal case Menes may be proved to be the same with the Emperor Yu; therefore the Chinese are

a colony from Egypt.

But another of the learned is entirely different from the last; and he will have the Chinese to be a colony planted by Noah just after the deluge. First, from the vast similitude there is between the name of Fohi, the founder of the Chinese monarchy, and that of Noah, the preserver of the human race. Noah, Fohi, very like each other truly; they have each but four letters, and only two of the four happen to differ. But to strengthen the argument, Fohi, as the Chinese chronicle asserts, had no father. Noah, it is true, had a father, as the European Bible tells us; but then, as this father was probably drowned in the flood, it is just the same as if he had no father at all; therefore, Noah and Fohi are the same. Just after the flood, the earth was covered with mud; if it was incrustated with mud, it must have been incrustated mud; if it was incrustated, it was clothed with verdure; this was a fine, unembarrassed road for Noah to fly from his wicked children; he therefore did fly from them, and took a journey of two thousand miles for his own amusement; therefore Noah and Fohi are the same,

Another sect of literati, for they all pass among the vulgar for very great scholars, assert, that the Chinese came neither from the colony of Sesostris, nor from Noah, but are descended from Magog, Meshec, and Tubal; and therefore neither Sesos-

tris, nor Noah, nor Fohi, are the same.

It is thus, my friend, that indolence assumes the airs of wisdom; and while it tosses the cup and ball with infantine folly, desires the world to look on, and calls the stupid pastime philosophy and learning. Adieu.

LETTER XC.

FROM THE SAME.

When the men of this country are once turned of thirty, they regularly retire every year at proper intervals to lie in of the spleen. The vulgar, unfurnished with the luxurious comforts of the soft cushion, down bed, and easy-chair, are obliged, when the fit is on them, to nurse it up by drinking, idleness, and ill-lumour. In such dispositions, unhappy is the foreigner who happens to cross them; his long chin, tarnished coat, or pinched hat, are sure to receive no quarter. If they meet no foreigner however to fight with, they are in such cases generally content with beating each other.

The rich, as they have more sensibility, are operated upon with greater violence by this disorder. Different from the poor, instead of becoming more insolent, they grow totally unfit for opposition. A general here, who would have faced a culverin when well, if the fit be on him shall hardly find courage to snuff a candle. An admiral, who could have opposed a broadside without shrinking, shall sit whole days in his chamber, mobbed up in double night-caps, shuddering at the intru-

sive breeze, and distinguishable from his wife only by his black beard and heavy eye-brows.

In the country this disorder mostly attacks the fair sex, in town it is most unfavourable to the men. A lady, who has pined whole years amidst cooing doves and complaining nightingales, in rural retirement, shall resume all her vivacity in one night at a city gambling-table; her husband, who roared, hunted, and got drunk at home, shall grow splenetic in town in proportion to his wife's goodhumour. Upon their arrival in London, they exchange their disorders. In consequence of her parties and excursions, he puts on the furred cap and scarlet stomacher, and perfectly resembles an Indian husband, who, when his wife is safely delivered, permits her to transact business abroad. while he undergoes all the formality of keeping his bed, and receiving all the condolence in her place.

But those who reside constantly in town, owe this disorder mostly to the influence of the weather. It is impossible to describe what a variety of transmutations an east wind will produce; it has been known to change a lady of fashion into a parlour couch, an alderman into a plate of custards, and a dispenser of justice into a rat-trap. Even philosophers themselves are not exempt from its influence; it has often converted a poet into a coral and bells, and a patriot senator into a

dumb waiter.

Some days ago I went to visit the man in black, and entered his house with that cheerfulness, which the certainty of a favourable reception always inspires. Upon opening the door of his apartment, I found him with the most rueful face imaginable, in a morning-gown and flannel nightcap, earnestly employed in learning to blow the German flute. Struck with the absurdity of a man in the decline of life, thus blowing away all his constitution and spirits, even without the consolation of being musical, I ventured to ask what could induce him to attempt learning so difficult an instrument so late in life. To this he made no reply, but greaning, and still holding the flute to his lips, continued to gaze at me for some moments very angrily, and then proceeded to practise his gamut as before. After having produced a variety of the most hideous tones in nature, at last, turning to me, he demanded, whether I did not think he had made a surprising progress in two days? You see, continues he, I have got the Ambusheer, already, and as for fingering, my master tells me, I shall have that in a few lessons more. I was so much astonished with this instance of inverted ambition, that I knew not what to reply; but soon discerned the cause of all his absurdities; my friend was under a metamorphosis by the power of spleen, and flute-blowing was unluckily become his adventitious passion.

In order, therefore, to banish his anxiety imperceptibly, by seeming to indulge it, I began to descant on those gloomy topics by which philosophers often get rid of their own spleen, by communicating it; the wretchedness of a man in this life, the happiness of some wrought out of the miseries of others, the necessity that wretches should expire under punishment, that rogues might enjoy affluence in tranquillity; I led him on from the inhumanity of the rich to the ingratitude of the beggar; from the insincerity of refinement to

the fierceness of rusticity; and at last had the good fortune to restore him to his usual serenity of temper, by permitting him to expatiate upon all the modes of human slavery.

"Some nights ago," says my friend, "sitting alone by my fire, I happened to look into an account of the detection of a set of men called the thief-takers. I read over the many hideous cruelties of those laters of mankind, of their pretended friendship to the wretches they meant to betray, of their sending men out to rob and then hanging them. I could not avoid sometimes interrupting the narrative by crying out, 'Yet these are men!' As I went on, I was informed that they had lived by this practice several years, and had been enriched by the price of blood; 'and yet,' cried I, 'I have been sent into the world, and am desired to call these men my brothers!' I read that the very man who led the condemned wretch to the gallows, was he who falsely swore his life away; and yet,' continued I, 'that perjurer had just such a nose, such lips, such hands, and such eyes as Newton.' I at last came to the account of the wretch that was searched after robbing one of the thief-takers of half-a-crown. Those of the confederacy knew that he had got but that single halfcrown in the world; after a long search, therefore, which they knew would be fruitless, and taking from him the half-crown, which they knew was all he had, one of the gang compassionately cried out, 'Alas! poor creature, let him keep all the rest he has got, it will do him service in Newgate, where we are sending him.' This was an instance of such complicated guilt and hypocrisy, that I threw down the book in an agony of rage, and began to think with malice of all the human kind. I sat silent for some minutes, and soon perceiving the ticking of my watch beginning to grow noisy and troublesome, I quickly placed it out of hearing, and strove to resume my serenity. But the watchman soon gave me a second alarm. I had scarcely recovered from this, when my peace was assaulted by the wind at my window; and when that ceased to blow, I listened for death-watches in the wainscot. I now found my whole system discomposed. I strove to find a resource in philosophy and reason; but what could I oppose, or where direct my blow, when I could see no enemy to combat? I saw no misery approaching, nor knew any I had to fear ; yet still I was miserable. Morning came; I sought for tranquillity in dissipation, sauntered from one place of public resort to another, but found myself disagreeable to my acquaintance, and ridiculous to others. I tried at different times dancing, fencing, and riding; I solved geometrical problems, shaped tobaccostoppers, wrote verses, and cut paper. At last I placed my affections on music, and find that earnest employment, if it cannot cure, at least will palliate every anxiety." Adieu.

LETTER XCI.

FROM THE SAME.

It is no unpleasing contemplation to consider the influence which soil and climate have upon the disposition of the inhabitants, the animals and vegetables of different countries. That among the brute creation is much more visible than in man,

and that in vegetables more than either. In some places those plants which are entirely poisonous at home, lose their deleterious quality by being carried abroad; there are serpents in Macedonia so harmless as to be used as playthings for children; and we are told that in some parts of Fez there are lions so very timorous as to be scared away, though coming in herds, by the cries of women.

I know of no country where the influence of climate and soil is more visible than in England; the same hidden cause which gives courage to their dogs and cocks, gives also fierceness to their men. But chiefly this ferocity appears among the vulgar. The polite of every country pretty nearly resemble each other. But as in simpleing, it is among the uncultivated productions of nature we are to examine the characteristic differences of climate and soil, so in an estimate of the genius of the people we must look among the sons of unpolished rusticity. The vulgar English therefore may be easily distinguished from all the rest of the world, by superior pride, impatience, and a peculiar hardiness of soul.

Perhaps no qualities in the world are more susceptible of a fine polish than these; artificial complaisance and easy deference being superinduced over these, generally form a great character; something at once elegant and majestic, affable yet sincere. Such in general are the better sort; but they who are left in primitive rudeness are the least disposed for society with others, or comfort internally, of any people under the sun.

The poor, indeed, of every country are but little prone to treat each other with tenderness; their own miseries are too apt to engross all their pity; and, perhaps, too, they give but little commiseration, as they find but little from others. But in England the poor treat each other upon every occasion with more than savage animosity, and as if they were in a state of open war by nature. In China, if two porters should meet in a narrow street, they would lay down their burdens, make a thousand excuses to each other for the accidental interruption, and beg pardon on their knees; if two men of the same occupation should meet here, they would at first begin to scold, and at last to beat each other. One would think they had miseries enough resulting from penury and labour not to increase them by ill-nature among themselves. and subjection to new penalties: but such considerations never weigh with them.

But to recompense this strange absurdity, they are in the main generous, brave, and enterprising. They feel the slightest injuries with a degree of ungoverned impatience, but resist the greatest calamities with surprising fortitude. Those miseries under which any other people in the world would sink, they have often showed they were capable of enduring; if accidentally cast upon some desolate coast, their perseverance is beyond what any other nation is capable of sustaining: if imprisoned for crimes, their efforts to escape are greater than among others. The peculiar strength of their prisons, when compared to those elsewhere, argues their hardiness; even the strongest prisons I have ever seen in other countries, would be very insufficient to confine the untameable spirit of an Englishman. In short, what man dares do in circumstances of danger, an Englishman will. His virtues seem to sleep in the calm, and are called out

only to combat the kindred storm.

But the greatest eulogy of this people is the generosity of their miscreants; the tenderness in general of their robbers and highwaymen. Perhaps no people can produce instances of the same kind where the desperate mix pity with injustice, still show that they understand a distinction in crimes, and even in acts of violence have still some tincture of remaining virtue. In every other country, robbery and murder go almost always together; here it seldom happens, except upon ill-judged resistance or pursuit. The banditti of other countries are unmerciful to a supreme degree; the highwayman and robber here are generous, at least in their intercourse among each other. Taking, therefore, my opinion of the English from the virtues and vices practised among the vulgar, they at once present to a stranger all their faults, and keep their virtues up only for the inquiring eyes of a philosopher.

Foreigners are generally shocked at their insolence upon first coming among them; they find themselves ridiculed and insulted in every street, they meet with none of those trifling civilities, so frequent elsewhere, which are instances of mutual good-will without previous acquaintance; they ravel through the country either too ignorant or too obstinate to cultivate a closer acquaintance, meet every moment something to excite their disgust, and return home to characterise this as the region of spleen, insolence, and ill-nature. In short, England would be the last place in the world I would travel to by way of amusement, but the first for instruction. I would choose to have others for my acquaintance, but Englishmen for

my friends.

LETTER XCII.

TO THE SAME.

The mind is ever ingenious in making its own distress. The wandering beggar, who has none to protect, to feed, or to shelter him, fancies complete happiness in labour and a full meal; take him from rags and want, feed, clothe, and employ him, his wishes now rise one step above his station; he could be happy were he possessed of raiment, food, and ease. Suppose his wishes gratified even in these, his prospects widen as he ascends; he finds himself in affluence and tranquillity indeed, but indolence soon breeds anxiety, and he desires not only to be freed from pain, but to be possessed of pleasure; pleasure is granted him, and this but opens his soul to ambition, and ambition will be sure to taint his future happiness, either with jealousy, disappointment, or fatigue.

But of all the arts of distress found out by man for his own torment, perhaps, that of philosophic misery is most truly ridiculous, a passion no where carried to so extrvagant an excess as in the country where I now reside. It is not enough to engage all the compassion of a philosopher here, that his own globe is harassed with wars, pestilence, or barbarity, he shall grieve for the inhabitants of the moon, if the situation of her imaginary mountains happen to alter; and dread the extinction of the sun, if the spots on his surface happen to ncrease: one should imagine, that philosophy was

introduced to make men happy; but here it serves to make hundreds miserable.

My landlady some days ago brought me the diary of a philosopher of this desponding sort, who had lodged in the apartment before me. It contains the history of a life, which seems to be one continued tissue of sorrow, apprehension, and distress. A single week will serve as a specimen of the whole.

Monday. In what a transient, decaying situation are we placed, and what various reasons does philosophy furnish to make mankind unhappy ! A single grain of mustard shall continue to produce its similitude through numberless successions; yet what has been granted to this little seed has been denied to our planetary system; the mustard-seed is still unaltered, but the system is growing old, and must quickly fall to decay. How terrible will it be, when the motions of all the planets have at last become so irregular as to need repairing; when the moon shall fall into frightful paroxysms of alteration; when the earth, deviating from its ancient track, and with every other planet forgetting its circular revolutions, shall become so eccentric, that, unconfined by the laws of system, it shall fly off into boundless space, to knock against some distant world, or fall in upon the sun, either extinguishing his light, or burned up by his flames in a moment. Perhaps while I write, this dreadful change is begun. Shield me from universal ruin! Yet idiot man laughs, sings, and rejoices in the very face of the sun, and seems no way touched with his situation.

Tuesday. Went to bed in great distress, awaked, and was comforted, by considering that this change was to happen at some indefinite time, and therefore, like death, the thoughts of it might easily be But there is a revolution, a fixed determined revolution, which must certainly come to pass; yet which, by good fortune, I shall never feel, except in my posterity. The obliquity of the equator with the ecliptic is now twenty minutes less than when it was observed two thousand years ago by Piteas. If this be the case, in six thousand the obliquity will be still less by a whole degree. This being supposed, it is evident, that our earth, as Louville has clearly proved, has a motion, by which the climates must necessarily change place, and in the space of about one million of years, England shall actually travel to the Antarctic pole. I shudder at the change! How shall our unhappy grandchildren endure the hideous climate! million of years will soon be accomplished; they are but a moment when compared to eternity, then shall our charming country, as I may say, in a moment of time, resemble the hideous wilderness of Nova Zembla.

Wednesday. To-night, by my calculation, the long predicted comet is to make its first appearance. Heavens, what terrors are impending over our little dim speck of earth! Dreadful visitation! Are we to be scorched in its fires, or only smothered in the vapour of its tail? That is the question! Thoughtless mortals, go build houses, plant orchards, purchase estates, for to-morrow you die. But what if the comet should not come? That would be equally fatal. Comets are servants which periodically return to supply the sun with fuel. If our sun, therefore, should be disappointed of the expected supply, and all his fuel be in the mean time burnt out, he must expire like an exhausted

taper. What a miserable situation must our earth be in, without his enlivening ray? Have we not seen several neighbouring suns entirely disappear? Has not a fixed star near the tail of the Ram lately

been quite extinguished?

Thursday. The comet has not yet appeared; I am sorry for it: first, sorry because my calculation is false; secondly, sorry lest the sun should want fuel; thirdly, sorry lest the wits should laugh at our erroneous predictions; and, fourthly, sorry because if it appears to-night, it must necessarily come within the sphere of the earth's attraction; and heaven help the unhappy country on which it happens to fall!

Friday. Our whole society have been out all eager in search of the comet. We have seen not less than sixteen comets in different parts of the heavens. However, we are unanimously resolved to fix upon one only to be the comet expected. That near Virgo wants nothing but a tail to fit it out completely for terrestrial admiration.

Saturday. The moon is, I find, at her old pranks. Her appulses, librations, and other irregularities indeed amaze me. My daughter, too, is this morning gone off with a grenadier. No way surprising. I was never able to give her a relish for wisdom. She ever promised to be a mere expletive in the creation. But the moon, the moon gives me real uneasiness; I fondly fancied I had fixed her. I had thought her constant, and constant only to me; but every night discovers her infidelity, and proves me a desolate and abandoned lover. Adieu.

LETTER XCIII.

TO THE SAME.

It is surprising what an influence titles shall have upon the mind, even though these titles be of our own making.—Like children we dress up the puppets in finery, and then stand in astonishment at the plastic wonder. I have been told of a rat-catcher here, who strolled for a long time about the villages near town, without finding any employment; at last, however, he thought proper to take the title of his Majesty's rat-catcher in ordinary, and this succeeded beyond his expectations; when it was known that he caught rats at court, all were ready to give him countenance and employment.

But of all the people, they who make books seem most perfectly sensible of the advantage of titular dignity. All seem convinced, that a book written by vulgar hands, can neither instruct nor improve; none but kings, chams, and mandarins can write with any probability of success. If the titles inform me right, not only kings and courtiers, but emperors themselves, in this country periodically supply

the press.

A man here who should write, and honestly confess that he wrote for bread, might as well send his manuscript to fire the baker's oven; not one creature will read him; all must be court-bred poets, or pretend at least to be court-bred, who can expect to please. Should the caitiff fairly avow a design of emptying our pockets and filling his own, every reader would instantly forsake him; even those wito write for bread themselves would combine to worry him, perfectly sensible that his attempts only served to take the bread out of their mouths.

And yet this silly prepossession the more amazes me, when I consider, that almost all the excellent productions in wit that have appeared here, were purely the offspring of necessity: their Drydens, Butlers, Otways, and Farquhars, were all writers for bread. Believe me, my friend, hunger has a most amazing faculty for sharpening the genius; and he who with a full belly can think like a hero, after a course of fasting shall rise to the sublimity of a demigod.

But what will most amaze is, that this very set of men, who are now so much depreciated by fools, are however, the very best writers they have among them at present .-- For my own part, were I to buy a hat, I would not have it from a stockingmaker, but a hatter; were I to buy shoes, I should not go to the tailer's for that purpose. It is just so with regard to wit; did I, for my life, desire to be well-served, I would apply only to those who made it their trade and lived by it. You smile at the oddity of my opinion; but, be assured, my friend, that wit is in some measure mechanical; and that a man long habituated to eatch at even its resemblance, will at last be happy enough to possess the substance! by a long habit of writing he acquires a justness of thinking, and a mastery of manner, which holiday writers, even with ten times his genius, may vainly attempt to equal.

How then are they deceived, who expect from title, dignity, and exterior circumstance an excellence which is in some measure acquired by habit, and sharpened by necessity! You have seen, like me, many literary reputations promoted by the influence of fashion, which have scarcely survived the possessor; you have seen the poor hardly earn the little reputation they acquired, and their merit only acknowledged when they were incapable of enjoying the pleasures of popularity: such, however, is the reputation worth possessing, that which

is hardly earned is hardly lost. Adieu.

LETTER XCIV.

From Hingpo in Moscow, to Lien Chi Altangi in London.

Where will my disappointment end? Must 1 still be doomed to accuse the severity of my fortune, and show my constancy in distress rather than moderation in prosperity? I had at least hopes of conveying my charming companion safe from the reach of every enemy, and of again restoring her to her native soil. But those hopes are now no more.

Upon leaving Terki we took the nearest road to the dominions of Russia. We passed the Ural mountains covered with eternal snow, and traversed the forests of Usa, where the prowling bear and shrieking hyæna keep an undisputed possession. We next embarked upon the rapid river Bulija, and made the best of our way to the banks of the Wolga, where it waters the fruitful valleys of Casan.

There were two vessels in company properly equipped and armed in order to oppose the Wolga pirates, who we were informed infested this river. Of all mankind these pirates are the most terrible. They are composed of the criminals and outlawed peasants of Russia, who fly to the forests that lie along the banks of the Wolga for protection. Here they join in parties, lead a savage life, and have no other subsistence but plunder. Being deprived of inuses, friends, or a fixed habitation, they become more terrible even than the tiger, and as insensible to all the feelings of humanity. They neither give quarter to those they conquer, nor receive it when overpowered themselves. The severity of the laws against them serves to increase their barbarity, and seems to make them a neutral species of beings between the wildness of the lion and the subtlety of the man. When taken alive their punishment is hideous. A floating gibbet is creeted, which is let run down with the stream; here, upon an iron hook stuck under their ribs, and upon which the whole weight of their body depends, they are left to expire in the most terrible agonies; some being thus found to linger several days succes-

We were but three days' voyage from the confluence of this river into the Wolga, when we perceived at a distance behind us an armed bark coming up with the assistance of sails and oars in order to attack us. The dreadful signal of death was hung upon the mast, and our captain with his glass could easily discern them to be pirates. is impossible to express our consternation on the occasion; the whole crew instantly came together to consult the properest means of safety. It was, therefore, soon determined to send off our women and valuable commodities in one of our vessels, and the men should stay in the other, and boldly oppose the enemy. This resolution was soon put into execution, and I now reluctantly parted from the beautiful Zelis for the first time since our retreat from Persia. The vessel in which she was, disappeared to my longing eyes in proportion as that of the pirates approached us. They soon came up; but, upon examining our strength, and perhaps sensible of the manner in which we had sent off our most valuable effects, they seemed more eager to pursue the vessel we had sent away, than attack us. In this manner they continued to harass us for three days, still endeavouring to pass us without fighting. But, on the fourth day, finding it entirely impossible, and despairing to seize the expected booty, they desisted from their endeavours and left us to pursue our voyage without interruption.

Our joy on this occasion was great; but soon a disappointment more terrible, because unexpected. succeeded. The bark, in which our women and treasure were sent off, was wrecked upon the banks of the Wolga, for want of a proper number of hands to manage her, and the whole crew carried by the peasants up the country. Of this, however, we were not sensible till our arrival at Moscow; where, expecting to meet our separated bark, we were informed of its misfortune, and our loss. Need I paint the situation of my mind on this occasion! Need I describe all I feel, when I despair of beholding the beautiful Zelis more! Fancy had dressed the future prospect of my life in the gayest colouring; but one unexpected stroke of fortune has robbed it of every charm. Her dear idea mixes with every scene of pleasure, and without her presence to enliven it the whole becomes tedious, insipid, insupportable. I will confess, now that she is lost, I will confess I loved her; nor is it in the power of time or of reason to erase her image from my heart. Adieu.

LETTER XCV.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, at Moscow,*

Your misfortunes are mine; but as every period of life is marked with its own, you must learn to endure them. Disappointed love makes the misery of youth; disappointed ambition that of manhood; and successful avarice that of age. These three attack us through life; and it is our duty to stand upon our guard. To love we ought to oppose dissipation, and endeavour to change the object of the affections; to ambition, the happiness of indolence and obscurity; and to avarice, the fear of soon dying. These are the shields with which we should arm ourselves; and thus make every scene of life, if not pleasing, at least supportable.

Men complain of not finding a place of repose, They are in the wrong: they have it for seeking. What they should indeed complain of is, that the heart is an enemy to that very repose they seek. To themselves alone should they impute their discontent. They seek within the short span of life to satisfy a thousand desires, each of which alone is insatiable. One month passes and another comes on; the year ends and then begins; but man is still unchanged in folly, still blindly continuing in prejudice. To the wise man every climate and every soil is pleasing; to him a parterre of flowers is the famous valley of gold; to him a little brook the fountain of the young peach-trees; to such a man the melody of birds is more ravishing than the harmony of a full concert; and the tincture of the cloud preferable to the touch of the finest pencil.

The life of a man is a journey; a journey that must be travelled, however bad the roads or the accommodation. If in the beginning it is found dangerous, narrow, and difficult, it must either grow better in the end, or we shall by custom learn to bear its inequality.

But though I see you incapable of penetrating into grand principles, attend at least to a simile adapted to every apprehension. I am mounted upon a wretched ass. I see another man before me upon a sprightly horse, at which I find some uneasiness. I look behind me, and see numbers on foot, stooping under heavy burdens; let me learn to pity their estate, and thank heaven for

Shingfu, when under misfortunes would in the beginning weep like a child; but he soon recovered his former tranquillity. After indulging grief for a few days, he would become, as usual, the most merry old man in all the province of Shansi. About the time that his wife died, his possessions were all consumed by fire, and his only son sold into captivity; Shingfu grieved for one day, and the next went to dance at a mandarin's door for his dinner. The company were surprised to see the old man so merry when suffering such great losses, and the mandarin himself coming out, asked him how he, who lad grieved so much, and given way to the calamity the day before, could now be so cheerful. "You ask me one question," cries the old man, "let me answer by asking an-

^{*} This letter is a rhapsody from the Maxims of the phi losopher Mê. Vide Lettres Curieuses et Edifiantes. Vide etiam Du Halde, vol. ii. p. 98.

[†] This passage the editor does not understand.

other: which is the most durable, a hard thing or a soft thing; that which resists, or that which makes no resistance?"—"A hard thing to be sure," replied the mandarin. "There you are wrong," returned Shingfu; "I am now fourscore years old; and if you look in my mouth you will find that I have lost all my teeth, but not a bit of my tongue."

LETTER XCVI.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

The manner of grieving for our departed friends in China is very different from that of Europe. The mourning colour of Europe is black; that of China white. When a parent or a relation dies here, for they seldom mourn for friends, it is only clapping on a suit of sables, grimacing it for a few days, and all, soon forgotten, goes on as before; not a single creature missing the deceased, except perhaps a favourite housekeeper or a favourite

On the contrary, with us in China it is a very serious affair. The piety with which I have seen you behave on one of these occasions should never be forgotten. I remember it was upon the death of thy grandmother's maiden sister. The coffin was exposed in the principal hall in public view. Before it were placed the figures of eunuchs, horses, tortoises, and other animals, in attitudes of grief and respect. The more distant relations of the old lady, and I among the number, came to pay our compliments of condolence, and to salute the deceased after the manner of our country. We had scarcely presented our wax candles and perfumes, and given the howl of departure, when, crawling on his belly from under a curtain, out came the reverend Fum Hoam himself, in all the dismal solemnity of distress. Your looks were set for sorrow; your clothing consisted of a hempen bag tied round the neck with a string. For two long months did this mourning continue. By night you lay stretched on a single mat, and sat on the stool of discontent by day. Pious man! who could thus set an example of sorrow and decorum to our country. Pious country! where if we do not grieve at the departure of our friends for their sakes, at least we are taught to regret them for our own.

All is very different here; amazement all! What sort of a people am I got amongst! Fun, thou son of Fo, what sort of people am I got amongst! No crawling round the coffin; no dressing up in hempen bags; no lying on mats, or sitting on stools. Gentlemen here shall put on first mourning with as sprightly an air as if preparing for a birth-night; and widows shall actually dress for another lusband in their weeds for the former. The best jest of all is, that our merry mourners clap bits of muslin on their sleeves, and these are called weepers. Weeping muslin; alas, alas, very sorrowful truly! These weepers then it seems are to bear the whole burthen of the distress.

But I have had the strongest instance of this contrast; this tragi-comical behaviour in distress, upon a recent occasion. Their king, whose departure, though sudden, was not unexpected, died after a reign of many years. His age and uncer-

tain state of health served in some measure to diminish the sorrow of his subjects; and their expectations from his successor seemed to balance their minds between uneasiness and satisfaction. But how ought they to have behaved on such an occasion? Surely, they ought rather to have endeavoured to testify their gratitude to their deceased friend, than to proclaim their hopes of the future. Surely even the successor must suppose their love to wear the face of adulation, which so quickly changed the object. However, the very same day on which the old king died, they made rejoicing for the new.

For my part, I have no conception of this new manner of mourning and rejoicing in a breath; of being merry and sad; of mixing a funeral procession with a jig and a bonfire. At least, it would have been just, that they who flattered the king while living for virtues which he had not, should lament him dead for those he really had.

In this universal cause for national distress, as I had no interest myself, so it is but natural to suppose I felt no real affliction. In all the losses of our friends, says a European philosopher, we first consider how much our own welfare is affected by their departure, and moderate our real grief just in the same proportion. Now as I had neither received nor expected to receive favours from kings or their flatterers; as I had no acquaintance in particular with their late monarch; as I knew that the place of a king is soon supplied; and as the Chinese proverb has it, that though the world may sometimes want cobblers to mend their shoes, there is no danger of its wanting emperors to rule their kingdoms: from such considerations I could bear the loss of a king with the most philosophic resignation. However, I thought it my duty at least to appear sorrowful; to put on a melancholy aspect, or to set my face by that of the people.

The first company I came amongst after the news became general, was a set of jolly companions who were drinking prosperity to the ensuing reign. I entered the room with looks of despair, and even expected applause for the superlative misery of my countenance. Instead of that, I was universally condemned by the company for a grimacing son of a w****, and desired to take away my penitential phiz to some other quarter. I now corrected my former mistake, and with the most sprightly air imaginable entered a company where they were talking over the ceremonies of the approaching funeral. Here I sat for some time with an air of pert vivacity; when one of the chief mourners immediately observing my good-humour, desired me, if I pleased, to go and grin somewhere else; they wanted no disaffected scoundrels there. Leaving this company, therefore, I was resolved to assume a look perfectly neutral; and have ever since been studying the fashionable air; something between jest and earnest; a complete virginity of face, uncontaminated with the smallest symptom of meaning.

But though grief be a very slight affair here, the mourning, my friend, is a very important concern. When an emperor dies in China, the whole expense of the solemnities is defrayed from the royal coffers. When the great die here, mandarins are ready enough to order mourning; but I do not see they are so ready to pay for it. If they send me down from court the grey undress frock,

or the black coat without pocket-holes, I am willing enough to comply with their commands, and wear both; but, by the head of Confucius! to be obliged to wear black and buy it into the bargain, is more than my tranquillity of temper can bear. What, order me to wear mourning before they knew whether I can buy it or no! Fum, thou son of Fo, what sort of a people am I amongst; where being out of black is a certain symptom of poverty: where those who have miserable faces cannot have mourning, and those who have mourning will not wear a miserable face?

LETTER XCVII.

FROM THE SAME

It is usual for the booksellers here, when a book has given universal pleasure upon one subject, to bring out several more upon the same plan; which are sure to have purchasers and readers, from that desire which all men have to view a pleasing object on every side. The first performance serves rather to awaken than satisfy attention: and when that is once moved, the slightest effort serves to continue its progression; the merit of the first diffuses a light sufficient to illuminate the succeeding efforts; and no other subject can be relished till that is exhausted. A stupid work coming thus immediately in the train of an applauded performance, weans the mind from the object of its pleasure; and resembles the sponge thrust into the mouth of a discharged culverin, in order to adapt it for a new explo-

This manner, however, of drawing off a subject, or a peculiar mode of writing to the dregs, effectually precludes a revival of that subject or manner for some time for the future; the sated reader turns from it with a kind of literary nausea; and though the titles of books are the part of them most read, yet he has scarcely perseverance enough to wade through the title-page.

Of this number I own myself one; I am now grown callous to several subjects, and different kinds of composition; whether such originally pleased I will not take upon me to determine; but at present I spurn a new book merely upon seeing its name in an advertisement; nor have the smallest curiosity to look beyond the first leaf, even though in the second the author promises

his own face neatly engraved on copper.

I am become a perfect epicure in reading; plain beef or solid mutton will never do. I am for a Chinese dish of bear's claws and bird's nests. I am for sauce strong with assafeetida, or fuming with garlic. For this reason there are a hundred very wise, learned, virtuous, well-intended productions that have no charms for me. Thus, for the soul of me, I could never find courage nor grace enough to wade above two pages deep into "Thoughts upon God and Nature," or "Thoughts upon Providence," or "Thoughts upon Free Grace," or indeed into thoughts upon any thing at all. I can no longer meditate with Meditations for every day in the year; Essays upon divers subjects cannot allure me, though never so interesting; and as for funeral sermons, or even thanksgiving sermons, I can neither weep with the one, nor rejoice with the other.

But it is chiefly in gentle poetry, where I seldom look farther than the title. The truth is, I take up books to be told something new; but here, as it is now managed, the reader is told nothing. He opens the book, and there finds very good words truly, and much exactness of rhyme, no information. A parcel of gaudy images pass on before his imagination like the figures in a dream; but curiosity, induction, reason, and the whole train of affections, are fast asleep. jucunda et idonea vitæ; those sallies which mend the heart while they amuse the fancy, are quite forgotten; so that a reader who would take up some modern applauded performances of this kind must, in order to be pleased, first leave his good sense behind him, take for his recompense and guide bloated and compound epithet, and dwell on paintings, just indeed, because laboured with minute exactness.

If we examine, however, our internal sensations, we shall find ourselves but little pleased with such laboured vanities: we shall find that our applause rather proceeds from a kind of contagion caught up from others, and which we contribute to diffuse, than from what we privately feel. There are some subjects of which almost all the world perceive the futility; yet all combine in imposing upon each other as worthy of praise. But chiefly this imposition obtains in literature, where men publicly contemn what they relish with rapture in private, and approve abroad what has given them disgust at home. The truth is, we deliver those criticisms in public which are supposed to be best calculated, not to do justice to the author, but to impress others with an opinion of our superior discernment.

But let works of this kind, which have already come off with such applause, enjoy it all. It is neither my wish to diminish, as I was never considerable enough to add to, their fame. But for the future, I fear there are many poems, for which I shall find spirits to read but the title. In the first place, all odes upon winter, or summer, or autumn; in short, all odes, epodes, and monodies whatsoever, shall hereafter be deemed too polite, classical, obscure, and refined to be read, and entirely above human comprehension. Pastorals are pretty enough-for those that like them-but to me Thyrsis is one of the most insipid fellows I ever conversed with: and as for Corydon, I do not choose his company. Elegies and epistles are very fine to those to whom they are addressed; and as for epic poems, I am generally able to discover the whole plan in reading the first two pages.
Tragedies, however, as they are now made, are

good instructive moral sermons enough; and it would be a fault not to be pleased with good things. There I learn several great truths: as, that it is impossible to see into the ways of futurity; that punishment always attends the villain; that love is the fond soother of the human breast; that we should not resist heaven's will, for in resisting heaven's will heaven's will is resisted: with several other sentiments equally new, delicate, and striking. Every new tragedy, therefore, I shall go to see; for reflections of this nature make a tolerable harmony, when mixed up with a proper quantity of drum, trumpet, thunder, lightning, or the scene-shifter's whistle. Adieu.

LETTER XCVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

I had some intentions lately of going to visit Bedlam, the place where those that go mad are confined. I went to wait upon the man in black to be my conductor; but I found him preparing to go to Westminster-hall, where the English hold their courts of justice. It gave me some surprise to find my friend engaged in a law-suit, but more so, when he informed me that it had been depending several years. "How is it possible," cried I, "for a man who knows the world to go to law? I am well acquainted with the courts of justice in China: they resemble rat-traps every one of them; nothing more easy than to get in, but to get out again is attended with some difficulty, and more cunning than rats are generally found to possess!"

"Faith," replied my friend, "I should not have gone to law, but that I was assured of success before I began; things were presented to me in so alluring a light, that I thought by barely declaring myself a candidate for the prize, I had nothing more to do than to enjoy the fruits of the victory. Thus have I been upon the eve of an imaginary triumph every term these ten years; have travelled forward with victory ever in my view, but ever out of reach; however, at present I fancy we have hampered our antagonist in such a manner, that without some unforeseen demur, we shall this day

lay him fairly on his back."

"If things be so situated," said I, "I do not care if I attend you to the courts, and partake in the pleasure of your success. But prithee," continued I, as we set forward, "what reasons have you to think an affair at last concluded, which has given so many former disappointments?"—"My lawyer tells me," returned he, "that I have Salkeld and Ventris strong in my favour, and that there are no less than fifteen cases in point."-" I understand," said I, "those are two of your judges who have already declared their opinions."—
"Pardon me," replied my friend, "Salkeld and Ventris are lawyers who some hundred years ago gave their opinions on cases similar to mine; these opinions which make for me my lawyer is to cite, and those opinions which look another way are cited by the lawyer employed by my antagonist; as I observed, I have Salkeld and Ventris for me, he has Coke and Hale for him; and he that has most opinions is most likely to carry his cause." But where is the necessity," cried I, "of prolonging a suit by citing the opinions and reports of others, since the same good sense which determined lawyers in former ages may serve to guide your judges at this day? They at that time gave their opinions only from the light of reason; your judges have the same light at present to direct them; let me even add a greater, as in former ages there were many prejudices from which the present is happily free. If arguing from authorities be exploded from every other branch of learning, why should it be particularly adhered to in this? I plainly foresee how such a method of investigation must embarrass every suit, and even perplex the student; ceremonies will be multiplied, formalities must increase, and more time will thus be spent in learning the arts of litigation than in the discovery of right."

"I see," cries my friend, "that you are for a speedy administration of justice; but all the world will grant that the more time there is taken up in considering any subject, the better it will be understood. Besides, it is the boast of an Englishman, that his property is secure, and all the world will grant that a deliberate administration of justice is the best way to secure his property. Why have we so many lawyers, but to secure our property? Why so many formalities, but to secure our property? Not less than one hundred thousand families live in opulence, elegance, and ease,

merely by securing our property."

"To embarrass justice," returned 1, "by a multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by a confidence in our judges, are, I grant, the opposite rocks on which legislative wisdom has ever split: in one case the client resembles that emperor, who is said to have been suffocated with the bedclothes, which were only designed to keep him warm; in the other, to that town which let the enemy take possession of its walls in order to show the world how little they depended upon aught but courage for safety. But, bless me, what numbers do I see here—all in block—how is it possible that half this multitude find employment?" "Nothing so easily conceived," returned my companion, "they live by watching each other. For instance, the catchpole watches the man in debt; the attorney watches the catchpole; the counsellor watches the attorney; the solicitor the counsellor; and all find sufficient employment."-"I conceive you," interrupted I, "they watch each other: but it is the client that pays them all for watching: it puts me in mind of a Chinese fable, which is intituled, 'Five Animals at a meal:'—

"A grasshopper, filled with dew, was merrily singing under a shade: a whangam, that eats grasshoppers, had marked it for its prey, and was just stretching forth to devour it; a serpent, that had for a long time fed only on whangams, was called up to fasten on the whangam; a yellow bird was just upon the wing to dart upon the serpent: a hawk had just stooped from above to seize the yellow bird; all were intent on their prey, and unmindful of their danger: so the whangam ate the grasshopper, the serpent ate the whangam, the yellow bird is when, sousing from on high, a vulture gobbled up the hawk, grasshopper, whangam, and all in a moment."

I had scarcely finished my fable, when the lawyer came to inform my friend that his cause was put off till another term, that money was wanted "to retain," and that all the world was of opinion that the very next hearing would bring him off victorious. "If so, then," cries my friend, "I believe it will be my wisest way to continue the cause for another term, and, in the mean time, my friend here and I will go and see Bedlam." Adieu.

LETTER XCIX.

FROM THE SAME.

I LATELY received a visit from the little beau, who I found had assumed a new flow of spirits with a new suit of clothes. Our discourse happened to turn upon the different treatment of the fair sex here and in Asia, with the influence of beauty in refining our manners and improving our conversation.

I soon perceived he was strongly prejudiced in favour of the Asiatic method of treating the sex, and that it was impossible to persuade him but that a man was happier who had four wives at his command, than he who had only one. true," cries he, " your men of fashion in the East are slaves, and under some terrors of having their throats squeezed by a bow-string; but what then? they can find ample consolation in a seraglio; they make indeed an indifferent figure in conversation abroad, but then they have a seraglio to console them at home. I am told they have no balls, drums, nor operas, but then they have got a seraglio; they may be deprived of wine and French cookery, but they have a seraglio; a seraglio, a scraglio, my dear creature, wipes off every inconvenience in the world.

"Besides, I am told, your Asiatic beauties are the most convenient women alive, for they have no souls: positively there is nothing in nature I should like so much as ladies without souls; soul here is the utter ruin of half the sex. A girl of eighteen shall have soul enough to spend a hundred pounds in the turning of a trump. Her mother shall have soul enough to ride a sweepstake match at a horse-race; her maiden aunt shall have soul enough to purchase the furniture of a whole toy-shop, and others shall have soul enough to behave as if they had no souls at all.'

"With respect to the soul," interrupted I, "the Asiatics are much kinder to the fair sex than you imagine; instead of one soul, Fohi, the idol of China, gives every woman three, the Bramins give them fifteen: and even Mahomet himself nowhere excludes the sex from Paradise. Abulfeda reports, that an old woman one day importuning him to know what she ought to do in order to gain paradise; 'My good lady,' answered the prophet, 'old women never get there.'—'What, never get to paradise?' returned the matron, in a fury; 'Never,' says he, 'for they always grow young by the way.'

"No, sir," continued I, "the men of Asia behave with more deference to the sex than you seem to imagine. As you of Europe say grace, upon sitting down to dinner, so it is the custom in China to say grace, when a man goes to bed to his wife." "And may I die," returned my companion, "but a very pretty ceremony! for seriously, sir, I see no reason why a man should not be as grateful in one situation as in the other. Upon honour, I always find myself more disposed to gratitude, on the couch of a fine woman, than upon sitting down to a sirloin of beef."

"Another ceremony," said I, resuming the conersation, "in favour of the sex amongst us, is the ride's being allowed, after marriage, her three ays of freedom. During this interval a thousand extravagancies is practised by either sex. The lady is now placed upon the nuptial-bed, and numberless monkey-tricks are played round to divert her. One gentleman smells her perfumed handkerchief, another attempts to untie her garter, a third pulls off her shoe to play hunt-the-slipper, another pretends to be an idiot, and endeavours to raise a laugh by grimacing; in the mean time, the glass goes briskly about, till ladies, gentlemen, wife, lusband and all, are mixed together in one inundation of arrack punch."

"Strike me dumb, deaf, and blind," cried my companion, "but that's very pretty! there is some sense in your Chinese ladies' condescensions; but among us, you shall scarcely find one of the whole sex that shall hold her good-humour for three days together. No later than yesterday I happened to say some civil things to a citizen's wife of my acquaintance, not because I loved her, but because I had charity; and what do you think was the tender creature's reply? Only that she detested my pig-tail wig, high-heeled shoes, and sallow complexion. That is all. Nothing more! Yes, by the heavens, though she was more ugly than an unpainted actress, I found her more insolent than

a thorough-bred woman of quality."

He was proceeding in this wild manner, when his invective was interrupted by the man in black, who entered the apartment, introducing his niece, a young lady of exquisite beauty. Her very appearance was sufficient to silence the severest satirist of the sex; easy without pride, and free without impudence, she seemed capable of supplying every sense with pleasure; her looks, her conversation, were natural and unconstrained; she had neither been taught to languish nor ogle, to laugh without a jest, or sigh without sorrow. found that she had just returned from abroad, and had been conversant in the manners of the world. Curiosity prompted me to ask several questions, but she declined them all. I own I never found myself so strongly prejudiced in favour of apparent merit before; and could willingly have prolonged our conversation, but the company after some time withdrew. Just, however, before the little beau took his leave, he called me aside, and requested I would change him a twenty-pound bill, which as I was incapable of doing, he was contented with borrowing half-a-crown. Adieu.

LETTER C.

From LIEN CHI ALTANGI to HINGPO, by the way of Moscow.

Few virtues have been more praised by moralists than generosity; every practical treatise on ethics tends to increase our sensibility of the distresses of others, and to relax the grasp of frugality. Philosophers that are poor praise it, because they are gainers by its effects; and the opulent Seneca himself has written a treatise on benefits, though he was known to give nothing away.

But among the many who have enforced the duty of giving, I am surprised there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving: to show that by every favour we accept, we in some measure forfeit our native freedom, and that a state of continual dependence on the generosity of others is a life of gradual debasement.

Were men taught to despise the receiving obli

gations with the same force of reasoning and declamation that they are instructed to confer them, we might then see every person in society filling up the requisite duties of his station with cheerful industry, neither relaxed by hope, nor

sullen from disappointment.

Every favour a man receives in some measure sinks him below his dignity; and in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up so much of his natural independence. He, therefore, who thrives upon the unmerited bounty of another, if he has any sensibility, suffers the worst of servitude; the shackled slave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependant is taxed with ingratitude upon every symptom of discontent; the one may rave round the walls of his cell, but the other lingers in all the silence of mental confinement, To increase his distress, every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from rising, till at last, elastic no longer, it shapes itself to constraint, and puts on habitual servility.

It is thus with the feeling mind; but there are some who, born without any share of sensibility, receive favour after favour, and still cringe for more; who accept the offer of generosity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit, and even make thanks for past benefits an indirect petition for new: such I grant can suffer no debasement from dependence, since they were originally as vile as was possible to be; dependence degrades only the ingenuous, but leaves the sordid mind in pristine meanness. In this manner, therefore, long-continued generosity is misplaced, or it is injurious; it either finds a man worthless, or it makes him so: and true it is, that the person who is contented to be often obliged, ought not to have

been obliged at all.

Yet while I describe the meanness of a life of continued dependence, I would not be thought to include those natural or political subordinations which subsist in every society; for in such, though dependence is exacted from the inferior, yet the obligation on either side is mutual. The son must rely upon his parent for support, but the parent lies under the same obligations to give, that the other has to expect; the subordinate officer must receive the commands of his superior, but for this obedience the former has a right to demand an intercourse of favour: such is not the dependence I would deprecate, but that where every expected favour must be the result of mere benevolence in the giver, where the benefit can be kept without remorse, or transferred without injustice. The character of a legacy-hunter, for instance, is detestable in some countries, and despicable in all; this universal contempt of a man who infringes upon none of the laws of society some moralists have arraigned as a popular and unjust prejudice; never considering the necessary degradations a wretch must undergo, who previously expects to grow rich by benefits without having either natural or social claims to enforce his petitions.

But this intercourse of benefaction and acknowledgment is often injurious even to the giver as well as the receiver; a man can gain but little knowledge even of himself, or of the world, amidst a circle of those whom hope or gratitude has gathered around him; their unceasing humiliations

must necessarily increase his comparative magnitude, for all men measure their own abilities by those of their company; thus being taught to overrate his merit, he in reality lessens it; increasing in confidence, but not in power, his professions end in empty boast, his undertakings in

shameful disappointment.

It is perhaps one of the severest misfortunes of the great, that they are, in general, obliged to live among men whose real virtue is lessened by dependence, and whose minds are enslaved by obligation. The humble companion may have at first accepted patronage with generous views, but soon he feels the mortifying influence of conscious inferiority, by degrees sinks into a flatterer, and flattery at last degenerates into stupid veneration. To remedy this, the great often dismiss their old dependants, and take new. Such changes are falsely imputed to levity, falsehood, or caprice in the patron, since they may be more justly ascribed to the client's gradual deterioration.

No, my son, a life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendship. To give should be our pleasure, but to receive our shame; serenity, health, and affluence attend the desire of rising by labour; misery, repentance, and disrespect that of succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys, is truly blessed; and lovely, far more lovely, the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence than the fawning simper of thriving adulation.

Adieu.

LETTER CI.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

In every society some men are born to teach, and others to receive instruction; some to work, and others to enjoy in idleness the fruits of their industry; some to govern, and others to obey. Every people, how free soever, must be contented to give up part of their liberty and judgment to those who govern, in exchange for their hopes of security; and the motives which first influenced their choice in the election of their governors should ever be weighed against the succeeding apparent inconsistencies of their conduct. cannot be rulers, and men are generally best governed by a few. In making way through the intricacies of business, the smallest obstacles are apt to retard the execution of what is to be planned by a multiplicity of counsels; the judgment of one alone being always fittest for winding through the labyrinths of intrigue, and the obstructions of disappointment. A serpent, which, as the fable observes, is furnished with one head and many tails, is much more capable of subsistence and expedition, than another which is furnished with but one tail and many heads.

Obvious as these truths are, the people of this country seem insensible of their force. Not satisfied with the advantages of internal peace and opulence, they still murmur at their governors, and interfere in the execution of their designs; as if they wanted to be something more than happy. But as the Europeans instruct by argument, and the Asiatics mostly by narration, were I to address them, I should convey my sentiments in the fol-

lowing story :-

Takupi had long been prime minister of Tipartala, a fertile country that stretches along the western confines of China. During his administration, whatever advantages could be derived from arts, learning, and commerce, were seen to bless the people; nor were the necessary precautions of providing for the security of the state forgotten. It often happens, however, that when men are possessed of all they want, they then begin to find torment from imaginary afflictions, and lessen their present enjoyments by foreboding that those enjoyments are to have an end. The people now, therefore, endeavoured to find out grievances; and after some search, actually began to think themselves aggrieved. A petition against the enormities of Takupi was carried to the throne in due form; and the queen who governed the country, willing to satisfy her subjects, appointed a day, in which his accusers should be heard, and the minister should stand upon his defence.

The day being arrived, and the minister brought before the tribunal, a carrier who supplied the city with fish, appeared among the number of his accusers. He exclaimed, that it was the custom, time immemorial, for carriers to bring their fish upon a horse in a hamper; which being placed on one side, and balanced by a stone on the other, was thus conveyed with ease and safety; but that the prisoner, moved either by a spirit of innovation, or perhaps bribed by the hamper-makers, had obliged all carriers to use the stone no longer, but balance one hamper with another; an order entirely repugnant to the customs of all antiquity, and those of the kingdom of Tipartala

in particular.

The carrier finished; and the whole court shook their heads at the innovating minister, when a second witness appeared. He was inspector of the city buildings, and accused the disgraced favourite of having given orders for the demolition of an ancient ruin, which obstructed the passage though one of the principal streets. He observed, that such buildings were noble monuments of barbarous antiquity; contributed finely to show how little their ancestors understood of architecture; and for that reason such monuments should be held sacred, and suffered gradually to decay.

The last witness now appeared. This was a widow, who had laudably attempted to burn herself upon her husband's funeral pile. But the innovating minister had prevented the execution of her design, and was insensible to her tears,

protestations, and intreaties.

The queen could have pardoned the two former offences; but this last was considered as so gross an injury to the sex, and so directly contrary to all the customs of antiquity, that it called for immediate justice. "What," cried the queen, "not suffer a woman to burn herself when she thinks proper? The sex are to be prettily tutored, no doubt, if they must be restrained from entertaining their female friends now and then with a fried wife, or roasted acquaintance. I sentence the prisoner to be banished my presence for ever, for his injurious treatment of the sex."

Takupi had been hitherto silent, and spoke only

to show the sincerity of his resignation. "Great queen," cried he, "I acknowledge my crime; and since I am to be banished, I beg it may be to some ruined town, or desolate village in the country I have governed. I shall find some pleasure in improving the soil and bringing back a spirit of industry among the inhabitants." His request appearing reasonable, it was immediately complied with; and a courtier had orders to fix upon a place of banishment, answering the minister's description. After some months' search, however, the inquiry proved fruitless: neither a desolate village nor a ruined town was found in the kingdom. "Alas!" said Takupi then to the queen, "how can that country be ill governed which has neither a desolate village nor a ruined town in it?" The queen perceived the justice of his expostulation, and the minister was received into more than former favour.

LETTER CII.

FROM THE SAME.

The ladies here are by no means such ardent gamesters as the women of Asia. In this respect I must do the English justice; for I love to praise where applause is justly merited. Nothing is more common in China than to see two women of fashion continue gaming till one has won all the other's clothes and stripped her quite naked; the winner thus marching off in a double suit of finery, and the loser shrinking behind in the primitive sim-

plicity of nature.

No doubt you remember when Shang, our maiden aunt, played with a sharper. First her money went; then her trinkets were produced; her clothes followed piece by piece soon after: when she had thus played herself quite naked, being a woman of spirit, and willing to pursue her own, she staked her teeth; fortune was against her even here, and her teeth followed her clothes; at last she played for her left eye, and, oh! hard fate, this too she lost: however, she had the consolation of biting the sharper; for he never perceived that it was made of glass till it became his own.

How happy, my friend, are the English ladies, who never rise to such an inordinance of passion I Though the sex here are generally fond of games of chance, and are taught to manage games of skill from their infancy, yet they never pursue ill-fortune with such amazing intrepidity. Indeed I may entirely acquit them of ever playing—I mean of playing for their eyes or their teeth.

It is true, they often stake their fortune, their beauty, health, and reputations at a gaming-table. It even sometimes happens, that they play their husbands into a jail; yet still they preserve a decorum unknown to our wives and daughters of China. I have been present at a rout in this country, where a woman of fashion, after losing her money, has sat writhing in all the agonies of bad luck; and yet, after all, never once attempted to strip a single petticoat, or cover the board, as her last stake, with her head-clothes.

However, though I praise their moderation at play, I must not conceal their assiduity. In China our women, except upon some great days, are never permitted to finger a dice-box; but he every day seems to be a festival; and night itself, which gives others rest, only serves to increase the female gamester's industry. I have been told of an old lady in the country, who, being given over by the physicians, played with the curate of her parish to pass the time away: having won all his money, she next proposed playing for her funeral charges; the proposal was accepted; but unfortunately the lady expired just as she had taken in her game.

There are some passions which, though differently pursued, are attended with equal consequences in every country: here they game with more perseverance, there with greater fury; here they strip their families, there they strip themselves naked. A lady in China, who indulges a passion for gaming, often becomes a drunkard; and by flourishing a dice-box in one hand, she generally comes to brandish a dram-cup in the other. Far be it from me to say there are any who drink drams in England; but it is natural to suppose, that when a lady has lost everything else but her honour, she will be apt to toss that into the bargain; and, grown insensible to nicer feelings, behave like the Spaniard, who, when all his money was gone, endeavoured to borrow more, by offering to pawn his whiskers. Adieu.

LETTER CIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to ***, Merchant in Amsterdam.

I have just received a letter from my son, in which he informs me of the fruitlessness of his endeavours to recover the lady with whom he fled from Persia. He strives to cover, under the appearance of fortitude, a heart torn with anxiety and disappointment. I have offered little consolation; since that but too frequently feeds the sorrowwhich it pretends to deplore, and strengthens the impression which nothing but the external rubs of time and accident can thoroughly efface.

He informs me of his intentions of quitting Moscow the first opportunity, and travelling by land to Amsterdam. I must, therefore, upon his arrival, entreat the continuance of your friendship; and beg of you to provide him with proper directions for finding me in London. You can scarcely be sensible of the joy I expect upon secing him once more: the ties between the father and the son among us of China are much more closely drawn than with you of Europe.

The remittances sent me from Argun to Moscow came in safety. I cannot sufficiently admire that spirit of honesty which prevails through the whole country of Siberia; perhaps the savages of that desolate region are the only untutored people of the globe that cultivate the moral virtues, even without knowing that their actions merit praise. I have been told surprising things of their goodness, benevolence, and generosity: and the uninterrupted commerce between China and Russia serves as a collateral confirmation.

"Let us," says the Chinese lawgiver, "admire the rude virtues of the ignorant, but rather imitate the delicate morals of the polite." In the country where I reside, though honesty and benevolence be not so congenial, yet art supplies the place of nature. Though here every vice is carried

to excess, yet every virtue is practised also with unexampled superiority. A city like this is the soil for great virtues and great vices; the villain can soon improve here in the deepest mysteries of deceiving; and the practical philosopher can every day meet new incitements to mend his honest intentions. There are no pleasures, sensual or sentimental, which this city does not produce; yet, I know not how, I could not be content to There is something so reside here for life. seducing in that spot in which we first had existence, that nothing but it can please; whatever vicissitudes we experience in life, however we toil, or wheresoever we wander, our fatigued wishes still recur to home for tranquillity: we long to die in that spot which gave us birth, and in that pleasing expectation opiate every calamity.

You now, therefore, perceive that I have some intention of leaving this country; and yet my designed departure fills me with reluctance and regret. Though the friendships of travellers are generally more transient than vernal snows, still I feel an uneasiness at breaking the connexions I have formed since my arrival; particularly I shall have no small pain in leaving my usual companion, guide, and instructor.

I shall wait for the arrival of my son before I set out. He shall be my companion in every intended journey for the future; in his company I can support the fatigues of the way with redoubled ardour, pleased at once with conveying instruction and exacting obedience. Adieu.

LETTER CIV.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fun Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

Our scholars in China have a most profound veneration for forms. A first-rate beauty never studied the decorums of dress with more assiduity: they may properly enough be said to be clothed with wisdom from head to foot; they have their philosophical caps and philosophical whiskers, their philosophical slippers and philosophical fans; there is even a philosophical standard for measuring the nails; and yet, with all this seeming wisdom, they are often found to be mere empty pretenders.

A philosophical beau is not so frequent in Europe; yet I am told that such characters are found here. I mean such as punctually support all the decorums of learning, without being really very profound, or naturally possessed of a fine understanding; who labour hard to obtain the titular honours attending literary merit, who flatter others, in order to be flattered in turn; and only study to be thought students.

A character of this kind generally receives company in his study, in all the pensive formality of slippers, night-gown, and easy-chair. The table is covered with a large book, which is always kept open, and never read; his solitary hours being dedicated to dozing, mending pens, feeling his pulse, peeping through the microscope, and sometimes reading amusing books, which he condemns in company. His library is preserved with the most religious neatness, and is generally a repository for scarce books, which bear a high

price, because too dull or useless to become common by the ordinary methods of publication.

Such men are generally candidates for admittance into literary clubs, academies, and institutions, where they regularly meet to give and receive a little instruction and a great deal of praise. In conversation they never betray ignorance, because they never seem to receive information. Offer a new observation, they have heard it before; pinch them in an argument, and they reply with a sneer.

Yet how trifling soever these little arts may appear, they answer one valuable purpose, of gaining the practisers the esteem they wish for. The bounds of a man's knowledge are easily concealed, if he has but prudence; but all can readily see and admire a gilt library; a set of long nails, a silver standish, or a well-combed whisker, who

are incapable of distinguishing a dunce.

When Father Matthew, the first European missionary, entered China, the court was informed that he possessed great skill in astronomy; he was therefore sent for, and examined. The established astronomers of state undertook this task, and made their report to the emperor that his skill was but very superficial, and no way comparable to their own. The missionary, however, appealed from their judgment to experience, and challenged them to calculate an eclipse of the moon that was to happen a few nights following. "What," said some, "shall a barbarian without nails pretend to vie with men in astronomy, who have made it the study of their lives, with men who know half the knowable characters of words, who wear scientifical caps and slippers, and who have gone through every literary degree with applause?" They accepted the challenge, confident of success. The eclipse began; the Chinese produced a most splendid apparatus, and were fifteen minutes wrong; the missionary with a single instrument was exact to a second. This was convincing; but the court astronomers were not to be convinced; instead of acknowledging their error, they assured the emperor that their calculations were certainly exact, but that the stranger without nails had actually bewitched the moon. "Well, then," cries the good emperor, smiling at their ignorance, "you shall still continue to be servants of the moon; but I constitute this man her controller."

China is thus replete with men, whose only pretensions to knowledge arise from external circumstances; and in Europe every country abounds with them in proportion to its ignorance. and Flanders, who are behind the rest of Europe in learning at least three centuries, have twenty literary titles and marks of distinction unknown in France or England: they have their Clarissimi and Preclarissimi, their Accuratissimi and Minutissimi: a round cap entitles one student to argue, and a square cap permits another to teach; while a cap with a tassel almost sanctifies the head it happens to cover. But where true knowledge is cultivated, these formalities begin to disappear; the ermined cowl, the solemn beard, and sweeping train, are laid aside; philosophers dress and talk and think like other men; and lamb-skin dressers and cap-makers, and tail-carriers, now deplore a literary age.

For my own part, my friend, I have seen enough

of presuming ignorance, never to venerate wisdom but where it actually appears. I have received literary titles and distinctions myself; and, by the quantity of my own wisdom, know how very little wisdom they can confer. Adieu.

LETTER CV.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

The time for the young king's coronation approaches; the great and the little world look forward with impatience. A knight from the country, who has brought up his family to see and be seen on this occasion, has taken all the lower part of the house where I lodge. His wife is laying in a large quantity of silks, which the mercer tells her are to be fashionable next season; and Miss, her daughter, has actually had her ears bored previously to the ceremony. In all this bustle of preparation I am considered as mere lumber, and have been shoved up two stories higher, to make room for others my landlady seems perfectly convinced are my betters; but whom before me she is contented with only calling very good company. The little beau, who has now forced himself

into my intimacy, was yesterday giving me a minute detail of the intended procession. All men are eloquent upon their favourite topic; and this seemed peculiarly adapted to the size and turn of his understanding. His whole mind was blazoned over with a variety of glittering images; coronets, escutcheons, lace, fringe, tassels, stones, bugles, and spun glass. "Here," cried he, "Garter is to walk; and there Rouge Dragon marches with the escutcheons on his back. Here Clarencieux moves forward; and there Blue Mantle disdains to be left behind. Here the aldermen march two and two; and there the undaunted champion of England, no way terrified at the very numerous ap-pearance of gentlemen and ladies, rides forward in complete armour, and with an intrepid air throws down his glove. Ah," continued he, "should any be so hardy as to take up that fatal glove, and to accept the challenge, we should see fine sport; the champion would show him no mercy; he would soon teach him all his passes with a witness. However, I am afraid we shall have none willing to try it with him upon the approaching occasion for two reasons: first, because his antagonist would stand a chance of being killed in the single combat; and secondly, because, if he escapes the champion's arm, he would certainly be hanged for treason. No, no, I fancy none will be so hardy as to dispute it with a champion, like him, inured to arms; and we shall probably see him prancing unmolested away, holding his bridle thus in one hand, and brandishing his dram-cup in the other."

Some men have a manner of describing which only wraps the subject in more than former obscurity: thus was I unable, with all my companion's volubility, to form a distinct idea of the intended procession. I was certain that the inauguration of a king should be conducted with solemnity and religious awe; and I could not be persuaded that there was much solemnity in this description. If this be true, cried I to myself, the people of Europe surely have a strange man-

ner of mixing solemn and fantastic images together, pictures at once replete with burlesque and the sublime. At a time when the king enters into the most solemn compact with his people, nothing surely should be admitted to diminish from the real majesty of the ceremony. A ludicrous image brought in at such a time throws an air of ridicule upon the whole. It some way resembles a picture I have seen, designed by Albert Durer, where, amidst all the solemnity of that awful scene—a Deity judging, and a trembling world awaiting the decree,—he has introduced a merry mortal trundling his scolding wife to hell in a wheel-barrow.

My companion, who mistook my silence, during this interval of reflection, for the rapture of astonishment, proceeded to describe those frivolous parts of the show that mostly struck his imagination; and to assure me that, if I staid in this country some months longer, I should see fine things. "For my own part," continued he, "I know already of fifteen suits of clothes that would stand on one end with gold lace, all designed to be first shown there; and as for diamonds, rubies. emeralds, and pearls, we shall see them as thick as brass nails in a sedan-chair. And then we are all to walk so majestically thus—this foot always behind the foot before. The ladies are to fling nosegays, the court poets to scatter verses: the spectators are to be all in full dress: Mrs. Tibbs in a new sacque, ruffles, and frenched hair; look where you will, one thing finer than another; Mrs. Tibbs courtesies to the duchess; her grace returns the compliment with a bow. Largess, cries the herald. 'Make room,' cries the gentleman usher. 'Knock him down,' cries the guard. Ah!' continued he, amazed at his own description, "what an astonishing scene of grandeur can art produce from the smallest circumstance, when it thus actually turns to wonder one man putting on another man's hat."

I now found his mind was entirely set upon the fopperies of the pageant, and quite regardless of the real meaning of such costly preparations. "Pageants," says Bacon, "are pretty things; but we should rather study to make them elegant than expensive." Processions, cavalcades, and all that fund of gay frippery furnished out by tailors, barbers, and tire-women, mechanically influence the mind into veneration; an emperor in his nightcap would not meet with half the respect of an emperor with a glittering crown. Politics resemble religion; attempting to divest either of ceremony is the most certain method of bringing either into contempt. The weak must have their inducements to admiration as well as the wise; and it is the business of a sensible government to impress all ranks with a sense of subordination, whether this be effected by a diamond buckle or a virtuous ediet, a sumptuary law or a glass necklace.

This interval of reflection only gave my companion spirits to begin his description afresh; and as a greater inducement to raise my curiosity, he informed me of the vast sums that were given by the spectators for places. "That the ceremony must be fine," cries he, "is very evident from the fine price that is paid for seeing it. Several ladies have assured me, they would willingly part with one eye, rather than be prevented from looking on with the other. Come, come," continues he, "I

have a friend who for my sake will supply us with places at the most reasonable rates; I will take care you shall not be imposed upon; and he will inform you of the use, finery, rapture, splendour, and enchantment of the whole ceremony better than I."

Follies often repeated lose their absurdity, and assume the appearance of reason: his arguments were so often and so strongly enforced, that I had actually some thoughts of becoming a spectator. We accordingly went together to be peak a place; but guess my surprise, when the man demanded a purse of gold for a single seat; I could hardly believe him serious upon making the demand. "Pr'ythee, friend," cried I, "after I have paid twenty pounds for sitting here an hour or two, can I bring a part of the coronation back?"—
"No, sir."—"How long can I live upon it after I have come away ?"-" Not long, sir."-" Can a coronation clothe, feed, or fatten me ?"-" Sir," replied the man, "you seem to be under a mistake; all that you can bring away is the pleasure of having it to say that you saw the coronation."-"Blast me," cries Tibbs, "if that be all, there is no need of paying for that, since I am resolved to have that pleasure, whether I am there or no !'

I am conscious, my friend, that this is but a very confused description of the intended ceremony. You may object, that I neither settle rank, precedency, nor place; that I seem ignorant whether Gules walks before or behind Garter; that I have neither mentioned the dimensions of a lord's cap, nor measured the length of a lady's tail. I know your delight is in minute description, and this I am unhappily disqualified from furnishing; yet, upon the whole, I fancy it will be no way comparable to the magnificence of our late emperor Whangti's procession, when he was married to the moon, at which Fum Hoam himself presided in person. Adicu.

LETTER CVI.

TO THE SAME.

It was formerly the custom here, when men of distinction died, for their surviving acquaintance to throw each a slight present into the grave. Several things of little value were made use of for that purpose: perfumes, relies, spices, bitter herbs, camomile, wormwood, and verses. This custom, however, is almost discontinued; and nothing but verses alone are now lavished on such occasions; an oblation which they suppose may be interred with the dead, without any injury to the living.

Upon the death of the great, therefore, the poets and undertakers are sure of employment. While one provides the long cloak, black staff, and mourning-coach, the other produces the pastoral or elegy, the monody or apotheosis. The nobility need be under no apprehensions, but die as fast as they think proper, the poet and undertaker are ready to supply them: these can find metaphorical tears and family escutcheons, at half an hour's warning; and when the one has soberly laid the body in the grave, the other is ready to fix it figuratively among the stars.

There are several ways of being poetically sorrowful on such occasions. The bard is now some pensive youth of science, who sits deploring

among the tombs; again he is Thyrsis, complaining in a circle of harmless sheep. Now Britannia sits upon her own shore, and gives a loose to maternal tenderness; at another time, Parnassus, even the mountain Parnassus, gives way to sorrow, and is bathed in tears of distress.

But the most usual manner is this:-Damon meets Menalcas, who has got a most gloomy countenance. The shepherd asks his friend, "whence that look of distress?" to which the other replies, that "Pollio is no more." "If that be the case, then," cries Damon, "let us retire to yonder bower at some distance off, where the cypress and the jessamine add fragrance to the breeze; and let us weep alternately for Pollio, the friend of shep-herds, and the patron of every muse." "Ah," returns his fellow shepherd, "what think you rather of that grotto by the fountain side? the marmuring stream will help to assist our complaints, and a nightingale on a neighbouring tree will join her voice to the concert. " When the place is thus settled, they begin: the brook stands still to hear their lamentations; the cows forget to graze; and the very tigers start from the forest with sympathetic concern.-By the tombs of our ancestors! my dear Fum, I am quite unaffected in all this distress: the whole is liquid laudanum to my spirits; and a tiger of common sensibility has twenty times more tenderness than I.

But though I could never weep with the complaining shepherd, yet I am sometimes induced to pity the poet, whose trade is thus to make demigods and heroes for a dinner. There is not in nature a more dismal figure than a man who sits down to premeditated flattery; every stanza he writes tacitly reproaches the meanness of his occupation, till at last his stupidity becomes more stupid, and his dulness more diminutive.

I am amazed, therefore, that none have yet found out the secret of flattering the worthless, and yet of preserving a safe conscience. I have often wished for some method by which a man night do himself and his deceased patron justice, without being under the hateful reproach of self-conviction. After long lucubration, I have hit upon such an expedient; and send you the specimen of a poem upon the decease of a great man, in which the flattery is perfectly fine, and yet the poet perfectly innocent.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE -----

Ye muses, pour the pitying tear! For Pollio's snatch'd away: O, had he lived another year! —He had not died to-day.

O, were he born to bless mankind
In virtuous times of yore,
Heroes themselves had fallen behind!

—Whene'er he went before.

How sad the groves and plains appear, And sympathetic sheep; Ev'n pitying hills would drop a tear! —If hills could learn to weep.

His bounty in exalted strain
Each bard might well display:
Since none implor'd relief in vain!
—That went reliev'd away.

And hark! I hear the tuneful throng His obsequies forbid; He still shall live, shall live as long —As ever dead man did.

LETTER CVII.

TO THE SAME.

It is the most usual method in every report, first to examine its probability, and then act as the conjuncture may require. The English, howthe conjuncture may require. ever, exert a different spirit in such circumstances; they first act, and when too late begin to examine. From a knowledge of this disposition, there are several here who make it their business to frame new reports at every convenient interval, all tending to denounce ruin both on their contemporaries and their posterity. This denunciation is eagerly caught up by the public; away they fling to propagate the distress; sell out at one place, buy in at another, grumble at their governors, shout in mobs, and when they have thus for some time behaved like fools, sit down coolly to argue and talk wisdom, to puzzle each other with syllogism, and prepare for the next report that prevails, which is always attended with the same success.

Thus are they ever rising above one report only to sink into another. They resemble a dog in a well, pawing to get free. When he has raised his upper parts above water, and every spectator imagines him disengaged, his lower parts drag him down again and sink him to the nose; he makes new efforts to emerge, and every effort increasing his weakness, only tends to sink him the deeper.

There are some here who, I am told, make a tolerable subsistence by the credulity of their countrymen: as they find the public fond of blood, wounds, and death, they contrive political ruins suited to every month in the year. This month the people are to be eaten up by the French in flatbottomed boats; the next by the soldiers, designed to beat the French back: now the people are going to jump down the gulf of luxury; and now nothing but a herring subscription can fish them up again. Time passes on, the report proves false; new circumstances produce new changes: but the people never change, they are persevering in folly.

In other countries those boding politicians would be left to fret over their own schemes alone, and grow splenetic without hopes of infecting others; but England seems to be the very region where spleen delights to dwell: a man not only can give an unbounded scope to the disorder in himself, but may, if he pleases, propagate it over the whole kingdom, with a certainty of success. He has only to cry out, that the government, the government is all wrong, that their schemes are leading to ruin, that Britons are no more: every good member of the commonwealth thinks it his duty, in such a case, to deplore the universal decadence with sympathetic sorrow, and by fancying the constitution in a decay, absolutely to impair its vigour.

This people would laugh at my simplicity, should I advise them to be less sanguine in harbouring gloomy predictions, and examine coolly before they attempted to complain. I have just heard a story, which, though transacted in a private family, serves very well to describe the behaviour of the whole nation, in cases of threatened calamity. As there are public, so there are private incendiaries

here. One of the last, either for the amusement of his friends, or to divert a fit of spleen, lately sent a threatening letter to a worthy family in my

neighbourhood, to this effect:

"Sir, knowing you to be very rich, and finding myself to be very poor, I think proper to inform you, that I have learned the secret of poisoning man, woman, and child, without danger of detection. Do not be uneasy, sir, -you may take your choice of being poisoned in a fortnight, or poisoned in a month, or poisoned in six weeks; you shall have full time to settle all your affairs. Though I am poor, I love to do things like a gentleman. But, sir, you must die; I have determined it within my own breast that you must die. Blood, sir, blood is my trade; so I could wish you would this day six weeks take leave of your friends, wife, and family, for I cannot possibly allow you longer time. To convince you more certainly of the power of my art, by which you may know I speak truth, take this letter; when you have read it, tear off the seal, fold it up, and give it to your favourite Dutch mastiff that sits by the fire; he will swallow it, sir, like a buttered toast; in three hours four minutes after he has taken it, he will attempt to bite off his own tongue, and half an hour after burst asunder in twenty pieces. Blood, blood! so no more at present from sir, your most obedient, most devoted humble servant to command till death."

You may easily imagine the consternation into which this letter threw the whole good-natured family. The poor man, to whom it was addressed, was the more surprised, as not knowing how he could merit such inveterate malice. All the friends of the family were convened; it was universally agreed, that it was a most terrible affair, and that the government should be solicited to offer a reward and a pardon: a fellow of this kind would go on poisoning family after family; and it was impossible to say where the destruction would end. In pursuance of these determinations, the government was applied to; strict search was made after the incendiary, but all in vain. At last, therefore, they recollected that the experiment was not yet tried upon the dog; the Dutch mastiff was brought up, and placed in the midst of the friends and relations, the seal was torn off, the packet folded up with care, and soon they found, to the great surprise of all-that the dog would not eat the letter. Adien.

LETTER CVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

I have frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almost all the European travellers, who have penetrated any considerable way eastward into Asia. They have been influenced either by motives of commerce or piety, and their accounts are such as might reasonably be expected from men of very narrow or very prejudiced education, the dictates of superstition or the result of ignorance. Is it not surprising, that in such a variety of adventurers not one single philosopher should be found? for as to the Travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an imposture.

There is scarcely any country, how rude or uncultivated soever, where the inhabitants are not possessed of some peculiar secrets, either in nature or art, which might be transplanted with success; in Siberian Tartary, for instance, the natives extract a strong spirit from milk, which is a secret probably unknown to the chemists of Europe. In the most savage parts of India they are possessed of the secret of dyeing vegetable substances scarlet; and of refining lead into a metal, which for hardness and colour is little inferior to silver; not one of which secrets but would in Europe make a man's fortune. The power of the Asiatics in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, because they have no instances of the like nature among themselves: but they would have treated the secrets of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, in the same manner, had they been told the Chinese used such arts before the invention was common with themselves at home.

Of all the English philosophers I most reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius: he it is who allows of secrets yet unknown; who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human curiosity to examine every part of nature, and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot subject the tempest, the thunder, and even earthquakes to human control. O, did a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning, travel to those countries which have been visited only by the superstitious and mercenary, what might not mankind expect; how would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! And what a variety of knowledge and useful improvenent would he not bring back in exchange!

There is probably no country so barbarous, that would not disclose all it knew, if it received from the traveller equivalent information; and I am apt to think, that a person who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling should only be to suit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he conversed; he should not attempt to teach the unlettered Tartar astronomy, nor yet instruct the polite Chinese in the ruder arts of subsistence : he should endeavour to improve the barbarian in the secrets of living comfortably; and the inhabitant of a more refined country in the speculative pleasures of science. How much more nobly would a philosopher, thus employed, spend his time, than by sitting at home earnestly intent upon adding one star more to his catalogue; or one monster more to his collection; or still, if possible, more triflingly sedulous in the incatenation of fleas, or the sculpture of a cherry-

I never consider this subject without being surprised that none of those societies so laudably established in England for the promotion of arts and learning, have ever thought of sending one of their members into the most eastern parts of Asia, to make what discoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of such an undertaking, let them but read the relations of their own travellers. It will be there found that they are as often deceived themselves, as they attempt to deceive others. The merchant tells us perhaps the price of different commodities, the methods of baling them up, and the properest manner for a

European to preserve his health in the country. The missionary, on the other hand, informs us, with what pleasure the country to which he was sent embraced Christianity, and the numbers he converted; what methods he took to keep Lent in a region where there was no fish, or the shifts he made to celebrate the rites of his religion, in places where there was neither bread nor wine! such accounts, with the usual appendage of marriages and funerals, inscriptions, rivers, and mountains, make up the whole of a European traveller's diary; but as to all the secrets of which the inhabitants are possessed, those are universally attributed to magic; and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he sees performed, he very contentedly ascribes them to the power of the devil.

It was a usual observation of Boyle, the English chemist, that if every artist would but discover what new observations occurred to him in the exercise of his trade, philosophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be observed, with still greater justice, that if the useful knowledge of every country, howsoever barbarous, was gleaned by a judicious observer, the advautages would be inestimable. Are there not, even in Europe, many useful inventions known or practised but in one place? The instrument, as an example, for cutting down corn in Germany is much more handy and expeditious, in my opinion, than the sickle used in England. The cheap and expeditious manner of making vinegar without previous fermentation, is known only in a part of France. If such discoveries, therefore, remain still to be known at home; what funds of knowledge might not be collected in countries yet unexplored, or only passed through by ignorant travellers in lasty caravans!

The caution with which foreigners are received

The caution with which foreigners are received in Asia may be alleged as an objection to such a design. But how readily have several European merchants found admission into regions the most suspecting, under the character of Sanjapins, or Northern pilgrims; to such not even China itself

denies access.

To send out a traveller, properly qualified for these purposes, might be an object of national concern; it would in some measure repair the breaches made by ambition; and might show that there were still some who boasted a greater name than that of patriots who professed themselves lovers of men. The only difficulty would remain in choosing a proper person for so arduous an enterprise. He should be a man of a philosophical turn, one apt to deduce consequences of general utility from particular occurrences: neither swollen with pride, nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded to one particular system, nor instructed only in one particular science; neither wholly a botanist, nor quite an antiquarian; his mind should be tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanised by an intercourse with men. He should be in some measure an enthusiast in the design; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination and an innate love of change: furnished with a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger. Adieu.

LETTER CIX.

FROM THE SAME.

ONE of the principal tasks I had proposed to myself on my arrival here, was to become acquainted with the names and characters of those now living, who, as scholars or wits, had acquired the greatest share of reputation. In order to succeed in this design, I fancied the surest method would be to begin my inquiry among the ignorant, judging that his fame would be the greatest, which was loud enough to be heard by the vulgar. Thus predisposed I began the search, but only went in quest of disappointment and perplexity. I found every district had a peculiar famous man of its own. Here the story-telling shoemaker had en grossed the admiration on one side of the street, while the bellman, who excelleth at a catch, was in quiet possession of the other. At one end of a lane the sexton was regarded as the greatest man alive, but I had not travelled half its length, till I found an enthusiast teacher had divided his reputation. My landlady perceiving my design, was kind enough to offer me her advice in this affair. It was true, she observed, that she was no judge, but she knew what pleased herself, and if I would rest upon her judgment, I should set down Tom Collins as the most ingenious man in the world, for Tom was able to take off all mankind, and imitate besides a sow and pigs to perfection.

I now perceived, that taking my standard of reputation among the vulgar, would swell my catalogue of great names above the size of a Court Calendar; I therefore discontinued this method of pursuit, and resolved to prosecute my inquiry in that usual residence of fame, a bookseller's shop. In consequence of this, I intreated the bookseller to let me know who they were who now made the greatest figure either in morals, wit, or learning. Without giving me a direct answer, he pulled a pamphlet from the shelf, The Young Attorney's Guide: "There, sir," cries he, "there is a touch for you, fifteen hundred of these moved off in a day; I take the author of this pamphlet, either for title, preface, plan, body, or index, to be the completest hand in England." I found it was vain to prosecute my inquiry, where my informer appeared so incompetent a judge of merit, so paying for the Young Attorney's Guide, which good manners obliged me to buy, I walked off.

My pursuit after famous men now brought me into a print-shop. Here, thought I, the painter only reflects the public voice. As every man who deserved it had formerly his statue placed up in the Roman forum, so here probably the pictures of none but such as merit a place in our affections are held up for public sale. But guess my surprise, when I came to examine this depository of noted faces! all distinctions were levelled here, as in the grave, and I could not but regard it as the catacomb of real merit. The brickdust man took up as much room as the truncheoned hero, and the judge was elbowed by the thief-taker; quacks, pimps, and buffoons increased the group, and noted stallions only made room for more noted w-s. I had read the works of some of the moderns previously to my coming to England with delight and approbation, but I found their faces had no place here, the walls were covered

with the names of authors I had never known, or had endeavoured to forget; with the little self-advertising things of a day, who had forced themselves into fashion, but not into fame; I could read at the bottom of some pictures the names of **, and ****, and ****, all equally candidates for the vulgar shout, and foremost to propagate their unblushing faces upon brass. My uneasiness, therefore, at not finding my few favourite names among the number, was now changed into congratulation; I could not avoid reflecting on the fine observation of Tacitus, on a similar occasion. "In this cavalcade of flattery," cries the historian, "neither the pictures of Brutus, Cassius, nor Cato, were to be seen, eo clariores quia imagines corum non deferebantur, their absence being the strongest proof of their merit."

"It is in vain," cried I, "to seek for true greatness among these monuments of the unburied dead; let me go among the tombs of those who are confessedly famous, and see if any have been lately deposited there who deserve the attention of posterity, and whose names may be transmitted to my distant friend, as an honour to the present Determined in my pursuit, I paid a second visit to Westminster Abbey. There I found several new monuments, erected to the memory of several great men: the names of the great men I absolutely forget, but I well remember that Roubillac was the statuary who carved them. I could not help smiling at two modern epitaphs in particular; one of which praised the deceased for being ortus ex antiqua stirpe; the other commended the dead, because hanc ædem suis sumptibus reædificavit: the greatest merit of one consisted in his being descended from an illustrious house; the chief distinction of the other, that he had propped up an old house that was falling. "Alas! alas!" cried I, "such monuments as these confer honour, not upon the great men, but upon little Roubillac."

Hitherto disappointed in my inquiry after the great of the present age, I was resolved to mix in company, and try what I could learn among critics in coffeehouses; and here it was that I heard my favourite names talked of even with inverted fame. A gentleman, of exalted merit as a writer, was branded in general terms as a bad man; another, of exquisite delicacy as a poet, was reproached for wanting good-nature; a third was accused of freethinking; and a fourth of having once been a player. "Strange!" cried I, "how unjust are mankind in the distribution of fame! the ignorant, among whom I sought at first, were willing to grant, but incapable of distinguishing, the virtues of those who deserved it; among those I now converse with, they know the proper objects of admiration, but mix envy with applause."

Disappointed so often, I was now resolved to examine those characters in person of whom the world talked so freely; by conversing with men of real merit, I began to find out those characters which really deserved, though they strove to avoid, applause. I found the vulgar admiration entirely misplaced, and malevolence without its sting. The truly great, possessed of numerous small faults and shining virtues, preserve a sublime in morals as in writing. They who have attained an excellence in either commit numberless transgressions,

observable to the meanest understanding. The ignorant critic and dull remarker can readily spy blemishes in eloquence or morals, whose sentiments are not sufficiently elevated to observe a beauty; but such are judges neither of books nor of life, they can diminish no solid reputation by their censure, nor bestow a lasting character by their applause: in short, I found by my search, that such only confer real fame upon others who have merit themselves to deserve it. Adieu.

LETTER CX.

TO THE SAME.

There are numberless employments in the courts of the Eastern monarchs utterly unpractised and unknown in Europe. They have no such officers, for instance, as the emperor's eartickler, or tooth-picker; they have never introduced at the courts the mandarin appointed to bear the royal tobacco-box, or the grave director of the imperial exercitations in the seraglio. Yet I am surprised that the English have imitated us in none of these particulars, as they are generally pleased with everything that comes from China, and excessively fond of creating new and useless employments. They have filled their houses with our furniture, their public gardens with our fireworks, and their very ponds with our fish; our courtiers, my friend, are the fish and the furniture they should have imported; our courtiers would fill up the necessary ceremonies of a court better than those of Europe, would be contented with receiving large salaries for doing little, whereas some of this country are at present discontented, though they receive large salaries for doing

I lately, therefore, had thoughts of publishing a proposal here for the admission of some new Eastern offices and titles into their court register. As I consider myself in the light of a cosmopolite, I find as much satisfaction in scheming for the countries in which I happen to reside, as for that in which I was born.

The finest apartments in the palace of Pegu are frequently infested with rats; these the religion of the country strictly forbids the people to kill. In such circumstances, therefore, they are obliged to have recourse to some great man of the court, who is willing to free the royal apartments, even at the hazard of his salvation. After a weak monarch's reign the quantity of court vermin in every corner of the palace is surprising; but a prudent king, and a vigilant officer, soon drive them from their sanctuaries behind the mats and the tapestry, and effectually free the court. Such an officer in England would, in my opinion, be serviceable at this juncture; for if, as I am told, the palace be old, much vermin must uncoubtedly have taken refuge behind the wainscot and hangings. A minister should, therefore, be invested with the title and dignities of court vermin-killer; he should have full power either to banish, take, poison, or destroy them, with enchantments, traps, ferrets, or ratsbane. might be permitted to brandish his besom without remorse, and brush down every part of the furniture, without sparing a single cobweb, however sacred by long prescription. I communicated this

proposal some days ago in a company of the first distinction, and enjoying the most honourable offices of the state. Among the number were, the inspector of Great Britain, Mr. Henriques; the director of the ministry, Ben Victor; the treasurer, John Lockman; the secretary, and the conductor of the Imperial Magazine. They all acquiesced in the utility of my proposal, but were apprehensive it might meet with some obstructions from court upholsterers and chambermaids, who would object to it from the demolitions of the furniture, and the dangerous use of ferrets and ratsbane.

My next proposal is rather more general than the former, and might probably meet with less opposition. Though no people in the world flatter each other more than the English, I know none who understand the art less, and flatter with such little refinement. Their panegyric, like a Tartar feast, is indeed served up with profusion, but their cookery is insupportable. A client here shall dress up a fricassee for his patron, that shall offend an ordinary nose before it enters the room. A town shall send up their address to a great minister, which shall prove at once a satire on the minister and themselves. If the favourite of the day sits, or stands, or sleeps, there are poets to put it into verse, and priests to preach it in the pulpit. In order, therefore, to free both those who praise, and those who are praised, from a duty probably disagreeable to both, I would constitute professed flatterers here as in several courts of India. These are appointed in the courts of their princes, to instruct the people where to exclaim with admiration, and where to lay an emphasis of praise. But an officer of this kind is always in waiting when the emperor converses in a familiar manner among his rajahs and other nobility. At every sentence, when the monarch pauses, and smiles at what he has been saying, the karamatman, as this officer is called, is to take it for granted that his majesty has said a good thing. Upon which he cries out, "Karamat! karamat!"
"A miracle! a miracle!" and throws up his hands and eyes in ecstacy. This is echoed by the courtiers around, while the emperor sits all this time in sullen satisfaction, enjoying the triumph of his joke, or studying a new repartee.

I would have such an officer placed at every great man's table in England. By frequent practice he might soon become a perfect master of the art, and in time would turn out pleasing to his patron, no way troublesome to himself, and might prevent the nauseous attempts of many more ignorant pretenders. The clergy here, I am convinced, would relish this proposal; it would provide places for several of them; and, indeed, by some of their late productions many appear to have qualified themselves as candidates for this

office already.

But my last proposal I take to be of the utmost importance. Our neighbour, the empress of Russia, has, you may remember, instituted an order of female knighthood; the empress of Germany has also instituted another; the Chinese have had such an order time immemorial. I am amazed the English have never come into such an institution. When I consider what kind of men are made knights here, it appears strange that they have never conferred this honour upon women. They make cheese-mongers and pastry-cooks

knights-then why not their wives? They have called up tallow-chandlers to maintain the hardy profession of chivalry and arms; then why not their wives? Haberdashers are sworn, as I suppose all knights must be sworn, "never to fly in time of mellay or battle, to maintain and uphold the noble estate of chivalry, with horse-harnishe and other knightlye habiliments." Haberdashers, I say, are sworn to all this; then why not their wives? Certain I am their wives understand fighting and feats of mellay and battle better than they, and as for knightlye horse and harnishe, it is probable both know nothing more than the harness of a one-horse chaise. No, no, my friend, instead of conferring any order upon the husbands, I would knight their wives. However, the state should not be troubled with a new institution upon this occasion. Some ancient exploded order might be revived, which would furnish both a motto and a name: the ladies might be permitted to choose for themselves. There are, for instance, the obsolete, orders of the Dragon, in Germany; of the Rue, in Scotland; and the Porcupine, in France, all well-sounding names, and very applicable to my intended female institution. Adieu.

LETTER CXI.

TO THE SAME,

Religious sects in England are far more numerous than in China. Every man who has interest enough to hire a conventicle here, may set up for himself and sell off a new religion. The sellers of the newest pattern at present give extreme good bargains, and let their disciples have a great deal of confidence for very little money.

Their shops are much frequented, and their customers every day increasing, for people are naturally fond of going to Paradise at as small

expense as possible.

Yet you must not conceive this modern sect as differing in opinion from those of the established religion: difference of opinion indeed formerly divided their sectaries, and sometimes drew their armies to the field. White gowns and black mantles, flapped hats and cross pocket-holes, were once the obvious causes of quarrel; men then had some reason for fighting, they knew what they fought about; but at present they are arrived at such refinement in religion-making, that they have actually formed a new sect without a new opinion; they quarrel for opinions they both equally defend; they hate each other, and that is all the difference between them.

But though their principles are the same, their practice is somewhat different. Those of the established religion laugh when they are pleased, and their groans are seldom extorted but by pain or danger. The new sect, on the contrary, weep for their amusement, and use little music except a chorus of sighs and groans, or tunes that are made to imitate groaning. Laughter is their aversion; lovers court each other from the Lamentations; the bridegroom approaches the nuptial couch in sorrowful solemnity, and the bride looks more dismal than an undertaker's shop. Dancing round the room is with them running in a direct line to the devil; and as for gaming, though but in jest,

they would sooner play with a rattlesnake's tail

than finger a dice-box.

By this time you perceive that I am describing a sect of enthusiasts! and you have already compared them with the Faquirs, Bramins, and Talapoins of the East. Among these, you know, are generations that have never been known to smile, and voluntary affliction makes up all the merit they can boast of. Enthusiasms in every country produce the same effects; stick the Faquir with pins, or confine the Bramin to a vermin hospital, spread the Talapoin on the ground, or load the sectary's brow with contrition; those worshippers who discard the light of reason are ever gloomy; their fears increase in proportion to their ignorance, as men are continually under apprehensions who walk in darkness.

Yet there is still a stronger reason for the enthusiast's being an enemy to laughter, namely, his being himself so proper an object of ridicule. It is remarkable that the propagators of false doctrines have ever been averse to mirth, and always begin by recommending gravity when they intended to disseminate imposture. Fohi, the idol of China, is represented as having never laughed: Zoroaster, the leader of the Bramins, is said to have laughed but twice, upon his coming into the world, and upon his leaving it; and Mahomet himself, though a lover of pleasure, was a pro-fessed opposer of gaiety. Upon a certain occasion telling his followers, that they would all appear naked at the resurrection, his favourite wife represented such an assembly as immodest and unbecoming. "Foolish woman!" eried the grave prophet, "though the whole assembly be naked, at that day they shall have forgotten to laugh." Men like him opposed ridicule because they knew it to be a most formidable antagonist, and preached up gravity to conceal their own want of importance.

Ridicule has ever been the most powerful enemy of enthusiasm, and properly the only antagonist that can be opposed to it with success. Perseeution only serves to propagate new religions; they acquire fresh vigour beneath the executioner and the axe, and, like some vivacious insects, multiply by dissection. It is also impossible to combat enthusiasm with reason, for though it makes a show of resistance, it soon eludes the pressure, refers you to distinctions not to be understood, and feelings which it cannot explain. A man who would endeavour to fix an enthusiast by argument, might as well attempt to spread quicksilver with his The only way to conquer a visionary is to despise him; the stake, the faggot, and the disputing doctor, in some measure ennoble the opinions they are brought to oppose: they are harmless against innovating pride; contempt alone is truly dreadful. Hunters generally know the most vulnerable part of the beasts they pursue by the care which every animal takes to defend the side which is weakest; on what side the enthusiast is most vulnerable, may be known by the care which he takes in the beginning to work his disciples into gravity, and guard them against the power of ridicule.

When Philip the Second was king of Spain, there was a contest in Salamanca between two orders of friars for superiority. The legend of one side contained more extraordinary miracles,

but the legend of the other was reckoned most authentic. They reviled each other, as it is usual in disputes of divinity; the people were divided into factions, and a civil war appeared unavoidable. In order to prevent such an imminent calamity, the combatants were prevailed upon to submit their legends to the fiery trial, and that which came forth untouched by the fire was to have the victory, and to be honoured with a double share of reverence. Whenever the people flock to see a miracle, it is a hundred to one but that they see a miracle; incredible, therefore, were the numbers that were gathered round upon this occasion; the friars on each side approached, and confidently threw their respective legends into the flames, when, lo! to the utter disappointment of all the assembly, instead of a miracle, both legends were consumed. Nothing but thus turning both parties into contempt, could have prevented the effusion of blood. The people now laughed at their former folly, and wondered why they fell out. Adieu.

LETTER CXII.

TO THE SAME.

The English are at present employed in celebrating a feast, which becomes general every seventh year; the parliament of the nation being then dissolved, and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our feast of the lanterns in magnificence and splendour: it is also surpassed by others of the East in unanimity and pure devotion; but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating. Their eating indeed amazes me; had I five hundred heads, and were each head furnished with brains, yet would they all be insufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese, and turkeys, which upon this occasion die for the good of their country!

To say the truth, cating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built, or an hospital endowed, the directors assemble, and instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which means the business goes forward with success. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to deal out public charity assemble and eat upon it: nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor till they had previously satisfied their own. But in the election of magistrates the people seem to exceed all bounds; the merits of a candidate are often measured by the number of his treats; his constituents assemble, eat upon him, and lend their applause not to his integrity or sense, but the quantities of his beef and brandy.

And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occasion, as it is extremely natural for every man to eat a great deal when he gets it for nothing; but what amazes me is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good-lumour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged

culverin. Upon one of these occasions, I have actually seen a bloody-minded man-milliner sally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastry-cook, who was general of the

opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilised as to beat his neighbour without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor; gin a liquor wholly their own. This then furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel, whether it be most reasonable to get drunk with gin or get drunk with brandy? The mob meet upon the debate; fight themselves sober; and then draw off to get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each other's heads at home.

I lately made an excursion to a neighbouring village, in order to be a spectator of the eeremonies practised upon this occasion. I left town in company with three fiddlers, nine dozen of hams, and a corporation poet, which were designed as reinforcements to the gin-drinking party. We entered the town with a very good face; the fiddlers, no way intimidated by the enemy, kept handling their arms up the principal street. By this prudent manœuvre they took peaceable possession of their head-quarters, amidst the shouts of multitudes, who seemed perfectly rejoiced at hearing their music, but above all at seeing their bacon.

I must own I could not avoid being pleased to see all ranks of people on this occasion levelled into an equality; and the poor, in some measure, enjoy the primitive privileges of nature. If there was any distinction shown, the lowest of the people seemed to receive it from the rich. I could perceive a cobbler with a levee at his door, and a haberdasher giving audience from behind his counter. But my reflections were soon interrupted by a mob, who demanded whether I was for the distillery or the brewery! As these were terms with which I was totally unacquainted, I chose at first to be silent; however, I know not what might have been the consequence of my reserve, had not the attention of the mob been called off to a skirmish between a brandy-drinker's cow and a gin-drinker's mastiff, which turned out, greatly to the satisfaction of the mob, in favour of the mastiff.

The spectacle, which afforded high entertainment, was at last ended by the appearance of one of the candidates, who came to harangue the mob; he made a very pathetic speech upon the late excessive importation of foreign drams, and the downfall of the distillery: I could see some of the audience shed tears. He was accompanied in his procession by Mrs. Deputy and Mrs. Mayoress, Mrs. Deputy was not in the least in liquor; and as for Mrs. Mayoress, one of the spectators assured me in the ear, "that she was a very fine woman before she had the small-pox."

Mixing with the crowd, I was now conducted to the hall where the magistrates are chosen; but what tongue can describe the scene of confusion! the whole crowd seemed equally inspired with

anger, jealousy, politics, patriotism, and punch; I remarked one figure that was carried up by two men upon this occasion. I at first began to pity his infirmities as natural; but soon found the fellow so drunk that he could not stand: another made his appearance to give his vote; but though he could stand, he actually lost the use of his tongue, and remained silent; a third, who, though excessively drunk, could both stand and speak, being asked the candidate's name for whom he voted, could be prevailed upon to make no other answer but "Tobacco and brandy!" In short, an election-hall seems to be a theatre where every passion is seen without disguise; a school where fools may readily become worse, and where philosophers may gather wisdom. Adieu.

LETTER CXIII.

FROM THE SAME.

The disputes among the learned here are now carried on in a much more compendious manner than formerly. There was a time when folio was brought to oppose folio, and a champion was often listed for life under the banners of a single sorites. At present the controversy is decided in a summary way; an epigram or an acrostic finishes the debate, and the combatant, like the incursive Tartar, advances and retires with a single blow.

An important literary debate at present engrosses the attention of the town. It is carried on with sharpness, and a proper share of this epigrammatical fury. An author, it seems, has taken an aversion to the faces of several players, and has written verses to prove his dislike; the players fall upon the author, and assure the town he must be dull, and their faces must be good, because he wants a dinner; a critic comes to the poet's assistance, asserting that the verses were perfectly original, and so smart, that he could never have written them without the assistance of friends; the friends upon this arraign the critic, and plainly prove the verses to be all the author's own. So at it they are all four together by the ears, the friends at the critic, the critic at the players, the players at the author, and the author at the players again. It is impossible to determine how this many-sided contest will end, or which party to adhere to. The town, without siding with any, views the combat in suspense, like the fabled hero of antiquity, who beheld the earth-born brothers give and receive mutual wounds, and fall by indiscriminate destruction.

This is in some measure a state of the present dispute; but the combatants here differ in one respect from the champions of the fable. Every new wound only gives vigour for another blow; though they appear to strike, they are in fact mutually swelling themselves into consideration, and thus advertising each other away into fame. "To-day," says one, "my name shall be in the Gazette, the next day my rival's; people will naturally inquire about us; thus we shall at least make a noise in the streets, though we have got nothing to sell." I have read of a dispute of a similar nature, which was managed here about twenty years ago. Hildebrand Jacob, as I think he was called, and Charles Johnson, were poets both at that time possessed of great reputation,

for Johnson had written eleven plays acted with great success, and Jacob, though he had written but five, had five times thanked the town for their unmerited applause. They soon became mutually enamoured of each other's talents; they wrote, they felt, they challenged the town for each other. Johnson assured the public that no poet alive had the easy simplicity of Jacob, and Jacob exhibited Johnson as a masterpiece in the pathetic. Their mutual praise was not without effect; the town saw their plays, were in raptures, read, and without censuring them forgot them. So formidable a union, however, was soon opposed by Tibbald. Tibbald asserted that the tragedies of one had faults, and the comedies of the other substituted wit for vivacity; the combined champions flew at him like tigers, arraigned the censurer's judgment, and impeached his sincerity. It was a long time a dispute among the learned, which was in fact the greatest man, Jacob, Johnson, or Tibbald; they had all written for the stage with great success, their names were seen in almost every paper, and their works in every coffeehouse. However, in the hottest of the dispute, a fourth combatant made his appearance, and swept away the three combatants, tragedy, comedy and all, into undistinguished ruin.

From this time they seemed consigned into the hands of criticism; searcely a day passed in which they were not arraigned as detested writers. The critics, those enemies of Dryden and Pope, were their enemies. So Jacob and Johnson, instead of mending by criticism, called it envy; and because Dryden and Pope were censured, they compared

themselves to Dryden and Pope.

But to return: the weapon chiefly used in the present controversy is epigram, and certainly never was a keener made use of. They have discovered surprising sharpness on both sides. The first that came out upon this occasion, was a kind of new composition in this way, and might more properly be called an epigrammatic thesis than an epigram. It consists, first, of an argument in prose; next follows a motto from Roscommon; then comes the epigram; and, lastly, notes serving to explain the epigram. But you shall have it with all its decorations

AN EPIGRAM

ADDRESSED TO THE GENTLEMEN REFLECTED ON IN THE "ROSCIAD," A POEM BY THE AUTHOR.

Worried with debts, and past all hopes of bail, His pen he prostitutes t' avoid a jail.—Roscom.

"Let not the hungry Bavius' angry stroke Awake resentment, or your rage provoke; But, pitying his distress, let virtue * shine, And giving each your bounty †, let him dine; For thus retain'd, as learned counsel can, Each case, however bad, he'll new-japan; And by a quick transition plainly show "Twas no defect of yours, but pockel low, That caused his putrid kennel to o'erflow."

The last lines are certainly executed in a very masterly manner. It is of that species of argumentation called the perplexing. It effectually flings the antagonist into a mist; there is no answering it: the laugh is raised against him,

* Charity.

† Settled at one shilling, the price of the poem.

while he is endeavouring to find out the jest. At once he shows, that the author has a kennel, and that this kennel is putrid, and that this putrid kennel overflows. But why does it overflow? It overflows because the author happens to have low pockets!

There was also another new attempt in this way; a prosaic epigram, which came out upon this occasion. This is so full of matter, that a critic might split it into fifteen epigrams, each properly fitted with its sting. You shall see it.

TO G. C. AND R. L.

"Twas you, or I, or he, or all together;
'Twas one, both, three of them, they know not whether,
This I believe, between us, great or small,
You, I, he, wrote it not—'twas Churchill's all."

There, there is a perplex! I could have wished, to make it quite perfect, the author, as in the case before, had added notes. Almost every word admits a scholium, and a long one too. I, YOU, HE! Suppose a stranger should ask, And who are you! Here are three obscure persons spoken of, that may in a short time be utterly forgotten. Their names should have consequently been mentioned in notes at the bottom. But when the reader comes to the words great and small, the maze is inextricable. Here the stranger may dive for a mystery, without ever reaching the bottom. Let him know, that small is a word purely introduced to make good rhyme, and great was a very proper word to keep small company.

Yet by being thus a spectator of others' dangers, I must own I begin to tremble in this literary contest for my own. I begin to fear that my challenge to Doctor Rock was unadvised, and has procured me more antagonists than I had at first expected. I have received private letters from several of the literati here that fill my soul with apprehension. I may safely aver, that I never gave any creature in this good city offence, except only my rival Doctor Rock; yet by the letters I every day receive, and by some I have seen printed, I am arraigned at one time as being a dull fellow, at another as being pert; I am here petulant, there I am heavy: by the head of my ancestors! they treat me with more inhumanity than a flyingfish. If I dive, and run my nose to the bottom, there a devouring shark is ready to swallow me up; if I skim the surface, a pack of dolphins are at my tail to snap me; but when I take wing, and attempt to escape them by flight, I become a prey to every ravenous bird that winnows the bosom of the deep. Adieu.

LETTER CXIV.

TO THE SAME.

THE formalities, delays, and disappointments, that precede a treaty of marriage here, are usually as numerous as those previous to a treaty of peace. The laws of this country are finely calculated to promote all commerce but the commerce between the sexes. Their encouragements for propagating hemp, madder, and tobacco, are indeed admirable! Marriages are the only commodity that meet with none.

Yet from the vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the fields, the transparency of the streams,

and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtship. Here love might sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel upon gales, wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet it seems he has forsaken the island; and when a couple are now to be married, mutual love, or a union of minds, is the last and most trifling consideration. If their goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their sympathetic souls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the lady's marriageable grove; the match is struck up, and both parties are piously in love——according to act of parliament.

Thus they who have fortune are possessed at least of something that is lovely; but I actually pity those that have none. I am told there was a time when ladies, with no other merit but youth, virtue, and beauty, had a chance for husbands, at least among the ministers of the church, or the officers of the army. The blush and innocence of sixteen was said to have a powerful influence over these two professions. But, of late, all the little traffic of blushing, ogling, dimpling, and smiling, has been forbidden by an act, in that case wisely made and provided. A lady's whole cargo of smiles, sighs, and whispers, is declared contraband, till she arrives in the warm latitude of twentytwo, where commodities of this nature are too often found to decay. She is then permitted to dimple and smile, when the dimples and smiles begin to forsake her; and when perhaps grown ugly, is charitably entrusted with an unlimited use of her charms. Her lovers, however, by this time have forsaken her; the captain has changed for another mistress; the priest himself leaves her in solitude, to bewail her virginity, and she dies even without benefit of clergy.

Thus you find the Europeans discouraging love with as much earnestness as the rudest savage of Sofala. The Genius is surely now no more. In every region I find enemies in arms to oppress him. Avarice in Europe, jealousy in Persia, ceremony in China, poverty among the Tartars, and lust in Circassia, are all prepared to oppose his power. The Genius is certainly banished from earth, though once adored under such a variety of forms. He is nowhere to be found; and all that the ladies of each country can produce, are but a few trifling relies, as instances of his former

residence and favour.

The Genius of Love, says the Eastern Apologue, had long resided in the happy plains of Abra, where every breeze was health, and every sound produced tranquillity. His temple at first was crowded; but every age lessened the number of his votaries, or cooled their devotion. Perceiving, therefore, his altars at length quite deserted, he was resolved to remove to some more propitious region, and he apprised the fair sex of every country, where he could hope for a proper reception, to assert their right to his presence among them. In return to this proclamation, embassies were sent from the ladies of every part of the world to invite him, and to display the superiority of their claims.

And first the beauties of China appeared. No country could compare with them for modesty, either of look, dress, or behaviour; their eyes were never lifted from the ground; their robes of

the most beautiful silk hid their hands, bosom and neek, while their faces only were left uncovered. They indulged no airs that might express loose desire, and they seemed to study only the graces of inanimate beauty. Their black teeth and placked eyebrows, were, however, alleged by the Genius against them; but he set them entirely aside when he came to examine their little feet.

The beauties of Circassia next made their appearance. They advanced hand-in-hand, singing the most immodest airs, and leading up a dance in the most luxurious attitudes. Their dress was but half a covering; the neck, the left breast, and all the limbs, were exposed to view, which after some time seemed rather to satiate than inflame desire. The lily and the rose contended in forming their complexions; and a soft sleepiness of eye added irresistible poignance to their charms; but their beauties were obtruded, not offered to their damiers; they seemed to give rather than receive courtship; and the Genius of Love dismissed them as unworthy his regard, since they exchanged the duties of love, and made themselves not the pursued but the pursuing sex.

The kingdom of Kashmire next produced its charming deputies. This happy region seemed peculiarly sequestered by nature for his abode. Shady mountains fenced it on one side from the scorching sun; and sea-born breezes on the other gave peculiar luxuriance to the air. Their complexions were of a bright yellow, that appeared almost transparent, while the crimson tulip seemed to blossom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the statuary's power to express; and their teeth whiter than their own ivory. He was almost persuaded to reside among them, when unfortunately one of the ladies talked

of appointing his seraglio.

In this procession the naked inhabitants of South America would not be left behind; their charms were found to surpass whatever the warmest imagination could conceive, and served to show, that beauty could be perfect even with the seeming disadvantage of a brown complexion. But their savage education rendered them utterly unqualified to make the proper use of their power, and they were rejected as being incapable of uniting mental with sensual satisfaction. In this manner the deputies of other kingdoms had their suits rejected: the black beauties of Benin and the tawny daughters of Borneo; the women of Wida, with well-scarred faces, and the hideous virgins of Caffraria; the squab ladies of Lapland, three feet high, and the giant fair ones of Patagonia.

The beauties of Europe at last appeared: grace was in their steps, and sensibility sat smiling in every eye. It was the universal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the Genius seemed to lend them his most favourable attention. They opened their pretensions with the utmost modesty; but unfortunately, as their orator proceeded, she happened to let fall the words house in town, settlement, and pinmoney. These seemingly harmless terms had instantly a surprising effect: the Genius, with ungovernable rage, burst from amidst the circle; and waving his youthful pinions, left this earth, and flew back to those ethereal mansions from which he descended.

The whole assembly was struck with amazed ment; they now justly apprehended, that female power would be no more, since Love had forsaken them. They continued some time thus in a state of torpid despair, when it was proposed by one of the number, that, since the real Genius had left them, in order to continue their power, they should set up an idol in his stead; and that the ladies of every country should furnish him with what each liked best. This proposal was instantly relished and agreed to. An idol was formed by uniting the capricious gifts of all the assembly, though no way resembling the departed Genius. The ladies of China furnished the monster with wings; those of Kashmire supplied him with horns; the dames of Europe clapped a purse in his hand; and the virgins of Congo furnished him with a tail. Since that time, all the vows addressed to Love are in reality paid to the idol; but, as in other false religions, the adoration seems most fervent where the heart is least sincere. Adicu.

LETTER CXV.

TO THE SAME.

Manking have ever been prone to expatiate on the praise of human nature. The dignity of man is a subject that has always been the favourite theme of humanity: they have declaimed with that ostentation which usually accompanies such as are sure of having a partial audience; they have obtained victories because there were none to oppose. Yet from all I have ever read or seen, men appear more apt to err by having too high, than by having too despicable an opinion of their nature; and by attempting to exalt their original place in the creation, depress their real value in

The most ignorant nations have always been found to think most highly of themselves. The Deity has ever been thought peculiarly concerned in their glory and preservation; to have fought their battles, and inspired their teachers: their wizards are said to be familiar with heaven; and every hero has a guard of angels as well as men to attend him. When the Portuguese first came among the wretched inhabitants of the coast of Africa, these savage nations readily allowed the strangers more skill in navigation and war; yet still considered them at best but as useful servants. brought to their coasts by their gnardian serpent, to supply them with luxuries they could have lived without. Though they could grant the Portuguese more riches, they could never allow them to have such a king as their Tottimondelem, who wore a bracelet of shells round his neck, and whose legs were covered with ivory.

In this manner examine a savage in the history of his country and predecessors; you ever find his warriors able to conquer armies, and his sages acquainted with more than possible knowledge: human nature is to him an unknown country; he thinks it capable of great things, because he is ignorant of its boundaries; whatever can be conceived to be done he allows to be possible, and whatever is possible he conjectures must have been done. He never measures the actions and powers of others by what himself is able to perform, nor makes a proper estimate of the greatness

of his fellows by bringing it to the standard of his own incapacity. He is satisfied to be one of a country where mighty things have been; and imagines the fancied power of others reflects a lustre on himself. Thus, by degrees, he loses the idea of his own insignificance in a confused notion of the extraordinary powers of humanity, and is willing to grant extraordinary gifts to every pretender, because unacquainted with their claims.

This is the reason why demigods and heroes have ever been erected in times or countries of ignorance and barbarity: they addressed a people who had high opinions of human nature, because they were ignorant how far it could extend; they addressed a people who were willing to allow that men should be gods, because they were yet imperfectly acquainted with God and with man. These impostors knew that all men were naturally fond of seeing something very great made from the little materials of humanity; that ignorant nations are not more proud of building a tower to reach heaven, or a pyramid to last for ages, than of raising up a denigod of their own country and creation. The same pride that erects a colossus or a pyramid installs a god or a hero; but though the adoring savage can raise his colossus to the clouds, he can exalt the hero not one inch above the standard of humanity; incapable therefore of exalting the idol, he debases himself, and falls

prostrate before him.

When man has thus acquired an erroneous idea of the dignity of his species, he and the gods become perfectly intimate; men are but angels, angels are but men, nay but servants that stand in waiting to execute human commands. The Persians, for instance, thus address their prophet Haly.* "I salute thee, glorious Creator! of whom the sun is but the shadow. Masterpicce of the Lord of human creatures! Great Star of Justice and Religion! The sea is not rich and liberal but by the gifts of thy munificent hands. The angel treasurer of heaven reaps his harvest in the fertile gardens of the purity of thy nature. The primum mobile would never dart the ball of the sun through the trunk of heaven, were it not to serve the morning out of the extreme love she has for thee. The angel Gabriel, messenger of truth, every day kisses the groundsel of thy gate. Were there a place more exalted than the most high throne of God, I would affirm it to be thy place, O master of the faithful! Gabriel, with all his art and knowledge, is but a mere scholar to thee." Thus, my friend, men think proper to treat angels; but if indeed there be such an order of beings, with what a degree of satirical contempt must they listen to the songs of little mortals thus flattering each other! Thus to see creatures, wiser indeed than the monkey, and more active than the oyster, claiming to themselves the mastery of heaven; minims, the tenants of an atom, thus arrogating a partnership in the creation of universal heaven! Surely heaven is kind that launches no thunder at those guilty heads; but it is kind, and regards their follies with pity, nor will destroy creatures that it loved into being.

But whatever success this practice of making demigods might have been attended with in barbarous nations, I do not know that any man became a god in a country where the inhabitants

^{*} Chardin's Travels, p. 402.

were refined. Such countries generally have too close an inspection into human weakness, to think it invested with celestial power. They sometimes indeed admit the gods of strangers, or of their ancestors, which had their existence in times of obscurity; their weakness being forgotten, while nothing but their power and their miracles were remembered. The Chinese, for instance, never had a god of their own country; the idols which the vulgar worship at this day were brought from the barbarous nations around them. The Roman emperors, who pretended to divinity, were generally taught by a poniard that they were mortal; and Alexander, though he passed among barbarous countries for a real god, could never persuade his polite countrymen into a similitude of thinking. The Lacedemonians shrewdly complied with his commands by the following sarcastic edict:

Εὶ 'Αλέξανδρος βούλεται είναι θεὸς, θεὸς ἔστω. -Adieu.

LETTER CXVI.

TO THE SAME.

THERE is something irresistibly pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman; even though her tongue be silent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathises with the regularity of the object in view, and, struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony. agreeable disposition I lately found myself in company with my friend and his niece. Our conversation turned upon love, which she seemed equally capable of defending and inspiring. We were each of different opinions upon this subject; the lady insisted that it was a natural and universal passion, and produced the happiness of those who cultivated it with proper precaution. My friend denied it to be the work of nature, but allowed it to have a real existence, and affirmed that it was of infinite service in refining society; while I, to keep up the dispute, affirmed it to be merely a name, first used by the cunning part of the fair sex, and admitted by the silly part of ours : therefore, no way more natural than taking snuff, or chewing opium.

"How is it possible," cried I, "that such a passion can be natural, when our opinions even of beauty, which inspires it, are entirely the result of fashion and caprice? The ancients, who pretend to be connoisseurs in the art, have praised narrow foreheads, red hair, and eyebrows that joined each other above the nose. Such were the charms that once captivated Catullus, Ovid, and Anacreon. Ladies would at present be out of humour, if their lovers praised them for such graces; and should an antique beauty now revive, her face would certainly be put under the discipline of the tweezer, forehead-cloth, and lead-comb, before it could be

seen in public company.
"But the difference between the ancients and moderns is not so great as between the different countries of the present world. A lover of Gongora, for instance, sighs for thick lips; a Chinese lover is poetical in praise of thin. In Circassia a straight nose is thought most consistent with beauty; cross but a mountain which separates it from the Tartars, and there flat noses, tawny skins, and eyes three inches asunder, are all the fashion.

In Persia, and some other countries, a man, when he marries, chooses to have his bride a maid; in the Philippine Islands, if a bridegroom happens to perceive on the first night that he is put off with a virgin, the marriage is declared void to all intents and purposes, and the bride sent back with disgrace. In some parts of the East, a woman of beauty, properly fed up for sale, often amounts to one hundred crowns; in the kingdom of Loango, ladies of the very best fashion are sold for a pig, queens however sell better, and sometimes amount to a cow. In short, turn even to England, do not I there see the beautiful part of the sex neglected; and none now marrying or making love but old men and old women that have saved money? Do not I see beauty from fifteen to twenty-one rendered null and void to all intents and purposes, and those six precious years of womanhood put under a statute of virginity? What! shall I call that rancid passion love which passes between an old bachelor of fifty-six and a widow lady of forty-nine? Never! never! What advantage is society to reap from an intercourse where the big-belly is oftenest on the man's side ? Would any persuade me that such a passion was natural, unless the human race were more fit for love as they approached the decline, and, like silk-worms, became breeders just before they expired ?"

"Whether love be natural or no," replied my friend gravely, "it contributes to the happiness of every society into which it is introduced. All our pleasures are short, and can only charm at intervals: love is a method of protracting our greatest pleasure; and surely that gamester who plays the greatest stake to the best advantage will, at the end of life, rise victorious. This was the opinion of Vanini, who affirmed that every hour was lost which was not spent in love. His accusers were unable to comprehend his meaning, and the poor advocate for love was burned in flames, alas! no way metaphorical. But whatever advantages the individual may reap from this passion, society will certainly be refined and improved by its introduction: all laws calculated to discourage it tend to embrute the species and weaken the state. Though it cannot plant morals in the human breast, it cultivates them when there: pity, generosity, and honour, receive a brighter polish from its assistance; and a single amour is sufficient entirely to

brush off the clown.

But it is an exotic of the most delicate constitution: it requires the greatest art to introduce it into a state, and the smallest discouragement is sufficient to repress it again. Let us only consider with what ease it was formerly extinguished in Rome, and with what difficulty it was lately revived in Europe: it seemed to sleep for ages, and at last fought its way among us through tilts, tournaments, dragons, and all the dreams of chivalry. The rest of the world, China only excepted, arc and have ever been utter strangers to its delights and advantages. In other countries, as men find themselves stronger than women, they lay claim to a rigorous superiority; this is natural, and love which gives up this natural advantage must certainly be the effect of art. An art calculated to lengthen out our happier moments, and add new graces to society."

"I entirely acquiesce in your sentiments," says the lady, " with regard to the advantages of this

passion, but cannot avoid giving it a nobler origin than you have been pleased to assign. I must think that those countries where it is rejected are obliged to have recourse to art to stifle so natural a production, and those nations where it is cultivated only make nearer advances to nature. The same efforts that are used in some places to suppress pity, and other natural passions, may have been employed to extinguish love. No nation, however unpolished, is remarkable for innocence that is not famous for passion; it has flourished in the coldest as well as the warmest regions. Even in the sultry wilds of Southern America, the lover is not satisfied with possessing his mistress's person without having her mind.

In all my Emma's beauties bless'd, Amidst profusion still I pine, For though she gives me up her breast, Its panting tenant is not mine *.

"But the effects of love are too violent to be the result of an artificial passion. Nor is it in the power of fashion to force the constitution into those changes which we every day observe. Several have died of it. Few lovers are unacquainted with the fate of the two Italian lovers, Da Coursin and Julia Bellamano, who, after a long separation, expired with pleasure in each other's arms. Such instances are too strong confirmations of the reality of the passion, and serve to show, that suppressing it is but opposing the natural dictates of the heart." Adieu.

LETTER CXVII.

TO THE SAME.

THE clock just struck two, the expiring taperises and sinks in the socket; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber; the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl; the robber walks his midnight round; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius; but pursue the solitary walk where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me, where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! the dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten; an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert

What cities as great as this have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded, and with short-sighted presumption promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and as he beholds he learns wis-

* Translation of a South American ode.

dom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile: temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which but some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law, which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility! or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse! Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. Adieu.

LETTER CXVIII.

Fum Hoam to Lien Cin Altangi, the discontented wanderer, by the way of Moscow.

I have been just sent upon an embassy to Japan; my commission is to be despatched in four days, and you can hardly conceive the pleasure I shall find upon revisiting my native country. I shall leave with joy this proud, barbarous, inhospitable region, where every object conspires to diminish my satisfaction, and increase my patriotism.

But though I find the inhabitants savage, yet the Dutch merchants who are permitted to trade hither seem still more detestable. They have raised my

dislike to Europe in general; by them I learn how low avarice can degrade human nature: how many indignities a European will suffer for gain.

I was present at an audience given by the emperor to the Dutch envoy, who had sent several presents to all the courtiers some days previous to his admission; but he was obliged to attend those designed for the emperor himself. From the accounts I had heard of this ceremony, my curiosity prompted me to be a spectator of the whole.

First went the presents, set out on beautiful enamelled tables, adorned with flowers, borne on men's shoulders, and followed by Japanese music and dancers. From so great respect paid to the gifts themselves, I had fancied the donors must have received almost divine honours. But about a quarter of an hour after the presents had been carried in triumph, the envoy and his train were brought forward. They were covered from head to foot with long black veils, which prevented their seeing, each led by a conductor, chosen from the meanest of the people. In this dishonourable manuer having traversed the city of Jedo, they at length arrived at the palace gate, and after waiting half an hour, were admitted into the guardroom. Here their eyes were uncovered, and in about an hour the gentleman-usher introduced them into the hall of audience. The emperor was at length shown, sitting in a kind of alcove at the upper end of the room, and the Dutch envoy was conducted towards the throne.

As soon as he had approached within a certain distance, the gentleman-usher cried out with a loud voice, "Holanda Capitan;" upon these words the envoy fell flat upon the ground, and crept upon his hands and feet towards the throne. Still approaching, he reared himself upon his knees, and then bowed his forehead to the ground. These ceremonies being over, he was directed to withdraw, still grovelling on his belly, and going back-

ward like a lobster.

Men must be excessively fond of riches, when they are earned with such circumstances of abject submission. Do the Europeans worship Heaven itself with marks of more profound respect? Do they confer those honours on the Supreme of beings which they pay to a barbarous king, who gives them a permission to purchase trinkets and porcelain? What a glorious exchange, to forfeit their national honour, and even their title to humanity, for a screen or a snuff-box!

If these ceremonies, essayed in the first audience, appeared mortifying, those which are practised in the second are infinitely more so. In the second audience, the emperor and the ladies of court were placed behind lattices in such a manner, as to see without being seen. Here all the Europeans were directed to pass in review, and grovel and act the serpent as before: with this spectacle the whole court seemed highly delighted. The strangers were asked a thousand ridiculous questions; as their names, and their ages: they were ordered to write, to stand upright, to sit, to stoop, to compliment each other, to be drunk, to speak the Japanese language, to talk Dutch, to sing, to eat; in short, they were ordered to do all that could satisfy the curiosity of women.

Imagine, my dear Altangi, a set of grave men thus transformed into buffoons, and acting a part every whit as honourable as that of those instructed animals which are shown in the streets of Pekin to the mob on a holiday. Yet the ceremony did not end here, for every great lord of the court was to be visited in the same manner; and their ladies, who took the whim from their husbands, were all equally fond of seeing the strangers perform; even the children seemed highly diverted with the

dancing Dutchmen.

Alas! cried I to myself, upon returning from such a spectacle, is this the nation which assumes such dignity at the court of Pekin? Is this that people that appear so proud at home, and in every country where they have the least authority? How does a love of gain transform the gravest of mankind into the most contemptible and ridiculous! I had rather continue poor all my life than become rich at such a rate. Perish those riches which are acquired at the expense of my honour or my humanity! Let me quit, said I, a country where there are none but such as treat all others like slaves, and more detestable still in suffering such treatment. I have seen enough of this nation to desire to see more of others. Let me leave a people suspicious to excess, whose morals are corrupted, and equally debased by superstition and vice; where the sciences are left uncultivated; where the great are slaves to the prince, and tyrants to the people; where the women are chaste only when debarred of the power of transgression; where the true disciples of Confucius are not less persecuted than those of Christianity: in a word, a country where men are forbidden to think, and consequently labour under the most miserable slavery, that of mental servitude. Adieu.

LETTER CXIX.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

The misfortunes of the great, my friend, are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: they have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

Yet where is the magnanimity of bearing misfortunes when the whole world is looking on? men in such circumstances can act bravely even from motives of vanity. He only who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity, who without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his distresses, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

The miseries of the poor are, however, entirely disregarded; though some undergo more real hardships in one day than the great in their whole lives. It is indeed inconceivable what difficulties the meanest English sailor or soldier endures without nurmuring or regret. Every day is to him a day of misery, and yet he bears his hard fate

without repining !

With what indignation do I hear the heroes of tragedy complain of misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity is founded in arrogance and pride! Their severest distresses are pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day sustain without murmuring.—

These may eat, drink, and sleep, have slaves to attend them, and are sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or to assist them, find enmity in every law, and are too poor

to obtain even justice.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow begging at one of the outlets of this town, with a wooden leg. I was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation; and, after giving him what I thought proper, 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, with an intrepidity truly British, leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:—

"As for misfortunes, sir, I cannot pretend to have gone through more than others. 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 are some who have lost both legs and an eye; but, thank Heaven, it is not quite

so bad with me.

"My father was a labourer in the country, 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; till at last it was thought I belonged to no parish at all. At length, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and had actually learned my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet.

"Here I lived an easy kind of a 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 far from the house, for fear 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 next 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. Being then obliged to provide for myself, I was resolved to go and seek my fortune. Thus I lived, and went from town to town, working when I could get employment, and starving when I could get none, and might have lived so still; but happening one day to go through a field belonging to a magistrate, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me. I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it: well what will you have on it! I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me : he called me a villain, and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I began immediately to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation: but though I gave a very long account, the justice said I could give no account of myself; so I was indicted, and found guilty of being poor, and sent to Newgate, in order to be transported to the

"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 belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work; but alas! this kind of life was too good to last for ever! I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board of a ship, and sent off with two hundred more. Our passage was but indifferent, for we were all confined in the hold, and died very fast, for want of sweet air and provisions; but for my part, I did not want meat, because I had a fever all the way: Providence was kind; when provisions grew short, it took away my desire of eating. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters. I was bound for seven years, and as I was no scholar (for I had forgot my letters) I was obliged to work among the negroes, and 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. O liberty! liberty! liberty! that is the property of every Englishman, and I will die in its defence; I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go into the country, but kept about 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 still. They belonged to a press-gang; I was carried before the justice, and as I could give no account of myself (that was the thing that always hobbled me), I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose to be a soldier; and in this post of a gentleman I served two campaigns, was at the battles in Flanders, and received but one wound through the breast, which is troublesome to this day.

"When the peace came on, I was discharged; and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes painful, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have given me promotion, and made me a corporal. But that was not my good fortune, I soon fell sick, and when I became good-for-nothing, got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket, which I saved in the service. This was at the beginning of the present war, so I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and I was pressed again before ever I could set foot on

shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore that I understood my business perfectly well, but that I pretended sickness merely to be idle: God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business! he beat nie without considering what he was about. But still my forty pounds was some comfort to me under every beating; the money was my comfort; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost it all!

"Our crew was carried into a French prison, 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, however, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well), I was awaked by the boatswain, who

had a dark-lantern in his hand. 'Jack,' says he. to me, 'will you knock out the French sentry's 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 middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen: we had no arms; but 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 an English privateer, who was glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with a French man-ofwar, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, but unfortunately we lost almost 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 my old jail in Brest; but by good fortune we were retaken, and carried to England once more.

"I had almost forgot to tell you, that in this last engagement I was wounded in two places; I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. Had I the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not 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 have no enemy in this world that I know of, but the French and the

justice of peace."

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving my friend and me in admiration of his intrepidity and content; nor could we avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery is the truest school of fortitude and philosophy. Adicu.

LETTER CXX.

FROM THE SAME.

The titles of European princes are rather more numerous than ours of Asia, but by no means so sublime. The king of Visapour, or Pegu, not satisfied with claiming the globe, and all its appurtenances, to him and his heirs, asserts a property even in the firmament, and extends his orders to the Milky-way. The monarchs of Europe, with more modesty, confine their titles to earth, but make up by number what is wanting in their sublimity. Such is their passion for a long list of these splendid trifles, that I have known a German prince with more titles than subjects, and a Spanish nobleman with more names than shirts.

Contrary to this, "the English monarchs," says a writer of the last century, "disdain to accept of such titles which tend only to increase their pride without improving their glory; they are above

depending on the feeble helps of heraldry for respect, perfectly satisfied with the consciousness of acknowledged power." At present, however, these maxims are laid aside; the English monarchs have of late assumed new titles, and have impressed their coins with the names and arms of obscure dukedoms, petty states, and subordinate employments. Their design in this, I make no doubt, was laudably to add new lustre to the British throne; but in reality, paltry claims only serve to diminish that respect they are designed to secure.

There is in the honours assumed by kings, as in the decorations of architecture, a majestic simplicity, which best conduces to inspire our reverence and respect; numerous and trifling ornaments in either are strong indications of meanness in the designer, or of concealed deformity; should, for instance, the emperor of China, among other titles, assume that of deputy mandarin of Maccau; or the monarch of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, desire to be acknowledged as duke of Brentford, Lunenburg, or Lincoln; the observer revolts at this mixture of important and paltry claims, and forgets the emperor in his familiarity with the duke or the deputy.

I remember a similar instance of this inverted ambition in the illustrious king of Manacabo, upon his first treaty with the Portuguese. Among the presents that were made him by the ambassador of that nation, was a sword, with a brass hilt, on which he seemed to set a peculiar value. This he thought too great an acquisition to his glory to be forgotten among the number of his titles. He, therefore, gave orders that his subjects should style him, for the future, "Talipot, the immortal Potentate of Manacabo, Messenger of Morning, Enlightener of the Sun, Possessor of the whole Earth, and mighty Monarch of the brass-handled

Sword."

This method of mixing majestic and paltry titles, of quartering the arms of a great empire and an obscure province upon the same medal here, had its rise in the virtuous partiality of their late monarchs. Willing to testify an affection to their native country, they gave its name and ensigns a place upon their coins, and thus in some measure ennobled its obscurity. It was indeed but just, that a people which had given England up their king should receive some honorary equivalent in return; but at present these motives are no more; England has now a monarch wholly British, and has some reason to hope for British titles upon British coins.

However, were the money of England designed to circulate in Germany, there would be no flagrant impropriety in impressing it with German names and arms; but though this might have been so upon former occasions, I am told there is no danger of it for the future; as England, therefore, designs to keep back its gold, I candidly think Lunenberg, Oldenburgh, and the rest of them, may very well keep back their titles.

It is a mistaken prejudice in princes to think that a number of loud-sounding names can give new claims to respect; the truly great have ever disdained them. When Timur the Lame had conquered Asia, an orator by profession came to compliment him upon the occasion. He began lis harangue by styling him "The most omnipotent and the most glorious object of the creation."

The emperor seemed displeased with his paltry adulation, yet still he went on, complimenting him as "The most mighty, the most valiant, and the most perfect of beings." "Hold there, my friend," cries the lame emperor; "hold there till I have got another leg." In fact, the feeble or the despotic alone find pleasure in multiplying these pageants of vanity; but strength and freedom have nobler aims, and often find the finest adulation in majestic simplicity.

The young monarch of this country has already testified a proper contempt for several unmeaning appendages on royalty; cooks and scullions have been obliged to quit their fires; gentlemen's gentlemen, and the whole tribe of necessary people, who did nothing, have been dismissed from farther services. A youth who can thus bring back simplicity and frugality to a court will soon, probably, have a true prospect for his own glory; and, while he has dismissed all useless employments, may disdain to accept of empty or degrading titles.

LETTER CXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Whenever I attempt to characterise the English in general, some unforeseen difficulties constantly occur to disconcert my design; I hesitate between censure and praise: when I consider them as a reasoning philosophical people, they have my applause; but when I reverse the medal, and observe their inconstancy and irresolution, I can scarcely persuade myself that I am observing the same people.

Yet, upon examination, this very inconstancy, so remarkable here, flows from no other source than their love of reasoning. The man who examines a complicated subject on every side, and calls in reason to his assistance, will frequently change; will find himself distracted by opposing probabilities and contending proofs; every alteration of place will diversify the prospect, will give some latent argument new force, and contribute to

maintain an anarchy in the mind.

On the contrary, they who never examine with their own reason, act with more simplicity. Iguorance is positive, instinct perseveres, and the human being moves in safety within the narrow circle of brutal uniformity. What is true with regard to individuals, is not less so when applied to states. A reasoning government like this is in continual fluctuation, while those kingdoms where men are taught not to controvert but obey, continue always the same. In Asia, for instance, where the monarch's authority is supported by force, and acknowledged through fear, a change of government is entirely unknown. All the inhabitants seem to wear the same mental complexion, and remain contented with hereditary oppression. The sovereign's pleasure is the ultimate rule of duty; every branch of the administration is a perfect epitome of the whole; and if one tyrant is deposed, another starts up in his room to govern as his predecessor. The English, on the contrary, instead of being led by power, endeavour to guide themselves by reason; instead of appealing to the pleasure of the prince, appeal to the original rights of mankind. What one rank of men assert is

denied by others, as the reasons on opposite sides happen to come home with greater or less conviction. The people of Asia are directed by precedent, which never alters; the English by reason, which

is ever changing its appearance.

The disadvantages of an Asiatic government acting in this manner by precedent are evident; original errors are thus continued, without hopes of redress, and all marks of genius are levelled down to one standard, since no superiority of thinking can be allowed its exertion in mending obvious defects. But to recompense those defects, their governments undergo no new alterations, they have no new evils to fear, nor no fermentations in the constitution that continue: the struggle for power is soon over, and all becomes tranquil as before; they are habituated to subordination, and men are taught to form no other desires than those which they are allowed to satisfy.

The disadvantages of a government acting from the immediate influence of reason, like that of England, are not less than those of the former. It is extremely difficult to induce a number of free beings to co-operate for their mutual benefit: every possible advantage will necessarily be sought, and every attempt to procure it must be attended with a new fermentation; various reasons will lead different ways, and equity and advantage will often be out-balanced by a combination of clamour and prejudice. But though such a people may be thus in the wrong, they have been influenced by a happy delusion, their errors are seldom seen till they are felt; each man is himself the tyrant he has obeyed, and such a master he can easily forgive. The disadvantages he feels may in reality be equal to what is felt in the most despotic government; but man will bear every calamity with patience, when he knows himself to be the author of his own misfortunes. Adieu,

LETTER CXXII.

FROM THE SAME.

My long residence here begins to fatigue me; as every object ceases to be new, it no longer continues to be pleasing: some minds are so fond of variety, that pleasure itself, if permanent, would be insupportable, and we are thus obliged to solicit new happiness even by courting distress: I only therefore wait the arrival of my son to vary this trifling scene, and borrow new pleasure from danger and fatigue. A life, I own, thus spent in wandering from place to place is at best but empty dissipation. But to pursue trifles is the lot of humanity: and whether we bustle in a pantomime, or strut at a coronation; whether we shout at a bonfire, or harangue in a senate-house; whatever object we follow, it will at last surely conduct us to futility and disappointment. The wise bustle and laugh as they walk in the pageant, but fools bustle and are important; and this probably is all the difference between them.

This may be an apology for the levity of my former correspondence; I talked of trifles, and I knew that they were trifles; to make the things of this life ridiculous, it was only sufficient to call

them by their names.

In other respects, I have omitted several striking circumstances in the description of this country, as supposing them either already known to you, or as not being thoroughly known to myself: but there is one omission for which I expect no forgiveness, namely, by being totally silent upon their buildings, roads, rivers, and mountains. This is a branch of science on which all other travellers are so very prolix, that my deficiency will appear the more glaring. With what pleasure, for instance, do some read of a traveller in Egypt, measuring a fallen column with his cane, and finding it exactly five feet nine inches long; of his creeping through the mouth of a catacomb, and coming out by a different hole from that he entered; of his stealing the finger of an antique statue, in spite of the janissary that watched him; or his adding a new conjecture to the hundred and fourteen conjectures already published, upon the names of Osiris and Isis!

Methinks I hear some of my friends in China demanding a similar account of London and the adjacent villages; and if I remain here much longer, it is probable I may gratify their curiosity. I intend, when run dry upon other topics, to take a serious survey of the City-wall; to describe that beautiful building the Mansion-house; I will enumerate the magnificent squares, in which the nobility chiefly reside, and the royal palaces appointed for the reception of the English monarch; nor will I forget the beauties of Shoe-lane, in which I myself have resided since my arrival. You shall find me no way inferior to many of my brother travellers in the arts of description. At present, however, as a specimen of this way of writing, I send you a few hasty remarks, collected in a late journey I made to Kentish Town, and this in the manner of modern voyagers.

"Having heard much of Kentish Town, I conceived a strong desire to see that celebrated place. I could have wished indeed to satisfy my curiosity without going thither; but that was impracticable, and therefore I resolved to go. Travellers have two methods of going to Kentish Town; they take coach which costs ninepence, or they may go a-foot which costs nothing; in my opinion, a coach is by far the most eligible convenience, but I was resolved to go on foot, having considered with myself that going in that manner would be the cheapest way.

"As you set out from Dog-house bar, you enter upon a fine level road railed in on both sides, commanding on the right a fine prospect of groves and fields, enamelled with flowers, which would wonderfully charm the sense of smelling, were it not for a dunghill on the left, which mixes its effluvia with their odours; this dunghill is of much greater antiquity than the road; and I must not omit a piece of injustice I was going to commit upon this occasion. My indignation was levelled against the makers of the dunghill, for having brought it so near the road; whereas it should have fallen upon the makers of the road, for having brought that so near the dunghill.

"After proceeding in this manner for some time, a building, resembling somewhat a triumphal arch, salutes the traveller's view. This structure, however, is peculiar to this country, and vulgarly called a turnpike-gate: I could perceive a long inscription in large characters on the front, probably upon the occasion of some triumph, but being in haste, I left it to be made out by some subsequent adventurer who may happen to travel

this way; so continuing my course to the west, I soon arrived at an unwalled town called Islington.

"Islington is a pretty neat town, mostly built of brick, with a church and bells: it has a small lake, or rather pond, in the midst, though at present very much neglected. I am told it is dry in summer; if this be the case, it can be no very proper receptacle for fish, of which the inhabitants themselves seem sensible, by bringing all that is eaten there from London.

"After having surveyed the curiosities of this fair and beautiful town, I proceeded forward, leaving a fair stone building called the White Conduit House on my right; here the inhabitants of London often assemble to celebrate a feast of hot rolls and butter: seeing such numbers, each with their little tables before them, employed on this occasion, must no doubt be a very amusing sight to the looker-on, but still more so to those

who perform in the solemnity.

"From hence I parted with reluctance to Pancras, as it is written, or Pancridge, as it is pronounced; but which should be both pronounced and written Pangrace; this emendation I will venture meo arbitrio: Hav in the Greek language signifies all, which added to the English word grace, maketh all grace, or Pangrace; and, indeed, this is a very proper appellation to a place of so much sanctity as Pangrace is universally esteemed. However this be, if you except the parish-church and its fine bells, there is little in Pangrace worth the attention of the curious observer.

"From Pangrace to Kentish Town is an easy journey of one mile and a quarter: the road lies through a fine champaign country, well watered with beautiful drains, and enameled with flowers of all kinds, which might contribute to charm every sense, were it not that the odoriferous gales are often more impregnated with dust than

perfume.

" As you enter Kentish Town, the eye is at once presented with the shops of artificers, such as venders of candles, small-coal, and hair-brooms; there are also several august buildings of red brick, with numberless sign-posts, or rather pillars, in a peculiar order of architecture; I send you a drawing of several, vide A. B. C. This pretty town probably borrows its name from its vicinity to the county of Kent; and, indeed, it is not unnatural that it should, as there are only London and the adjacent villages that lie between them. Be this as it will, perceiving night approach, I made a hasty repast on roasted mutton, and a certain dried fruit called potatoes, resolving to protract my remarks upon my return: and this I would very willingly have done; but was prevented by a circumstance which in truth I had for some time foreseen, for night coming on, it was impossible to take a proper survey of the country, as I was obliged to return home in the dark.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

AFTER a variety of disappointments, my wishes are at length fully satisfied. My son, so long expected, is arrived; at once, by his presence banishing my anxiety, and opening a new scene of

unexpected pleasure. His improvements in mind and person have far surpassed even the sanguine expectations of a father. I left him a boy, but he is returned a man; pleasing in his person, hardened by travel, and polished by adversity. His disappointment in love, however, had infused an air of melancholy into his conversation, which seemed at intervals to interrupt our mutual satisfaction. I expected that this could find a cure only from time; but fortune, as if willing to load us with her favours, has in a moment repaid every uneasiness with rapture.

Two days after his arrival, the man in black, with his beautiful niece, came to congratulate us upon this pleasing occasion; but, guess our surprise, when my friend's lovely kinswoman was found to be the very captive my son had rescued from Persia, and who had been wrecked on the Wolga, and was carried by the Russian peasants to the port of Archangel. Were I to hold the pen of a novelist, I might be prolix in describing their feelings, at so unexpected an interview; but you may conceive their joy, without my assistance; words were unable to express their transports, then how can words describe it !

When two young persons are sincerely enamoured of each other, nothing can give me such pleasure as seeing them married; whether I know the parties or not, I am happy in thus binding one link more in the universal chain. Nature has, in some measure, formed me for a match-maker, and given me a soul to sympathise with every mode of human felicity. I instantly, therefore, consulted the man in black, whether we might not crown their mutual wishes by marriage; his soul seems formed of similar materials with mine, he instantly gave his consent, and the next day was appointed for the solemnization of their nuptials.

All the acquaintance which I had made since my arrival were present at this gay solemnity. The little beau was constituted master of the ceremonies, and his wife, Mrs. Tibbs, conducted the entertainment with proper decorum. The man in black and the pawnbroker's widow were very sprightly and tender upon this occasion. The widow was dressed up under the direction of Mrs. Tibbs: and as for her lover, his face was set off by the assistance of a pig-tail wig, which was lent by the little beau, to fit him for making love with proper formality. The whole company easily perceived, that it would be a double wedding before all was over, and, indeed, my friend and the widow seemed to make no secret of their passion; he even called me aside, in order to know my candid opinion, whether I did not think him a little too old to be married. "As for my own part," continued he, "I know I am going to play the fool, but all my friends will praise my wisdom, and produce me as the very pattern of discretion to others."

At dinner, everything seemed to run on with good-humour, harmony, and satisfaction. Every creature in company thought themselves pretty, and every jest was laughed at; the man in black sat next his mistress, helped her plate, chimed her glass, and jogging her knees and her elbow, he

whispered something arch in her ear, on which she patted his cheek;—never was antiquated passion so playful, so harmless, and amusing, as between this reverend couple.

The second course was now called for; and among a variety of other dishes, a fine turkey was placed before the widow. The Europeans, you know, carve as they eat; my friend therefore begged his mistress to help him to a part of the turkey. The widow, pleased with an opportunity of showing her skill in carving, an art upon which it seemed she piqued herself, began to cut it up by first taking off the leg. "Madam," cries my friend, "if I might be permitted to advise, I would begin by cutting off the wing, and then the leg will come off more easily."—"Sir," replies the widow, "give me leave to understand cutting up a fowl; I always begin with the leg."-"Yes, madam," replies the lover, "but if the wing be the most convenient manner, I would begin with the wing." "Sir," interrupts the lady, "when you have fowls of your own, begin with the wing if you please, but give me leave to take off the leg; I hope I ani not to be taught at this time of day."-" Madam," interrupts he, "we are never too old to be instructed."-"Old, sir!" interrupts the other, "who is old, sir? when I die of old age, I know of some that will quake for fear; if the leg does not come off, take the turkey to yourself."-" Madam," replied the man in black, "I do not care a farthing whether the leg or the wing comes off; if you are for the leg first, why you shall have the argument, even though it be as I say."-" As for the matter of that," cries the widow, "I do not care a fig whether you are for the leg off, or on ; and, friend, for the future, keep your distance."-"O," replied the other, "that is easily done, it is only removing to the other end of the table; and so, madam, your most obedient humble servant."

Thus was this courtship of an age destroyed in one moment; for this dialogue effectually broke off the match between this respectable couple, that had been just concluded. The smallest accidents disappoint the most important treaties: however, though it in some measure interrupted the general satisfaction, it noways lessened the happiness of the youthful couple; and by the young lady's looks, I could perceive, she was not entirely displeased with this interruption.

In a few hours the whole transaction seemed entirely forgotten, and we have all since enjoyed those satisfactions which result from a consciousness of making each other happy. My son and his fair partner are fixed here for life; the man in black has given them up a small estate in the country, which, added to what I was able to bestow, will be capable of supplying all the real, but not the fictitious demands of happiness. As for myself, the world being but one city to me, I do not much care in which of the streets I happen to reside; I shall therefore spend the remainder of my life in examining the manners of different countries, and have prevailed upon the man in black to be my companion. "They must often change," says Confucius, " who would be constant in happiness or wisdom." Adieu.







"Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest."—(See page 21.)

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.



BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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1853.



THE

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There are a hundred faults in this thing, and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, a husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey—as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement, how can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life, will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fire-side; such as mistake ribaldry for humour, will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to decide religion, will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD, IN WHICH A KINDRED LIKENESS PREVAILS AS WELL OF MINDS AS OF PERSONS.

I was ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarcely taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping, though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusement; in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migra-

tions from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry-wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the heralds' office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same flesh and blood, they should sit with us at the same table: so that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtsey. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began

to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well-formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was by her directions called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moscs was our next, and after an interval of twelve years we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny exultation when I

saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, 'Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country.'- 'Ay, neighbour,' she would answer, 'they are as heaven made them
—handsome enough, if they be good enough; for
handsome is, that handsome does.' And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarcely have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features; at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fear to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribands has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and, properly speaking, they had but one character-that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple and inoffensive.

CHAPTER II.

FAMILY MISFORTUNES.—THE LOSS OF FORTUNE ONLY SERVES TO INCREASE THE PRIDE OF THE WORTHY.

The temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to about thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield—a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness; but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting: for I maintained, with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second: or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking were read only by the happy few. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the only wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience till death; and, having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune; but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such a happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally pre-cedes an expected alliance. Being convinced, by experience, that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a-hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for, as she always insisted upon carving everything herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us, upon these occasions, the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, short-ened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except

backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuee-ace five

times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object-the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a masterpiece, both for argument and style, I could not, in the pride of my heart, avoid showing it to my old friend, Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation: but not till too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but, on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides; he asserted that I was heterodox; I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the meantime, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. 'How,' cried I, 'relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be a husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity? You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument.'
- 'Your fortune,' returned my friend, 'I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account till after the wedding; but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument; for I suppose your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure.'- 'Well,' returned I, 'if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment, and inform the company of my circumstances: and as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favour, nor will I allow him now to be a husband in any sense of the expression.'

It would be useless to describe the different sensations of both families, when I divulged the news of our misfortune; but what others felt was slight, to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined; one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence—too often the only one that

is left us at seventy-two.

CHAPTER III.

A MIGRATION—THE FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES OF OUR LIVES ARE GENERALLY FOUND AT LAST TO BE OF OUR OWN PROCURING.

The only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortune might be malicious or premature: but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling: the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled, without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wreeks of my fortune; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circum-stances; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. 'You cannot be ignorant, my children,' cried I, 'that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us to conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek, in humbler circumstances, that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help; why then should not we learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.'

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. 'You are going, my boy,' cried I, 'to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good Bishop Jewel, this staff; and take this book too, it will be your comfort on the way; these two lines in it are worth a million-I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread. Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy, whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year;

still keep a good heart, and farewell.' As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear, which scarcely fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles, to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed, that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that there was scarcely a farmer's daughter within ten miles round, but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. 'Want money!' replied the host, 'that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing.' The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well-formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger, at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. 'I take it with all my heart, sir,' replied he, 'and am glad that a late oversight, in giving what money I had about me, has shown me that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible.' In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortune, but the

place to which I was going to remove. 'This,' cried he, 'happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which I hope, by to-morrow, will be found passable.' I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; butit was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road-side, observing, with a smile, that as we were ill mounted he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. 'That,' cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, 'belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefy resides in town.'—'What!' cried I, 'is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities, are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous, yet whimsical men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence.' - Something, perhaps, too much so,' replied Mr. Burchell; 'at least, he carried benevolence to an excess when young, for his passions were then strong, and as they were all upon the side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar; was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who showed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the miseries Thus disposed to relieve, it will be of others. easily conjectured he found numbers disposed to solicit: his profusion began to impair his fortune, but not his good nature; that, indeed, was seen to increase as the other seemed to decay; he grew improvident as he grew poor; and though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those

of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made him, instead of money he gave promises. They were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of dependents, whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation, and, that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learned to reverence. The world now began to wear a different aspect; the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation. Approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice; and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. He now, therefore, found that such friends as benefits had gathered round him, were little estimable; he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found, that-that-I forget what I was going to observe; in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his falling fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he travelled through Europe on foot, and now, though he has scarcely attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present his bounties are more rational and moderate than before; but he still preserves the character of a humourist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues.

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarcely looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family; when, turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must have certainly perished, had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to hers. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey, my wife observing, as he went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting that, if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

CHAPTER IV.

A PROOF THAT EVEN THE HUMBLEST FORTUNE MAY GRANT HAPPINESS, WHICH DEPENDS NOT ON CIRCUMSTANCES, BUT CONSTITUTION.

The place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primæval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true loveknots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shroyetide, showed their wit on the first of April. and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas-eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor; a feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sate cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, 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 of but 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 adoru 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 our children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sun-rise 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 recipe nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; for while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad—Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces, ribands, bugles, and catgut; 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 dressed 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, dressed out in all their former splendour: their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into 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 solemuity 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 rufflings, 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.

CHAPTER V

A NEW AND GREAT ACQUAINTANCE INTRODUCED—WHAT WE PLACE MOST HOPES UPON GENERALLY PROVES MOST FATAL.

AT a small distance from the house, my predecessor had made a seat overshaded by a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which was now become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparation for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar: and, while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue-bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life may bring its own peculiar pleasures: every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with yacant bilarity.

toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.
It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and, by its panting, it seemed pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprise, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, passed us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman, of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopped short, and, giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learned the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was the owner of the estate that lay for some extent around He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family; and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother, so that with a cheerful air they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their

performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him, that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtsey. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted: while the fond mother too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and taking a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern; while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at; my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarcely keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocketholes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit; for she had known even stranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinkles should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither; nor why Mr. Sinkins got the ten thousand pound prize in the lottery, and we sat down with a blank. 'I protest, Charles,' cried my wife, 'this is the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in spirits. Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what do you think of our new visiter? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?—'Immensely so, indeed, mamma,' replied she; 'I think he has a great deal to say upon every thing, and is never at a loss; and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say.'- 'Yes,' cried Olivia, 'he is well enough for a man; but, for my part, I don't much like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shocking.' These two last speeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this, that Sophia internally despised, as much as Olivia secretly admired him. 'Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children,' cried I, 'to confess the truth, he has not prepossessed me in his favour. Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to companions of our own rank. There is no charaeter more contemptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter; and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not be contemptible too. Thus, at best, we shall be contemptible if his views be honourable; but if they be otherwise! I should shudder but to think of that! It is true, I have no apprehensions from the conduct of my children, but I think there are some from his character.' I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the squire,

who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour than anything I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel.

CHAPTER VI.

HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY FIRE-SIDE.

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters it was universally agreed, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. 'I am sorry,' eried I, 'that we have no neighbour or stranger to take part in this good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality.' - Bless me!' cried my wife, 'here comes our good friend, Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument.'-'Confute me in argument, child!' cried I, 'you mistake there, my dear; I believe there are but few that ean do that: I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pie, and I beg you'll leave argument to me.' As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship for two reasons: because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good sense; but in general he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories; and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them -a piece of gingerbread, or a halfpenny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours' hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberrywine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the History of Patient Grizzel, the Adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's Bower. Our eock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next alehouse. In this dilemma, little Diek offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him. 'And, I,' cried Bill, 'will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs.'—'Well done, my good children,' cried I, 'hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. The beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-ereature. The greatest stranger in this world was he that came to save it: he never had a house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us.—Deborah, my dear,' cried I to my wife, 'give those boys a lump of sugar each; and let Dick's be the largest,

because he spoke first.'

In the morning early, I called out my whole family to help at saving an after growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly; we turned the swath to the wind; I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in aiding my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in hers, and enter into a close conversation: but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before, but he refused, as he was to lie that gight at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. 'What a strong instance,' said I, 'is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance! He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn ereature! where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command? Gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander: their former raptures at his wit are now converted into sarcasms at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful.' Prompted perhaps by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much aerimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. Whatsoever his former conduct may have been, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly: and I have heard my papa himself say, that we should never strike one unnecessary blow at a victim over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment.' - You are right, Sophy,' eried my son Moses, 'and one of the ancients finely represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a rustic to flay Marsyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stripped off by another; besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartments sufficiently lightsome. confess the truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station; for I never heard any one more sprightly than he was to-day, when he conversed with you.' This was said without the least design: however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh; assuring him that she searcely took any notice of what he said to her, but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing. were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I repressed my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison-pasty; Moses sat reading, while I taught the little ones: my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me, in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that, instead of mending the complexion, they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by slow degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

CHAPTER VII.

A TOWN WIT DESCRIBED—THE DULLEST FELLOWS MAY LEARN TO BE COMICAL FOR A NIGHT OR TWO.

When the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may be also conjectured, that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage on this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain, and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse: but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us, the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment; fer one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath, that he never knew anything more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: 'For, strike me ugly,' continued he, 'if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St. Dunstan's.' At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the Church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the Church was the only mistress of his affections. 'Come, tell us honestly, Frank,' said the squire, with his usual archness, 'suppose the Church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, on the other, which would you be for ?'- For both, to be sure,' cried the chaplain. 'Right, Frank,' cried the squire: 'for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation; for what are tithes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture? and I can prove it. I wish you would, cried my son Moses; 'and I think,' continued he, 'that I should be able to answer you.'—'Very well, sir,' cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company to prepare us for the sport: 'if you are for a cool argument upon the subject, I am

ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are you for managing it analogically, or dialogically?"—'I am for managing it rationally,' cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. 'Good again,' cried the squire: 'and, firstly, of the first, I hope you'll not deny that whatever is, is: if you don't grant me that, I can go no further.'—'Why,' returned Moses, 'I think I may grant that, and make the best of it.'—'I hope, too,' returned the other, 'you will grant that a part is less than the whole.'—' I grant that too, 'cried Moses: 'it is but just and reasonable.'
—'I hope,' cried the squire, 'you will not deny,
that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones.'- 'Nothing can be plainer,' returned t'other, and looked round him with his usual importance. 'Very well,' cried the squire, speaking very quick; 'the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the concatenation of selfexistences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which, in some measure, proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.'-'Hold, hold,' cried the other, 'I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?—'What,' replied the squire, as if in a passion, 'not submit! Answer me one plain question. Do you think Aristotle right when he says, that relatives are related?'-'Undoubtedly,' replied the other.—'If so, then,' cried the squire, 'answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymem deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus? and give me your reasons, I say, directly.'-- 'I protest,' cried Moses, 'I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one single proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer.'—'O, sir,' cried the squire, 'I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir! there, I protest, you are too hard for me.' This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him, therefore, a very fine gentleman: and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune, are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who, by education, was taught to value an appearance in herself, and, consequently, to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visiter. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory, as if it were her own. 'And

now, my dear,' cried she to me, 'I'll fairly own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end ?'—'Ay, who knows that, indeed!' answered I, with a groan: 'for my part, I don't much like it: and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for, depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no freethinker shall ever have a child of mine.'

'Sure, father,' cried Moses, 'you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to blamed for his errors, than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy.'

to afford an invading enemy.'

'True, my son,' cried I: 'but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable; and such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see, but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So, that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet, as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent, in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly.'

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument; she observed, that several very prudentmen of our acquaintance were freethinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had had skill enough to make converts of their spouses: 'And who knows, my dear,' continued she, 'what Olivia may be able to do?' The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and, to my knowledge, is very well skilled in controversy.'

'Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?' cried I. 'It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands; you certainly over-rate her merit.'—'Indeed, papa,' replied Olivia, 'she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship.'—'Very well,' cried I, 'that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie.'

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AMOUR, WHICH PROMISES LITTLE GOOD FORTUNE, YET MAY BE PRODUCTIVE OF MUCH.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and my fire-side. It is true, his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour and, either in the meadow or at the hay-

rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would, in a jesting manner, call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribands, hers was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from the opposite hedges, the familiar red-breast came and pecked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. 'I never sit thus,' says Sophia, 'but I think of the two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each other's arms. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it a hundred times with new rapture.'- 'In my opinion,' cried my son, 'the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the Acis and Galatea of Ovid. The Roman poet understands the use of contrast better, and upon that figure, artfully managed, all strength in the pathetic depends.'—'It is remarkable,' cried Mr. Burchell, 'that both the poets you mention have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading all their lines with epithet. Men of little genius found them most easily imitated in their defects; and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion; a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense. But, perhaps, madam, while I thus reprehend others, you'll think it just that I should give them an opportunity to retaliate; and, indeed, I have made this remark only to have an opportunity of introducing to the company a ballad, which, whatever be its other defects, is, I think, at least free from those I have mentioned.

A Ballad.

- 'Tuan, gentle hermit of the dale, And guide my lonely way To where you taper cheers the vale With hospitable ray.
- 'For here forlorn and lost I tread, With fainting steps and slow; Where wilds, immeasurably spread, Seem lengthening as I go.'
- 'Forbear, my son,' the hermit cries,
 'To tempt the dangerous gloom;
 For yonder faithless phantom flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.
- 'Here to the houseless child of want My door is open still; And though my portion is but scant, I give it with good will.

- Then turn to-night, and freely share Whate'er my cell bestows;
 My rushy couch and frugal fare, My blessing and repose.
- ' No flocks that range the valley free To slaughter I condemn; Taught by that Power that pities me, I learn to pity them.
- But from the mountain's grassy side
 A guiltless feast I bring;
 A serip with herbs and fruits supplied,
 And water from the spring.
- 'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego; All earth-born cares are wrong; Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long,'
- Soft as the dew from heaven descends, His gentle accents fell: The modest stranger lowly bends, And follows to the cell.
- Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.
- No stores beneath its humble thatch Required a master's care; The wicket, opening with a latch, Received the harmless pair.
- And now, when busy crowds retire,
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimmed his little fire
 And cheered his pensive guest:
- And spread his vegetable store, And gaily pressed, and smiled; And skilled in legendary lore The lingering hours beguiled.
- Around, in sympathetic mirth, Its tricks the kitten tries; The cricket chirrups in the hearth, The crackling faggot flies.
- But nothing could a charm impart To soothe the stranger's woe; For grief was heavy at his heart, And tears began to flow.
- His rising cares the hermit spied, With answering care opprest: 'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried, 'The sorrows of thy breast?
- 'From better habitations spurned, Reluctant dost thou rove? Or grieve for friendship unreturned, Or unregarded love?
- 'Alas! the joys that fortune brings Are trifling and decay; And those who prize the paltry things, More trifling still than they.
- And what is friendship but a name, A charm that lulls to sleep; A shade that follows wealth or fame, But leaves the wretch to weep?
- 'And love is still an emptier sound, The modern fair-one's jest; On earth unseen, or only found To warm the turtle's nest.
- For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush, And spurn the sex,' he said: But while he spoke, a rising blush His loye-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise, Swift mantling to the view; Like colours o'er the morning skies, As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms!

And, 'Ah forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,' she cried;
'Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

'But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

' My father lived beside the Tyne, A wealthy lord was he: And all his wealth was marked as mine; He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms, Unnumbered suitors came; Who praised me for imputed charms, And felt or feigned a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
 With richest proffers strove;
 Among the rest young Edwin bowed,
 But never talked of love.

' In humble, simplest habit clad, No wealth nor power had he; Wisdom and worth were all he had, But these were all to me.

'The blossom opening to the day, The dews of heaven refined, Could nought of purity display, To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossom on the tree, With charms inconstant shine; Their charms were his, but woe is me, Their constancy was mine!

'For still I tried each fickle art, Importunate and vain; And while his passion touched my heart, I triumphed in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault, And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought, And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
 I'll lay me down and die;
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will L'—

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the hermit cricd, And clasped her to his breast: The wond'ring fair one turned to chide, 'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

Turn, Angelina, ever dear, My charmer, turn to see Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here, Restored to love and thee!

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart, And every care resign: And shall we never, never part, My life—my all that's mine?

• No, never from this hour to part, We'll live and love so true; The sigh that rends thy constant heart Shall break thy Edwin's too.

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us; and, immediately after, a man was seen bursting through the hedge to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia, in the fright, had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He, therefore, sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a whisper; observing, that Sophy had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moonlight on the grass-plot before our door. 'Nor can I deny,' continued he, 'but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect for my reward to be honoured with Miss Sophia's hand as a partner.' To this my girl replied, that she should have no objection, 'if she could do it with honour. But here,' continued she, 'is a gentleman,' looking at Mr. Burchell, 'who has been my companion in the task for the day, and it is fit he should share in its amusements.' Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions, but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding, that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to a harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest could thus prefer a man of broken fortunes to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgment of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

CHAPTER IX.

TWO LADIES OF GREAT DISTINCTION INTRODUCED—SUPERIOR
FINERY EVER SEEMS TO CONFER SUPERIOR BREEDING.

Mr. Burchell had scarcely taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us, that the squire was come with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord with a couple of under-gentlemen and two young ladies richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was

therefore despatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and, as we were in want of ladies to make up a set at country-dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. unlucky circumstance was not adverted to: though the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the roundabout to perfection, yet they were totally unacquainted with country-dances. at first discomposed us; however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright; Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours, hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me that, though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers, indeed, owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were appreliensive of eatching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that, by the living jingo, she was all of a muck of sweat. Upon our return to the house, we found a very clegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation, at this time, was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company; with other fashionable topies, such as pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true, they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction (though I am since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashionable). Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and whatever appeared amiss was ascribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that, had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both; adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no 'And what pleasures,' cried right to possess. Mr. Thornhill, 'do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow? As

for my part,' continued he, 'my fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasure, are my maxims; but, curse me, if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be hers, and the only favour I would ask in return would be to add myself to the benefit.' I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. 'Sir,' cried I, 'the family which you now condescend to favour with your company has been bred with as nice a sense of lionour as you. Any attempts to injure that may be attended with very dangerous conse-quences. Honour, sir, is our only possession at present, and of that last treasure we must be particularly eareful.' I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions. 'As to your present hint,' continued he, 'I protest nothing was further from my heart than such a thought. No, by all that's tempting, the virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to my taste; for all my amours are carried by a coup-demain.

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue; in this my wife, the chaplain, and I soon joined; and the squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and of the sunshine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept up beyond the usual time to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal; and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at length the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters, for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties; the girls, too, looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal; for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers for the whole day ensuing.

CHAPTER X.

THE FAMILY ENDEAVOUR TO COPE WITH THEIR BETTERS—
THE MISERIES OF THE POOR WHEN THEY ATTEMPT TO APPEAR ABOVE THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES.

I now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awakened that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as

My wife a spoiler of the complexion within. observed, that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead, therefore, of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation now ran upon high life and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gipsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sibyl no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a-piece to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets; but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. 'Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a pennyworth?'—'I protest, papa,' says the girl, 'I believe she deals with somebody that's not right; for she positively declared, that I am to be married to a squire in less than a twelvemonth !'- Well, now, Sophy, my child, 'said I, 'and what sort of a husband are you to have ?'—'Sir,' replied she, 'I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire.'—'How,' cried I, 'is that all you are to have for your two shillings? Only a lord and a squire for two shillings!—You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money.'

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future gran-

deur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted that the squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding; at another time she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign that they would shortly be stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens: they felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle; purses bounced from the fire; and true-love knots lurked in the

bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week, we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening, they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus: 'I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow.'- Perhaps we may, my dear,' returned I; 'though you need be under no uneasiness about that—you shall have a sermon, whether there be or not."—'That is what I expect,' returned she; 'but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?'-Your precautions,' replied I, 'are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance at church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene.'- 'Yes,' cried she, 'I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible; not altogether like the scrubs about us.'- You are quite right, my dear,' returned I, 'and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins.'- 'Phoo, Charles,' interrupted she, 'all that is very true; but not what I would be at. I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock-race. Now, my dear, my proposal is thisthere are our two plough-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarcely done an earthly thing for this month past; they are both grown fat and lazy: why should they not do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure.'

To this proposal I objected, that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but, as I found it would be a work of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival; but, not finding them come as was expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family.

I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two, and when got about half way home, perceived the procession marching slowly towards the church my son, my wife, and the two little ones, exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FAMILY STILL RESOLVE TO HOLD UP THEIR HEADS.

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine; and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excelent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind

enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blindman's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. . In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and, last of all; they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification.—Death! to be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually prestifed with present actually prestifed with present actually prestifed.

petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither. as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying,—'We were thrown from our horses.' At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed with fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilel-mina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

'All that I know of the matter,' cried Miss Skeggs, 'is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true: but this I can assure your ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his lordship turned all manner of colours, my lady fell into a swoon; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood.'

'Well,' replied our peeress, 'this I can say, that the duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as fact, that the next morning my lord duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan! bring me my garters,'

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out Fudge! an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

'Besides, my dear Skeggs,' continued our peeress, 'there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion.'

Fudne!

'I am surprised at that,' cried Miss Skeggs; 'for he seldom leaves any thing out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your ladyship favour me with a sight of them?' Fudge!

'My dear creature,' replied our peeress, 'do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine to be sure, and I think myself

something of a judge: at least I know what pleases Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover-square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them.'

'Your ladyship should except,' says t'other, 'your own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quar-

ter?' Fudge!

'Why, my dear,' says the lady, 'you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and to be sure thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one.' Fudge!

'That I know,' cried Miss Skeggs, 'by experience; for of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plainwork an hour in a day; another thought twentyfive guineas a year too small a salary; and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price: but where is that to be found?' Fudge!

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse, but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year, made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money; all which was in a manner going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own the truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. 'I hope,' cried she, 'your ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours, but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say, my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity; at least the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plainwork; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up small clothes and work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards.' Fudge!

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: 'but a thing of this kind, madam,' cried she, addressing my spouse 'requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam,' continued she, 'that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, madam; there is a form.' Fudge!

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing, that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character: but this our peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this

we rested our petition.

CHAPTER XII.

FORTUNE SEEMS RESOLVED TO HUMBLE THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD .- MORTIFICATIONS ARE OFTEN MORE PAINFUL THAN KEAL CALAMITIES.

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: 'Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it.'- Pretty well,' cried I, not knowing what to say. 'What, only pretty well!' returned she: 'I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintance of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides my dear, stranger things happen every day: and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be! Entre nous, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly: so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there ?'—
'Ay,' returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; 'Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!' This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. 'No, my dear,' said she, 'our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.'

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, 'Good luck! good luck!' till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commenda-

tion.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. 'Ay,' cried my wife, 'I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great, but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep.' To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the mes-

senger seven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. 'I never doubted, sir,' cried she, 'your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves.'—'Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam,' replied he, 'is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advice

myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will.' As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall. 'Never mind our son,' cried my wife, 'depend upon it he knows what he is about; I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse and the box at his back.'

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. 'Welcome! welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair? '-' I have brought you myself,' cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. 'Ay, Moses,' cried my wife, 'that we know, but where is the horse ?'-'I have sold him,' eried Moses, 'for three pounds five shillings and twopence."— Well done, my good boy, returned she; 'I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two pence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then.'- 'I have brought back no money,' cried Moses again, 'I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,' pulling out a bundle from his breast; 'here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.'- 'A gross of green spectacles!' repeated my wife, in a faint voice. 'And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles ! '- 'Dear mother,' cried the boy, 'why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.'- 'A fig for the silver rims!' cried my wife in a passion: 'I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.'-'You need be under no uneasiness,' cried I, 'about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over.'-'What,' cried my wife, 'not silver! the rims not silver!'-'No,' cried I, 'no more silver than your saucepan.'-'And so,' returned she, 'we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!'—'There, my dear,' cried I, 'you are wrong; he should not have known them at all.'—' Marry, hang the idiot!' returned she, 'to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire.'-'There again you are wrong, my dear,' cried I; 'for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prev. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pre-

tence of having one to 'sell. 'Here,' continued Moses, 'we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.'

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. BURCHELL IS FOUND TO BE AN ENEMY; FOR HE HAS THE CONFIDENCE TO GIVE DISAGREEABLE ADVICE.

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. 'You see, my children,' cried I, 'how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side; the rich, having the pleasure, the poor the inconveniences, that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, repeat the fable you were reading

to-day, for the good of the company.

"Once upon a time," cried the child, "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 woful 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 This was travelled on to another adventure. against three bloody-minded satyrs, who were The dwarf carrying away a damsel in distress. 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. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the giant, and married him. 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." "

I was going to moralise upon this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters' intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissussions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and was at last obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their secret reasons for what they advised; but for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future. 'Madam,' cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, 'as for secret reasons, you are right; I have secret reasons which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret. But I find my visits here are become troublesome; I'll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country.' Thus saying, he took up his hat; nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove: 'How, woman!' cried I to her, 'is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most unpleasing, that ever escaped your lips!'-- Why would be provoke me then?' replied she; 'but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-lived fellows as he.' - Low-lived, my dear, do you call him ?' cried I; 'it is very possible we may mistake this man's character; for he seems, upon some occasions, the most finished gentleman I ever knew. Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?'- 'His conversation with me, sir,' replied my daughter, 'has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As to aught else; no, never. Once indeed I remember to have heard him say, he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor.' - Such, my dear, cried I, is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect hap-piness from one who has been so very bad an eco-nomist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice.

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion, I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom, that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little; but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong is soon got over. Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRESH MORTIFICATIONS, OR A DEMONSTRATION THAT SEEMING CALAMITIES MAY BE REAL BLESSINGS.

The journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expense. We debated, therefore, in full council, what were the easiest methods of raising money; or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently The deliberation was soon finished: it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough, without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye: it was therefore determined, that we should dispose of him, for the purpose above-mentioned, at the neighbouring fair; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt of acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps, and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back, to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and, after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not have him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the bots; a fifth wondered what the plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption that they were right; and St. Gregory, upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother

clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. readily closed with the offer, and, entering an alehouse, we were shown into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a very large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation: my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. 'Make no apologies, my child,' said the old man: 'to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures; take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome.' The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. 'Sir,' cried I, 'the applause of so good a man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrosa, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say successfully, fought against the deuterogamy of the age.'-'Sir,' cried the stranger, struck with awe, 'I fear I have been too familiar; but you'll forgive my curiosity, sir: I beg pardon.'—'Sir,' cried I, grasping his hand, 'you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem.'—'Then with gratitude I accept the offer,' cried he, squeezing me by the hand, 'thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy; and do I behold ——'I here interrupted what he was going to say; for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects; at first, I thought him rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general

began to be blamably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much. 'Ay, sir,' replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment, 'ay, sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser, Asser being a Syriac word usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglet Phael-Asser; Nabon-Asser, he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for as we usually say, ek to biblion kubernetes, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate—But, sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question.' That he actually was; nor could I for my life see how the creation of the world had any thing to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now reverenced him the more. I was resolved therefore to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us both to the fair; mine, I told him, was to sell a horse; and, very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bade me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. 'Here, Abraham,' cried he, 'go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbour Jackson's, or anywhere.' While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that, by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country; upon replying that he was my next-door neighbour, 'If that be the case then,' returned he, 'I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him, payable at sight; and let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg further than I.' A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability: the draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, Old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late; I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. 'You can read the name, 1 suppose,' cried I, 'Ephraim Jenkinson.' - 'Yes,' returned he, 'the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too, the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? and did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, cosmogony, and the world? To this I replied with a grean. 'Ay,' continued he, 'he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it away whenever he finds a scholar in company: but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet.

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies, having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency nor the author of these; but, whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most, was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours-too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

CHAPTER XV.

ALL MR. BURCHELL'S VILLANY AT ONCE DETECTED—THE FOLLY OF BEING OVER-WISE.

That evening, and part of the following day, was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies: scarcely a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinion best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen; and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention was a

sealed note, superscribed, 'The copy of a letter to be sent to the two ladies at Thornhill Castle.' It instantly occurred that he was the base informer: and we deliberated whether the note should not be broken open. I was against it: but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family; and, at their joint solicitation, I read as follows:—

LADIES,

"The bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion, that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take, therefore, the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided.'

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarcely patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us, that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude; yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little; and then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach; he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. 'A fine day, Mr. Burchell.'- 'A very fine day, doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain, by the shooting of my corns.'- 'The shooting of your horns,' cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. 'Dear madam,'

replied he, 'I pardon you with all my heart; for I protest I should not have thought it a joke, had you not told me.'-'Perhaps not, sir,' cried my wife, winking at us: 'and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce.'—'I fancy, madam,' returned Burchell, 'you have been reading a jest-book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit; and yet, madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding."—'I believe you might,' cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; 'and yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding, that have very little.'—'And no doubt,' replied her antagonist, 'you have known ladies set up for wit that had none.' I quickly began to find, that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. 'Both wit and understanding,' cried I, 'are trifles without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character; the ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without a heart?

'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'

'I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope's,' returned Mr. Burchell, 'as very unworthy of a man of genius, and a base desertion of his own superiority. As the reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties; so should that of men be prized, not for their exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar may want prudence; the statesman may have pride, and the champion ferocity; but shall we prefer to these the low mechanic, who laboriously plods on through life without censure or applause? We might as well prefer the tame correct paintings of the Flemish school to the erroneous, but sublime animations of the Roman pencil.'

'Sir,' replied I, 'your present observation is just, when there are shining virtues and minute defects; but when it appears that great vices are opposed in the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such a character deserves contempt.'

'Perhaps,' cried he, 'there may be some such monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to great virtues; yet, in my progress through life, I never yet found one instance of their existence: on the contrary, I have ever perceived, that where the mind was capacious the affections were good. And indeed Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular, thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals; the little vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; whilst those endowed with strength and power are generous, brave, and gentle.'

'These observations sound well,' returned I, 'and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man,' and I fixed my eye steadfastly upon him, 'whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Ay, sir,' continued I, raising my voice, 'and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, sir—this pocket-book ?'—'Yes, sir,' returned he, with a face of impenetrable assurance; 'that pocket-book is mine, and I am

glad you have found it.'—'And do you know,' cried I, 'this letter! Nay, never falter, man; but look me full in the face: I say, do you know this letter?"- 'That letter,' replied he; 'yes, it was I that wrote that letter.'- And how could you,' said I, 'so basely, so ungratefully, presume to write this letter?'—'And how came you,' replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, 'so basely to presume to break open this letter? Don't you know, now, I could hang you all for this? All that I have to do, is to swear at the next justice's that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and so hang you all up at this door. This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch, that I could searcely govern my passion. 'Ungrateful wretch! be gone, and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness. Be gone! and never let me see thee again: go from my door, and the only punishment I wish thee is an alarmed conscience, which will be a sufficient tormentor!' So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps with the utmost composure, left us quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him seem ashamed of his villanies. 'My dear,' cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, we are not to be surprised that bad men want shame; they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.

'Guilt and Shame (says the allegory) were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both: Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame, being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they had left behind. Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few

virtues they have still remaining.'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FAMILY USE ART, WHICH IS OPPOSED BY STILL GREATER.

Whatever might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family were easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly

acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the amosphere of the playhouses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet; or, sometimes, in setting my two little ones to box, to make them sharp, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned, that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea ate short and erisp, they were made by Olivia; if the goose-berry-wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which everybody saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it: and his slowness was sometimes attributed to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt, that he designed to become one of our family; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters, happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and, notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, (for what could I do?) our next deliberation was to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and, after many debates, at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family-piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was requested not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather.

Our taste so much pleased the squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and, as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance, which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large, that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had all been greatly remiss. This picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvass was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's longboat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicale of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expense, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports were always resented with becoming spirit; but

scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again, therefore, entered into consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as our principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mama an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could overhear the whole conversation: my wife artfully introduced it by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very

good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands: 'But Heaven help,' continued she, 'the girls that have none! What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies all the virtue and all the qualifications in the world, in this age of self-interest? It is not, What is she? but, What has she? is all the

'Madam,' returned he, 'I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty, of your remarks; and, if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine times for the girls without fortunes; our two young ladies should be

the first for whom I would provide.'

'Ah! sir,' returned my wife, 'you are pleased to be facetious: but I wish I were a queen, and then I know where my eldest daughter should look for a husband. But now that you have put it into my head, seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for her? she is now nineteen years old, well grown, and well educated; and, in my humble opinion, does

not want for parts.

'Madam,' replied he, 'if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy, one with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity: such, madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband.'—' Ay, sir,' said she, 'but do you know of any such person?'—' No, madam,' returned he, 'it is impossible to know any person that deserves to be her husband: she's too great a treasure for one man's possession: she's a goddess. Upon my soul, I speak what I think, she is an angel.'-'Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl: but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager; you know whom I mean, Farmer Williams; a warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread; and who has several times made her proposals' (which was actually the case). 'But, sir,' concluded she, 'I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice.'—'How, madam!' replied he, 'my approbation! My approbation of such a choice! Never. What! sacrifice so much beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice! And I have my reasons-' 'Indeed, sir,' cried Deborah, 'if you have your reasons, that's another affair; but I should be glad to know those reasons.'- Excuse me, madam,' returned he, 'they lie too deep for discovery,' (laying his hand upon his bosom,) 'they remain buried, riveted here.'

After he was gone, upon a general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet, whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who, from my daughter's first appearance in the country,

had paid her his addresses.

CHAPTER XVII.

SCARCELY ANY VIRTUE FOUND TO RESIST THE POWER OF LONG AND PLEASING TEMPTATION.

As I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger: but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquet to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real cha-racter, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and, with a pensive air, took leave; though I own it puzzled me to find him in so much pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was much greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gaiety. 'You now see, my child,' said I, 'that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's passion was all a dream; he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid declaration.'- Yes, papa,' returned she, 'but he has his reasons for this delay; I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convinces me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion. of him has been more just than yours.'- 'Olivia, my darling,' returned I, 'every scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration has been proposed and planned by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation, shall be granted; but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life demands this from me; and my tenderness as a parent shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name, then, your day; let it be as distant as you think proper, and in the mean time take care to let Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you for ever.' This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other's insensibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety: but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous, but not more open. On the third he discontinued his visits entirely; and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring happiness to osten-

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future; busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost. 'Well, Moses,' cried I, 'we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family; what is your opinion of matters and things in general ?'- 'My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to Farmer Williams we shall then have the loan of his cider-press and brewing-tubs for nothing.'- 'That we shall, Moses,' cried I, 'and he will sing us Death and the Lady, to raise our spirits, into the bargain.'- 'He has taught that song to our Dick,' cried Moses: 'and I think he goes through it very prettily.'- 'Does he so?' cried I, 'then let us have it: where is little Dick ? let him up with it boldly.'- 'My brother Dick,' cried Bill, my youngest, 'is just gone out with sister Livy: but Mr. Williams has taught me two songs, and I'll sing them for you, papa. Which song do you choose—The Dying Swan, or the Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog?'-- 'The elegy, child, by all means,' said I, 'I never heard that yet,-and Deborah, my life, grief, you know, is dry; let us have a bottle of the best gooseberrywine, to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that, without an enlivening glass, I am sure this will overcome me. And Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little.'

An Elegy

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray,

A kind and gentle heart he had. To comfort friends and foes; The naked every day he clad, When he put on his clothes. And in that town a dog was found;
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree,

This dog and man at first were friends; But when a pique began, The dog, to gain some private ends, Went mad, and bit the man!

Around from all the neighb'ring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran;
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad To every Christian eye; And while they swore the dog was mad, They swore the man would die,

But soon a wonder came to light,

That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,

The dog it was that died.

'A very good boy, Bill, upon my word; and an elegy that may be truly called tragical. Come, my children, here's Bill's health, and may he one

day be a bishop!'

'With all my heart,' cried my wife; 'and if he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family, by the mother's side, could sing a good song; it was a common saying in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them; nor the Hugginsons blow out a candle; that there were none of the Grograms but could sing a song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a story.'- However that be,' cried I, ' the most vulgar ballad of all generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and things that petrify us in a single stanza: productions that we at once detest and praise. Put the glass to your brother, Moses. The great fault of these elegiasts is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and so the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster.'

'That may be the mode,' cried Moses, 'in sublimer compositions; but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould; Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can.'

'And very good advice too,' cried I; 'and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there: for, as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife; and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting.'

'Yes, sir,' returned Moses, 'and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe, Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a year, but our English wives

are saleable every night.'

'You are right, my boy,' cried his mother; 'Old England is the only place in the world for husbands to get wives.'—'And for wives to manage their husbands,' interrupted I. 'It is a pro-

verb abroad, that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the continent would come over to take pattern from ours; for there are no such wives in Europe as our own. But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life, and, Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to Heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fireside, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old; but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. While we live they will be our support and our pleasure here, and when we die they will transmit our honour untainted to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song; let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia? That little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the concert.' Just as I spoke, Dick came running in - O papa, papa, she is gone from us—she is gone from us; my sister Livy is gone from us for ever!' - Gone, child !'- Yes; she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her; and she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, "Oh! what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone." '-- Now, then,' cried I, 'my children, go and be miserable; for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And, O, may Heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his! Thus to reb me of my child !-And sure it will-for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to heaven! Such sincerity as my child was possessed of! But all our earthly happiness is now over! Go, my children, go and be miserable and infamous—for my heart is broken within me!' 'Father,' cried my son, 'is this your fortitude!'— 'Fortitude, child!—Yes, he shall see I have fortitude-bring me my pistols-I'll pursue the traitor —while he is on earth, I'll pursue him!—Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet—the vil-lain—the perfidious villain!' I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. 'My dearest, dearest husband,' cried she, 'the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us.'- Indeed, sir,' resumed my son, after a pause, 'your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother's comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend character, thus to curse your greatest enemy;—you should not have cursed him, villain as he is.'—'I did not curse him, child, did I ?'- Indeed, sir, you did, you cursed him twice.'- Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did. And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies.-Blessed be his holy name for all the good he hath given, and for all that he hath taken away. But it is not—it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child-to undo my darling! May confusion seize-Heaven forgive me !-- what am I about to say ?-- You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how

charming; till this vile moment all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died! but she is gone; the honour of our family is contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here. But, my child, you saw them go off; perhaps he forced her away? If he forced her, she may yet be innocent.—'Ah, no, sir,' cried the child; 'he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast.'—'She's an ungrateful creature,' cried my wife, who could scarcely speak for weeping, 'to use us thus; she never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents without any provocation—thus to bring your grey hairs to the grave, and I must shortly follow.'

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. 'Never,' cried she, 'shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No! let the strumpet live with her vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us.'

'Wife,' said I, 'do not talk thus hardly: my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other, the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice, again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there. My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff; I will pursue her, wherever she is; and, though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of her iniquity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PURSUIT OF A FATHER TO RECLAIM A LOST CHILD TO VIRTUE.

Though the child could not describe the gentleman's person, who handed his sister into the postchaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill Castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter; but before I had reached his seat I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom, by the description, I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me; I therefore

went to the young squire's, and, though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately; he soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who I recollected had of late several private conferences with her; but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villany, who averred that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind in which we are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated with myself, whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earnestness, and inquired of several by the way; but received no accounts, till entering the town I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the squire's, and he assured me, that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure; how different from mine. that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me: but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more.

I now reflected, that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home; however, I retired to a little ale-house by the road-side; and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for nearly three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expenses of my It is possible the anxiety from entertainment. this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard, who has written so many little books for children: he called himself their friend, but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good natured man's red pimpled face: for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age; and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be

paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home

by easy journeys of ten miles a day.

My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them; as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shows us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and to please. Still as we approach the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a waggon, which I was resolved to overtake: but when I came up with it found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit.

The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company; as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. 'Good company upon the road,' says the proverb, 'is the shortest cut.' I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player; and, as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I descanted on such topics with my usual freedom; but as I was but little acquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day? 'I fancy, sir,' cried the player, 'few of our modern dramatists would think themselves much honoured by being compared to the writers you mention. Dryden's and Rowe's manner, sir, are quite out of fashion: our taste has gone back a whole century; Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakspeare, are the only things that go down.'—'How!' cried I, 'is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those overcharged characters, which abound in the works you mention?'- 'Sir,' returned my companion, 'the public think nothing about dialect, or humour, or character; for that is none of their business; they only go to be amused, and find themselves they when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Jonson's or Shakspeare's name.'— 'So then, I suppose,' cried I, 'that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakspeare than nature.'- 'To say the truth,' returned my companion, 'I don't know that they imitate anything at all; nor indeed does the public require it of them; it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced, that elicits applause. I have known a piece, with not one jest in the whole, shrugged into popularity, and another saved by the poet's throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, sir, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste; our modern dialect is much more natural.'

By this time the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprised of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us; for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first alehouse that offered, and, being shown into the common room, was accosted by a very well-dressed gentleman, who demanded whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play? Upon my informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down in my own mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when, upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house; with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A PERSON DISCONTENTED WITH THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT, AND APPREHENSIVE OF THE LOSS OF OUR LIBERTIES.

The house where we were to be entertained lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that, as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shown was perfectly elegant and modern ; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies in easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor; to which replying in the negative, 'What, nor the Auditor, I suppose?' cried he. 'Neither, sir,' returned I. 'That's strange, very strange,' replied my entertainer. 'Now I read all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the seventeen Magazines, and the two Reviews; and, though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, sir, liberty is the Briton's boast, and, by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I reverence its guardians.' - 'Then it is to be hoped,' cried I, 'you reverence the king?'-- 'Yes,' returned my entertainer, 'when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I'll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think only. I could have directed some things better. I don't think there has been a sufficient number of advisers; he should advise with every person willing to give him advice, and then we should have things done in another guess manner.'

'I wish,' cried I, 'that such intruding advisers were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of honest men to assist the weaker side of our constitution, that sacred power that has for some years been every day declining, and losing its due share of influence in the state. But these ignorants still continue the same cry of liberty, and if they have any weight, basely throw it into the subsiding scale.'

'How!' cried one of the ladies, 'do I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of heaven, that glorious privilege of

Britons !'

'Can it be possible,' cried our entertainer, 'that there should be any found, at present, advocates for slavery? Any who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons! Can any, sir, be so

abject?'

'No, sir,' replied I, 'I am for liberty, that attribute of gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings. I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne; we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who were called levellers. They tried to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But, alas! it would never answer; for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning than others, and these became masters of the rest; for as sure as your groom rides your horses, because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the animal that is cunninger or stronger than he sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since then it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command, and others to obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or still farther off in the metropolis. Now, sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is removed from me, the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind also are of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now the great, who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible; because whatever they take from that is naturally restored to themselves: and all they have to do in the state is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primæval authority. Now the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may be so disposed, or its men of opulence so minded, as all to conspire in carrying on this business of undermining monarchy. For, in the first place, if the circumstances of our state be such, as to favour the accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent still more rich, this will increase their ambition. An accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily be the consequence, when, as at present, more riches flow in from external commerce than arise from internal industry: for external com-

merce can only be managed to advantage by the rich, and they have also at the same time all the emoluments arising from internal industry; so that the rich, with us, have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one. For this reason, wealth in all commercial states is found to accumulate; and all such have hitherto in time become aristocratical. Again, the very laws also of the country may contribute to the accumulation of wealth; as when, by their means, the natural ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken; and it is ordained that the rich shall only marry with the rich; or when the learned are held unqualified to serve their country as councillors, merely from a defect of opulence; and wealth is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition: by these means, I say, and such means as these, riches will accumulate. Now the possessor of accumulated wealth, when furnished with the necessaries and pleasures of life, has no other method to employ the superfluity of his fortune but in purchasing power; that is, differently speaking, in making dependants by purchasing the liberty of the needy, or the venal, of men who are willing to bear the mortification of contiguous tyranny for bread. Thus each very opulent man generally gathers round him a circle of the poorest of the people, and the polity abounding in accumulated wealth may be compared to a Cartesian system, each orb with a vortex of its own. Those, however, who are willing to move in a great man's vortex, are only such as must be slaves, the rabble of mankind, whose souls and whose education are adapted to servitude, and who know nothing of liberty except the name. But there must still be a large number of the people without the sphere of the opulent man's influence, namely, that order of men which subsists between the very rich and the very rabble; those men who are possessed of too large fortunes to submit to the neighbouring man in power, and yet are too poor to set up for tyranny themselves. In this middle order of mankind are generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This order alone is known to be the true preserver of freedom, and may be called the People. Now it may happen, that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a state, and its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble; for if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in state affairs be ten times less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it is evident, that greater numbers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system, and they, ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the middle order has left is to preserve the prerogative and privileges of the one principal governor with the most sacred circumspection. For he divides the power of the rich, and calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. The middle order may be compared to a town, of which the opulent are forming the siege, and of which the governor from without is hastening the relief. While the besiegers are in dread of an enemy over them, it is but natural to offer the townsmen the most specious terms; to flatter them with sounds, and amuse them with privileges; but if they once

defeat the governor from behind, the walls of the town will be but a small defence to its inhabitants. What they may then expect may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am then for, and would die for, monarchy, sacred monarchy; for if there be any thing sacred amongst men, it must be the anointed sovereign of his people; and every diminution of his power, in war or peace, is an infringement upon the real liberties of the subject. The sounds of liberty, patriotism, and Britons, have already done much; it is to be hoped, that the true sons of freedom will prevent their ever doing more. I have known many of these preended champions for liberty in my time, yet do I not remember one that was not in his heart and

in his family a tyrant.'
My warmth, I found, had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good-breeding: but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer. 'What!' cried he, 'then I have been all this while entertaining a Jesuit in parson's clothes? but, by all the coalmines of Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my name be Wilkinson.' I now found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken. 'Pardon!' returned he, in a fury; I think such principles demand ten thousand pardons. What! give up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes! Sir, I insist upon your marching out of this house immediately, to prevent worse consequences. Sir, I insist upon it.' going to repeat my remonstrances; but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, 'As sure as death, there is our master and mistress come home!' It seems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter; nor was their sur-prise, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. 'Gentlemen,' cried the real master of the house to me and my companion, 'my wife and I are your most humble servants; but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that we almost sink under the obligation.' However unexpected our company might be to them, theirs, I am sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when, whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related! As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. 'My dear sir,' cried she, 'to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have got the good Doctor Primrose for their guest.' Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and wel-comed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling on being informed of the nature of my present visit; but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was at my intercession for-

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged, now insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days; and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shown to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she inquired, with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. 'Alas! madam,' cried I, 'he has now been nearly three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is, I know not; perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more. No, my dear madam, we sliall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fire-side at Wakefield. My little family are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want, but infamy, upon us. The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several offers that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening: the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praise of the new performer, and averred, that he never saw any one who bade so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day; 'but this gentleman,' continued he, 'seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally, in our journey down.' This account in some measure excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre; where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last; and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son! He was going to begin; when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immoveable.

The actors behind the scenes, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but, instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occa-

sion, for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description; but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot, who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation for him; and, as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport; for I could never counterfeit false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of irresistible beauty; and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

CHAPTER XX.

THE HISTORY OF A PHILOSOPHIC VAGABOND, PURSUING NOVELTY, BUT LOSING CONTENT.

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline: but, upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth which he could boast of. 'Why, ay, my son,' cried I, 'you left me but poor; and poor, I find, you are come back; and yet, I make no doubt, you have seen a great deal of the world.'- 'Yes, sir,' replied my son; but travelling after fortune is not the way to secure her: and, indeed, of late, I have desisted from the pursuit.'—'I faney, sir,' cried Mrs. Arnold, 'that the account of your adventures would be amusing: the first part of them I have often heard from my niece; but could the company prevail for the rest, it would be an additional obligation.'- 'Madam,' replied my son, 'I promise you the pleasure you have in hearing will not be half so great as my vanity in repeating them; and yet in the whole narrative I can scarcely promise you one adventure, as my account is rather of what I saw than what I did. The first misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great; but though it distressed it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected from her at another; and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine morning, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful as the birds that carolled by the road; and comforted myself with reflecting, that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

'Upon my arrival in town, sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to

our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true Sardonic grin. "Ay," cried he, "this is, indeed, a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher to a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an underturnkey in Newgate! I was up early and late: I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?"—" No."—" Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?"—"No."—"Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?"—"No." -" Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed ?"—" No."—" Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?" -"Yes."—"Then you will by no means do for a school. No sir; if you are for a genteel, casy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. Yet come," continued he, "I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning; what do you think of commencing author like me ? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence. All honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, write history and politics, and are praised: men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.'

'Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and, having the highest respect for literature, hailed the Antiqua Mater of Grub-street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and, however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she entailed I supposed to be the nurse of genius. Big with these reflections I sat down, and, finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things that, at a distance, looked every bit as well. Witness, you powers, what fancied importance sat perched upon my quill while I was writing! The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine I sat self-collected, with a quill pointed against every

opposer.'
'Well said, my boy,' cried I; 'and what subject did you treat upon? I hope you did not pass over the importance of monogamy. But I interrupt: go on. You published your paradoxes; well, and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?'

'Sir,' replied my son, 'the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies; and, unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the

cruellest mortification-neglect.

'As I was meditating one day, in a coffee-house, on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me; and, after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply, that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, "I see," cried he, "you are unacquainted with the town. I'll teach you a part of it .- Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee; if they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus," continued he, "I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But, between ourselves, I am now too well known; I should be glad to borrow your face a bit; a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter: but, if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it, you succeed, and we divide the spoil."

'Bless us, George,' cried I, 'and is this the employment of poets now! Do men of their exalted talents thus stoop to beggary? Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile

traffic of praise for bread ?'

'O no, sir,' returned he; 'a true poet can never be so base; for, wherever there is genius, there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, so is he equally a coward to contempt: and none but those who are unwor-

thy protection condescend to solicit it.

Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to insure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence, which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would, therefore, come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad-dog; while Philautos, Philalethes, and Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster, than I.

'Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised, each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade.

'In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St. James's Park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the university. approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation; he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished; for Ned Thornhill was at

the bottom a very good-natured fellow.'

'What did you say, George ?' interrupted I.— 'Thornhill! was not that his name? It can certainly be no other than my landlord.'—'Bless me!' cried Mrs. Arnold, 'is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbour of yours? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him

shortly.

'My friend's first care,' continued my son, 'was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own clothes, and then I was admitted to his table upon the footing of half friend, half underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the left hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when he had a mind for a frolic. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding; to carry the cork-screw; to stand godfather to all the butler's children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out of humour; always to be humble; and, if I could, to be very

happy.
In this honourable post, however, I was not marines, who was without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron's affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from several for his stupidity, yet he found many of them, who were as dull as himself, that permitted his assiduities. As flattery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff from me; and as every day my patron's desire of flattery increased, so every hour being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it. Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him with a gentleman, whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request, and though I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet, as it was a debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my

antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; but as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me, but by recommending me to his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under the government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his recommendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles, for the looks of the domestics ever transmit their master's benevolence. Being shown into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read, and after pausing some minutes

—"Pray, sir," cried he, "inform me what you
have done for my kinsman, to deserve this warm recommendation? But I suppose, sir, I guess your merits; you have fought for him; and so you would expect a reward from me for being the instrument of his vices. I wish, sincerely wish, that my present refusal may be some punishment for your guilt; but still more that it may be some inducement to your repentance." The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew that it was just. My whole expectations now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance. However, after bribing the servants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shown into a spacious apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection. During this anxious interval, I had full time to look around me. Every thing was grand and of happy contrivance; the paintings, the furniture, the gildings, petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah! thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom; sure his genius must be unfathomable! During these awful reflections I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself! No, it was only a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be he! No, it was only the great man's valet-de-chambre. At last his lordship actually made his appearance. "Are you," cried he, "the bearer of this here letter?" I answered with a bow. "I learn by this," continued he, as "how that—" But just at that instant a servant delivered him a card; and without taking farther notice he went out of the room, and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was going to his coach at the door. Down I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that of three or four more, who came like me to petition for favours. His lordship, however, went too fast for us, and was gaining his chariot-door with large strides, when I hallooed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was by this time got in, and muttered an answer, half of which only I heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot-wheels.

stood for some time with my neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was listening to catch the glorious sounds, till, looking round me, I found myself alone at his lordship's gate.

'My patience,' continued my son, 'was now quite exhausted. Stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulf to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that Nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half-a-guinea left, and of that I thought fortune herself should not deprive me; but, in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr. Crispe kindly offers all his majesty's subjects a generous promise of 30*l*. a-year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with fortune wreaked her injuries on their own hearts; but Mr. Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who, for a month past, talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for everything in the world. He paused awhile upon the properest means of providing for me, and slapping his forehead as if he had found it, assured me that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half-guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern, to be there more happy than he.

'As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper's promises; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. "But," continued he, "I fancy you might by a much shorter voyage be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam; what if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English," added he, "by this time, or the deuce is in it." I confidently assured him of that; but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would

be willing to learn English. He affirmed, with an oath, that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our English in Holland. voyage short, and, after having paid my passage with half my moveables, I found myself, as fallen from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or three of those I met, whose appearance seemed most promising; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection, is to me amazing; but certain it is I overlooked it.

'This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again; but falling into company with an Irish student, who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turning upon topics of literature (for by the way, it may be observed, that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse on such subjects), from him I learned, that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me; I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek; and in this design I was heartened by my brother-student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

'I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burthen of my moveables, like Æsop and his basket of bread; for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The principal seemed, at first, to doubt of my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus: "You see me, young man: I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a-year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short," continued he, "as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it."

'I was now too far from home to think of returning, so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but, as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt: a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

'In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money, than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality; when, passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me! This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London, who had just stepped into taste and a large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a cognoscento so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules: the one, always to observe that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. "But," says he, "as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying in Paris."

'With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living; and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my dress by his assistance; and, after some time, accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised at his intimacy with people of the best fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as to an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions; for when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish that was accidentally lying by, and rub it over the piece with great composure before all the company, and then ask if he had not improved the tints.

When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling tutor; and, after some time, I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be

the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion: all his questions on the road were, how much money might be saved; which was the least expensive course of travelling; whether any thing could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing, he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe, how amazingly expensive travelling was! and all this though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he inquired the expense of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle compared to his returning by land: he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation; so paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London.

'I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England; walked along from city to city; examined mankind more nearly; and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few; I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself, as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

'Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was going forward; but on my journey down my resolutions were changed by meeting an old acquaintance, who I found belonged to a company of comedians that were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprised me of the importance of the task at which I aimed; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it; that acting was not to be learnt in a day; and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was

in fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven for some time from one character to another, till at last Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SHORT CONTINUANCE OF FRIENDSHIP AMONG THE VICIOUS, WHICH IS COEVAL ONLY WITH MUTUAL SATISFACTION.

Mr son's account was too long to be delivered at once; the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me, in a whisper, that the squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back; but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour; and after a short time his presence served only to increase the general good humour.

After tea, he called me aside, to inquire after my daughter; but upon my informing him that my inquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprised; adding that he had been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of my family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot, or my son; and upon my replying that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret; 'for at best, cried he, 'it is but divulging one's own infamy; and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine.' We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the squire in to stand up at country-dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken; and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt, than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me: we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot showed my son, Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to increase for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone. The morning I designed for my departure Mr. Thornhill came to me, with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that were going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one

hundred pounds, his interest having been sufficient to get an abatement of the other two: 'As for this trifling piece of service,' continued the young gentleman, 'I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend; and as for the hundred pounds to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure.' This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of: I readily, therefore, gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use despatch, lest in the mean time another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress (for Miss Wilmot actually loved him) he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all that I had-my blessing: 'And now my boy,' cried I, 'thou art going to fight for thy country, remember how thy brave grandfather fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my boy, and imitate him in all but his misfortunes; if it was a misfortune to die with Lord Falkland. Go my boy, and if you fall, though distant, exposed and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which Heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier.'

The next morning I took leave of the good family that had been kind enough to entertain me so long, not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornkill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good breeding procure, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to Heaven to spare and to forgive her. I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired a horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the road-side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young squire Thornhill, who, the host assured me, was hated as much as his uncle, Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and after a fortnight or three weeks' possession turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there, to which he only replied in an ironical way by drinking her health. 'Mr. Symonds,' cried she, 'you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three parts of the business is left for me to do, and the fourth left unfinished, while you do nothing but soak with the guests all day long; whereas, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever, I never touch a drop.' I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured her out a glass, which she received with a curtsey, and drinking towards my good health, 'Sir,' resumed she, 'it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am angry, but one cannot help it when the house is going out of If the customers or guests are to the windows. be dunned, all the burden lies upon my back: he'd as lief eat that glass as budge after them himself. There now above stairs we have a young woman who has come to take up her lodgings here, and I don't believe she has got any money, by her overcivility. I am certain she is very slow of payment, and I wish she were put in mind of it.'- What signifies minding her?' cried the host; 'if she be slow she's sure.'- 'I don't know that,' replied the wife, 'but I know that I am sure she has been here a fortnight, and we have not yet seen the cross of her money.'- 'I suppose, my dear,' cried he, 'we shall have it all in a lump.'-' In a lump!' cried the other, 'I hope we may get it any way; and that I am resolved we will this very night, or out she tramps, bag and baggage.'- 'Consider, my dear,' cried the husband, 'she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more respect.'- 'As for the matter of that,' returned the hostess, 'gentle or simple, out she shall pack with a sassarara. Gentry may be good things where they take; but for my part I never saw much good of them at the sign of the Harrow.' Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs that went from the kitchen to a room over-head, and I soon perceived by the loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear her remonstrances very distinctly: 'Out, I say, pack out this moment! tramp, thou infamous strumpet, or I'll give thee a mark thou won't be the better for these three What! you trumpery, to come and take up an honest house without cross or coin to bless yourself with! come along, I say.'- O dear madam,' cried the stranger, 'pity me, pity a poor abandoned creature for one night, and death will soon do the rest.' I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair, and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms. 'Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom. Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee; though thou hadst ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forgive them all.'- 'O my own dear,'-for minutes she could say no more,-'my own dearest good papa! Could angels be kinder? How do I deserve so much? The villain, I hate him and myself, to be a reproach to so much goodness. You can't forgive me; I know you cannot.— Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee: only repent, and we both shall yet be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia.'—'Ah! never, sir, never. The rest of my wretched life must be infamy abroad, and shame at home. But, alas! papa, you look much paler than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you so much uneasiness? surely you

have too much wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself !'- 'Our wisdom, young woman-' replied I. 'Ah, why so cold a name, papa?' cried she. 'This is the first time you ever called me by so cold a name.'- I ask pardon, my darling,' returned I; 'but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one.

The landlady now returned to know if we did not choose a more genteel apartment; to which assenting, we were shown to a room where we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring some account of the gradations that led to her present wretched situation. 'That villain, sir,' said she, 'from the first day of our meeting, made me honourable, though private proposals.'

'Villain, indeed,' cried I; 'and yet it in some measure surprises me, how a person of Mr. Burchell's good sense and seeming honour could be guilty of such deliberate baseness, and thus step

nto a family to undo it.'

'My dear papa,' returned my daughter, 'you labour under a strange mistake. Mr. Burchell never attempted to deceive me. Instead of that, he took every opportunity of privately admonishing me against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill, who, I now find, was even worse than he represented him.'- 'Mr. Thornhill!' interrupted I, 'can it be?' - 'Yes, sir,' returned she, 'it was Mr. Thornhill who seduced me; who employed the two ladies, as he called them, but who in fact were abandoned women of the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London. Their artifices, you may remember, would have certainly succeeded, but for Mr. Burchell's letter, who directed those reproaches at them, which we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions, still remains a secret to me; but I am convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend.

'You amaze me, my dear,' cried I; 'but now I find my first suspicions of Mr. Thornhill's baseness were too well grounded: but he can triumph in security; for he is rich and we are poor. But tell me, my child; sure it was no small temptation that could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an education, and so virtuous a disposition as thine?

'Indeed, sir,' replied she, 'he owes all his triumph to the desire I had of making him, and not myself, happy. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage, which was privately performed by a popish priest, was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust to but his honour.'- 'What!' interrupted I, 'and were you indeed married by a priest, and in orders?—'Indeed, sir, we were,' replied she, 'though we were both sworn to conceal his name.'- Why then, my child, come to my arms again; and now you are a thousand times more welcome than before; for you are his wife to all intents and purposes; nor can all the laws of man, though written upon tables of adamant, lessen the force of that sacred connexion.'

'Alas! papa,' replied she, 'you are but little acquainted with his villanies; he has been married already, by the same priest, to six or eight wives more, whom, like me, he has deceived and aban-

'Has he so?' cried I, 'then we must hang the

priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow.'- 'But, sir,' returned she, 'will that be right, when I am sworn to secrecy ?'- 'My dear,' I replied, 'if you have made such a promise, I can-not, nor will I tempt you to break it. Even though it may benefit the public, you must not inform against him. In all human institutions, a smaller evil is allowed to procure a greater good: as, in politics, a province may be given away to secure a kingdom; in medicine, a limb may be lopped off to preserve the body. But in religion the law is written and inflexible, never to do evil. And, this law, my child, is right; for otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred in expectation of contingent advantage. And though the advantage should certainly follow, yet the interval between commission and advantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for the things we have done, and the volume of human actions is closed for ever. But

I interrupt you, my dear: go on.'

'The very next morning,' continued she, 'I found what little expectations I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning he introduced me to two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had deceived, but who lived in contented prostitution. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view, I danced, dressed, and talked, but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there told me every moment of the power of my charms, and this only contributed to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young baronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, sir, how this ingratitude stung me? My answer to this proposal was almost madness. desired to part. As I was going, he offered me a purse; but I flung it at him with indignation, and burst from him in a rage that for a while kept me insensible of the miseries of my situation. soon looked round me, and saw myself a vile, abject, guilty thing, without one friend in the world to apply to. Just in that interval a stage-coach happening to pass by, I took a place, it being my only aim to be driven at a distance from a wretch I despised and detested. I was set down here; where, since my arrival, my own anxiety, and this woman's unkindness, have been my only companions. The hours of pleasure that I have passed with my mama and sister now grow painful to me. Their sorrows are much; but mine are greater than theirs; for mine are mixed with guilt and infamy.'

'Have patience, my child,' cried I, 'and I hope things will yet be better. Take some repose tonight, and to-morrow I'll carry you home to your mother and the rest of the family, from whom you will receive a kind reception. Poor woman! this has gone to her heart; but she loves you still, Olivia, and will forget it.'

CHAPTER XXII.

OFFENCES ARE EASILY PARDONED WHERE THERE IS LOVE AT BOTTOM.

THE next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove by every persuasion to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we to each other; and that the misfortunes of nature's making were but very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures of the world, showed her that books were sweet unreproaching companions to the miscrable, and that, if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage; however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace; the labourers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deepmouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and, before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent—my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out into a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outery, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he, perceiving the flames, instantly awaked my wife and daughter, and all running out, naked and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror, for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony looking on as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. 'O misery! where,' cried I, 'where are my little

ones ?'- 'They are burnt to death in the flames.' said my wife calmly, 'and I will die with them.' That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. 'Where, where are my children?' cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined; 'where are my little ones?'
—'Here, dear papa, here we are!' cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and conveyed them through the fire as fast as possible, while, just as I was going out, the roof sunk in. 'Now,' cried I, 'holding up my children, 'now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish; here they are-I have saved my treasure: here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy.' We kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was, therefore, out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contri-buted, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils; so that by daylight we had another, though a wretched, dwelling to retire to. My honest next neighbour and his children were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having, therefore, informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one; and, though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had: this task would have been more difficult but for our own recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. 'Ah, madam!' cried her mother, 'this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction: yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suf fered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you.' During this reception, the unhappy

victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, 'I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer-her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness; the real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not, therefore, increase them by dissensions among each other: if we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude: and this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is of itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

NONE BUT THE GUILTY CAN BE LONG AND COMPLETELY MISERABLE.

Some assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours, too, came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist in repairing my former dwelling. Honest farmer Williams was not last among these visitors, but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repressed his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person in our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety had now taken strong possession of her mind; her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart, and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a coneern for hers, collecting such amusing passages of history as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. 'Our happiness, my dear,' I would say, 'is in the power of One who can bring it about by a thousand unforeseen ways that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing, historian.

'Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment, which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

'As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye: her merit, soon after, his heart. They were married; he rose to the highest posts; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent: after an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner with his sword stood ready, while the spectators, in gloomy silence, awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take the last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress; but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger; he acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed; the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty, could confer on earth, were united.'

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt; and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot; for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took

every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news served only to increase poor Olivia's affliction; for such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information; and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr. Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church, the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

'Why, let him if he can,' returned I; 'but, my son, observe this bed of straw and unsheltering roof; those mouldering walls and humid floor; my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread: you have come home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. O, my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendour of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and them-selves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serenc, like travellers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile.

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution; but appearances deceived me; for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of my family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus, once more, the tale went round, and a song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRESH CALAMITIES.

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season, so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recal her sadness. But that melancholy, which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. 'Do, my pretty Olivia,' cried she, 'let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child, it will please your old father.' She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic, as moved me.

> When lovely woman stoops to folly, And finds, too late, that men betray, What charm can soothe her melancholy, What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice, from sorrow, gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and, making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. 'Sir,' replied I, 'your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence, for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my cailing restrains them.'

"I vow, my dear sir," returned he, "I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I hope you do not think your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it."

'Go,' cried I, 'thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger. Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And so, thou vile thing! to gratify a momertary passion thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honour for their portion.'

'If she, or you,' returned he, 'are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time; and, what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her.'

I found all my passions alarmed at this new

degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villany can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.- 'Avoid my sight, thou reptile,' cried I, 'nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son at home, he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone.'

'I find,' cried he, 'you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But, as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard; nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself; which, as I have been at some expenses lately, previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent: it is certain he knows his duty; for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnised with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse.'

'Mr. Thornhill,' replied I, 'hear me once for all: as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once wofully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honour, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet, humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity; and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt.'

'If so,' returned he, 'depend upon it, you shall feel the effects of this insolence, and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me.' Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with apprehension. My daughters also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference; which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence-he had already struck the blow, and I now stood prepared to repel every new effort-like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still present a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was, his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now, therefore, entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to

paint the calamities I was going to endure-the terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire.

But I continued inflexible.

'Why, my treasures,' cried I, 'why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right? My duty has taught me to forgive him, but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer; and, to avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement? No, never. If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right, and wherever we are thrown we can still retire to a charming apartment, where we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure.'

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county gaol, which was eleven miles off.

'My friends,' said I, 'this is severe weather in which you are come to take me to a prison; and it is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me, and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow; but if it must be so-

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious; and desired my son to assist his eldest sister; who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the mean time my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to use despatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

CHAPTER XXV.

NO SITUATION, HOWEVER WRETCHED IT SEEMS, BUT HAS SOME SORT OF COMFORT ATTENDING IT.

WE set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers who had a horse kindly took her behind him; for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other;

while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears

fell not for her own but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing they would never see their minister go to a gaol, while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

'What! my friends,' cried I, "and is this the way you love me? Is this the manner you obey the instructions I have given you from the pulpit? thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me? Which is your ringleader? Show me the man that has thus seduced you. As sure as he lives, he shall feel my resentment. Alas! my dear deluded flock, return back to the duty you owe to God, to your country, and to me. I shall yet, perhaps, one day see you in greater felicity here, and contribute to make your lives more happy. But let it at least be my comfort, when I pen my fold for immortality, that not

one here shall be wanting."

They now seemed all repentance, and melting into tears, came, one after the other, to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing proceeded forward without meeting any further interruption. Some hours before night we reached the town or rather village; for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and retaining no marks of its ancient superiority but the gaol.

Upon entering we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four-and-twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected upon my entrance to find nothing but lamentations, and various sounds of misery, but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. apprised of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions; and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and profaneness.

"How!' cried I to myself, 'shall men so very wicked be cheerful, and shall I be melancholy? I feel only the same confinement with them, and I

think I have more reason to be happy.

With such reflections I laboured to become more cheerful: but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting, therefore, in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and sitting by me entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it; for if good, I might profit by his instructions; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense, but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called; or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken eare to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

'That's unfortunate,' cried he, 'as you are allowed nothing but straw, and your apartment is very large and cold. However, you seem to be something of a gentleman, and as I have been one myself in my time, part of my bed-clothes are

heartily at your service.

I thanked him, professing my surprise at finding such humanity in a gaol in misfortunes; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, 'that the sage ancient seemed to understand the value of company in affliction, when he said, ton kosmon aire, ei dos ton etairon; and, in fact,' continued I, 'what is the world if it affords only solitude?'

'You talk of the world, sir,' returned my fellow-prisoner; 'the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled the philosophers of every age. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words: Anarchon ara kai atclutaion to pan, which impliesask pardon, sir,' cried I, 'for interrupting so much learning; but I think I have heard all this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once seeing you at Welbridge-fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson?' At this demand he only sighed. 'I suppose you must recollect,' resumed I, 'one Doctor Primrose, from whom you bought a horse.'

He now at once recollected me, for the gloominess of the place and the approaching night had prevented his distinguishing my features before. Yes, sir,' returned Mr. Jenkinson, 'I remember you perfectly well; I bought a horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid of at the next assizes; for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man: for you see,' continued he, pointing to his shackles, 'what

my tricks have brought me to.'

'Well, sir,' replied I, 'your kindness in offering me assistance, when you could expect no return, shall be repaid with my endeavours to soften or totally suppress Mr. Flamborough's evidence, and I will send my son to him for that purpose the first opportunity: nor do I in the least doubt but he will comply with my request: and as to my own evidence, you need be under no uneasiness

about that.'

'Well, sir,' cried he, 'all the return I can make shall be yours. You shall have more than half my bed-clothes to night, and I'll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I

have some influence.'

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect; for at the time I had seen him before he appeared at least sixty. 'Sir,' answered he, 'you are little acquainted with the world. I had at that time false hair, and have learned the art of counterfeiting every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah, sir! had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that, perhaps, when you least expect it.'

We were now prevented from further conversation by the arrival of the gaoler's servants, who came to call over the prisoners' names, and lock up for the night. A fellow also with a bundle of straw for my bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow-prisoner; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my heavenly Corrector, I laid myself down and slept with the utmost tranquillity until morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A REFORMATION IN THE GAOL-TO MAKE LAWS COMPLETE, THEY SHOULD REWARD AS WELL AS PUNISH.

The next morning early I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bed-side. The gloomy appearance of everything about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next inquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge my family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed, but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expense for his mother and sisters, the gaoler with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

'Well,' cried I, 'my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this

room, dark as it appears.'
'No, papa,' says Dick, 'I am not afraid to lie

anywhere, where you are.'
And I,' says Bill, who was yet but four years old, 'love every place best that my papa is in.'

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her sister's declining health; my wife was to attend me; my little boys were to read to me: 'And as for you, my son,' continued I, 'it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-labourer, will be fully sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength, and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then this evening to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn for our support.'

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality, that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches who, finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves

a future and tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved, therefore, once more to return, and in spite of their contempt, to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design, at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service, with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination

from any.

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After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane; because they got nothing by it, and might lose a great deal: 'For be assured, my friends,' cried I, ('for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship,) though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling every moment upon the devil, and courting its friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you? He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and, by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that's good hereafter.

'If used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another Master, who gives you fair promises, at least, to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be

the thief-takers for protection. And yet how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all; for they only decoy and then hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and, what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman

has done.'

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hope of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family, for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview, therefore, seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

'Alas! doctor,' cried he, 'these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this.'

'Why, Mr. Jenkinson,' replied I, 'thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals, and if they be good it matters little for the rest.'

'I faney, sir,' returned my fellow-prisoner, that it must give you a great comfort to have all

this little family about you.'

'A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson!' replied I, 'yes it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them.'

'I am afraid then, sir,' cried he, 'that I am in some measure culpable; for I think I see here (looking at my son Moses) one that I have injured,

and by whom I wish to be forgiven.

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile forgave him. 'Yet,' continued he, 'I can't help wondering at what you could see in my face, to

think me a proper mark for deception. 'My dear sir,' returned the other, 'it was not your face, but your white stockings, and the black riband in your hair, that allured me. But, no disparagement to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in my time; and yet with

all my tricks the blockheads have been too many for me at last.'

'I suppose,' cried my son, 'that the narrative of such a life as yours must be extremely instruc-

tive and amusing.'

'Not much of either,' returned Mr. Jenkinson. 'Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back

upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey's

'Indeed, I think from my own experience; that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood; when but seven years old the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man; at fourteen I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that no one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flamborough, and one way or another generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricksy and cunning, and was poor without the consolation of being honest. However,' continued he, 'let me know your case, and what has brought you here; perhaps, though I have not skill to avoid a gaol myself, I may extricate my friends.'

In compliance with his curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles,

and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he slapped his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

THE next morning I communicated to my wife and children the schemes I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but

might probably disgrace my calling.

'Excuse me,' returned I, 'these people, however fallen, are still men; and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but in my opinion the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will; perhaps they will not all despise me: perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulf, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?

Thus saying, I left them and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some gaol-trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers

upon my book. A third would cry 'Amen!' in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slily picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent and all were attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day; a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus in less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity; that it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which inclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands; we should see, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state: nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shown a disregard for the life of another. Against such all nature rises in arms, but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, any more

than to take it away, as it is not his own. And besides the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a trifling inconvenience, since it is far better that two men should live than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men is equally so between a hundred and a hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and in all commencing governments, that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarcely any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it increased; as if the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears; all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should show more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance; it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant, of the people. We should then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should then find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HAPPINESS AND MISERY RATHER THE RESULT OF PRUDENCE THAN OF VIRTUE IN THIS LIFE; TEMPORAL EVILS OR FELI-CITIES BEING REGARDED BY HEAVEN AS THINGS MERELY IN THEMSELVES TRIFLING, AND UNWORTHY ITS CARE IN

I hap now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

'I am glad to see thee, my dear,' eried I, 'but why this dejection, Livy! I hope, my love, you have too great a regard for me, to permit disappointment thus to undermine a life which I prize as my own. Be cheerful, child, and we may yet

see happier days.'

'You have ever, sir,' replied she, 'been kind to me, and it adds to my pain that I shall never have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here, and I long to be rid of a place where I have only found distress. Indeed, sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr. Thornhill: it may in some measure induce him to pity you, and it will give me relief in dying.

'Never, child,' replied I, 'never will I be brought to acknowledge my daughter a prostitute; for though the world may look upon your offence with scorn, let it be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am no way miserable in this place, however dismal it may seem; and be assured, that while you continue to bless me by living, he shall never have my consent to make you more wretched by marrying

another.'

After the departure of my daughter, my fellowprisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated upon my obstinacy, in refusing a submission which promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of my family were not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one who had offended me. 'Besides,' added he, 'I don't know if it be just thus to obstruct the union of man and wife, which you do at present, by refusing to consent to a match which you cannot hinder, but may render unhappy.

Sir,' replied I, 'you are unacquainted with the man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no submission I can make could procure me liberty even for an hour. I am told that even in this very room a debtor of his, no later than last year, died for want. But though my submission and approbation could transfer me from hence to the most beautiful apartment he is possessed of, yet I would grant neither, as something whispers me that it would be giving a sanction to adultery. While my daughter lives, no other marriage of his shall ever be legal in my eye. Were she removed, indeed, I should be the basest of men, from

any resentment of my own, to attempt putting asunder those who wish for a union. No; villain as he is, I should then wish him married, to prevent the consequences of his future debaucheries. But now should I not be the most cruel of all fathers to sign an instrument which must send my child to the grave, merely to avoid a prison myself; and thus, to escape one pang, break my child's heart with a thousand?"

He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter's life was already too much wasted to keep me long a prisoner. 'However,' continued he, though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objection to laying your case before the uncle, who has the first character in the kingdom for everything that is just and good. I would advise you to send him a letter by the post, intimating all his nephew's ill usage, and, my life for it, that in three days you shall have an answer.' I thanked him for the hint, and instantly set about complying; but I wanted paper, and unluckily all our money had been laid out that morning in provisions: however, he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of anxiety to know what reception my letter might meet with: but in the meantime was frequently solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than remain here, and every hour received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter's health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter: the complaints of a stranger against a favourite nephew were no way likely to succeed; so that these hopes soon vanished like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire grew worse. My children, however, sat by me, and, while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declined faster than mine, every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from its prison to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven! Another account came—she was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow-prisoner, some time after, came with the last account. He bade me be patient—she was dead! The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bade me not to cry, for I was now too old to weep. 'And is not my sister an angel now, papa?' cried the eldest, 'and why then are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel, out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me.'- 'Yes,' added my youngest darling, 'Heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad.'

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle, by observing that, now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own to the welfare of those who depended on me for support; and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

'Heaven be praised!' replied I, 'there is no pride left me now. I should detest my own heart, if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there. On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him up an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No, sir, I have no resentment now; and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has wrung my heart, for I am sick almost to fainting, very sick, my fellowprisoner, yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance. I am now willing to approve his marriage, and if this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know, that if I have done him any injury I am sorry for it.' Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it, to which I signed my My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us that he stepped up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which, when Mr. Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary: that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved: and, as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable inter-

'Well, sir,' said I, to my fellow-prisoner, 'you now discover the temper of the man that oppresses me. He can at once be facetious and cruel; but, let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free, in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing towards an abode that looks brighter as I approach it; this expectation cheers my afflictions, and though I leave a helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken; some friend, perhaps, will be found to assist them, for the sake of their poor father, and some may charitably relieve them for the sake of their Heavenly Father.'

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable, to speak. 'Why, my love,' cried I, 'why will you thus increase my afflictions by your own? What though no submission can turn our severe master, though he has doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, and though we have lost a darling child, yet still you will find comfort in your other children when I shall be no more.'—'We have indeed lost,' returned she, 'a darling child!—My Sophia, my

dearest, is gone—snatched from us, carried off by ruffians!

'How, madam!' cried my fellow-prisoner, 'Miss Sophia carried off by villains! Sure it cannot be!' She could only answer with a fixed look and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoners' wives, who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account: she informed us, that as my wife, my daughter, and herself were taking a walk together on the great road a little way out of the village, a postchaise and pair drove up to them, and instantly stopped. Upon which a well-dressed man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her in bid the postilion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

'Now,' cried I, 'the sum of my miseries is made up; nor is it in the power of anything on earth to give me another pang. What! not one left! not to leave me one! the monster! the child that was next my heart! she had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel. But support that woman, nor let her fall. Not to leave me one!'—'Alas, my husband!' said my wife, 'you seem to want comfort even more than I. Our distresses are great; but I could bear this and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take away my children, and all the world, if they leave me but you.'

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate her grief, he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful. 'My child,' cried I, 'look round the world, and see if there be any happiness left me Is not every ray of comfort shut out, while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave?' - My dear father,' returned he, 'I hope there is still something that will give you an interval of satisfaction, for I have a letter from my brother George.'- What of him, child?' interrupted I, 'does he know our misery? I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers.'- 'Yes, sir,' returned he, 'he is perfectly gay, cheerful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news; he is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenancy that becomes vacant.'

'But are you sure of all this?' cried my wife, 'are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy?'—' Nothing, indeed, madam,' returned my son; 'you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure: and, if anything can procure you comfort, I am sure that will.'- But are you sure,' still repeated she, 'that the letter is from himself, and that he is really so happy?'—' Yes, madam,' replied he, 'it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and the support of our family.'- Then I thank Providence, cried she, that my last letter to him has miscarried. my dear,' continued she, turning to me, 'I will now confess, that though the hand of Heaven is sore upon us in other instances, it has been favourable here. By the last letter I wrote my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mother's blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But, thanks be to Him who directs all things, it has miscarried, and I am at rest.'- Woman,' cried I, 'thou hast done very ill, and at another time my reproaches might have been more severe,

Oh! what a tremendous gulf hast thou escaped, that would have buried both thee and him in endless ruin! Providence, indeed, has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has reserved that son to be the father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of being stripped of every comfort, when still I hear that he is happy, and insensible of our afflictions; still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother, and to protect his brothers and sisters!—But what sisters has he left! he has no sisters now: they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone! — Father,' interrupted my son, 'I beg you will give me leave to read this letter: I know it will please you.' Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows:

' HONOURED SIR,

I have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little fireside at home. My fancy draws that harmless group as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight, which never felt the deforming hand of ambition or distress. But whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to it to hear that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here.

Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave the kingdom; the colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted, and, after my first visit, I generally find myself received with increased respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with Lady G--, and, could I forget you know whom, I might perhaps be successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends, and in this number I fear, sir, that I must consider you, for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia, too, promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them that they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am at this moment in a most violent passion with them; yet still, I know not how, though I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then tell them, sir, that after all I love them affectionately; and be assured of my ever remaining 'Your DUTIFUL Son.

'In all our miseries,' cried I, 'what thanks have we not to return, that one at least of our family is exempted from what we suffer! Heaven be his guard, and keep my boy thus happy, to be the support of his widowed mother, and the father of these two babes, which is all the patrimony I can now bequeath him! May he keep their innocence from the temptations of want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour!' I had scarcely said these words, when a noise like that of a tumult seemed to proceed from the prison below; it died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded, and fettered with tue heaviest irons. I looked with compassion upon the wretch as he approached me, but with horror when I found it was my own son!

'My George! my George! and do I behold thee thus! wounded! fettered! Is this thy happiness! Is this the manner you return to me! O that this sight would break my heart at once, and let me die!'

'Where, sir, is your fortitude?' returned my son, with an intrepid voice, 'I must suffer; my

life is forfeited, and let them take it.

I tried to restrain my passion for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort. 'O my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus, and I cannot, cannot help it! In the moment that I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus again, chained, wounded! And yet the death of the youthful is happy. But I am old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day; to see my children all untimely falling about me, while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul fall heavy upon the murderer of my children! May he live, like me to

'Hold, sir,' replied my son, 'or I shall blush for thee. How, sir! forgetful of your age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of Heaven, and fling those curses upward, that must soon descend to crush thy own grey head with destruction! No, sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I must shortly suffer, to arm me with hope and resolution, to give me courage to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be my portion.'

'My child, you must not die! I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My George could never be guilty of any crime to

make his ancestors ashamed of him.'

'Mine, sir,' returned my son, 'is, I fear, an unpardonable one. When I received my mother's letter from home, I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person, but by despatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one who first assaulted me, and I fear desperately; but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is determined to put the law in execution against me; the proofs are undeniable: I have sent a challenge, and as I am the first aggressor upon the statute I see no hopes of pardon. But you have often charmed me with your lessons of fortitude; let me now, sir, find them in your example.'

And, my son, you shall find them. I am now raised above this world, and all the pleasures it can produce. From this moment I break from my heart all the ties that held it down to earth, and will prepare to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the way, and my soul shall guide yours in the ascent, for we will take our flight together. I now see and am convinced you can expect no pardon here, and I can only exhort you to seek it at that greatest tribunal where we both shall shortly answer. But let us not be niggardly in our exhortations, but let all our fellow-prisoners have a share. Good gaoler, let them be permitted to stand here, while I attempt to improve them.' Thus saying, I made an effort to rise from my straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. prisoners assembled themselves according to my

directions, for they loved to hear my counsel: my son and his mother supported me on either side; I looked and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhorta-

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE EQUAL DEALINGS OF PROVIDENCE DEMONSTRATED WITH REGARD TO THE HAPPY AND THE MISERABLE HERE BELOW. THAT, FROM THE NATURE OF PLEASURE AND PAIN, THE WRETCHED MUST BE REPAID THE BALANCE OF THEIR SUF-FERINGS IN THE LIFE HEREAFTER.

My friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for: but we daily see thousands who by suicide show us they have nothing left to hope. In this life, then, it appears that we cannot be entirely blest; but yet we may be completely miserable.

Why man should thus feel pain; why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity; why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection parts that are not only subor-dinate to others, but imperfect in themselves these are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject Providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

In this situation, man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy; and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery; and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus phi-losophy is weak; but religion comforts in a higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here; while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of Heaven. To religion, then, we must hold in every circumstance of life for our truest comfort; for, if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending; and, if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus, to the fortunate, religion holds out a continuance of bliss; to the wretched, a change from pain.

'But though religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy; the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavyladen, and the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The Author of our religion everywhere professes himself the wretch's friend; and, unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect, that it is not in the power even of Heaven itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first, eternity is but a single blessing, since, at most, it but increases what they already possess. To the latter, it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their pain here and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

'But Providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than to the rich; for as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smooths the passage there. The wretched have had a long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrow lays himself quietly down, with no possessions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure; he feels only nature's pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often fainted under before; for, after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution, nature kindly

covers with insensibility.

'Thus Providence has given to the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life-greater felicity in dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable; for though he was already in heaven, and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched, and now was comforted; that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy.

'Thus, my friends, you see religion does what philosophy could never do: it shows the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it; but if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet, being an eternal one, it must make up by duration what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

'These are, therefore, the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind; in other respects they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor, must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessaries of living, are not poor; and they who want them, must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can soothe the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease to the throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher from his couch of softness tell us, that we can resist all these. Alas! the effort by which we resist them

is still the greatest pain. Death is slight, and any man may sustain it; but torments are dreadful,

and these no man can endure.

'To us, then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly dear, for if our reward be in this life alone, we are, indeed, of all men the most miserable. When I look round men the most miserable. these gloomy walls, made to terrify, as well as to confine us; this light, that only serves to show the horrors of the place; those shackles, that tyranny has imposed, or crime made necessary; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans: O, my friends, what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these! To fly through regions unconfined as air-to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss-to carol over endless hymns of praise-to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of Goodness himself for ever in our eyes: when I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support; when I think of these things, what is there in life worth having? when I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away? Kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages; but we, humbled as we are, should yearn for them.

'And shall these things be ours? Ours they will certainly be, if we but try for them; and what is a comfort, we are shut out from many temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be ours; and what is still a comfort, shortly too; for if we look back on a past life, it appears but a very short span; and whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration: as we grow older the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with time ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy burden laid by Heaven upon us; and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like the horizon still flies before him; yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil; when the luxurious great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth; when we shall think with pleasure of our sufferings below; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending.'

CHAPTER XXX.

HAPPIER PROSPECTS BEGIN TO APPEAR.—LET US BE IN-FLEXIBLE AND FORTUNE WILL AT LAST CHANGE IN OUR FAVOUR.

When I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty; observing, that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but that he should be permitted to visit me every morning. I thanked him for his elemency, and grasping my boy's hand bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again therefore laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bed-side reading, when Mr. Jenkinson, entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarcely delivered this news, when the gaoler came with looks of haste and pleasure to inform me that my daughter was found! Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news my dearest girl entered, and, with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also showed her plea-

sure.

. 'Here, papa,' cried the charming girl, 'here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety.——' A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than hers, interrupted what she was going to add.

hers, interrupted what she was going to add.

'Ah, Mr. Burchell!' cried I, 'this is but a wretched habitation you find us in; and we are now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude. After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face; yet I hope you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base ungenerous wretch, who under the mask of friendship has undone me.'

'It is impossible,' replied Mr. Burchell, 'that I should forgive you, as you never deserved my resentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and, as it was out of my power to restrain, I could only

pity it.'

'It was ever my conjecture,' cried I, 'that your mind was noble; but now I find it so. But tell me, my dear child, how thou hast been relieved, or who the ruffians were that carried thee away?'

'Indeed, sir,' replied she, 'as to the villain who carried me off I am yet ignorant. For as my mama and I were walking out he came behind us, and almost before I could call for help forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses drove away. I met several on the road to whom I cried out for assistance, but they disregarded my entreaties. In the mean time the ruffian himself used every art to hinder me from crying out; he flattered and threatened me by turns, and swore that, if I continued but silent, he intended no harm. In the mean time I had broken the canvas that he had drawn up, and whom should I perceive at some distance but your old friend Mr. Burchell, walking along with his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which we used so much to ridicule him! As soon as we came within hearing, I called out to him by name, and entreated his help. I repeated my exclamations several times, upon which, with a very loud voice, he bade the postilion stop; but the boy took no notice, but drove on with still greater speed. I now thought he could never overtake us, when in less than a minute I saw Mr. Burchell come running up by the side of the horses, and with one blow knocked the postilion to the ground. The horses, when he was fallen, soon stopped of

themselves, and the ruffian stepping out, with oaths and menaces, drew his sword, and ordered him at his peril to retire; but Mr. Burchell running up shivered his sword to pieces, and then pursued him for near a quarter of a mile; but he made his escape. I was by this time come out myself, willing to assist my deliverer; but he soon returned to me in triumph. The postilion, who was recovered, was going to make his escape too: but Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril to mount again, and drive back to town. Finding it impossible to resist, he reluctantly complied, though the wound he had received seemed to me at least to be dangerous. He continued to complain of the pain as we drove along, so that he at last excited Mr. Burchell's compassion; who, at my request, exchanged him for another at an inn where we called on our return.

'Welcome, then,' cried I, 'my child, and thou, her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes. Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recom-pense she is yours: if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her, obtain her consent, as I know you have her heart, and you have mine. And let me tell you, sir, that I give you no small treasure; she has been celebrated for beauty, it is true, but that is not my meaning-

I give you a treasure in her mind.'

But I suppose, sir,' cried Mr. Burchell, 'that you are apprised of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves!

'If your present objection,' replied I, 'be meant as an evasion of my offer, I desist; but I know no man so worthy to deserve her as you; and if I could give her thousands, and thousands sought her from me, yet my honest brave Burchell should be my

dearest choice.

To all this his silence alone seemed to give a mortifying refusal; and without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with refreshments from the next inn; to which being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine, and some cordials for me; adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once; and though in a prison, he was never more disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner; a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous; the wine was disposed in order, and two very well-dressed dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful, the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble; so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson, a fellow prisoner, might be admitted; and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr. Burchell, in the mean time, asked me if my son's name was George; to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. 'Come on,' cried I, 'my son; though we are fallen very low, yet Providence has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer; to that brave man it is that I am indebted for yet having a daughter; give him, my boy, the hand of friendship—he deserves our warmest gratitude.

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at a respectful distance. 'My dear brother,' cried his sister, 'why don't you thank my good deliverer? the brave should ever love each other.'

He still continued his silence and astonishment; till our guest at last perceived himself to be known. and assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen any thing so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is a still greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, 'I again find,' said he, 'unthinking boy, that the same crime——' But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler's servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon. 'Bid the fellow wait,' cried our guest, 'till I shall have leisure to receive him: and then turning to my son, 'I again find, sir,' proceeded he, 'that you are guilty of the same offence for which you once had my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt for your own life gives you a right to take that of another: but where, sir, is the difference between the duellist, who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer, who acts with greater security? Is it any diminution of the gamester's fraud, when he alleges that he has staked a counter?'

'Alas, sir!' cried I, 'whoever you are, pity the poor misguided creature: for what he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother, who in the bitterness of her resentment required him, upon her blessing, to avenge her quarrel. Here, sir, is the letter which will serve to convince you of her

imprudence, and diminish his guilt."

He took the letter, and hastily read it over. 'This,' said he, 'though not a perfect excuse, is such a palliation of his fault as induces me to forgive him. And now, sir, continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand, I see you are surprised at finding me here; but I have often visited prisons upon occasions less interesting. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man, for whom I have the most sincere esteem. I have long been a disguised spectator of thy father's benevolence. I have at his little dwelling enjoyed respect uncontaminated by flattery, and have received that happiness which courts could not give from the amusing simplicity round his fire-side. My nephew has been apprised of my intentions of coming here,

and I find he is arrived; it would be wronging him and you to condemn him without examination; if there be injury there shall be redress; and this I may say without boasting, that none have ever taxed the injustice of Sir William

Thornhill.

We now found that the personage whom we had so long entertained as a harmless, amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarcely any were strangers. The poor Mr. Burchell was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension; but Sophia, who a few moments before thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

'Ah, sir,' cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, 'how is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness? the slights you received from me the last time I had the honour of seeing you at our house, and the jokes which I so audaciously threw out—these, sir, I fear, can never be forgiven.'

'My dear good lady,' returned he with a smile, 'if you had your joke, I had my answer. I'll leave it to all the company if mine were not as good as yours. To say the truth, I know nobody whom I am disposed to be angry with at present, but the fellow who so frightened my little girl here! I had not even time to examine the rascal's person so as to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell me, Sophia, my dear, whether you should

know him again ?'

'Indeed, sir,' replied she, 'I cannot be positive; yet, now I recollect, he had a large mark over one of his eyebrows.'- 'I ask pardon, madam,' interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, 'but be so good as to inform me if the fellow wore his own red hair.'— 'Yes, I think so,' cried Sophia. 'And did your honour,' continued he, turning to Sir William, 'observe the length of his legs?'-'I can't be sure of their length,' cried the baronet; 'but I am convinced of their swiftness; for he outran me, which is what I thought few men in the kingdom could have done.'- 'Please your honour,' cried Jenkinson, 'I know the man; it is certainly the same; the best runner in England; he has beaten Pin-wire, of Newcastle; Timothy Baxter is his name: I know him perfectly, and the very place of his retreat at this moment. If your honour will bid Mr. Gaoler let two of his men go with me, I'll engage to produce him to you in an hour at farthest.' Upon this the gaoler was called, who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him. 'Yes, please your honour,' replied the gaoler, 'I know Sir William Thornhill well; and everybody that knows anything of him, will desire to know more of him.'- Well, then,' said the baronet, 'my request is, that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message by my authority, and as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you.'— 'Your promise is sufficient,' replied the other: and you may, at a minute's warning, send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit.'

In pursuance of the gaoler's compliance, Jenkin-

son was despatched in pursuit of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy, Bill, who had just come in and climbed up to Sir William's neck in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented her; and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, 'What, Bill, you chubby rogue!' cried he, 'do you remember your old friend Burchell? And Dick, too, my honest veteran, are you here? you shall find I have not forgot you.' So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows ate very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold: but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary, who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour; with which request the baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FORMER BENEVOLENCE NOW REPAID WITH UNEXPECTED INTEREST.

Mr. Thornhill made his entrance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. 'No fawning, sir, at present,' cried the baronet, with a look of severity; 'the only way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced as a recompense for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into prison, perhaps but for resenting the insult—his son too, whom you feared to face as a man——'

'Is it possible, sir,' interrupted his neplew, 'that my uncle should object that as a crime which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me

to avoid?'

'Your rebuke,' cried Sir William, 'is just; you have acted in this instance prudently and well, though not quite as your father would have done: my brother, indeed, was the soul of honour, but thou—yes, you have acted in this instance perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation.'

'And I hope,' said his nephew, 'that the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, sir, with this gentleman's daughter at some places of public amusement; thus, what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported that I had debauched her. I waited on her father in person, willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney and steward can best

inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts, and is unwilling, or even unable, to pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner; and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most

legal means of redress.'

'If this,' cried Sir William, 'be as you have stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your offences; and though your conduct might have been more generous in not suffering this gentleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has

been at least equitable.'

'He cannot contradict a single particular,' replied the squire; 'I defy him to do so, and several of my servants are ready to attest what I say. Thus, sir,' continued he, finding that I was silent, for in fact I could not contradict him: 'thus sir, my own innocence is vindicated: but though at your entreaty I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem, excite a resentment that I cannot govern; and this, too, at a time when his son was actually preparing to take away my life; this, I say, was such guilt, that I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the challenge that was sent me, and two witnesses to prove it; one of my servants has been wounded dangerously; and even though my uncle himself should dissuade me, which I know he will not, yet I will see public justice done, and he shall suffer for it.'

'Thou monster!' cried my wife, 'hast thou not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty? I hope that good Sir William will protect us, for my son is as innocent as a child; I am sure he is, and never did harm to man.'

'Madam,' replied the good man, 'your wishes for his safety are not greater than mine; but I am sorry to find his guilt too plain; and if my nephew persists—' But the appearance of Jenkinson and the goaler's two servants now called off our attention, who entered hauling in a tall man, very genteelly dressed, and answering the description already given of the ruffian who had carried off my daughter. 'Here,' cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, 'here we have him: and, if ever there was

a candidate for Tyburn, this is one.

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived the prisoner, and Jenkinson who had him in custody, he seemed to shrink backward with terror. His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopped him. 'What, squire,' cried he, are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Baxter? But this is the way that all great men forget their friends, though I am resolved we will not forget you. Our prisoner, please your honour,' continued he, turning to Sir William, 'has already confessed all. This is the gentleman reported to be so dangerously wounded; he declares that it was Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon this affair; that he gave him the clothes he now wears to appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with the post-chaise. The plan was laid between them, that he should carry off the young lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill was to come in in the mean time, as if by accident, to her rescue, and that they should fight awhile. and then he was to run off, by which Mr.

Thornhill would have the better opportunity of gaining her affections himself under the character of her defender.'

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a more circumstantial account; concluding, that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

'Heavens!' cried Sir William, 'what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom! And so fond of public justice, too, as he seemed to be! But he shall have it—secure him, Mr. Gaoler—yet hold, I fear there is no legal evidence to detain

him.

Upon this, Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidences against him; but that his servants should be examined. 'Your servants,' replied Sir William; 'wretch! call them yours no longer: but come, let us hear what those fellows have to say: let his butler be called.'

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived by his former master's looks that all his power was now over. 'Tell me,' cried Sir William, sternly, 'have you ever seen your master and that fellow dressed up in his clothes in company together ?'- Yes, please your honour,' cried the butler, 'a thousand times: he was the man that always brought him his ladies.'—'How!' interrupted young Mr. Thornhill, 'this to my face?'—'Yes,' replied the butler; 'or to any man's face. To tell you a truth, Master Thornhill, I never either loved you or liked you, and I don't care if I tell you now a piece of my mind.'- 'Now then,' cried Jenkinson, 'tell his honour whether you know any thing of me.'—'I can't say,' replied the butler, 'that I know much good of you. The night that gentleman's daughter was deluded to our house, you were one of them.'- 'So then,' cried Sir William, 'I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence; thou stain to humanity! to associate with such wretches! But,' continuing his examination, 'you tell me, Mr. Butler, that this was the person who brought him this old gentleman's daughter.'- 'No, please your honour,' replied the butler, 'he did not bring her, for the squire himself undertook that business: but he brought the priest that pretended to mary them.'

'It is but too true,' cried Jenkinson, 'I cannot deny it; that was the employment assigned to me;

and I confess it to my confusion.'

Good Heavens!' exclaimed the worthy baronet, how every new discovery of his villany alarms me! All his guilt is now too plain, and I find his present prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and revenge: at my request, Mr. Gaoler, set this young officer, now your prisoner, free, and trust to me for the consequences. I'll make it my business to set the affair in a proper light to my friend the magistrate who has committed him. But where is the unfortunate young lady herself? let her appear to confront this wretch; I long to know by what arts he has seduced her. Entreat her to come in. Where is she?

'Ah! sir,' said I, 'that question stings me to the heart; I was once indeed happy in a daughter, but her miseries——' Another interruption here prevented me; for who should make her appear-

ance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was the next day to have been married to Mr. Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman, her father, were passing through the town on their way to her aunt's, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house: but, stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there, from the window, that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and, instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learnt from him some account of our misfortunes, but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of her going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffectual; she desired the child to conduct her, which he did: and it was thus she surprised us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishing to her beauty. 'Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill,' cried she to the squire, who she supposed was come here to succour and not to oppress us, 'I take it a little unkindly that you should come here without me, or never inform me of the situation of a family so dear to us both; you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my reverend old master here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret.'

'He find pleasure in doing good!' cried Sir William, interrupting her: 'no, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. You see in him, madam, as complete a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A wretch, who, after having deluded this poor man's daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into fetters, because he had the courage to face her betrayer! And give me leave, madam, now to congratulate you upon an escape from the embraces of such a monster.'

'O goodness,' cried the lovely girl, 'how have I been deceived! Mr. Thornhill informed me, for certain, that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain Primrose, was gone off to America with his newmarried lady.'

'My sweetest miss,' cricd my wife, 'he has told you nothing but falsehoods. My son George never left the kingdom, nor ever was married. Though you have forsaken him, he has always loved you too well to think of any body else: and I have heard him say he would die a bachelor for your sake.' She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of her son's passion; she set his duel with Mr. Thornhill in a proper light, from thence she made a rapid digression to the squire's debaucherics, his pretended marriages, and ended with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

'Good Heaven!' cried Miss Wilmot, 'how very near have I been to the brink of ruin! but how great is my pleasure to have escaped it! Ten thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told me! He had at last art enough to persuade me that my promise to the only man I esteemed was no longer binding, since he had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I was taught to detest one equally brave and generous.'

But by this time my son was freed from the incumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson also, who had acted as his valet-dechambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now, therefore, entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals, and with-out vanity (for I am above it) he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarcely believe it real. 'Sure, madam, cried he, 'this is but delusion; I can never have merited this! To be blessed thus, is to be too happy!—'No sir,' replied she, 'I have been de-ceived, basely deceived, else nothing could have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship, you have long known it: but forget what I have done; and, as you once had my warmest vows of constancy, you shall now have them repeated; and be assured, that if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never be another's.' - And no other's you shall be,' cried Sir William, 'if I have any influence with your father.'

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But in the mean time the squire, perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus laying aside all shame, he appeared the open hardy villain. 'I find then,' cried he, 'that I am to expect no justice here; but I am resolved it shall be done me. You shall know, sir,' turning to Sir William, 'I am no longer a poor dependant upon your favours. I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot's fortune from me, which, I thank her father's assiduity, is pretty large. The articles and a bond for her fortune are signed, and safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match; and, possessed of the one, let who will take the other.

This was an alarming blow: Sir William was sensible of the justice of his claims, for he had

been instrumental in drawing up the marriagearticles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him. 'Though fortune,' said she, 'is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give.'

'And that, madam,' cried her real lover, 'was indeed all that you ever had to give; at least, all that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And I now protest, my Arabella, by all that's happy, your want of fortune this moment increases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my

sincerity.

Mr. Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune, was wormwood. He sat, therefore, for some minutes employed in the most mortifying speculations, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety. 'I must confess, sir,' cried he, 'that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your immoderate passion for wealth is now justly punished. But though the young lady cannot be rich, she has still a competence sufficient to give content. Here you see an honest young soldier, who is willing to take her without fortune; they have long loved each other, and for the friendship I bear his father my interest shall not be wanting in his promotion. Leave, then, that ambition which disappoints you, and for once admit that happiness which courts your acceptance.'

'Sir William,' replied the old gentleman, 'be assured I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will I now. If she still continues to love this young gentleman, let her have him with all my heart. There is still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here' (meaning me) 'give me a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl, if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready this night to be the first to join

them together.

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required; which, to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favour. We had now therefore the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. 'After all my misfortunes,' cried my son George, 'to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for. To be possessed of all that's good, and after such an interval of pain! my warmest wishes could never rise so high!'—'Yes, my George,' returned his lovely bride, 'now let the wretch take my fortune: since you are happy without it, so am I. O what an exchange have I made from the basest of men to the dearest, best! Let him enjoy our fortune; I now can be happy even in indigence.'—'And I promise you,' cried the squire, with a malicious grin, 'that I shall be very happy with what you despise.'- 'Hold, hold, sir,' cried

Jenkinson; 'there are two words to that bargain. As for that lady's fortune, sir, you shall never touch a single stiver of it. Pray, your honour,' continued he to Sir William, 'can the squire have this lady's fortune if he be married to another ?' - How can you make such a simple demand? replied the baronet: 'undoubtedly he cannot.'-'I am sorry for that,' cried Jenkinson: 'for as this gentleman and I have been old fellow sporters, I have a friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, that his contract is not worth a tobacco-stopper, for he is married already.'-'You lie like a rascal,' returned the squire, who seemed roused by this insult; 'I never was legally married to any woman.'—' Indeed, begging your honour's pardon, replied the other, you were; and I hope you will show a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife; and if the company restrain their curiosity a few minutes they shall see her.' So saying, he went off with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design. 'Ay, let him go,' cried the squire 'whatever else I may have done, I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with squibs.'

'I am surprised,' said the baronet, 'what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humour, I suppose. — Perhaps, sir, replied I, he may have a more serious meaning. For when we reflect on the various schemes this gentleman has laid to seduce innocence, perhaps some one, more artful than the rest, has been found able to deceive When we consider what numbers he has ruined, how many parents now feel with anguish the infamy and the contamination which he has brought into their families, it would not surprise me if some one of them-Amazement! Do I see my lost daughter! Do I hold her! It is, it is my life, my happiness! I thought thee lost, my Olivia. yet still I hold thee, and still thou shalt live to bless me.' The warmest transports of the fondest lover were not greater than mine, when I saw him introduce my child, and held my daughter in my arms, whose silence only spoke her raptures. 'And art thou returned to me, my darling,' cried I, 'to be my comfort in age!'—'That she is,' cried Jenkinson, 'and make much of her, for she is your own honourable child, and as honest a woman as any in the whole room, let the other be who she will. And as for you, squire, as sure as you stand there, this young lady is your lawful wedded wife: and to convince you that I speak nothing but the truth, here is the license by which you were married together.' So saying, he put the license into the baronet's hands, who read it, and found it perfect in every respect. 'And now, gentlemen,' continued he, 'I find you are surprised at all this; but a very few words will explain the difficulty. That there squire of renown, for whom I have a great friendship, but that's between ourselves, has often employed me in doing odd little things for him. Among the rest he commissioned me to procure him a false license, and a false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. as I was very much his friend, what did I do, but went and got a true license and a true priest, and married them both as fast as the cloth could make Perhaps you'll think it was generosity made me do all this. But no. To my shame

I confess it, my only design was to keep the license, and let the squire know that I could prove it upon him whenever I thought proper, and so make him come down whenever I wanted money.' A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment; our joy even reached the common-room, where the prisoners themselves sympathised,

And shook their chains In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness was expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's checks seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But, perhaps, among all, there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear-loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusion. 'How could you,' cried I, turning to Jenkinson, 'how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death? But it matters not: my pleasure at finding her again is more than a recompense for the pain.'

'As to your question,' replied Jenkinson, 'that is easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison, was by submitting to the squire, and consenting to his marriage with the other young lady. But these you had vowed never to grant while your daughter was living; there was, therefore, no other method to bring things to bear, but by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity

of undeceiving you till now.'

In the whole assembly there now appeared only two faces that did not glow with transport. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him; he now saw the gulf of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and after pausing a few moments, 'Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude,' cried he, 'deserve no tenderness; yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken; a bare competence shall be supplied to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine; and from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future.' He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech; but the baronet prevented him, by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which was already but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to choose one, and such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted to attend

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father; my wife too kissed her daughter with much affection, as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn, and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarcely

capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of all except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. 'I think now,' cried he with a smile, 'that all the company, except one or two, seem perfectly happy. There only remains an act of justice for me to do. You are sensible, sir,' continued he, turning to me, 'of the obligations we both owe to Mr. Jenkinson; and it is but just we should both reward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have five hundred pounds as her fortune; and upon this, I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making? will you have him?' My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal. 'Have him, sir!' cried she faintly; 'no, sir, never!' 'What!' cried he again, 'not Mr. Jenkinson, your benefactor; a handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds, and good expectations?' 'I beg, sir,' returned she, scarcely able to speak, 'that you'll desist, and not make me so very wretched.' - Was ever such obstinacy known?' cried he again, 'to refuse the man whom the family has such infinite obligations to, who has preserved your sister, and who has five hundred pounds? What! not have him!'- 'No, sir, never,' replied she, angrily; 'I'd sooner die first!'—'If that be the case, then,' cried he, 'if you will not have him -I think I must have you myself.' And so saying, he caught her to his breast with ardour. loveliest, my most sensible of girls,' cried he, 'how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him for himself alone? I have for some years sought for a woman, who, a stranger to my fortune, could think I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even among the pert and ugly, how great at last must be my rapture, to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty!' Then turning to Jenkinson, 'As I cannot, sir, part with this young lady myself, for she hath taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompense I can make is, to give you her fortune, and you may call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds.' Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the mean time Sir William's gentleman appeared to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where every thing was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provisions were distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternation of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw: and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE next morning, as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting by my bed-side, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant, who had failed in town, was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked-for good fortune. But I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was, that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that as he had the night before sent for the licenses, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned; and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first; my son's bride warmly insisted that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead; but this the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both with equal obstinacy and good breeding. But as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest, and shutting it, 'I perceive,' cried I, 'that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day. This at once reduced them to reason. The baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour

Flamborough and his family, by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other; and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have, whenever he thinks proper to demand them. We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me; but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity; but, finding them quite disheartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half-a-guinea a-piece to drink his health, and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe, with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other, for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French-horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms she may be brought to relent. But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus, when we were to sit down to dinner our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides; but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who I could perceive was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table, and carving all the meat for all the company. But notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good-humour. I can't say whether we had more wit among us now than usual, but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember: old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, 'Madam, I thank you.' Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a cheerful fireside. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners; I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for-all my cares were over, my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

THE END.



PICCIOLA, abe

FROM THE FRENCH OF 7

X. B. SAINTINE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The curious and beautiful tale which is now laid before the readers of the Standard Library, has already although in a less perfect form, been adapted to an English dress. Nevertheless it has not hitherto attained that reputation among us which it deserves;—a reputation which in France, where a work moral and metaphysical, yet depending solely for attraction on an elegant simplicity, could scarcely have been expected to succeed, at once procured for its author a large meed of praise.

"The very essence of the tale,' says a writer in the Fortieth Number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, "the very essence of the tale is the developing the action of external causes upon the mind; and of the mind, under varying circumstances, upon itself. The growth of atheism, heartlessness, and utter disbelief in virtue and the kindly feelings of human nature, through a course of libertinism, is indeed but slightly touched, nor was more than a slight sketch needed;—of such progressive degradation we have had enough, more than enough, in books and in real life. But the re-action—from the first slight sense of kindness and interest, awakened in the sullenly apathetic prisoner by his own almost unconscious act of forbearance, in avoiding to crush beneath his foot the nascent plant pressing forth between the flags of the prison-walk—through the hold upon his attention thus gained by the plant; the interest in its growth resulting from its thus attracting his attention; the gradual thawing of his ice-bound feelings by the mere mental act—or should we say passion?—of taking any interest in anything; and the slow consequent progress to philanthropy, to trustfulness in human nature, and to piety; all this is so nicely, intellectually, and delicately unfolded, that even those supercilious critics who most sneered at such a fuss about a flower, could not but be pleased and touched with much of the working out of this most unincidental, and yet in effect eventful, metaphysical tale."

We have quoted this brief culogium on "Picciola," which occurs in a review of another and less excellent work by the same author, since it appears to us to convey, with singular distinctness, a just idea of the real merits of a book which has procured its author a well-carned distinction in his own country, and possesses merits which should entitle him to similar honours in our own.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

Τŧ

MADAME VIRGINIE ANCELOT.

After a re-perusal of this work, I hesitate in offering it to you. Yet, I know no one who can so well appreciate it.

You are not fond of grand romances or lengthy dramas. My book is neither drama nor romance. The tale I am about to relate to you is very simple—so simple indeed, that perhaps no person ever adventured on a subject confined within such narrow bounds. My heroine is so little. Not that I desire to throw the blame of failure, if such should chance, beforehand upon her. God keep me from such a thought! If the action of the work be trifling, the thoughts of which it is the vehicle do not want elevation; it aims at a lofty object, and if it has fallen short, to my want of ability alone must its failure be attributed. I am however anxious that it should succeed, for deep convictions are contained in it; and it is rather from a desire to benefit others than to gratify my own vanity, that I am led to entertain the hope that although the crowd of common readers may reject and disdain it, yet for some, at least, it will not be without interest, nor for others without utility.

Should you consider the reality of the facts related in my story as of any consequence, you may rest satisfied of their fidelity to the truth; and I beg to offer this assurance as a compensation for the want of some things which you will perhaps regret not finding in the volume.

You remember that kind benevolent woman, who died only a few months ago, the Countess de Charney, whose countenance, though veiled by a shade of sorrow, struck you so much, as having another, a celestial expression.

That glance so open and mild, which caressed while surveying you, which expanded your heart while resting on you, and which you would involuntarily turn again to seek; that glance, which at first almost as timid as a young girl's, you have seen afterwards sparkling, animated and flashing, suddenly betraying feelings of strength, energy, and devotion:—Well, that glance was quite the woman! That woman, a wonderful mixture of mildness and boldness, of timidity of disposition and resolution of soul; she was a terrible lioness, whom a child could appease with a word; she was a fearful dove, capable of braving the thunderbolt without trembling, if it was in defence of her affections,—of her affections as a mother, understand!

Such I have known her, such others had known her long before me, when her soul was exalted first by her devotion as a daughter, then as a wife. It is with lively pleasure that I speak to you of this noble creature; there will be but too few occasions for me to speak of her to you again. She is not the principal heroine of this story.

In the only visit that you paid her at Belleville, where she always resided, for the tomb of her husband is there, (and hers also now,) several things seemed to astonish you. First, the presence of an old domestic, with white hair, sitting by her at table. You appeared above all amazed on hearing this domestic, with unpolished gestures, and vulgar manners, like people of that class, tutoyer* the daughter of the Countess, and she, elegant and adorned, beautiful as her mother had been, answered the old man with deference and respect, even with friendship, calling him by the title of godfather; in fact, she is his god-daughter. Then perhaps you

*There is no equivalent English word for this: to thee-and-thou a person.

remember a dried flower, its colours gone, enclosed in a rich medallion; and the sad expression which the countenance of the poor widow assumed, when you questioned her of this relic. She even left your demand unanswered, I believe; it was because it would have required time, and could not have been addressed to an indifferent person.

That answer I am now going to give you.

Honoured by the friendship of that excellent woman, I have more than once, sitting between her and her old servant, opposite to that medallion, heard from both many circumstances regarding that faded flower, which deeply affected me. I have long had in my possession manuscripts of the Count's, his correspondence, and the two journals kept by him in his prison, the first on linen, and the second on paper; confirmatory accounts and historical documents have not been wanting.

These recitals I have carefully retained in my memory; these manuscripts I have attentively compared; from that correspondence I have extracted precious portions; from those journals I have drawn my inspiration; and if I can impart to your mind the feelings that filled my own, in presence of all these memorials of the captive, I am wrong in trembling for the fate of this book.

One word more. I have preserved to my here his title of Count, in a time when titles of nobility had ceased to be used; it is because he was always spoken to me under this designation, whether in French or Italian. In my memory his name was invariably joined to his title; title and name I have let them go on together.

I have now told you all. Do not expect from this book events of great importance, or even the attractive recital of some love-adventure. I spoke of utility, and what has a love-tale to do with utility? In that delightful knowledge above all, practice is of far more value than theory, and each needs his own experience: that experience, we hasten joyfully to meet and acquire, and we care little for finding it ready-made in books. Old men, become moralists from necessity, will in vain cry—Avoid that quicksand on which we have formerly been wrecked! Young people will reply—We will in our turn brave that sea which you have braved, and we claim our right of shipwreck.

There is, however, love in what I am going to tell you; but it refers chiefly to the love of a man for—Shall I tell you!—No! read and you will know.

X. BONIFACE SAINTINE.

PICCIOLA.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

COUNT CHARLES VERAMONT DE CHARNEY, whose name perhaps still retains a place in the memories of his learned contemporaries, and may certainly be found inscribed in the registers of the imperial police, was endowed by nature with extraordinary facility in acquiring knowledge. But his superior abilities were trained in schools, where he contracted a tendency to disputation. He argued much more than he observed. In fact, his education was better calculated to produce a learned man than a philosopher, and such was its result.

At the age of twenty-five he was master of seven languages; but unlike many estimable polyglots, who seem to have given themselves the trouble of studying different idioms, only to prove their ignorance and insufficiency before foreigners, as well as their own countrymen, (for a person may be a fool in several languages,) the Count de Charney made these studies only preparations for others, which he regarded as far more important. If he had many servants in the service of his understanding, each of them at least had his own occupations, his own portion of duty to perform. With the Germans he studied metaphysics; with the Italians and English, politics and legislation; with all, history, which he could examine even in its earliest sources, thanks to his knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman tongues.

Accordingly, he entirely devoted himself to these grave speculations, not neglecting the accessory sciences that related to them. But soon dismayed at the horizon which was enlarging before him, finding himself stumble at every step in the labyrinth in which he was involved, fatigued with always vainly pursuing a doubtful truth, he began to regard history as one great traditional lie, and endeavoured to reconstruct it on a new basis. He formed another romance at which the learned laughed from envy, and the world from ignorance.

Political and legislative sciences presented something more certain; but they seemed to require so many reforms in Europe! And when he endeavoured to fix on some to begin with, he found abuses so rooted in the social edifice so many existing things were based and fixed on a false principle, that he was discouraged; for he felt neither sufficient power nor sufficient insensibility to attempt in other countries to overturn those prejudices which even the revolutionary hurricane had been unable entirely to destroy amongst the

He also considered how many good men, possessed of perhaps equal learning and good intentions, entertained theories directly opposed to his own opinions. Suppose he should throw all the four quarters of the globe into confusion by a doubt! This reflection humbled him more even than the incongruities of history, and placed him in painful perplexity.

Metaphysics still remained.

This is the world of ideas. There disorders seem less fearful, for ideas clash without noise in imaginary spaces. There he no longer risked the repose of others; but he lost his own.

But it was in this study, beyond all others, that obscurity and confusion became but the more palpable the further he advanced, analysing, discussing and arguing, into the depths of science. He sought in vain to lay hold upon Truth; but she always fled at his approach,-vanished under his steps,-and mocking seemed to dance before his eyes, like a wandering fire that attracts but to mislead. He saw her bright before him, and she was extinguished before his eyes, to reappear again where he least expected her. Indefatigable and persevering, he armed himself with patience, and followed her with prudent caution, to seize her in her sanctuary, and suddenly she disappeared; he endeavoured to hasten his steps to overtake her, and at his first movement he had passed over her. He thought at last he had caught her! She was under his hand, in his grasp! and she glided away between his fingers, dividing and multiplying herself on different points. Twenty truths shone at once around the horizon of his understanding; deceiving beacons which set his reason at defiance! Tossed between Bossuet and Spinosa, between deism and atheism, vibrating between spiritualists, sensualists, animalists, ontologists, eclectists and materialists, he was seized with an immense doubt, which he at length resolved by a universal negation.

Setting aside the innate ideas and revelations of theologians, the all-sufficing reason and pre-established harmony of Leibnitz, the Perception and Reflection of Locke, the Objective and Subjective of Kant, sceptics dogmatists and empirics, realists and nominalists, observation and experience, sentiment and evidence, the science of particular things, and the power of universals, he fenced

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Metaphysics still remained.

This is the world of ideas. There disorders seem less fearful, for ideas clash without noise in imaginary spaces. There he no longer risked the repose of others; but he lost his own.

But it was in this study, beyond all others, that obscurity and confusion became but the more palpable the further he advanced, analysing, discussing and arguing, into the depths of science. He sought in vain to lay hold upon Truth; but she always fled at his approach,-vanished under his steps,-and mocking seemed to dance before his eyes, like a wandering fire that attracts but to mislead. He saw her bright before him, and she was extinguished before his eyes, to reappear again where he least expected her. Indefatigable and persevering, he armed himself with patience, and followed her with prudent caution, to seize her inher sanctuary, and suddenly she disappeared; he endeavoured to hasten his steps to overtake her, and at his first movement he had passed over her. He thought at last he had caught her! She was under his hand, in his grasp! and she glided away between his fingers, dividing and multiplying herself on different points. Twenty truths shone at once around the horizon of his understanding; deceiving beacons which set his reason at defiance! Tossed between Bossuet and Spinosa, between deism and atheism, vibrating between spiritualists, sensualists, animalists, ontologists, eclectists and materialists, he was seized with an immense doubt, which he at length resolved by a universal negation.

Setting aside the innate ideas and revelations of theologians, the all-sufficing reason and pre-established harmony of Leibnitz, the Perception and Reflection of Locke, the Objective and Subjective of Kant, sceptics dogmatists and empirics, realists and nominalists, observation and experience, sentiment and evidence, the science of particular things, and the power of universals, he fenced himself round with a rude pantheism, and refused to believe in a Supreme Intelligence. The disorder inherent in creation, the perpetual contradiction between ideas and things, the unequal partition of wealth and strength, fixed in his mind the conviction that blind matter had alone produced all things, and alone directed and organised them.

Chance became his god, annihilation was his hope. He attached himself to this system with transport, almost with pride, as if he had himself created it. He felt happy in the fulness of incredulity, since it relieved him from the pressure of

the doubts that had beset him.

He now bade adieu to seience, and resolved to live for happiness. The death of a relation had just put him in possession of an immense fortune. Since the establishment of the consulate at the head of affairs, society in France had been reorganised in luxury and splendour. In the midst of the trumpets of victory, which were heard from every side, all was joy and festival in Paris. He mixed in society, opulent society—lovely, brilliant society—the society of learning, grace, and wit. He collected it around him—opened to gay youth, rank, and fashion, the doors of his hôtel and his saloons. He mixed in the crowd, shared in their amusements, delirium and excesses; then in this whirl of busy, idle life, in this great frenzied movement of pleasure, he was astonished not to find happiness.

The airs of a dance, the dress of the women, and the perfumes which they shed around them, were all that appeared to him worthy of attention.

He had endeavoured to form intimate connections with men distinguished for their knowledge and wisdom; but he found them weak, ignorant,

and full of error. He pitied them.

It is one of the great inconveniences of excess 'a human science that we no longer find any on our own level; those even who know as much as ourselves, do not know it as we do. From the heights to which we have risen, we see those below us miserable and little. For in the superiority of mind, as in that of power, isolation is born of greatness. To live in isolation is the chastisement of him who wishes to raise himself too high!

He more and more sought the aid of material and positive enjoyments. In that revival of society which, so long debarred from joy and festivity, and still stained with the bloody orgies of the revolution, dragged after it its rags of Roman virtue, and at the first bound surpassed the stately orgies of the regency, he signalised himself by his immense expenses, his profusion, his follies. Useless efforts! He had horses, carriages, an open table; he gave concerts, balls, huntings; yet nowhere would pleasure attend him! He had friends to flatter him in his triumphs, mistresses to toy with in his moments of leisure, and though he had paid a good price for both, he knew neither friendship nor love.

All this parade, all these parodies of a joyous life, could not soothe his heart, or draw from him a single smile. Vainly he endeavoured to blind his eyes, while enjoying the allurements of society. The syren half raised upon the water displayed her nymph-like beauty and seductive voice before the man; and the foolish eye of the philosopher immediately plunged involuntarily below the wave, in search of the scaly body and forked tail of the

monster.

Charney could no longer be happy either in truth or error. Virtue was a stranger to him, vice indifferent. He had proved the vanity of science, and the pleasures of ignorance were denied him. The doors of that Eden were for ever closed behind him. Reason seemed to him false, pleasure appeared to him a lie. The noise of festivals fatigued him; retreat and silence were painful. In company he was weary of others; alone he was weary of himself. A deep sadness seized upon him.

Philosophical analysis, notwithstanding all his efforts to banish it, continually predominated in his mind, and mingling in his views, tarnished, lessened, and extinguished the pleasures and luxury in the midst of which he lived. The praises of his friends, the caresses of his mistresses, were to him no more than the current coin, with which they paid for the part they took of his fortune, and only proved the necessity they felt of living at his

expense.

Decomposing all, reducing everything to its first elements by that same spirit of analysis, he was attacked by a singular disease. In the web of the fine cloth of his coat, he imagined he smelt the infectious odour of the animal which had furnished the wool; on the silk of his rich hangings, he saw the disgusting worm crawling that had spun it; on his elegant furniture, carpets, bindings, his ornaments of mother-of-pearl and ivory, he saw only wrecks and cast-off garments—death, death adorned and fertilised by the sweat of a dirty artisan. The illusion was destroyed, the imagination was paralysed.

Emotions were, however, necessary to Charney. That love incapable of resting on a single object he endeavoured to extend over a whole people.

He became a philanthropist!

To be useful to the men whom he despised, he again devoted himself to politics; not to speculative policy, but to the politics of action. He was initiated into secret societies, became a member of a party, endeavouring to feel that kind of fanaticism which is still compatible with minds which have thrown off enthusiasm. He at length took part in a conspiracy, having for its object the overthrow of the power of Buonaparte.

Perhaps that patriotic, that universal love, that appeared to animate him, was at bottom only hatred towards a single man, whose glory and

good fortune annoyed him.

The aristocrat Charney returned to the principles of equality; the proud noble who had been deprived of the title of count in right of descent, was not willing that any one should, with impunity take that of emperor in right of his sword.

nity, take that of emperor in right of his sword. What was this conspiracy? It matters little. There was no want of them at that time. I only know it was in agitation from 1803 to 1804; but it had not even time to break forth—the police, that hidden providence which already watched over the destinies of the future empire, discovered it in time. It was not judged advisable that it should make any noise, not even that of a fusillade on the plains of Grenelle. The principal chiefs of the conspiracy were surprised, carried from their homes, condemned almost without trial, and distributed separately in the prisons, citadels, or fortresses of the ninety-six departments of Consular France.

CHAPTER II.

I REMEMBER that when, as a tourist, travelling on foot, my knapsack on my back, and my iron-pointed stick in my hand, I was crossing the Graian Alps, on my way to Italy, I stopped pensively, not far from the Col Rodoretto, to contemplate a large torrent swollen by the melting of the higher glaciers. The noise which it made while rolling onwards, the foamy cascades by which its course was impeded, the various colours by which its waters were tinted, by turns yellow, white, or black, showing that it had worn its way through beds of marl, lime, and slate; the enormous blocks of marble or silex that it had laid bare, but not torn from their places, and which, forming so many cataracts, added a new noise to all its other noises, new cascades to all its other cascades; whole trees which it carried down rising half out of the water, their foliage on one side agitated by the wind, which was high, and on the other dashed about by the bounding waves; fragments of banks still covered with their verdure, islets detached from the shores, which in like manner were floating on the surface of the torrent, and which were broken against the trees, as the trees were torn while passing the blocks of marble and silex ; _all this clatter, all these murmurs, all this confusion, all these sights, inclosed between two high steep banks, kept me some moments interested and thoughtful. This torrent is the Clusane.

I followed its course, and I arrived with it in one of the four valleys called Protestant, in remembrance of the ancient Vaudois, formerly refugees there. The torrent no longer retained its rapid disordered course, and its hundred voices, roaring and howling; it had become calm, and had lost its trees and islets, on some low bank, or in some little bay; its colours were melted into one, and the mud of its bed no longer obscured its surface. Still flowing swiftly but quietly, smoothly, almost coquettishly, it mimicked a little river as it caressed the walls of Fénestrella with

Fénestrella is a large town, celebrated for the mint-water which is made there, and still more for the forts that crown the two mountains between which it is situated. These forts, which communicate with each other by covered ways, had been partially dismantled during the wars of the republic: one of them, however, was repaired and revictualled, and had been converted into a state prison, as soon as Piémont had become part of France.

its waves.

Well! it was there, in that fort of Fénestrella, that Charles Veramont, count de Charney, was confined, accused of having endeavoured to overthrow the regular and legal government of his country, to substitute for it the rule of disorder and terror.

Here he was then, separated from the men of pleasure and of science, regretting neither the one nor the other, forgetting, without much bitterness, that hope of political regeneration which for an instant appeared to reanimate his wornout heart; bidding a forced but perfectly resigned adieu to his fortune, whose pomp could not dazzle him; to his friends, who tired him; to his mistresses, who deceived him; having for his dwelling, instead of a vast and splendid hôtel, a gloomy

naked chamber; for his only valet, his jailor, and shut up alone with his desolating thoughts.

What mattered to him the gloom and nakedness of his chamber? indispensable necessaries were there, and he was tired of superfluity. His jailor even appeared supportable. His thoughts alone weighed upon him. But did no resource, by which to ease this heavy burden, appear open to him? None! at least he did not then see the possibility of any.

All correspondence with the exterior was forbidden. He did not possess, nor was he allowed to possess, either books, pens, or paper. This the discipline of the prison required. This might not have been a deprivation formerly, when he thought only of ridding himself of the scientific malady by which he was beset. Now, a book might have been a friend to consult, or an enemy to combat. Deprived of all, sequestered from the world, he felt it necessary to reconcile himself to himself, to live with his enemy-with his thoughts! Oh! how dreadful and overwhelming was this idea, which constantly reminded him of his desperate condition! how cold and bitter for him, on whom nature had at first poured her gifts, whom society had surrounded from his birth with its favours and its privileges; for him, now a captive and miserable-him who had so much need of protection and help, but who believed there was no God, and put no faith in human charity !

He still struggled to get rid of this thought, that chilled, that froze him; when wrapped up in his reveries he let it wrestle with itself. Again he wished to live in the external, the material world. But how was this world narrowed for him!

The lodging occupied by the count de Charney was in the back part of the citadel, in a small building raised on the ruins of an ancient and strong edifice, which had belonged to the defensive works of the place, but was rendered useless by more recent fortifications.

Four walls, on which any trace of the prisoners, his predecessors in this place of desolation, had been obliterated by the white-wash; a table, use-less except at meal-time; a chair, whose striking loneness seemed to warn him that never would a human beings come to seat himself beside him; a trunk for his linen and clothes; a little half-trunk for his linen and clothes; a little half-worm-eaten wooden cupboard painted white, to which a rich dressing-case, of mahogany inlaid with silver, placed upon it (all that was left him of his past splendour) offered a singular contrast; a narrow but tolerably neat bed; a pair of curtains of blue linen which hung at his window, like an object of derisive luxury, like a bitter raillery; for, from the thickness of the bars, and the wall rising ten feet before them, he could not fear either curious eyes, or the annoyance of the too ardent rays of the sun: such was the furniture of his apartment.

Above him was a similar room, but empty and unoccupied; for he had no companions in this detached part of the fortress.

The rest of his universe was confined to a stone stair, short, massive, and spiral, leading down to a little paved court, sunk low in one of the ancient ditches of the fortress. This was the place of promenade, where, two hours a day, he might take as much exercise and enjoy as much liberty as the commandant's regulations allowed

From thence, the prisoner might also extend

his view over the summits of the mountains, and see the vapours rising from the plain; for the works of the fortress suddenly sinking at the extremity of the yard, allowed the air and sun to penetrate it. But once shut up in his room, an horizon of masonry alone met his view, in the midst of the picturesque and sublime nature that surrounded him. On his right arose the enchanting hills of Saluce; on his left were seen the last undulations of the valleys of Aosta and the banks of the Chiara; before him were the lovely plains of Turin; behind him the Alps rose one above another, covered with forests, rocks, and precipices, from Mount Genevra to Mount Cenis; and he saw nothing—nothing but a foggy sky, suspended over his head in a frame of stones; nothing but the pavement of his court, and the grating of his prison; nothing but that high wall which faced him, and whose wearisome uniformity was only interrupted towards one end, by a little square window, where a sad melancholy countenance occasionally appeared between the bars.

This was the circumscribed world where henceforth he was to seek his occupations and find his amusements! He exerted his mind to do so. He drew, he charcoaled the walls of his chamber with ciphers and dates which recalled the happy days of his youth. But how few they were! He quitted these remembrances with a heart still more

depressed.

Then those fatal demons, his thoughts, returned with their desolate convictions, and he formed them into terrible sentences, which he also inscribed on the walls, near the holy recollections of his mother and sister.

Determining at length to overcome his sickly thoughts and weary idleness, he tried to accustom himself to frivolous and puerile occupations; he voluntarily anticipated that abasement which is the consequence of a long residence in prison; he plunged into it, he threw himself on it with transport! The savant made trimmings of linen and silk! The philosopher manufactured pipes of straw, and play-vessels of walnut shells! The man of genius constructed whistles, and carved little boxes and open-work baskets of fruit stones! He wove chains and made musical instruments with the elastic wire of his suspenders, and admired himself in his works! Then, soon after, disgust seized him, and he trampled them under

To vary his occupations, he carved on his table a thousand fantastic designs. Never did a schoolboy so cut his desk, or cover it with arabesques, in relief or intaglio, with more patience or skill. The church of Caudebec, the pulpit and the palms of St. Gudule in Brussels, are not decorated with a greater profusion of figures on wood. There were houses on houses, fishes on the trees, men taller than steeples, boats on the roofs, carriages in open water, dwarf pyramids and gigantic flies; all these, horizontally, vertically, or obliquely, one above the other, pell-mell, here and there, a true hieroglyphical chaos, in which he sometimes tried to find a symbolical sense, a meaning, a motive; for he who believed so much in the power of chance, might hope to find a complete poem in the carving on his table, or a design of Raffaelle in the party-coloured veins of the box-wood of his snuffbox.

He was thus ingenious in multiplying difficulties to conquer, problems to solve, enigmas to divine, yet ennui, formidable ennui, still surprised him in

the midst of these grave occupations.

The man whose figure had been visible at the end of the wall might perhaps have furnished him with more real interest; but he seemed to avoid his observation, retreating from the grating as soon as the count appeared desirous of exa-mining him with any attention. Charney at first took offence at all this. He had such an opinion of the species, that this retreating movement alone was sufficient to give him the idea that the unknown was a spy, commissioned to watch over him, even during the leisure of his prison hours, or an ancient enemy enjoying his misery and his abasement.

When he asked his jailor about him, he un-

deceived him.

"He is an Italian," said he, "a good fellow, a good Christian, for I often find him at prayers."

Charney shrugged his shoulders.

"And who shut him up here ?" asked he. "He attempted to assassinate the emperor!"

"Is he a patriot, then ?"

"Patriot! nonsense! nonsense! no, but the poor man had a son and a daughter; and now he has only a daughter; his son died in Germany,— a bullet dashed out his brains. Povero figliuolo!" "Then it was a transport of selfish revenge!"

said Charney.

"Bah! you are not a father, signor count?" added the jailor. "If my little Antonio, who is still sucking, must be weaned for the good of the empire, which is at this moment about as old as he is-Holy Virgin! but silence! I do not wish to lodge at Fénestrella, except with the keys at my girdle, or under my pillow."
"And now, what are the occupations of this

bold conspirator ?"

"He catches flies!" said the jailor, with a half laughing glance.

Charney no longer detested, but he despised

"He is a fool, then!" cried he.

" Cercho pazzo! Signor count, you who are a later arrival here, are already a master in the art

of carving in wood. Pazienza!"

Notwithstanding the irony which these last words expressed, Charney resumed his manual labours, and the explanation of his hieroglyphics, remedies ever powerless against the evil with which he was tormented.

In these puerilities, in this weariness of spirit, a whole winter passed. Happily for him a new subject of interest was soon coming to his aid.

CHAPTER III.

ONE day, at the accustomed hour, Charney was breathing the air of the fortress; his head bent. his arms crossed behind him, walking step by step, -slowly, gently, as if to increase the narrow space he was allowed to traverse.

Spring announced itself-he inhaled a softer air; and to live free, master of earth and space, seemed then very desirable to him. He was counting, one by one, the paving-stones of his little court, -doubtless to verify the exactness of former calPICCIOLA.

culations, for this was not the first time of numbering them,-when he perceived there before him, under his eyes, a slight mound of earth, rising between two stones, and divided at the top.

He stopped; his heart beat, he scarcely knew why. But all is hope or fear to a captive. In the most indifferent objects, the slightest events, he seeks a mysterious cause, which speaks to him of deliverance!

Perhaps this slight disarrangement of the surface was produced by great labour beneath the ground; subterranean ways existed underneath that place, which were perhaps on the point of opening, and would discover to him a passage to the fields and mountains! Perhaps his former friends and accomplices were endeavouring, by sapping and mining, to reach him, and restore him to life and liberty!

He listened attentively, and thought he heard below him a hollow lengthened sound; he raised his head, and the agitated air brought him the rapid notes of the tocsin. The roll of drums was heard along the ramparts, like a signal of war. He started, and laid his trembling hand on his damp forehead. Was he then going to be free?

Had France changed her master?

This dream was but as a lightning flash; reflection soon destroyed the foolish illusion. He had no longer accomplices, he had never had friends! He continued to listen, and the same sounds struck his ear, but cool reason had returned. It was no more than the distant sound of a church clock, that he heard every day at the same hour, and the drum that beat the accustomed recall. He smiled bitterly at his own folly, as he reflected that an insignificant animal-perhaps, a mole wandering from its path, or a field-mouse that had moved the earth under his feet-had made him for an instant believe in the friendship of worldlings, and the destruction of a great empire!

He wished, however, to set his mind completely at rest; and he stooped down to the little mound, and with his finger lightly struck away first one point, then the other, of its divided summit. And he saw with astonishment that this foolish vivid emotion, which had overpowered him for an instant, had not even been caused by a living being stirring and scratching with its teeth and claws, but by a weak vegetable, a scarcely germinating plant, pale and languishing. He rose deeply humbled, and was going to crush it with his foot, when a fresh breeze, wafted over bushes of woodbine and seringa, reached him, as if to implore mercy for the poor plant, which also would perhaps some day yield perfumes for him.

Another idea came, which also arrested his movement of vengeance. How had this tender, delicate plant-so fragile that a touch might break it-been able to raise, divide, and throw up the earth,-dried and hardened in the sun, crushed by his own feet, and almost cemented to the two pieces of grey stone between which it had been compressed? He, again, bent down to examine it

more attentively.

He saw at its upper extremity a kind of double fleshy valve, which, folding over its first leaves, preserved them from every too rude attack; enabling them, at the same time, to pierce that earthy crust in search of air and light.

"Ah," said he, "here is the whole secret! It

derives from its nature that principle of force, like the little chickens which, before being hatched, are provided with beaks hard enough to break the thick shell in which they are inclosed. Poor prisoner! thou, in thy captivity, at least possessest instruments capable of aiding thee to free thyself!"

He looked at it some minutes longer, and thought

no more of crushing it.

The next day, at his usual promenade, as he was walking up and down hastily and heedlessly, he was on the point of stepping on it, and suddenly drew back his foot; surprised himself at the interest his new acquaintance inspired, he observed

its progress.

The plant had grown, and the rays of the sun had partly removed the sickly paleness it bore at its birth. He reflected on the power which this weak slender stalk possessed of absorbing the luminous essence, of being nourished and strengthened by it, of borrowing from the prism the colours with which it was clothed, colours assigned before-

hand to each part of the plant.
"Yes, its leaves doubtless," thought he, "will be tinted with a different shade to the stalk; and its flowers then! what colours will they have? How, nourished by the same juices, will they be able to borrow from the light their azure or their scarlet? They will be clothed in it, however; for, notwithstanding the confusion and disorder of things here below, matter follows a regular though blind course. Very blind," repeated he; "I wish no other proof of it than these two fleshy lobes which have assisted the plant to issue from the earth, but which now, useless for its preservation, are still nourished by its substance, and hang down fatiguing it by their weight! Of what use are they ?"

As he was speaking, evening coming on,—the evening of spring, which is sometimes frosty,—the two lobes rose slowly before his eyes, and, appearing to wish to justify themselves from the reproach, drew near one another, and inclosed in their bosom the tender fragile foliage to protect it from cold and the attacks of insects, as the sun was leaving it, and which, there sheltered and warmed, slept under the two wings which the

plant had just folded softly around it.

The inquirer comprehended this mute but decisive reply the better, as the outer edges of the vegetable bivalve had been nibbled and eaten the preceding night by the little snails, whose silvery traces were still discernible.

This strange colloquy of thoughts on one side, and actions on the other, between the man and the plant, could not rest there. Charney had been too long accustomed to metaphysical discussions

to yield so easily to a good reason.

"It is well," replied he; "here, as elsewhere, a happy concurrence of fortuitous circumstances has favoured this weak creation. To be born armed with a lever to raise the soil, and a buckler to protect its head, was a double condition of its existence; if it had not been fulfilled, this plant would have died in the germ, like myriads of other individuals of its species, whom nature has doubtless created imperfect and unfinished, unable to preserve and reproduce themselves, and which have had only an hour of life on the earth. Can we calculate how many false and powerless combinations she has tried ere she has been able to bring

forth a single organised being adapted for duration! A blind man may strike the mark, but how many arrows will he lose before he strikes it! For thousands of ages.a double movement of attraction and repulsion has acted upon matter; is it then surprising that accident also, may many times have made a fortunate hit! This envelope may protect the first leaves, I grant; but will it increase, will it enlarge, and preserve and guard the other leaves also from cold and the attacks of their enemies? Nothing then has been calculated beforehand, nothing is the fruit of intelligent thought, but rather a happy accident!"

Monsieur count, nature still is reserving another reply for you, capable of retorting your arguments. Be patient, and observe her in this weak and solitary production, coming forth from her hands, and thrown into the court of your prison, in the midst of your ennui; perhaps less by a stroke of accident than by a benevolent provision of Providence. You were right, monsicur count; those protecting wings, which until now so maternally covered the young plant, will not increase with it; they will even fall soon, dried and withered, powerless as they then will be to shelter it! But Nature watches, and so long as the winds of the north shall bring down from the Alps the damp fogs and snow-storms, its new leaves, still in the bud, will there find a sure asylum, a lodging prepared for them, closed to the impressions of the air, covered over with gum and resin, which will expand as they require it, and will only open under favourable time and sky; and they will only come forth one folded against the other, each lending to each a fraternal support, and covered with warm furs and cottony down, to defend them from the late frosts and capricious atmosphere. Never did mother watch with more love over the preservation of her children! This is what you would have known long ago, monsieur count, if, descending from the abstract regions of human science, you had deigned formerly to cast your eyes on the simple genuine works of God! The more you had turned your steps towards the north, the more these common wonders had been displayed before you. There, where danger increases, the care of Providence is redoubled.

The philosopher had attentively followed the progress and transformations of his plant. Again he had opposed it by reasoning, and again it had

replied to all.

"Of what use are these spiny hairs that cover

thy stalk ? " said he.

And the next day it showed them to him loaded with a light hoar-frost, which, thanks to them, kept at a distance from the tender bark, had been unable to injure it.

" Of what use in fine weather will thy warm

covering of wadding and down be?"

The warm weather came, and it got rid of its winter mantle before his eyes, to adorn itself with the green dress of spring; and its new branches appeared without those thick wrappings, which henceforth were needless.

"But let the storms rage, and they will tear thee; and the hail will break thy leaves, still too

tender to resist it."

The wind blew, and the young plant, still too weak to offer opposition, bent to the earth, finding safety in submission. The hail came, and, by a new manœuvre, the leaves laying themselves close. up the stalk to defend it, close to one another for mutual protection, presented only their reverse sides to the blows of the enemy, thus opposing their firm nerves to the weight of the atmospheric pressure: their union constituted their strength;' and, this time as before, the plant came forth from the struggle, not without some slight mutilations, but still alive and strong, and ready to spread itself before the sun, which would heal its wounds.

"Is chance intelligent, then ?" exclaimed Char ney. "Must we spiritualise matter, or materialise spirit?" And he ceased to interrogate his mute companion; he liked to look at it, to follow it in . its metamorphoses; and one day after he had long contemplated it, he fell into a reverie while standing by it, and his reverie had an unaccustomed sweetness, and he felt happy in prolonging it by walking quickly up and down his court. At length raising his head, he perceived at the grated window in the high wall the fly-catcher, who seemed to be observing him. He blushed at first, as if the other could have divined his thoughts; and then he smiled at him, for he no longer despised him. Had he any right to do so? Had not his mind also just been absorbed in the coutemplation of one of the infinitesimal creations of nature?

"Who knows," said he, "if this Italian may not have discovered in a fly as many things worthy

of observation as I in my plant?" On returning to his chamber the first thing that struck his eye was that fatalist sentence inscribed by himself on the wall two months ago :-

Chance is blind, and it alone is the father of

He took a piece of charcoal and wrote under :-PERHAPS.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARNEY no longer drew on his walls, no longer carved anything on his table, except budding plants protected by their cotyledons, or leaves with their notched edges and their projecting nerves. He passed the greatest part of his hours of exercise before his plant, to examine it, and study its development; and when returned to his chamber, he often contemplated it through his bars.

This was now the favourite occupation, the plaything, the fancy of the prisoner. Wi tire of this as easily as he did of the others? Will he

One morning from his window, as he beheld the jailor, while rapidly crossing the court, pass so near the plant that it seemed as if he must have broken it with his foot, he shuddered.

When Ludovico came to bring him his allowancefor breakfast, he thought of begging him to spare the only ornament of his walk; but he scarcely

knew how to frame so simple a demand.

Perhaps the regulations for the neatness of the prison required that they should remove this parasitical vegetation from the court. If so, it would be a favour he was going to implore; and the count possessed very little to pay the price at which he estimated it. This Ludovico had already completely impoverished him by exacting, to the utmost, payment for every article which the rules of the prison reserved to him the right of furnishing to the prisoners. Besides, hitherto he had

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rarely addressed a word to this man, whose rough manners and sordid character disgusted him. He should doubtless find him little disposed to show him any favour. Then it wounded his pride, thus to place himself, by his tastes, nearly on a par with the fig-catcher, for whom he had so clearly testified his contempt. Lastly, he might experience a refusal; for an inferior, whose position gives him a transient right of granting or refusing, almost always uses his power with rudeness, for he is not aware that indulgence is an act of power. A refusal would have deeply wounded the noble prisoner in his hopes and pride.

It was only after a number of introductory expressions, and by using the philosophic knowledge he had of human weakness, that he was able to bring his discourse, which he had logically arranged beforehand, to the point, without hurting

his self-love, or rather his vanity.

He began by speaking to his jailor in Italian. This was to awaken remembrances of infancy and nationality; he spoke to him of his son, his young Antonio; he knew how to make the tender chord vibrate, and command his interest. Then taking from his rich dressing-ease a little silver-gilt cup, he begged him to give it from him to his child.

Ludovico smiled, and refused.

Charney, though a little out of countenance, did not consider himself defeated. He insisted, and by a skilful transition. "I know," said he, "that playthings, a rattle, or flowers, would suit him better, perhaps; but you can sell this cup, good man, and keep the price to buy something for him."

He then hastened on to-But apropos of flowers,

which at length introduced the subject.

Thus love of country, paternal love, remembrances of childhood, personal interest—those grand motives of humanity—had all been brought into actior to attain his end. What could he have done more if his own fate had been concerned? Judge if he did not already love his plant!

"Signor count," said Ludovico, when he had ceased speaking, "keep your gilded cup; its absence will make the other jewels of your pretty box weep. You have forgotten that my dear baby is only three months old, and can still drink without a goblet. As to your gilliflower —"

"Is it a gilliflower?" cried Charney.

"What matter! I know nothing about it, signor count. To my eyes all plants are more or less gilliflowers. But now, about this one, you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. Long ago I should have put my foot upon it if I had not perceived the tender interest you bear to the beauty."

"Oh! this interest," said Charney, a little con-

fused, "is very simple."

"Well, well, well, I know what it arises from," replied Ludovico, trying to wink with a knowing air. "Men must have occupations; they must attach themselves to something, and poor prisoners have no choice. Here, signor count, we have our pensioners, who doubtless were formerly great personages, with fine brains (for it is not the rabble that they bring here): well, now they amuse and occupy themselves at little expense, I promise you. One catches flies; that is not bad—another," added he, with a new wink, which he tried to render even more significant than the former—"another carves, to great advantage of penknives

and knives, figures on a deal table, without thinking that I am responsible for the furniture of this place!" The count would have spoken: he did not leave him time. "Some bring up canaries and goldfinches. Others white mice. For me, I respect their tastes, and to such a point, thank God, that having an enormous fine cat once, with long white hair, an Angora—he jumped and gamboled about in the prettiest manner in the world, and when he settled to sleep you might have said it was a muff sleeping, and my wife doated upon it, and I also—Well, I gave it away; for this little game might tempt it, and all the cats in the world are not worth the mouse of the captive!"

"It is very kind of you, monsieur Ludovico," answered Charney, feeling a little annoyed at being suspected of such frivolities; "but this plant is to me more than an amusement."

"What matter! if it recalls to you only the verdure of the tree under which your mother cradled you in your infancy, per Bacco! it may shade the half of the court. Besides, the orders do not mention it, and I have my eye shut to all such things. Let it become a tree, and serve you to scale the wall; that will be another thing. But we have time to think of that, have not we!" added he, laughing loudly; "not that I do not wish you, with all my heart, open air and liberty for your limbs; but that must arrive in its own time, according to rule, with permission of the chiefs. Oh, if you thought of getting out of the citade!"

"What would you do?"

"What would I do? Thunder! I would stop your passage though you might kill me! Or I would have the sentinel fire on you without any more pity than on a rabbit; that is the order. But to touch one of the leaves of your gilliflower—oh! no, no! to put a foot upon it—never! I have always looked upon that man as the greatest rascal, and unworthy of being a jailor, who wickedly crushed the spider of the poor prisoner! It was a wicked action! It was a crime!"

Charney felt at once touched and surprised to find so much feeling in his keeper; but for the very reason that he was beginning to esteem him a little more, his vanity determined him to account for the interest he felt in his plant by reasons of

some consequence.

"My dear monsieur Ludovico," said he, "I thank you for your kindness. Yes, I confess this plant is the source of very numerous philosophical observations that I am making. I like to study it in its physiological phenomena—." And as he saw by a gesture of the head that the jailor listened without understanding, he added: "Besides, the species to which it belongs possesses medicinal virtues very efficacious in certain serious indispositions to which I am subject."

He lied; but it would have cost him too much to have shown himself sunk to the fantastic trifles of prisoners before this man, who had just partly raised himself in his eyes—the only being who might approach him, and who, to him, was the

summary of human kind.

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"Well! if your plant, signor count, has rendered you so many services," replied Ludovico, preparing to leave the room, "you ought to show it more gratitude. Water it sometimes; for if had not taken care, when bringing you your provision of water, to wet it from time to time, la por-

F 2

vera Picciola would have died of thirst. Addio,

signor count."

"One instant! my good Ludovico," cried Charney, more and more surprised to find so much instinctive delicacy inclosed in so rough a case, and almost blaming himself for not having discovered it till then. "What! do you interest yourself thus with my pleasures, and are silent before me! Ah! pray accept this little present as a remembrance of my gratitude. If, later, I can entirely acquit myself towards you, depend on me."

And he again offered him the gilded cup. This time Ludovico took it, and examined it with a sort

of curiosity.

"Acquit yourself of what, signor count? Plants only require water, and we may pay for their drink without being ruined at an inn. If it a little diverts you from your cares—if it produces good fruits for you—that is all I wish for!"

And he immediately went and put the cup back

himself into its place in the box.

The count made a step towards Ludovico, and

held out his hand to him.

"Oh! no, no," said he, drawing back with an air of constraint and respect, "we only give our hand to our equal or our friend."

"Well, Ludovico, be my friend!"

"No, no," repeated the jailor, "that cannot be, eccellenza. We must foresee everything, that we may always do our duty to-morrow, as well as to-day, conscientiously. If you were my friend, and sought to break bounds, should I then have the courage to cry to the sentinel, 'Fire!' No; I am your keeper, your jailor, and divotissimo servo."

CHAPTER V.

AFTER the departure of Ludovico, Charney reflected how, with all his personal advantages, he had sunk below this uneducated man in the relations existing between them; what miserable subterfuges he had used to influence the heart of this simple benevolent being! He had not blushed to descend to a lie!

How much obliged was he to him for the secret cares bestowed on his plant! What! this jailor, whom he had supposed capable of a refusal, when merely required to abstain from an unkind act, had anticipated his wishes!—had watched him, not to laugh at his weakness, but to favour his pleasures, and his disinterestedness had forced the noble count to acknowledge himself obliged!

The hour for exercise having arrived, he did not forget to divide with his plant the portion of water which had been given him. Not content with watering it, he endeavoured to clear it of the dust which soiled it, and the insects which attacked it.

Still occupied with this care, he saw a large black cloud obscure the sky, and hang suspended like a grey floating dome over the high turrets of the fortress. Soon large drops of rain fell, and Charney, turning back, was thinking of sheltering himself within, when hailstones, mixed with the rain, bounded suddenly on the pavement of the yard. La povera, blown about by the storm, its branches tossed here and there, appeared ready to be torn from the ground, and as its wet leaves were crushed against one another, it trembled

under the gusts of wind, and seemed to utter plaintive murmurs and cries of distress.

Charney stopped. He recalled the reproaches of Ludovico, and looked eagerly around for something that might shelter his plant. He could see nothing. The hailstones, in the mean time, fell more thickly and numerously, and threatened to destroy the frail being. He trembled for it, although he had lately seen it so well resist the winds and rain; but he already loved his plant too well to risk its incurring any danger, by bringing reasoning against it. So, taking a resolution worthy a lover or father, he drew near it, and placed himself before his charge, like a wall interposed between it and the wind; he bent down over his ward, thus serving it as a buckler against the shock of the hail; and there, motionless, breathless, beaten by the storm from which he guarded it, sheltering it with his hands, his body, his head, his love, he waited till the storm had passed over.

It passed; but might not a similar danger menace it again, when he, its protector, should be shut up by bolts? Besides, the wife of Ludovico, followed by a large dog, sometimes visited the court. And might not this dog, while playing about, by one bite, or a stroke of his paw, destroy the joy of the philosopher? Rendered more provident by experience, Charney devoted the rest of the day to meditate on a plan, and the morrow he prepared

to execute it.

His small allowance of wood was scarcely sufficient in this changeable climate, where sometimes even in the middle of summer the nights and mornings are cold. What matter? It is only a privation for a few days! Will he not be warm in bed —he will go to rest earlier, and rise later. He collected his wood together, and stored it up; and when Ludovico questioned him on the subject,

"It is to build a palace for my mistress," said he. The jailor winked as if he understood, but he

comprehended nothing about it.

During this time Charney chopped, shaped, and pointed the sticks, put aside the most pliable branches, and carefully preserved the flexible osier that had tied up his daily faggot. Then, in his linen-trunk, he discovered a large cloth, coarse and loose, which covered the bottom. He took it away, and drew out the strongest, thickest threads. And his materials thus prepared, he boldly set towork, as soon as the rules of the prison and the scrupulousness of the jailor allowed him.

Around his plant, between the paving-stones of his court, he forced in large branches of unequal size; he fixed them still more firmly at the base, by means of a cement composed of earth collected here and there with difficulty between the stones, and of plaster and saltpetre, which he took secretly from the damp sides of the old ditches of the fortress. And when the principal framework was thus fixed, he interwove it in some parts with small branches, forming a kind of hurdle, which would be sufficient to defend la povera from the shock of any external body, or from the dog. What satisfied him completely during his labours was, that Ludovicò, on their commencement, at first appeared uncertain if he should permit their continuance. He shook his head, and uttered a low grumbling sound of bad augury; but afterwards he determined on his course, and sometimes while smoking his pipe quietly at the end of the court,

his shoulder leaning against the entrance-door, with one leg crossed over the other, he smilingly contemplated the yet inexperienced workman, and sometimes even interrupted his pastime of smoking to give some good advice, which he did not always know how to turn to account.

In the mean time the work advanced. At length, to complete it, Charney impoverished his thin prisoner's bed, in favour of his plant. Here was a new sacrifice he made for it. He took some of the straw of his bed to make light mats, and hung them, according to circumstances, around his frame, whether the sudden gusts from the Alps threatened to attack it on one side, or the sun at mid-day darted its rays too directly down on the

feeble plant, when reflected by the stones and walls. One evening the wind was very violent. Charney, who was already locked up, saw from his window the court strewed over with pieces of straw and little branches; the straw mats and wickerwork of the hurdle had not been made sufficiently strong for resistance. He determined to remedy the evil the next day; but the next day, when he descended at the accustomed hour, all was already repaired. A hand more skilful than his had firmly rewoven the branches and mats, and he knew well whom to thank for it in his heart.

Thus, thanks to him, thanks to them, the plant was defended against its dangers with ramparts and roofs, and Charney attached himself to it more and more, from the care which he took of it; and with delight saw it increase and develop, and constantly unfold to him new wonders to admire.

Time strengthened it. The plant was becoming woody; a ligneous bark surrounding its formerly fragile stalk, gave him daily security for its duration; and its happy possessor, with impatient curiosity, desired to see it blossom.

He was at last, then, wishing for something—that man with worn-out heart and frozen brain—that man so vain of his intellect, and who had just fallen from the height of his proud science to sink his vast thoughts in the contemplation of a blade of grass!

Yet be not in too great a hurry to accuse him of puerile weakness and folly. The celebrated Quaker, John Bertram, after having passed long hours in the examination of the structure of a violet, would never again apply the powers of his mind to anything but the study of the vegetable wonders of creation, and soon took a place among the masters of science. If a philosopher of Malabar became mad while seeking to explain the phenomena of the sensitive plant, the Count de Charney will perhaps find true wisdom in his plant. Has he not already discovered a charm which has power to dissipate his ennui and widen his prison?

"Oh! the flower, the flower!" said he; "that flower whose beauty will strike my eyes only, whose perfumes will be for me alone, what form will it take? what shades will colour its petals? Doubtless they will offer new problems to solve, and throw a last defiance to my reason! Well, let it come! Let my frail adversary show herself armed at every point. I do not yet renounce the contest. Perhaps, then, only I shall be able to seize in its whole that secret which its incomplete formation has scarcely permitted me to have a glimpse of until now. But wilt thou, flower?

Wilt thou show thyself one day before me in all the splendour of thy beauty and attire, PICCIOLA!"

PICCIOLA! It was the name he had given it, when, from the wish of hearing a human voice sound in his ear in the midst of his labours, he conversed aloud with his companion in captivity, while surrounding it with his cares. Povera Picciola! Such had been the exclamation of Ludovico, pitying the poor little one which had been in danger of dying for want of water. Charney remembered it.

"Picciola! Picciola! wilt thou flower soon?" repeated he, carefully turning aside the leaves at the extremity and joints of the branches of his plant, that he might see if the flower was appearing; and that name, Picciola, seemed sweet to pronounce, for it recalled to him at once the two beings who peopled his universe—his plant and his jailor.

One morning, as, at his usual hour of exercise, he was examining Picciola leaf by leaf, his eyes suddenly remained fixed on one spot of his plant, and his heart beat violently. He raised his hand and his countenance glowed with pleasure. It was long since he had experienced so lively an emotion. He has just seen at the point of the principal stalk an unusual greenish silky excrescence, of a spherical form, imbricated with small scales, placed one over the other, like the slates of the rounded dome of an elegant kiosk. He cannot doubt it: it is the bud—the flower is not far off.

CHAPTER VI.

The fly-catcher often appeared at his grating, and seemed to take a pleasure in following the count with his eye, so completely engrossed as he appeared with his plant. He saw him mix and prepare his mortar, weave his mats, fasten up his straw-work, and at length raise his palisades, and, a prisoner also, and for a longer time than he, he easily united himself in thought with the grand occupations of the philosopher.

At that same grated window, another countenance bright and smiling also once showed itself. It was a woman, a young girl, with a step at once quick and timid. In the turn of her head, in the sparkle of her eye, modesty alone seemed to temper vivacity. Her glance, full of soul and expression, seemed half extinguished in passing through her long dark lashes. At the first glance, when seeing her with her face turned towards the shade, in a thoughtful attitude behind those sombre bars, on which she was leaning, and resting her white hands, she might have been taken for a pure emblem of captivity.

But when she raised her countenance, and a ray of light played upon it, the harmony and serenity of her features, and her clear bright colour, told sufficiently that it was in activity and open air, and not under bolts and bars, that she had lived.

Must we then admire her as one of those angels of charity who visit prisons? No; filial love has hitherto alone filled her heart; it is from this love she draws her strength, and almost her beauty. Daughter of the Italian Gerhardi, the fly-catcher, she quitted Turin, its fêtes, its lovely promenades, and the banks of the Doria Riparia, to dwell in

the little town of Fénestrella, not at first to see her father, for she had not then gained permission, but to live in the same air with him, to think of him as near her. Now, through her entreaties and solicitations, she had obtained permission to visit him at stated times, and this is why she was gay, bright, and beautiful!

A feeling of curiosity had led her towards the little grated window which looked out on the yard; an emotion of interest retained her there in spite of herself, for she feared being perceived by the prisoner. She may be satisfied; Charney will not see her; at that moment, Picciola and her rising

bud alone occupy his attention.

The week passed, when the young girl returned to her father. She was again cautiously approaching the grating, to give a look at the other captive; Gerhardi stopped her.

" For three days he has not been near his plant; the poor man must be very ill !" said he. "Ill!" said she with an astonished air.

"I have seen physicians cross the court, and according to what Ludovico has told me, they are only agreed on one point, which is that he

"Die!" repeated she, and her eye dilated, and fear, more than pity, was perhaps painted on her countenance. "Oh! how I pity him! The unfortunate!" Then, fixing a look of anxiety and agony on her father, "They can die here then!" cried she, "or rather, can they live here? It is doubtless a residence in this prison, and the pestilential vapours which exhale from these old ditches, that have caused his illness! My fa-

Her eyes became moist; Gerhardi endeavoured to console her, and held out his hand to her; she

bathed it with her tears.

At this moment Ludovico entered. He brought the fly-catcher a new capture which he had just made for him. It was a cétosina, a beautiful golden beetle, which he presented to him with an air of triumph. Gerhardi smiled, thanked him, and, without his perceiving it, set the insect at liberty, for it was the twentieth individual of the same species that Ludovico had brought him during the last few days. He then profited by the opportune entrance of the jailor, to ask news of Charney.

"Oh! depend upon it," said Ludovico, "I do not forget him any more than the others; and as long as he remains a pensioner of God, he shall remain mine, signor. So I am just come from

watering his plant."

"Of what use, if he must not see it blossom?"

sadly interrupted the young girl. "Why, lady?" said Ludovico. Then he added with a knowing air, and his usual wink, slightly waving his hand, the forefinger raised. lords, the physicians, think this way, that the poor man is laid on his back for eternity; but for me, the lord jailor, I don't think so! Well! I have my secret."

He turned round on his heel and went out, after having tried to resume his harsh voice and severe look, to signify to the young girl, with his watch in his hand, that no more than twenty-two minutes remained for her to pass with her father. At the end of the twenty-two minutes he returned, and

executed the orders.

The illness of Charney was but too real, whatever might have been the cause of it. One evening, after having paid Picciola his visit and usual attentions, a great numbness had attacked him, on his return to his chamber. His head became heavy, and his limbs agitated with nervous tremblings; he went to bed disdaining to call any one to his aid, and confiding his cure to sleep.

Sleep would not come, but, instead of it, pain; and the next day when he tried to rise, a power stronger than his will confined him to his bed.

He closed his eyes and was resigned.

In the face of danger, the calm of the philosopher and the pride of the conspirator returned. He would have thought himself dishonoured by breathing a sigh, uttering a complaint, or imploring succour of those who had forcibly sequestered him from the world. He only gave some instructions to Ludovico on the subject of his plant, in case of being confined long to his bed,-that carcere duro, which was going still more to aggravate his other captivity. The physicians arrived, and he refused to answer their questions. It appeared to him, that his life being no longer in his own care, he was no longer charged with its preservation, any more than with the management of his confiscated estates, and it was for those who appropriated the whole, to watch over the whole.

The physicians at first paid no attention to this rebellion, and they insisted. Repulsed at length by the obstinate silence of the sick man, they decided, in future, only to inquire of his malady.

The pathognomonic symptoms gave to each opposite answers, for each of the learned doctors belonged to a different system. In the dilatation of the pupil, and the purple colour of the lips, one saw certain symptoms of putrid fever; the other, those of inflammation of the viscera; and the last, (for there were three,) declared for apoplexy, or paralysis, from the colour of the neck and temples, the coldness of the extremities, the rigidity of the face, and asserted that the silence of the invalid must only be attributed to the commencement of cerebral congestion.

The captain, commandant of the citadel, came twice to visit the prisoner in his chamber. first time he inquired if there was anything he wished for. He even offered to change his apartment, if he thought the place he inhabited was at all the cause of his illness. The count only replied

by a negative sign and a refusal.

The second time the commandant appeared followed by a priest. Charney being condemned by the physicians, it was the duty of his office to prepare the prisoner to receive the assistance of

religion.

If there is in the priesthood an august and sacred function, it is that of the priest of the prisons,-of that priest, the single spectator whose presence sanctifies the scaffold. And yet the scepticism of our age has not hesitated to ridicule it bitterly. It is argued that such priests, being hardened by habit, cannot be moved-cannot weep with the guilty, and in their exhortations and consolations constantly returning to the same thoughts, with them the trade freezes all inspira-

Well! and what matter if the phrases be the same? Is it the same man who hears them twice? A trade, do you say? But do they delight in the trade they have chosen? They, pure and virtuous, live in the midst of hardened hearts, that perhaps will answer their words of peace, hope, and brotherly love, by words of insult and contempt! They might, like you, enjoy the pleasures and luxuries of the world, yet they bring themselves in contact with rags, and breathe the damp infectious air of dungeons; like you born with sensibilities, and the horror of blood and death which belongs to human nature, they have voluntarily condemned themselves to see a hundred times in their lives the bloody knife of the guillotine rise and fall. Are these, then, such very great pleasures? And is injury to be apprehended from such men?

Instead of that man of sorrow, devoted beforehand and for ever to such painful offices—instead of that man, who, from virtue, has made himself the companion of the executioner, let us have a

new priest for every new criminal.

Yes, doubtless, he will be overcome and distressed—will weep more, but he will console less. His words, if he finds them, will be interrupted with sobs. Will he then be master of himself and his ideas? Will not the deeply-felt emotion render him incapable of performing his duty? and will the sight of his weakness lead the sufferer courageously to give his life for society, in expiation of his crime, to redeem it by his own blood?

If the constancy and firmness of the new consoler are such that, from the first, he experiences neither this emotion nor this weakness, believe it, he is a hundred times more insensible by nature

than the other by habit.

Then, would you abolish this office of priests of the prison? Ah! take not away their last friend from those who are going to die! While mounting the scaffold, let the guilty repentant one have a cross before his eyes, to conceal the axe; or at least let his last look perceive, near the representative of man's justice, him who proclaims God's clemency!

Thanks to Heaven, the priest, truly worthy of that title, who was called to the bed of Charney, had not such painful duties to fulfil. An indulgent and charitable man, he not only comprehended from the silence and motionlessness of the sick man, but better still from the melancholy inscriptions he read on the wall, how little he must hope

from that proud mind.

He contented himself with passing the night in prayer at his pillow; nor did he disdain to interrupt his pious office, by sharing with Ludovico the cares which the latter lavished on the sufferer, whilst waiting with resignation a favourable moment when he might enlighten the deep darkness

of incredulity with a ray of hope.

During this night, the decisive night, the blood rushing with violence to the patient's head, brought on an affection of the brain, a delirium, which, lasting more than an hour, obliged the confessor and jailor to unite their efforts to prevent the patient from leaving his bed. And whilst he was struggling in their arms, in the midst of a multitude of incoherent words, speeches without meaning, and fantastic apostrophes, the words Picciola, povera Picciola! several times escaped Charney.

"Let us go! let us go! the moment is come,"

murmured Ludovico. "Yes, it is come," repeated he with impatience; "but how leave the chaplain here to struggle alone with this madman? And yet in an hour, perhaps, it will be too late, Cordieu! Ah! holy Virgin! I think he is getting calmer—he closes his eyes, he stretches out his arms as if to sleep! If at my return he is not dead—hurra, hurra, hurra!"

In fact, the violence of the invalid was lessened; Ludovice charged the priest to watch over him, and immediately disappeared from the chamber.

In that chamber, scarcely lighted by the feeble flame of a trembling lamp, no other noise was heard than the irregular respiration of the dying man, the monotonous prayer of the priest, and the wind of the Alps, which sighed between the bars of the window. Twice only the sound of a human voice was heard to mix with it. It was the qui vive of the sentinel, when Ludovico passed and repassed near the postern, going to his own apartment, and returning to the chamber of the invalid.

Half an hour had scarcely elapsed, when his pious companion in watching saw him reappear, holding in his hand a vessel full of a steaming

liquid.

"Holy Virgin! I was ready to kill my dog," said he on entering. "He began to howl, it is a bad sign. But how goes it on here? Has there been any more raving? At any rate, here is what will keep him quiet. I am going to taste it. It is as bitter as five hundred thousand devils! Your parlon, father?—taste it yourself."

The priest gently rejected the cup.

"Indeed it is not for us; a pint of muscadel with thick slices of lemon would serve better to sustain us during the cold night; is it not true, signor chaplain? But here, this is for him, for him alone. He must drink it—he must drink it

all! it is the prescription!"

And, while speaking thus, he poured a part of the liquid into a cup, moved it about, blew it to cool it, and when he thought the potion at the proper heat, he made Charney take it almost by force, whilst the priest sustained his head. Then wrapping him well up in the sheets and coverings, "We will see the effect," said he; "it cannot be long. Indeed I shall not stir from here till the affair is over; all my birds are in their cages, they will not fly away, and my wife will do very well without me for a night. Are not you of my opinion, signor chaplain? I beg pardon—father," repeated he, perceiving an almost imperceptible gesture of reproof from his discreet companion.

And Ludovico went and placed himself near the bed, standing, motionless, with his eyes fixed on the countenance of the dying man, holding his breath, and keeping silence, as in expectation of

an approaching event.

Seeing that no change yet took place, he repeated his dose, recommenced his silent care, and at length became uneasy at perceiving no alteration in the state of the invalid. He feared lest his impatience might have hastened his death. He walked with long strides up and down the chamber, stamping, cracking his fingers, and menacing with gestures the jug that contained the rest of the liquor.

In the midst of all this action, he stopped an instant to contemplate the pale, motionless counte-

nance of Charney.

"I have killed him!" cried he, uttering a terrible oath.

The chaplain raised his head. Ludovico paid no attention to him, and began again to walk, stamp, swear, and crack his fingers : at length, fatigued with these gestures of emotion, he went and knelt down by the priest, muttering, Mea culpas, and went to sleep in the midst of a prayer.

At early dawn he was still sleeping, and the chaplain still praying, when a burning hand was laid on the head of Ludovico, who awoke with

a start.

"Drink!" said the sick man.

At the sound of that voice which he thought he should never hear again, Ludovico opened his eyes wide, and with a stupified air looked at Charney, whose features appeared under a bath of perspiration. His limbs were stretched out, and a cloud of vapour came from the damp coverings. Either a salutary crisis had just taken place, and nature, aiding the vigorous constitution of the prisoner, triumphed over the disease, or the double dose of liquid administered by Ludovico was gifted with great sudorific properties; this profuse perspiration seemed at once to have restored the invalid to life and reason. He himself directed what appeared likely to relieve him. Then turning to the priest, who was humbly standing at his pillow-

"I am not dead yet, sir," said he to him, "you see. If I recover,—and I hope I shall recover,-I pray you say from me to my two doctors, that it is not they whom I have to thank for it, and that they must hold me free from their visits and their science, foolish and deceitful like all others. I comprehended their discourse sufficiently to be convinced that a fortunate chance has alone come

to my aid."

"Chance," murmured the chaplain, his eyes fixed on that inscription on the wall:

Chance is blind, and it alone is the father of

Creation.

Then solemnly articulating the last word which Charney himself had added :- " Perhaps!" he turned and left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

Quite intoxicated with success, Ludovico appeared plunged in a state of ecstatic stupor on hearing the count speak thus: not that he paid the least attention to the sense of the words; he did not care for them! But his dying patient had uttered them, collected his ideas, looked, lived, perspired! This was what overcame him with emotion, and filled him with satisfaction and pride. After some moments of admiring silence,

"Hurra!" cried he at last, "Hurra! what a wonder! he is saved, thanks to whom?"-

And he shook in air the empty earthen pot, and kissed it and addressed it with the sweetest

words in his vocabulary.

"Thanks to whom?" repeated the prisoner;

"thanks to your good cares perhaps, my good
Ludovico. But if I am really cured, those gentlemen the physicians will not the less attribute the honour of it to their prescriptions, and the chaplain to his prayers."

"Neither they nor I shall have the glory of

it!" replied Ludovico, gesticulating again .- "As to the chaplain, one does not know, he could only do well .- But the others! The others!"

"Who is then this saviour, this unknown protector ?" said Charney with a sort of indifference, for he expected Ludovico would attribute his cure to some saint.

"It is not a protector," said he; "it is a pro-

tectress."

"How? what do you mean to say? A Madonna,

is it not?"

" No, it is not a Madonna, signor count. She who has saved you from death, and from the claws of the devil, certainly, for you would die without confession, is, first and before all, the signora Picciola! Picciolina! Piccioletta! my god-daughter,—yes, my god-daughter, since it was I who first gave her her name—her name of Picciola. Did you not tell me so? She is then my god-daughter-I am her god-father-and I

ann proud of it, per Bacco!"
"Picciola!" cried the count, rising suddenly, and leaning his elbow on his pillow, his reanimated features assuming an expression of the liveliest interest. "Explain yourself, my good Ludovico, explain yourself!"

"Are you astonished at it?" replied he with his usual wink. "Is this, then, the first time she has rendered you this service? When you are attacked by that illness to which you are subject, is it not always with this plant you are cured? You told me so at least, and I recollected it, thank God! for it appears that Picciola knows more of it in one of her leaves, than all the square-caps of Montpelier and Paris put together. Yes, upon my word! my little god-daughter, in this affair, would have defied a complete regiment of physicians, were it of four battalions, and each battalion of four hundred men. As a proof, how your three ignoramuses ran away, beating a retreat, and throwing the bed-clothes over your nose! Instead of which, Picciola!—ah! the brave little plant! may God preserve the seed of it!-As for me, I shall not forget the recipe, and if ever my little Antonio falls ill, I will make him drink it in broth, and eat it in salad, though it be bitterer than chicory. She had only to show herself, and the victory was decided. Since you are cured,-yes, really cured, for now you open your eyes wide, -you laugh! Ah! long live the most illustrious signora Picciola!"

Charney took pleasure in the noisy and loquacious joy of his worthy keeper; his return tolife, the idea of owing it to that very plant that had already charmed his long hours of captivity, inspired a lively sentiment of happiness, and a smile in fact showed itself on his yet fevered lips, when suddenly a painful, distressing idea crossed

his mind.

"But tell me, this plant," said he to Ludovico, "how has it contributed to my cure? How have you employed it?"

And a kind of terror agitated him while asking

the question.
"Nothing more simple," replied the jailor tranquilly; "a pint of water, on a good fire, three boils—a perfect ptisan; that is all." "Great God!" cried Charney, falling back

on his pillow and putting his hand to his head, fyou have destroyed it! Ah! I have no re-

proaches to make you, Ludovico. And yet my poor Picciola! What shall I do? what will become of me without her?"

"Come, come, calm yourself," said Ludovico, drawing nearer, and his voice assuming an almost paternal tone, to console the captive, who was overwhelmed with grief, like a child who has just lost his favourite plaything. "Calm yourself, and do not uncover yourself as you are doing. Listen to me," added he, occupying himself all the time in readjusting the clothes, and remedying the general disorder of the bed, caused by the sudden move-ments of the patient. "Ought I to have hesitated sacrificing a gilliflower to save a man's life ? Certainly not. Well, nevertheless, I could scarcely have decided on killing at the first blow and putting it whole into the pot. Besides, it was useless. I have only borrowed a little of it. With my wife's scissors, I cut a handful of the useless leaves, and a few little branches without buds, for it has three buds now !--eh! is not that fine? The operation is well done, and it has not died of it. On the contrary, it is much better now, and you also! You see you must be good!-Be good, perspire well, finish your cure, and you shall see it again !"

Charney turned upon him a look of gratitude,

and held out his hand.

This time Ludovico held out his, and pressed that of the count with emotion, for his eye was moist. But suddenly, reproaching himself doubtless for this infraction of the invariable rule of conduct that he had laid down beforehand, the muscles of his face lengthened, his voice became rougher; at length, still keeping the prisoner's hand between his, but as if he tried to make him ascribe the change to his former movement,

"You see now, how you are still uncovering yourself!" said he; and he gently, and like a doctor, replaced the arm of the sick man in bed; then, after new recommendations, made in an official tone, he left the room, humming gravely,

"Je suis géolier, C'est mon métier; Mieux vaut ça qu'être prisonnier."

CHAPTER VIII.

That day, and the day following, extreme debility, the natural consequence of the great crisis and profuse perspiration, rendered Charncy almost incapable of moving or thinking; but on the third day, a sensible improvement was visible, and if, from his weakness, he was still obliged to keep his bed, at least he looked forward, at no very remote period, to the moment when he should be able to rise, to walk, resume his usual exercise, and again see his companion and preserver.

For all his thoughts were directed towards it. He could not understand by what singular circumstances, this weak plant, thrown under his feet, in the court of his prison, had cured him of his disgust and weariness of life, which the attractions of society and fortune had been unable to remove; now it had snatched him from death—him, whom human science had condemned. In his inability to apply the strength of his reason to clear this mysterious point, he attached himself more and

more to his Picciola with a sort of superstition. His gratitude to this inert, insensible being could not be based on anything of reflection and intention; he, however, experienced a wish to give it his affection, in exchange for the favours he had received from it. Where reason cannot, imagination will work. His was excited, and his love for Picciola became a blind worship. He was persuaded that a supernatural chain linked them with one another; that there existed thus, in matter, secret attractions, incomprehensible sympathies, connecting the man to the plant. He who still refused to acknowledge a God, was in danger of yielding his faith to the puerilities of judicial astrology. Picciola was then his star, his Madonna, his talisman!

How is it we see men illustrious, from their learning or genius, deny a Providence, and be at the same time influenced by superstition? Is it not that, blinded by human pride, they would attribute to themselves all their glory or their strength; but that the instinctive religious sentiment which they stifle in their hearts, being turned aside from its right path, breaks forth in spite of them, but still stamped with the fantastic image of their own thoughts? That homage which they arrest in its flight towards heaven falls again to the earth. They aspire to judge, not to believe, and their genius, narrow in its grandeur, contracting the horizon before them, only permits them to seize some of the combinations of the Great They neglect the whole for the detail, Whole. because this isolated detail they believe themselves able to measure, and submit to the analysis of their reason, not perceiving the points of union which connect it with the rest of the created world: for is not creation, heaven, earth, man, the stars, the whole universe, a single being, immense, complete, varied to infinity, which lives and breathes under the powerful hand of God!

Thus it was that Charney, his imagination perhaps still excited by fever, saw only Picciola in all nature; and, to find analogies for it, he awakened his powerful memory, and asked of it the history of miraculous plants, from the moly of Homer, the palm-tree of Latona, the ash of Odin, to the plant of gold which shines before the Breton peasant, or the thorn-flower which preserves the sliepherds of La Brie from evil thoughts. He recalled the Ruminal fig-tree of the Romans, the Teutates of the Celts, adored under the form of an oak; the vervain of the Gauls, the lotus of the Greeks, the beans of the Pythagoreans, the mandrake of the Hebrew priests. He brought to mind the blue campac of the Persians, which grows for them only in Paradise; the touba-tree shading the celestial throne of Mahomet; the magnificent camalata, the verdant amrita, from which the Indians see suspended fruits of ambrosia and richness. He attached also a symbolical sense to that Japanese custom of placing, as a pedestal to their divinities, heliotropes, or water-lilies, and making love rise from the bosom of a flower. He admired that religious scruple of the Siamese. who forbid attempts on the existence of certain plants, and even protect them from mutilation. What formerly might have excited ridicule and contempt, and sunk weak human nature in his opinion, now raised it in his eyes! For he knew what grave teachings may come from a stalk or

a branch; and in the customs of idolatry, he now only saw the sentiments of gratitude which gave

them birth.

He heard Charlemagne, a legislator and philosopher, from the summit of his western throne, recommend the holy cultivation of flowers to his people. He could even enter into the lively tenderness that Xerxes, according to the account of Elian and Herodotus, felt for a plane; caressing it, pressing it in his arms, sleeping with delight under its shade, decorating it with bracelets and necklaces of gold, and overwhelmed with grief when obliged to quit it!

Already convalescent, Charney was one morning sitting absorbed in these thoughts in his room, the threshold of which he had not yet crossed since his illness, when, his door suddenly opening, Ludovico, with a joyous countenance, rushed towards him.

"It is in flower! Picciola! Piccioletta, my dear

little daughter !"

"In flower!" cried Charney; "I will see it!" In vain the good jailor remonstrated on the imprudence there might be in going out so soon; that he should have patience for a day or two, that the morning was not yet sufficiently advanced, that the air was cool, that a relapse was often fatal;—all was useless. The only thing he could obtain was, that the prisoner would wait an hour

longer, that the sun might be in its power.
"It is in flower!" said Charney to himself.

That hour, how long it seemed! and yet he occupied himself as well as he could. For the first time since his captivity he thought of his toilette. Yes, of his toilette, his dress in honour of Picciola! of Picciola in flower! His clothes were dusty, his beard was long. He arranged it all. A mirror, until that moment forgotten in his precious box, was brought forth, and he carefully shaved himself,—shaved himself to see it in flower! It was his first coming forth after his illness-the visit of the invalid to his physician, of the lover to his mistress! And when all was done, his eyes rested on the glass, and he was astonished to find, notwithstanding his recent illness, his countenance less faded, his features less sunk, his forehead less wrinkled, than formerly. He remembered that he was still young; that if there are bitter corroding thoughts, which even wither the external form, there are others gifted with the power of reviving it.

At the precise moment Ludovico presented himself. He supported the count while descending the steep steps of the massive winding stairs; and when he entered the little court, either from the effect of the pure air and light of heaven, or the privilege of those new and lively faculties with which convalescents are endowed, it seemed to him that the perfume of his flower was redolent in all around; and it was to it he attributed the delightful refreshing impressions of returning

health that he experienced.

This time Picciola showed herself in all the radiance of her beauty. She displayed to his eyes her brilliant coloured corolla; white, purple, and rose mingled on her large petals, edged with little silver streaks, amongst which the rays of the sun were reflected, and spread around a radiance like a luminous halo. Charney contemplated it with transport; he feared lest he should dull it with his breath, or wither it by laying his hand on it. He no longer thought of analysing or studying; he admired it, he enjoyed it, by sight and smell. But soon another idea banished these pleasures, and his eye no longer rested on the flower. He saw traces of mutilation on his Picciola; shortened branches, leaves half cut by the scissors. The wounds were not yet closed. He then remembered he owed his life to it; and, in the memory of the benefits he had received, he forgot its splendour and its perfume!

CHAPTER IX.

By order of the physician, the convalescent had the right the following days of enjoying a walk in his court at whatever hours he liked, and even of prolonging it when he wished. He was now enabled to resume with ardour the studies he had commenced.

With the intention of recording in writing the observations that he had made on his plant from the first day to the present moment, he endeavoured to persuade Ludovico to procure him ink, pens, and paper. He expected at first to see him knit his brows, assume his air of importance, that he might be longer importuned, and yield at length either from the interest he took in the invalid and his god-daughter, or by the hope of gain,-for now it was a question of purchase.

But there was none of this; Ludovico received

his proposition at first gaily.

"What then! signor count, nothing is more easy," said he, gently pressing his pipe with his thumb, and turning aside to take several puffs to prevent its being extinguished; for he always left off smoking before Charney, who disliked the smell of tobacco. "I am far from opposing it. But all these little things are among those that lie under the key of the governor, and not under If you wish to write anything, address him as soon as possible a fine petition on the subject, and that will do.'

Charney smiled, and was not discouraged. "But to write this petition, my dear Ludovico, I must first have what I ask for-pens, ink, and

paper!"

"That is quite right, signor count, quite right; I have pulled the ass by the tail to make him go the faster," replied the jailor. "This is what is usually done in case of a petition," added he, with a knowing air, his head on one side, and his arms crossed behind his back. "I will go to the governor, and tell him you wish to address some demand to him, without explaining what, that does not regard me—that regards him, and regards you. If he cannot come and talk to you himself, he sends a man. This man will bring you a pen, and paper stamped and marked-a single sheet. You write on it while he is present, he seals it before you; you return him the pen, he carries away the letter, and all is done."

"But, Ludovico, it is not from the governor 1

want to get all this, but from you."

"From me! You do not know my orders," said the jailor, suddenly resuming his cold, harsh

He drew a long breath at his pipe, blew it out slowly, as if to keep the count at a distance, made half a turn to the right, and went away. And the

next day, when Charney returned to the charge, he contented himself with winking his eye and

shaking his head.

Too proud to humble himself before the governor, but too desirous of accomplishing his project to abandon it so quickly, with a toothpick, and using a razor for a penknife, the prisoner had soon made a pen; soot mixed with water, and a gilded bottle from his dressing-case, served him for ink and inkstand; and fine white cambric handkerchiefs, remains of his past splendour, did instead of paper. Thus Charney, separated from Picciola, could still occupy himself with her, by

writing the result of his observations.

What delightful, surprising ones he made! What pleasure he would have felt in communicating them to an ear capable of understanding them! His neighbour the fly-catcher seemed to him worthy of receiving his confidence; that countenance, which he had at first thought so sullen and forbidding, he had since seen lighted up with kindness, and even sparkle with that sort of brightness that a quick intellect gives. When, from his little window, the old man cast upon him and Picciola a half curious, half thoughtful eye, Charney felt attracted by that look. A gesture of the hand, a smile even, had been exchanged between them; but the rules of the prison prevented their addressing any words to each other, even to inquire after their health; and the great explorer of the wonders of nature was obliged to confine his precious discoveries to himself alone.

In the number of these we must mention the singular property which he discovered in his flower, of turning towards the sun, and facing it during the whole of its course, the better to absorb its rays; and when he hid himself behind the clouds, and rain threatened, it immediately sheltered itself under its folded petals, as a vessel furls its sails before a storm. "Is heat, then, so necessary to it ?" thought Charney; "and whywhy also does it seem to fear the slightest shower, which would only cool it ? Oh! I have confidence

in it now-it will explain this to me!"

Picciola had already been to him a benevolent apothecary; it could at need serve him for a compass and barometer, it was now going to serve for

From observing its perfume, he thought he remarked that it varied towards certain periods of the day. At first he imagined this phenomenon an illusion of his senses; but repeated experiments showed him its reality, and he became at last able to determine with accuracy the hour of the day

from the odour of his plant *.

The flowers were multiplied, and towards evening, above all, Picciola spread its sweetest odours. Then, how did the happy captive love to approach it! .By means of some planks, supplied by the munificence of Ludovico, he had constructed a little bench, supported by four strong sticks, pointed at the ends, and driven into the interstices of the pavement. A rough back lent him its support when he wished to think and forget himself, by living in the atmosphere of his plant. There he felt more at his ease than he had ever felt on rich sofas of silk, and sometimes passed whole hours there in meditation while enjoying the perfume; recalling the days of his youth, which had passed away without pleasures, without affections, lost in the midst of vain chimeras, in a premature disenchantment.

It often happened that, in the course of these examinations of the past, he fell into deep reveries, participating at once of sleeping and waking; and whilst his bodily powers appeared suspended, his over-excited imagination peopled the court of his prison with lovely, exquisite visions.

He was again at those fêtes where so lately ennui had pursued him; where he lavished on all, pleasures and happiness, in which he alone could

not partake.

He saw, in a winter's evening, the front of his splendid hôtel, in the Rue de Verneuil, sponta-neously illuminated. The noise of a thousand carriages sounded in his ears; by the light of torches they entered his circular court, and each of them deposited by turns on the steps of his portico, covered with carpets and adorned with hangings, the "Exquisites," wrapped in thick furs, from under which glanced rich silks; the "Inconceivables," with pointed hat, high cravat, and nether garments adorned with bunches of ribands at the knees; celebrated artists, with bare necks and short hair, a costume semi-Greek, semi-French; generals, plumed and girdled with the tri-color; men of science, and men of letters, with or without green collars: crowds of footmen were everywhere seen, heedless, under their new liveries, of the decrees of the Conventional republic, now gone out of fashion.

In his saloons he found, pell-mell, mixed together, all the illustrations, all the whimsicalities of The toga and the chlamys brushed the epoch. against the frock coat and military cloak; pumps with rosettes, and boots laced or spurred, glided over the same floor with the sandal and the buskin. Men of law and men of the pen, men of the sword and men of money, ministers and contractors, artists and governors, whirled side by side in this olla podrida of the Directory. There an actor stood by a member of the old clergy; a ci-devant noble, by a ci-devant pauper: aristocracy and democracy there joined hands; riches and science walked arm-in-arm. It was society in regeneration, rallying its different parties, each of which felt too weak to make a circle of its own, around a common centre. Separation was deferred to a future period. Thus children of different classes act, whom age or the desire of pleasure assemble together; as they grow up, they gradually separate from their playfellows, unknowingly led away by the powerful attraction of the system of social order.

Charney smiled while contemplating this medley of manners, states, and customs. What had formerly been to him the copious source of bitter contemptuous thoughts of the whole human race, now only raised in his bosom a slight feeling of ridicule at those years of follies and vain attempts:

Suddenly brilliant orchestras burst forth, in Charney lively, varied, and animated measures. recognised the airs which he had formerly heard, but the impressions he received were much more vivid to his senses. The sparkling light of the lustres, their many-coloured reflections in the mirrors and glasses, the warm and scented air of a

^{*} Dr. Smith has remarked the same properties in the Antirrhinum repens (creeping snap-dragon).-FLORA BRI-

ball and festival room, the noisy gaiety of the guests, the troops of waltzers who touched him while passing, the light and frivolous conversation which was increasing and buzzing around him, the resounding laughter—all gave him a sensation of inexpressible joy which he had never known before.

Then the women, with their elegant, graceful forms, with white shoulders and swanlike necks, dresses in rich tissues, and gauzes striped with gold and sparkling with jewels, appeared before him. He recognised them. They were the usual guests and ornaments of his splendid soirées, when, rich and free, they cited him as one of the fortunate of the earth. There, the proud Tallien, dressed à-la-Grecque, and wearing jewels and rich rings, even on the toes of her beautiful naked feet, scarcely imprisoned in light golden sandals—the charming Recamier, whom Athens would have deified, and the gentle, touching Josephine, for-merly countess of Beauharnais, who, from her grace, often passed for the most beautiful of the three, shone unrivalled. Near them were others, who even in their presence dazzled by their beauty, coquetry, and dress! How young and pretty Charney thought them now! How much more attraction and sweetness did they now appear to possess than formerly! How happy would he have felt to have been allowed to make his choice among so many brilliant women!

He endeavoured to do so, and often wandering undecided from one to the other, he suddenly fixed one whom he distinguished in the midst of the crowd; but his attention was not attracted by uncovered shoulders, diamonds, or ornaments.

He was struck by the simplicity of her air and costume, as she timidly cast down her head, as if fearing to be seen; yet she also was beautiful! It was a young girl, clothed in white, having no ornament save the grace of innocence, and the blush that tinged her cheeks. Charney had never seen her before, and in proportion as he fixed his regards on her, the others seemed to fade and disap-She was soon the only one; he could examine her at his leisure; and his emotion increased while beholding her: but how was it redoubled, when he remarked in her black hair a flower! That flower, it was one from his plant! the flower of his prison! He extended his arms towards the young girl, and wished to advance; but suddenly all grew indistinct to his view, all was agitated around him; a last time the orchestra of the ball was heard with redoubled force-then the young girl and the flower seemed to lose themselves in one another, the spreading leaves, the open scented petals were multiplied around the lovely face, and soon hid it entirely. The walls of the saloon, despoiled of their hangings, were already dark, and presented nothing to his view but a kind of indistinct vapour. The lustre, gradually extinguishing, was detached from the ceiling, and suddenly described an arch of light, which gilded the lower extremity of the cloud as it faded away from the sight. Heavy pavement replaced the shining echoing floor. It was cold reason returning in the midst of delirium; it was remembrance destroying illusion, truth dissipating the dream.

The prisoner opened his eyes. He was on his bench, his feet on the pavement of the yard, his flower before him, and the sun setting in the

horizon.

When first he found himself attacked by this species of vertigo, he was struck with astonishment on thinking that it was always when seated on his rustic bench, near his plant, that these sweet dreams visited him. Nothing, however, was more natural than the effects he had experienced. He himself explained them, on recollecting that the sweet gaseous emanations from flowers may sometimes cause a slight and pleasing asphyxia. Then, with wonder, he contemplated all the relations existing between him and his plant, the almost magic influence it exercised over him; and those brilliant fêtes in which he had just taken a part, it was Picciola who gave them!

But that modest simple young girl, whose unexpected appearance threw him into an agitation so strange, yet so delightful, who was she? Had he seen her before? and, like those other fair ones, was she but a remembrance of times gone by? His memory, however, could recal nothing like her. If she were, on the contrary, a revelation of the future !- but had he a future, and ought he to believe in revelations? No! the young girl in the white robe, with the modest blush-that being, at once so simple and so attractive, who dimmed and eclipsed her brilliant rivals, it was Picciola! Picciola personified and poeticised in a dream! Well, it is she whom he ought to love, it is she whom he will love! He can easily recal her graceful figure, and the ingenuous features with which she was invested: it is henceforth with this sweet image that he will nourish his reveries, that he will fill the void of his heart and mind. She, at least, can understand him, answer him, come and sit near him, walk by him, follow him, smile on him, love him! She will live in his life, in his breath, in his love! he will speak to her in his thoughts. and will close his eyes to see her. They shall be but one, and he will be two!

Thus the captive of Fénestrella succeeded in drawing from those beloved studies which had intoxicated his fancy a charm which was not less illusive, and entered more and more into that sphere of poetry from whence we return like the bee from the bosom of the flower, all perfumed, and with a harvest of honey. Thus together with actual life he enjoyed an imaginative existence, that completion of the other without which men would only possess half the benefits of the Creator.

His time was now divided between Picciola the plant and Picciola the fair girl. After reasoning and labour, he had pleasure and love!

CHAPTER X.

Pursuing his experiments upon the blooming of flowers, Charney felt each day new raptures as he investigated the ordinary wonders of nature. But his eyes were unable to penetrate into those subtler mysteries, so unapproachable by sight. He was lamenting his own want of power, when Ludovico presented to him, from his neighbour the Italian conspiratore, a strong magnifying-glass, by the aid of which he had been able to number eight thousand ocular facets on the cornea of a fly. Charney felt a thrill of joy. Thanks to this instrument, the most minute parts of his plant would appear clear to his view five times their natural size. Then he advanced, or thought he was ad-

vancing, with rapid strides on the road of discovery! He divided and analysed the external envelope of his flower; he thought he could discover that those brilliant colours of the petals, their form, their purple spots, those bands of velvet or satin which were attached to their base, or ornamented their circumference, were not there only to please the eye by the sight of their beauty, but also to divide or reflect the rays of the sun, to lessen or increase their force, according to the wants of the flower, accomplishing the great act of fructification. Those bright varnished surfaces, shining like porcelain, were doubtless glandulous masses of absorbent vessels, intended for the reception of air, light, and moisture, for the nourishment of the seeds; for without light, no colour; without air and heat, no life! Moisture, heat, light: of these, then, were vegetables composed, those wonders of the earth !- and to this, also, they must return when they die.

Unknown to him, it often happened that, during his hours of study and delight, Charney had two attentive spectators, who followed him in all his movements, and, from sympathy, took part in all his emotions: Gerhardi and his daughter.

Brought up under the eye of a father deeply imbued with the principles of religion, and passing his life in retirement and contemplation, Girhardi's daughter possessed a character in which the most elevated and healthful feelings of our nature appeared combined. Her beauty, virtues, and graces, of both mind and person, could not fail to attract admirers; gifted with a deep and extended sensibility, she seemed especially formed for the exercise of the more tender affections; but if some slight prepossessions had for a moment disturbed the serenity of her soul while surrounded by the gaieties of Turin, the captivity of her father had absorbed all such transient impressions in one great sorrow.

Could she who was now alone devoted to the Saviour who had suffered for her on the cross, and the father who was languishing in a prison, open her heart to one who should offer himself in all the sunshine of happiness? The fair Turinaise had not weakly abandoned herself to sadness and melancholy; all her duties were pleasures, all her sacrifices brought joy to her heart; but was it near the happy of the earth that she could find joy? Where she could dry a tear or awaken a smile, there was her place, her pride, there her triumph! That sweet task is almost the only one she had hitherto fulfilled. But from the moment she beheld Charney, both interest and compassion were excited in her breast. He, like her father, was a captive; he was near her father; he had now nothing to love in the world but a poor plant, and he loved it so much! The manly countenance of the prisoner, his noble brow, his elegant figure, doubtless excited the pity of the young girl; but had she known him in the time of his fortune, at that time when the false appearance of external happiness surrounded him-no, she would not then have distinguished him from others. What charmed her in him was his isolation, his misfortunes, his resignation. She instinctively devoted to him her friendship, even her esteem; for, in her ignorance of the world, she placed misfortunes in the number of virtues.

This lovely, excellent girl, as bold when a good

action was to be performed, as she was timid when an eye was to be encountered, too forgetful perhaps of danger, constantly encouraged and incited her father in his kind intentions towards Charney.

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At length, one day, Girhardi, on showing himself at his window, did not, as usual, content himself with saluting the count with his hand; he made him a sign to approach as near as possible, and moderating the tone of his voice, as in great apprehension of being heard by others, entered upon the following dialogue.

"I have, perhaps, good news to give you, sir!"
"And I, sir, have thanks to return to you for this microscope you were so kind as to lend me."

"I have not even the merit of the idea; it was my daughter who suggested it."

"You have a daughter, sir; and they allow you

the privilege of seeing her?"

"Yes, I am a father, and I thank God for it every day; for my poor child is an angel! She took a great interest in you, my dear sir, when you were ill; and since, while seeing you bestow so much care on your flower. Have not you sometimes seen her at this grating ?"

"Indeed-I think-"

"But while speaking to you of my daughter, I forgot I was going to tell you the great news. The emperor is going to Milan, where he is to be crowned king of Italy."

"King of Italy! Well, then, sir, he will be more than ever your master and mine. As to the microscope," pursued Charney, as the great news he had heard had but little withdrawn his attention from his first idea, and who did not suspect any consequences to follow from it, "you have long been deprived of it for me,-forgive me; perhaps I may still need it for approaching experiments; yet I will restore it to you soon."

"I can do very well without it; I have others," replied the fly-catcher kindly, guessing from the sound of the speaker's voice the regret he would feel at losing the instrument. "Keep it, sir, keep it in remembrance of a companion in captivity, who, believe me, feels a lively interest for you."

Charney would have expressed his gratitude to

the generous man, -he interrupted him:

"But let me finish what I have to tell you;" and lowering his voice, "It is asserted that pardons will be granted, on account of this second coronation of the new emperor. Have you friends in Turin or in Milan? Are there any means of making them interest themselves?"

The person addressed sadly shook his head.

"I have no friends," said he.

"No friends!" repeated the old man, with a look full of pity. "You have then doubted mankind! for friendship never fails those who believe in it. Well, I have friends; friends whom even adversity could not shake. They will be able, perhaps, to do for you what they are still unable to do for me."

"I will ask nothing of General Buonaparte!" replied the count, in a proud, stern tone, in which

all his old animosity suddenly reappeared.

"Hush!—speak lower—I think I hear some

one coming-but no-"

There was a moment's silence, then the Italian continued in a tone where reproof was softened as if coming from the mouth of a father:

"Dear companion, you are still irritated.

should have hoped that the studies to which you have devoted yourself for so many months would have extinguished those feelings of hatred which God reproves, and which pervert the life of man. Have not the perfumes of your flower entirely healed the wounds received from the world? That Buonaparte, whom you seem to hate,—I have more to complain of him than you, perhaps, for my son died from having served him."

"Ah! that son, you would have avenged him!"

quickly interrupted Charney.

"I see that those false reports have reached you even," said the old man, nobly raising his head towards heaven, as if to call God to witness. "I avenge myself by a crime! no! But in the first moments of my grief I could not restrain myself, it is true; and whilst the people of Turin saluted the conqueror with acclamations of joy, I opposed my cries of despair to the vivas of the crowd. I was arrested; I had a knife about me; the base parasites, to gain favour with their master, had no difficulty in making him believe that I wished his life. They treated me as an assassin, when I was only an unhappy father, who had just learned the death of his son. Well, I can believe that he may have been deceived; I can even believe that this Buonaparte is not a cruel man, for he has not put either you or me to death. If he restores me to liberty, he will but have repaired an error with respect to me. I will bless him, however; not that I cannot support captivity. Full of faith in Providence, I am resigned to all. But my imprisonment weighs upon my daughter; it is for my daughter that I would be free, to put an end to her exile from the world, that she may again enjoy the pleasures of her age. Have you not also some being in whom you are interested; a wife who weeps for you, and for whom you will be happy to sacrifice your scorn of oppression? Come, authorise my friends to speak in your name."

Charney smiled. "No wife weeps for me," said he; "no one sighs after my return, for I have no more gold to give them. What should I then do in that world, where I was less happy even than I am here? But could I again find friends, fortune, and happiness, I would still say No! a thousand times No! if it were necessary to humble myself before the power I have tried to destroy."

"What! all hope is then denied you by your-

self?"

"Never will I salute with the title of emperor

him who was my equal."

"Take care lest you foolishly sacrifice your future to a sentiment which has more perhaps of vanity than of patriotism in it. But, hush," said the old Gerhardi again, "for this time I do not deceive myself; some one is coming. Adieu!" and he left the grated window.

"Thanks, thanks, for the microscope!" cried Charney, before he had quite disappeared from his

sight.

At that moment Ludovico made the low door of the court grate upon its hinges. He brought the prisoner his daily provision. He saw him thoughtful and contemplative; and not wishing to disturb him, he contented himself with gently rattling the plates he held while passing near him, to warn him that his dinner was ready. Then taking it all up into his room, he soon retired, after having silently saluted monsieur and madame, as he sometimes said, that is to say, the man and the plant.

"The microscope is mine!" thought Charney.
"But how have I merited the benevolence of this kind stranger!" and seeing Ludovico at the time, crossing the court, "He also has gained my esteem. Under the coarse exterior of a jailor there beats a noble heart; I am sure of it. There are then kind and benevolent men in the world, but where do they hide themselves!"

And he seemed to hear an internal voice an swer, "It is because misfortune has taught you to comprehend a benefit, that men appear to you less deserving of contempt. What is it then that these two men have done? One has watered your plant, unknown to you, the other has given you the means of understanding and analysing it better."

"Oh!" said Charney to himself, "the heart does not deceive itself; there was on their part.

true generosity!"

"Yes," replied the voice; "but it is because that generosity is exercised towards you that you do them justice. If Picciola had not existed, you would perhaps still have seen in the one of these two men only an old fool, given up to degrading occupations; and in the other, a rude being, debased by sordid avarice! In your former society, did you love any thing, monsieur le comte? No, your heart was isolated like your mind. Here it is, because you love Picciola, that these two men have loved you; your love to the flower has attracted theirs towards you."

And Charney looked by turns at his plant, and at his precious microscope.—Napoleon, emperor of the French, king of Italy! That terrible formula, the half of which was sufficient formerly to make him a furious conspirator, scarcely presented

itself to his mind at that moment.

What matter to him the triumphs of the newly elected of the nations, and the liberties of Europe! An insect that buzzed menacingly around his flowers, caused him more agony and care than all the usurpations of the new empire!

CHAPTER XI.

HE resumed his labours; armed with that glass, henceforth his own property, he repeated his observations, he extended the field of his discoveries, and his enthusiasm increased from day to day. It must be acknowledged indeed, that, inexperienced in analysis, ignorant of the first rudiments, and without instruments sufficiently powerful, sometimes unconsciously led to indulge the spirit of system and paradox, while pursuing his examinations. Thus he invented a thousand theories for the circulation of the sap, on the means by which it rose, spread, and changed, without suspecting its double circulation; on the different colours of the plant, as well as on the source of the difference in smell of the stalk, leaves, and flowers; on the gum and resin distilled by vegetables; on the wax and honey which the bees procure from them. He found at first a reply to all; but the system of the morning came to destroy that of the evening; and he was pleased at his own impotence, since it forced him to exert all the faculties of his mind and of his imagination, and did not allow him to see a termination to these interesting occupations,

A day of triumph was coming for him, a glorious day, when he should inscribe the most important

of his observations.

He had formerly heard the loves of the plants, that ingenious and sublime discovery of Linnæus, spoken of, and had heard of the numerous nuptials that are performed in a corolla, under shelter of the petals; but at the time he had bestowed but a contemptuous attention to the subject. Aided by his microscope, he now gave himself up entirely to this new series of studies; he spied, he was patient; he at length penetrated the mysteries of this nuptial couch! Under his eyes, a movement of life and love manifested itself in every part of the flower; by a double attraction the pistils and stamens approached one another, and seemed for an instant to feel the animation of living, thinking beings! Amazed, confounded, Charney doubted if he were awake, his head could not contain the ardent admiration with which he was penetrated. By analogy, his thoughts, mounting from plants to animals, embraced the whole scale of creation, in its harmony, in its immensity. He doubted if the secret of the universe were not in his possession! his eyes became dim, the instrument fell from his hand; the bewildered philosopher fell upon his rustic seat, folded his arms, and then, after long

meditation, addressing his plant,

"Picciola," said he, "formerly I had the whole world to travel over; I had numerous friends; I was surrounded by learned men of all kinds; well! none of these learned men ever taught me so much as thou; not one of my friends, or rather of the men who usurped that title, rendered me the good offices that I have received from thee alone; and in this circumscribed place, where thou miserably vegetatest between two stones, have I, walking up and down, and around thee, without my eye losing thee, thought more, felt more, observed more, perhaps, than in my long iourneys through Europe. What was my blindness! when thou didst offer thyself to me, so weak, so pale, so languid, I expected nothing from thy appearance; and it was a companion that was arriving for me, a book that was opening before me, a world that was about to be revealed to my eyes. That companion softened my griefs, and banished them, she attached me again to that existence which she preserved for me: she taught me to know men, and reconciled me to them! That book made me despise others; it convinced me of my ignorance, and cast down my pride; it made me comprehend that science, like virtue, is acquired only by humility; that we must descend to rise; that the first step of that immense ladder, the top of which we hope to gain, is buried in the earth; and it is by that we must begin! It is the book of light, perhaps! Written in living characters, in a language still mysterious to me, it offers me those sublime enigmas, of which each word is consolation, for my solution. I can no longer doubt that that earth is the work of design; it is the intelligent creation, it is the abstract, the criterion of the eternal, the celestial world; the revelation of that immense law of love, which rules the universe, which makes atoms and suns gravitate; which connects in one link the plant to the stars, the insect which grovels on the earth to man who raises his front to heaven to seek there—his Author -certainly !"

Charney, much agitated, walked quickly up and down his court; thoughts succeeded thoughts in his head; a struggle was carried on in his heart; then, he returned to Picciola, contemplated it with emotion, cast a rapid look to heaven, and murmured these words:

"My God! my God! Too much of false science has obscured my reason, too many sophisms hardened my brain, for you to penetrate it so soon. I cannot understand you yet; but I call you; I cannot see you, but I seek you!"

Returning to his chamber, he read on the wall :

God is only a word.

He added: May not this word be the solution of the great

enigma of the universe?

There was still the expression of doubt; but was not the admission of a doubt into that proud mind, striking thus with an anathema his first negation, and retracing the wanderings of his mistaken path, equivalent to a confession that he already felt himself half conquered? shaken philosopher no longer leans on himself alone; he has now no longer faith only in his own strength, in his own reason; while yielding to these unknown emotions, it was of Piceiola he demanded a faith, a God, a support; and again he questioned her with fervour, that she might dissipate the remaining obscurity that surrounded

CHAPTER XII.

Thus his days flowed on; and after hours entirely devoted to study and examination, he would turn when fatigued by his labours, from Picciola the plant, to seek relaxation with Picciola the young girl. As soon as the perfume of his flowers surrounded him by their abundant exhalations, when his head became heavy, and his eyes avoided the light.

"This evening there shall be a fête with Pic-

ciola," he would say to himself.

In fact, sinking into a reverie, he was not long in falling into that sort of half sleep, peopled by dreams, which a gleam of instinctive reason is still able to direct. Oh! would it not be one of the most delicious enjoyments reserved for man, to be able to give a direction to his dreams, and to live that other life where events pass on with such rapidity, where ages only last an hour of existence, when a magic reflection seems to colour all the actors of the drama that is played, where emotions alone are real? There the substance of all things is effaced to leave only their pure essence. Do you wish for them? harmonious concerts are heard, and you will not be annoyed by the sound of tuning, the contracted figures of the musicians, the fantastic and ungraceful forms of the instruments; it is the life of souls, it is pleasure without regret, it is the rainbow without the storm!

Charney abandoned himself to these illasions. Faithful to the sweet image of Picciola, it was she whom he called, it was she who first appeared to him, always under the same features, with the same grace, young, modest, and charming; appearing sometimes in the midst of his ancient companions of science and pleasure, sometimes with the only beings he had loved, and who were

no more-his mother and his sister; and she renewed for him scenes full of sweet pleasure, inexpressibly delicious in remembrance, of youth, and of domestic ties, and she mixed with them, to render them sweeter still. Sometimes she suddenly introduced him into a house of modest appearance, but where ease and good taste presided. The persons amongst whom he found himself were unknown to him, but they received him with smiles, and he already felt himself at the paternal hearth. After having reanimated his extinct family, his joys of the past, did she then evoke another family for Charney, and prepare the joys of the future? He could not explain it himself; but on awakening, he felt confidence in his destiny, and took regular note, on his journal of fine linen, of the events of his dreams; these were the only happy events of his life, except his captivity.

It happened however once, that Picciola, in one of those fêtes, where he was used to recognise her by her tranquil and happy air, inspired him with a sudden dread. Later, he only recalled it to believe in revelations, in the prescience of the

soul. It happened thus:

The perfumes of the plant marked the sixth hour in the evening. Never had they been stronger, more powerful, for thirty full-blown flowers united to maintain the magnetic atmosphere, in the midst of which Charney was growing drowsy. Wandering from the crowd, he breathed the air of a verdant esplanade, where his beloved phantom alone followed his steps. Picciola advanced with smiling look and gesture; and he, in a contemplative attitude, was admiring the easy figure of the fair girl, the light waving folds of her white robe, which betrayed the harmony of her motions, and the curls of black hair in which appeared the accustomed flower. Suddenly he saw her stop, she tottered, extended her arms to him; the seal of death was imprinted on her brow. He tried to rush towards her: an unconquerable obstacle retained him rooted to the spot. He uttered a cry, and awoke; but awake, another cry answered to his; yes, a cry! a woman's voice! Yet he found himself quite well, in his court, on his bench, near his plant! He turned his eyes, and like an apparition, another young girl appeared to him through the little grated window. At first that melancholy graceful countenance, half shaded as it was, seemed to his eyes to float in indistinctness: but he saw it gradually become clear, a penetrating look was cast on him; he rose, approached, and suddenly the sweet vision faded; or rather, the young girl fled away.

However rapid had been her flight, he had nevertheless seen her features, her air, her figure, and the whiteness of her robe; he remained motionless; he thought he was not quite awake, and that the insurmountable obstacle, which in his dream had separated him from Picciola, was

the grating of a prison.

Ludovico ran to him in great alarm, and found

Charney still agitated.

"Signor count," said he, " is your illness going to attack you again? By my soul! this time they will bring the physicians because it is the rule; but it is madame Picciola and I who will undertake the cure."

"I am not ill," said Charney, with difficulty

recovering himself, "what made you think I was ? "

"The daughter of the fly-catcher, then! She saw you, heard you cry out, and hastened to tell me of it."

Charney became thoughtful. It was only then he remembered that a young girl sometimes inhabited that part of the fortress.

"The resemblance I imagined I discovered between this stranger and Picciola is certainly only an illusion of my senses, still under the influence

of my dream," said he to himself.

Then he recalled the interest which, according to the old man, the young Piédmontese had shown for him. She had pitied him during his illness, it was to her he owed possession of the precious microscope, and he felt his heart swelled with pleasing gratitude! Under its first impulse, having still before his eyes the double image of the young girl of his dreams and of her of his awakening, a thought struck him; "She does not wear a flower in her hair !"

Not without hesitation, not without a secret reproach, as if at that moment he was guilty of profanation, he broke, he silently gathered, with a trembling hand, a little flower branch from his

"Formerly," said he to himself, "how much gold did I foolishly lavish, to cover with pearls and diamonds brows prostituted to perjury! To how many deceitful women and false friends did I throw my fortune in shreds, without caring more for it than for the real feelings of my heart, which I also cast beneath their feet and my own ! Ah! if a gift be estimated only by the value attached to it by the donor, never have I proffered a more precious offering than that which I borrow from thee to-day, Picciola!" And putting the little branch into the jailor's hand, "My good Ludovico, present this from me, to the daughter of my old companion. Say that I thank her for the interest she has deigned to show for me, and that the count de Charney, poor and a prisoner, possesses nothing more worthy of her acceptance."

Ludovico received the flower with an air of

amazement.

He had now so completely identified himself with the love the prisoner felt for his plant, that he could scarcely conceive how so slight a service could render the daughter of the fly-catcher worthy of a present of such vast munificence.

"It is all the same! By the head of St. Pascal!" said he, going out, "they have as yet only seen my god-daughter at a distance; they will now be able to judge by the sample, how pretty she is, and

how sweetly she smells!'

CHAPTER XIII.

CHARNEY was soon obliged to part with many more of his flowers; for the time of the fructification of his Picciola was drawing near. Some of the flowers had already lost their brilliant petals, and their stamens had become useless. They fell, as for-merly the cotyledons did, when the first leaves, arriving at an age of strength, could do without their aid. Now, the ovary containing the germ of the seeds began to swell beneath the enlarging

calyx. The maternal flowers laid aside their splendour, like women, careless of gay attire, when the sacred cares of a mother arrive.

He prepared for new observations, doubtless the greatest, the most sublime, he had yet made; for they would refer to the duration of created races, to the reproduction of beings, whose fecundation was only the determining act. Already, in analysing a bud, separated from the stalk by the bite of an insect, he had a glimpse of that primitive germ, that weak embryo, which is not born of the loves of the flower, but which requires that to vivify and be developed. Admirable foresight, comprehensive combination of nature, and which science has not yet been able to explain! He now turned his attention to the birth of the complete being, of that seed within whose narrow limits is contained the whole plant; a phenomenon for which others have been only the preparation. The moment arrived for the observer to study the progress of the vegetable egg in all its stages; in the bud, in the brilliantly ornamented flower, and under that calvx divested of its petals. He must again dismember Picciola, but will she not easily repair her losses? On all sides, on the joints of the stems, under the foot-stalks of the leaves, budding branches were swelling, announcing a future blossoming; then Charney will be able to manage it. To-morrow he will begin his work.

On the morrow he took his seat on the bench, with the gravity of a man who is going to attempt a difficult experiment, but the success of which may be expected. At the first glance he gave his plant, he was surprised at the drooping appearance of every part. The flowers, hanging down on their stalks, seemed no longer to have strength to turn towards the sun; the leaves, half turned back, had lost the brightness of their shining green. Charney at first thought a violent storm was coming on, and instantly hung his mats and cloths to shield Picciola from the too violent attacks of the wind and hail. But the sky was free from clouds, the air calm, and the invisible lark, lost in space, was singing her gay song. His brow grew dark; after an instant's thought, "It wants water," he said. He ran to his chamber for it, knelt down before the plant, putting aside the lower branches, the better to water the roots, and there he remained, as if suddenly struck motionless. His eyes were fixed on the ground on the same spot; the arm that held the watering-pot remaining suspended, and his countenance looking as if thunderstruck. He had discovered the source of the evil!

Picciola was dying!

Whilst it was multiplying flowers and perfumes before his eyes, for his studies and his pleasures, its stalk had also increased, confined at the bottom between two stones; strangled under a double pressure, it was at first surrounded by a large swelling, but the rubbing soon split it at the edges of the stones, and the nourishing juices of the plant were wasting by several fissures at once.

Picciola required more soil; exhausted of strength and sap, she would die if prompt assistance could not be brought her. She was going to die! Charney saw it. One means alone remained to save her. It was to raise the stone that pressed upon her; but how could he do it ?

Deprived of tools, his efforts would be vain. rushed towards the little entrance door, knocked at it with redoubled blows, at the same time calling Ludovico. He came at last; the recital the sight of the disaster confounded him; but, notwithstanding the feeling of interest that his god-daughter inspired, he only answered the prayers of Charney, who conjured him to take up the paving stones, by these words, which he accompanied with a heavy sigh, and a shrug of his shoulders.

"I can do nothing with it! nothing, signor count."

This time the prisoner offered not one jewel from his precious box, but the box itself, with all that he possessed. Ludovico drew himself up, folded his arms firmly on his breast, and resuming his jailor manner, his tone half Provençal, half Piédmontese:

"What, signor count! you would offer me a treasure! I am an old soldier, and I know my orders. Address yourself to the commandant." "No!" cried Charney; "rather break the

stones myself, tear them from the earth, though I

should leave my nails there!"

"We shall see, -we shall see! At any rate do as you like!" And Ludovico, who at his entrance had carefully half extinguished his pipe, and held it at a distance while addressing the prisoner, replaced it abruptly in his mouth, rekindled it with a strong breath, and suddenly prepared to go away. Charney detained him.

"My good Ludovico, you whom I have always found so kind, can you not do anything for

"Confusion!" said he, seeking to defend himself by oaths from the emotion that was mastering him; "give me peace, you and your cursed gilliflower! Pardon me, for the poor little one, she is not the cause of your diabolical obstinacy. What! you will then have the heart to let her die thus, without help!"

"But what can I do?"

"Address yourself to the commandant, I tell you!"

"Never!"

"Let us see," said Ludovico; "if it costs you so much, will you let me speak to him?"

"I forbid you to do so !" cried Charney. "How! You forbid me!" replied the jailor. "What! am I to receive orders from you? If I will speak to him of it, I will! No! I will not speak to him about it. In fact, you are right; what matters it to me? Let it die! Let it live! Need I trouble myself about it? What matters it to me? You do not wish it? Good morning!"

"But your commandant, will he understand me,

do you think?" said Charney, suddenly relenting.
"Why not? do you take him for a fool? Explain it to him cleverly, with pretty phrases, not too long; you are a learned man, this is the moment to show it; why should not he comprehend what makes you love your plant? I understand it very well. Then I shall be there, so make yourself easy. I will tell him how good it is for a decoction, for all sorts of diseases; he has not very good health, he has rheumatism just at this moment; that is just the thing, he will understand it better."

Charney still hesitated; Ludovico winked,

pointed to Picciola in its sickly condition. The other nodded, and Ludovico went out.

Some instants after, a man, in a half-military, half-civil costume, brought the prisoner a writingdesk complete, with a sheet of paper, bearing the commandant's stamp. As Ludovico had told him, the man remained while Charney wrote his request; he took it sealed from his hands, saluted him, and carried away the desk.

Perhaps you smile with contempt at seeing the pride of the noble count so easily brought down, and that strong will yielding at the aspect of a fading flower. Have you then forgotten that Picciola was everything to the prisoner? Do you not know how solitude and captivity can act upon the proudest, firmest spirit? Had he recourse to that act of weakness with which you reproach him, when he himself, cast down by suffering, sinking for want of air and liberty, was pressed between the stones of his prison, like his plant between the pavement? No! but between him and her are established mutual services, sacred engagements; she has saved his life, and he must now save hers in his turn!

The old Gerhardi saw Charney walking backwards and forwards in his court, agitated with all the signs of expectation and impatience. long that reply appeared to him coming! three hours had passed away since his message was sent to the governor, and during that time the plant became more and more exhausted from loss of sap. Charney would certainly have seen his own blood flow with more composure. The old man tried to console, gave him hope; and, more experienced than he in the knowledge of vegetables and their diseases, showed him the means of stopping the wounds of Picciola, and preserving it at least from one of the dangers by which it was menaced.

According to his counsel, Charney, with a mixture of chopped straw and wet earth, composed a clay which he applied to the wound. His handkerchief torn up furnished bandages and fastenings to fix it in its place. In these occupations another hour passed away, but the answer did not

When the dinner hour came, Ludovico entered the court. His gloomy, abstracted countenance announced nothing good. He scarcely deigned to answer the questions of the prisoner, except in short abrupt phrases.

"Wait awhile! You are in a great hurry. Leave him time to write!"

He seemed to be preparing himself beforehand for the part he foresaw he should have to play in the affair.

Charney would not dine.

He endeavoured to be patient while waiting the decree of life or death for Picciola, and to gain courage; he tried to prove to himself that the governor could not, without being a cruel man, refuse him so simple a demand. His impatience, however, increased, and he was as much astonished as if the commandant could not have had more pressing business to transact than his. At the least noise, his eyes turned suddenly towards the little door, by which he continually thought he saw the messenger returning.

The evening came-nothing! Night-nothing! He could not close his eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next day, that reply, so impatiently expected, was at last given to him. The commandant told him, in a dry, laconic style, that no change could be made in the walls, fosses, or fortifications of the citadel, without the express authority of the governor of Turin; with respect to his demand he would refer it to his Excellency; for, added he, the pavement of the court of a prison is also

Charney felt confounded on reading this message. To make the existence of a flower a question of state! A displacing of the fortifications! To wait the decision of the governor of Turin! To wait an age, where a day may destroy! Would not this governor in his turn refer to the minister? the minister to the senate? the senate to the emperor? Oh! how strongly then awoke his contempt for men! Ludovico himself now only seemed the agent of his executioner. To his exclamations of despair Ludovico answered in the language of consolation; to his entreaties, he opposed his military orders.

He drew near the sick one, whose brilliancy was fading, whose colours were vanishing. He contemplated it with grief. It was his happiness, it was his poetry, which was departing! Its perfumes now no longer announced the true time, like a watch out of order whose springs are stopped; each flower had sunk upon the other, and entirely ceased to turn towards the sun, as a sick girl closes her eyes, that she may not see the lover she fears,

that she too much regrets.

In the midst of these overwhelming reflections, the voice of his old companion in captivity was

again heard.

"Dear sir," said the good old man, with his paternal accent, sinking his voice and stooping to the lowest bars of the grating, to approach more nearly him whom he addressed, "if it dies, and it will die, I fear, what will you do here alone, quite alone? What occupation will be able to interest you, after that which has had so many charms for you? Ennui will kill you in your turn; uninterrupted solitude becomes such a weight! you will not be able to bear up under it; it is as it would be to me, should they now separate me from my daughter! from that guardian angel whose smile can console me for all! As to your plant, the wind of the Alps doubtless brought the germ to you, or a bird, perhaps, while passing dropped the seed into your court; but now should a similar circumstance send you another Picciola, it would be but to renew the regret for the first, for from the first you would expect to see it die like that one. Listen to me, dear sir, yield at length. Liberty will perhaps be easier than you think; several traits of generosity and clemency are already told of the new emperor. At this moment he is at Turin, and Josephine accompanies him."

He pronounced the name of Josephine, as if the certainty of success was attached to it.

"At Turin," interrupted Charney, quickly raising his head, until now sunk on his breast.

"At Turin for two days," repeated the old man, quite joyful, on seeing that his good counsels did not this time, as formerly, excite only a doubtful attention in the count.

"And what is the exact distance from Fenestrella to Turin?"

"By going through Giaveno, Avigliano, and the great road, it is sixteen miles, or nearly seven leagues."

"In how much time can it be travelled?"

"In four or five hours at least, for at this moment the route must be obstructed by the troops, carriages, and vehicles of all the surrounding districts, that are going to take part in the fêtes. The road which goes by the valleys is certainly longer, but will, I think, require less time."

"Tell me, sir, by your communications from without, could you find any one who would go to

Turin to-day—before the evening ?"
"My daughter will undertake it."

"And you say that General Buonaparte, the first

"The emperor," gently replied Gerhardi.

"Yes, the emperor—the emperor is still at Turin; is it not so?" replied Charney, strongly governed by one great resolution; "Well, I will write to him—address a supplication to him—to the emperor!" He dwelt on the word as if to con-

firm himself in his new path.

"Oh! blessed be God!" cried the old man, "for it is from him comes this good thought to you, where human pride has sunk. Yes, write—adress yourself to him for your demand of pardon; Fossombroni, Cotenna, and Delarue, my friends, will support you as warmly as they will me myself, with the minister Marescalchi, the cardinal Caprara, and even Melzi, who has just been named keeper of the seals of the new kingdom. My dear companion, we shall perhaps quit this prison together, the same day, you, to recommence an active useful life; I, to follow my daughter where she wishes to go."

"Pardon me, sir, pardon me, if I do not yet seem entirely satisfied with the protection you have offered me with so much benevolence and disinterestedness. My esteem and my gratitude you have gained; but it is to the emperor himself that my demand must be presented, this evening, or tomorrow morning at the latest. Can you engage for me a faithful and devoted messenger?"

"Yes, as for myself!" said the old man, after having reflected for a little.

"Still another question," added Charney, " do

you not fear being compromised by the signal services you are going to render me?"

"The pleasure of obliging effaces all fear, dear sir. If I can contribute a little to solace your misfortunes, let what will come, I know how to submit to the decrees of Heaven."

Charney felt touched to the bottom of his heart by these simple words; he contemplated the old

man with moistened eyes.

"How much I would give to press your hand!" said he to him, and he stretched out his arm towards the little window. Girhardi passed his through the grating, but it was in vain, he could not reach the hand that was extended towards him Then inspired by those sentiments of tender enthusiasm so warm in the soul of a recluse, he suddenly took off his cravat, held it by one end, threw the other to Charney, who seizing it with transport, and a double impulse, a double emotion, gave several affectionate vibrations to that insensible linen.

On repassing Picciola, "I shall save thee,"

murmured Charney.

He returned to his room, took the whitest and finest of his handkerchiefs, carefully mended his toothpick, renewed his ink, and immediately began to write; and when his petition was finished, which was not done without causing painful struggles to his rebellious pride, a little cord descended from the grated window, down the wall of the court; the petitioner attached his supplication to

it, and the cord was drawn up again.

One hour after, the person charged with delivering the petition to the emperor took, with a guide, her route across the valleys of Susa, Bussolino, and St. George, following the right bank of the Doria-Riparia; both were on horseback, but speed was impossible; unexpected obstacles stopped The recent rains had them in their course. undermined the earth, the river banks had fallen in in several places; torrents seemed to unite the Doria and the lakes of Avigliano. Already the forges of Giaveno reddened more and more in the distance behind them, announcing that the light would soon fail. Too happy then to follow the common road, they gained, but not without difficulty, the magnificent avenue of Rivoli; and it was only when the evening was far advanced that they arrived at Turin. There they learned the emperor had just departed for Alessandria.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

The next morning the city of Alessandria was in its gala dress by break of day. An immense population was already circulating in its streets, which were adorned with boughs and hung with flags. The crowd was going from the Town-hall, where Napoleon and Josephine then were, towards the triumphal arch, raised at the extremity of the suburb through which they would pass to visit the illustrious plains of Marengo.

On the road from Alessandria to Marengo were similar multitudes, shouts, and trumpet-blasts. Never had a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto, never had the ceremonies of the Jubilee in Rome, attracted such crowds as those who were bending their steps towards that field of recent battle. There was to be performed the most important act of the ceremonies of the day. The emperor Napoleon was to preside there at a mock fight, in commemoration of the victory gained in that very place five years before by the First Consul Buonaparte.

Tables and stages were placed along the road. There they ate and acted plays in the open air. They even preached there, for more than one pulpit suddenly appeared between the theatre and the tavern; monks mixed with the crowd, or keeping themselves apart on the sides of the road, not content with giving their benedictions to the passers-by, exhorted them to sobriety and tranquillity, and sold them little ivory virgins, and blessed rosaries.

In the long single street of the village of Marengo, all the houses were turned into taverns, and presented an image of confusion and motion. At every window, to attract or tempt customers, hung smoked hams, sausages, strings of partridges and quails, festoons of gingerbread, and bonbons. They went in and out, they pushed on, Italians and French, citizens and soldiers; the piles of macaroni, the pyramids of macarons, buns, and radishes, disappeared under the hands of the buyers. In the dark, narrow stairs, they pushed and elbowed in a double line ascending and descending; some still loaded with their provisions, to save themselves from the rapacity of their neighbours, raised their arms above their heads; and, in the darkness, a hand longer and more dexterous than theirs, would seize the dainty load, whether of buttered bread, figs, oranges, a little ham of Irin, or a larded quail-whether a raised pie, or an excellent stew in its pan, all was taken; and there were cries, jests, and prolonged laughter, which reached from the first to the last of the line of march; and the thief of the ascending line, contented with his prize, turned about trying to retreat, while the robbed of the descending train, constrained to return to the shop, endeavoured to remount; and the whole band, confused by this opposing ebb and flow, was turning this way and that, in the midst of bursts of gaiety, oaths, and blows distributed at random; and were at last poured out partly into the street, partly into the rooms, where the drinkers were already roaring out their songs, forgetful of the good advice of the

Amongst tables loaded with meats, and benches with guests, from one room to the other, were seen in every part the women and the giannine of the house. The one with their coloured aprons, powdered hair, and little coquettish poniard, still the principal ornament of their dress; the others in a short petticoat, long plaited tresses, their necks and ears loaded with gold ornaments, and their feet bare.

To these lively animated scenes of the roads and the village, of the chamber and the street; to these nurmurs, songs, and cries; to this laughter, and clatter of tongues, glasses, and plates, other

scenes and sounds soon succeeded.

In an hour the cannon would thunder against the village, almost inoffensive it is true,—for it would only break some of the windows; the street would only resound with the cry of the soldiers, worked up to warlike fury at the word of command; and all the houses disappear under the smoke of the musketry—happily only charged with powder. Then, let them take care of pillage, if the provisions are not instantly sheltered! let the giannine with the naked feet beware, for mock war sometimes apes the real in its excesses.

It imitates it above all in the splendour of its shows; and nothing was more imposing and more majestic than that which was then preparing in

the fields of Marengo.

A magnificent throne, hung with tri-coloured flags, was already raised on one of the few hills which diversify the plain; troops of every description, of every variety of uniform, were already rapidly filing off to take their places. The trumpet called the cavalry, the roll of the drums was heard over the ground that was shaken by the

artillery and waggons. The aides-de-camp, in splendid costume, passed and repassed, and crossed in a thousand directions; the flags spread to the wind, which at the same time waved the sea of plumes. Crests and feathers, variegated with the tri-colours, and the sun—that great guest at the festivals of Napoleon, that luminary radiant with the pomps of the empire—appeared; and the gold of embroidery, the bronze of cannon, casques, cuirasses, and the sixty thousand bayonets that bristled on the field, shone like fire.

The crowd of gazers, soon forced to bear back before the troops, now pouring forth with an accelerated pace over the field of their operations, described an immense retreating circle, like the smaller waves of the ocean when an enormous

one breaks upon them.

Some cavalry, charging at full gallop against the lingering groups, rapidly cleared the ground.

The village was deserted, the joyous tents were struck, the stages knocked down, the songs and cries were no longer heard. On all sides were seen, running over the vast circuit of the plainmen, interrupted in their games or their repasts; and women, frightened at the flashing sabres and neighing horses, dragging their children after them.

If an eye had then glanced over the ranks of the army, still undivided, and ranged under the same colours, those whom the orders of the generalin-chief, the marshal Lannes, had beforehand designed as the future conquered or conquerors, might have been easily recognised by the expression of exultation or silent discontent impressed upon the countenances of the soldiers.

He himself was seen followed by a numerous staff, reconnoitring the ground on which he had formerly so valiantly figured, and distributing to

each his part.

The military movements of the terrible day of the 14th of June 1800 were there to be repeated, care being taken to omit the faults then committed; for this was to be a military compliment, a madrigal of cannons, that they were preparing for the

new emperor and king.

The troops, now formed in order of battle, deployed or resumed their places, according to the command of the chief, till thundering symphonies were heard on the road from Alessandria; a vague murmur increasing and spreading among that immense multitude, which—protected by the banks of the Tanara, the Bormida, the Orba, or the ravines of Tortona—formed the undulating, living boundary of that vast arena. Suddenly the drums beat to arms, cries and vivas rose on all sides, sabres flashed to the light amidst clouds of dust, muskets were presented, and rung as by a unanimous movement; and a splendid carriage, drawn by eight caparisoned horses blazoned with the arms of France and Italy, brought Josephine and Napoleon to the foot of their throne.

After having received the homage of all the deputations of Italy—sent from Lucca, Genoa, Florence, Rome, and even from Prussia—Napoleon, impatient of inactivity, sprung on his horse, and soon the whole plain was illuminated with

fire, and covered with smoke.

Such were the games of the young conqueror War to amuse his leisure—war to accomplish his high destinies: it was necessary for that arden soul, born as it was for dominion, and whom the conquest of the whole world would have alone left

in idleness.

An officer appointed by the emperor explained to Josephine, who remained alone upon her throne, almost frightened at the scene, the secret of those evolutions, the object of those grand movements. He had shown her the Austrian Melas driving the French from the village of Marengo, overthrowing them at Pietra Buona and at Castel-Ceriola, and Buonaparte suddenly stopping him in his triumph with 900 men of his consular guard. Then he called all her attention to one of the decisive moments of the battle. The republicans were falling back, but Dessaix appeared on the road from Tortona. The terrible Hungarian column, commanded by Zach, moved heavily forward, and marched to meet him.

Whilst the officer was still speaking, Josephine perceived a slight tumult near her. inquired the cause, she learned that a young girl, -after having imprudently broken through the line of operations, at the risk of being crushed a thousand times by a charge of cavalry or the shock of an artillery-carriage-had been the sole cause of this disturbance, by endeavouring, notwithstanding the resistance of the guards and the remonstrances of the ladies of the suite, to penetrate to

her majesty.

CHAPTER II.

On hearing that the emperor had quitted Turin in the morning for Alessandria, Teresa, Girhardi's daughter,-for it was she who, accompanied by a guide, took charge of Charney's petition,-was at first overwhelmed, more perhaps from fatigue than discouragement. But she soon recovered at the recollection, that in that moment a poor captive placed all his hope in her, without, however, knowing her; and ignorant whose hand had been stretched out to take charge of the dangerous petition. Without taking note of time, or of fatigue, at the risk of arriving too late, she persevered, and told her guide that the end of her journey was no longer Turin but Alessandria.

"It is twice as long as the way we have just come."

"Well, we must set out directly."

"I shall not set out," said the guide, composedly, "till day-break, and then it will be to return to Fénestrella. I wish you a good journey, signora."

All that she could urge to make him change his resolution was useless. He remained encased in his Piédmontese obstinacy, unharnessed his horses, led them to the stable, and lay down beside them.

Once embarked in the cause of another, Teresa never looked behind. Decided on continuing her route alone, she begged the hostess of the inn where she alighted, in the street Dora Grassa, to procure her the means of immediate and rapid conveyance to Alessandria. The hostess sent her people over the city; but in vain they traversed it in every direction,-from the gate of Susa to that of the Po, from the Porta Nuova to that of the palace, -- public carriages, carts, beasts for drawing, saddle, and burden, were gone or engaged long beforehand on account of the solemnities of Alessandria.

Teresa was in despair at this fatal accident.

Absorbed in thought, her head cast down, she remained standing at the door of the inn, defying, thanks to the night, the eyes that might recognise her in her native city, when the noise of wheels, enlivened by the sound of bells, was heard. Two strong mules-drawing one of those long strange vehicles, whose deep body shut and locked like a trunk is used for transporting articles of sale, and which has only a little leather bench in front for its sole seat, scarcely sheltered by a hood of tarpaulin, - soon stopped at the door where she stood.

The husband and wife, possessors of the vehicle and merchandise, got down from the seat, uttered deep sighs of satisfaction, stamped their feet, stretched their arms, as if to unstiffen or rouse themselves; and saluting the hostess with the air of acquaintances, took refuge immediately in the two corners of the chimney, holding their hands and faces to the fire of vine-branches which was sparkling there; then, after having desired that their mules should be put into the stable, congratulating each other on having arrived, they set themselves down to supper, proposing to go to bed as soon as possible.

The hostess on her side prepared to do her best; the yawning waiters, half asleep, were occupied in the business of the inn; and Teresa, still pensive and sadly depressed in the midst of all these preparations, thought of the time that was passing away, of the hope that was perishing, of

the flower that was dying!
"A night! a night!" said she, "the unfortunate will count the minutes while I sleep! Tomorrow, perhaps, it will be equally impossible to find a means of proceeding!"

And she looked attentively, by turns, at the two merchants who were at table, as if her only resource were in them. But she was ignorant what route they were taking; if they would, if they could, change it for her; and the poor girl-little accustomed to find herself alone, thus depending on herself in the midst of strangers-dared not address them; and impelled on one hand by her kind intentions, restrained on the other by her timidity, -one foot advanced, her mouth half open-she remained on the same spot, silent and undecided, when suddenly presenting herself to her, the maid gave her a candle and a key, pointing with her finger to the room she was to occupy.

Recalled to a sense of her situation, and forced to decide, Teresa immediately gently put aside the arm of the giannine, and advanced, though not without great emotion, towards the couple at

table.

"Pardon my question," said she, with a trembling voice; "what road are you going to take on quitting Turin ?"

"The road to Alessandria, my pretty girl."
"To Alessandria! It is my good angel who has brought you here!"

"Your good angel has made us take very bad roads, signorina," said the woman; "we are thoroughly wet!" "But, let us see, how can we be useful to you ?"

said the merchant.

"A pressing affair calls me to Alessandria; will you take me there ?"

"It is impossible!" said the woman.

"Oh! I will pay you well!—two pieces of St. John Baptist, ten French livres."

"It is difficult," replied the man. "In the first place, the seat is very narrow, and it is with great difficulty it will hold three. It is true you will not take much room; but there is another difficulty, my child. We are going to the market of Revigano, near Asti, and not to Alessandria; it is half-way, and that is all."

"Well, then," said the young girl, " take me to the gate of Asti, but we set out this evening-

"Impossible! impossible!" repeated both at "We sell neither our sleep nor our fa-

"I will double the sum!" interrupted Teresa,

in a low voice.

The man looked at his wife, consulting her with

"No! no!" said she; "do you wish to make yourself ill? Then Lasea and Zoppa want rest; would you kill them?"

"Four pieces!" whispered her husband, "four pieces!" "Lasca and Zoppa are worth more than that."

" For half the distance—a double sum! "Well, what matter! a single sequin of Venice is worth more than a double parpaiole of Genoa!"

However, the idea of four pieces, the desire of such easy gain, was not long in influencing the woman as well as her hu-band; so, after a little more resistance on one side and many supplications and prayers on the other, the mules were again put into the carriage; Teresa, wrapped up in her cloak, on account of the night, settled herself very tolerably on the seat, between the pair, and they set off just as eleven o'clock resounded from all the churches of Turin.

In her impatience to arrive at the end of her journey, and to be able to transmit good news to Fénestrella, Teresa would have wished to have been carried away in a swift chariot, by horses rapid as the wind, and the cart of the merchant moved heavily over the ground; the two mules walked step by step, slowly raising one foot after the other, and the regular tinkling of their bells, seemed to give a still more marked character of indifference. The traveller at first restrained her impatience, hoping the walk would ere long arouse the poor beasts, or that the whip of their conductor would soon be able to hasten their pace. But seeing him remain inactive, and content himself with only a slight noise of his tongue to excite his team, she at length informed him how important it was to her to arrive quickly at Asti, that she might reach the gate of Alessandria by morning.
"My good girl," said her new guide, "it does

not please me any more than you to pass the night reckoning the stars, but the merchant must watch over his merchandise. Mine is earthenware and china, which I am going to sell at Revigano, and, if the mules hurry, they will very likely make potsherds of all my goods."

"What! sir, are you an earthenware mer-chant?" cried Teresa, with a countenance of alarnı.

"Earthenware and china," replied the mer-

"Ah! my God!" said the traveller, groaning. "But at least you can surely go a little faster." "Do you wish to ruin me then?"

"Ah! I am so anxious to arrive!"

"But, my good girl, that is not a reason for breaking every thing.

As a kind of concession, the merchant however multiplied his noises; but the mules were too well accustomed to their pace to change it easily.

Teresa bitterly reproached herself then, for not having sooner inquired the time they should take to reach Asti; she reproached herself above all. with not having gone about Turin herself, to discover, with the knowledge she had of the city, a quicker means of conveyance; but she had now nothing to do but to resign herself, and she did so.

The carriage continued at its usual rate. Losea and Zoppa went neither more quickly nor more slowly; only walking on the sides of the road, they no longer made the pavement clatter with the noise The merchant and his wife, who of the wheels. until then had talked much on the chances of their trade at the fair of Revigano, grew silent, and in that obscurity, in the midst of that stillness, notwithstanding the cold, which was beginning to benumb her feet, Teresa was growing drowsy under the monotonous tinkling of the little bells. Her head fell first on the right, then on the left, seeking by turns a pillow on the shoulder of the woman, then on that of the man, and again fell heavily on her bosom.

"Lean firmly on me," said her conductor, " and

good night, my good girl!"

She followed his advice, arranged herself as well

as she could, and went fast asleep.

She slept so well during several hours, that the light of dawn alone made her open her eyes. Astonished at finding herself thus in the open air. and on the road, memory returned, and, looking around, she saw with surprise and sorrow, that the carriage was not moving, and seemed to have been The merchant, his wife, the long stationary. mules even, were fast asleep, and the double set of bells no longer made the slightest sound.

Teresa perceived, not far behind her, the points of several steeples; and the morning mists, forming whimsical figures on the contracted horizon, showed her fantastically grouped, the spire of Luperga, the castle of Mille-Fleurs, that of the Queen's Vine, the Church of the Capuchins, and all the fine decorations of the magnificent hill of

"Mercy! my God!" cried she, "where are we! we have scarcely quitted the suburbs!"

The merchant awoke at her exclamations, and after having rubbed his eyes, hastened to comfort

"We are approaching Asti," said he, "and the steeples that you see there, behind you, are those of Revigano. Losca and Zoppa are not much to be scolded; they are only just gone to sleep, and they must have wanted it greatly. Provided they may not have profited by my sleep to trot a little too fast." Teresa smiled .- "Come, let us get on! "

And he directly cracked his whip, the noise of which awoke at the same time his wife and the

mules.

At the gate of Asti, the honest merchant took leave of Teresa; set her down; made the sign of the cross with the twenty francs he had received from her, and wishing her a good journey, turned his mules about to regain the road to Revigano.

The half of the journey was now accomplished. But Teresa had lost all hope of arriving in time for the early levee of the emperor. "However," said she, "an emperor must rise late." Oh! how she wished to be able to plunge the sun again beneath the horizon, which was already announcing its approach by the increased light.

It seemed to her, that all around must feel the agitation which tormented her, that she should see the whole population of Asti on foot, preparing for the journey to Alessandria; and then, in that multitude of carriages, and conveyances of all kinds, she should be able to attain a place, were it in the

public boat.

What then was her astonishment on entering the city to find the streets silent and deserted! The light of the sun scarcely penetrated it, and only enlightened the roofs of the highest houses,

and domes of the churches.

She just then remembered one of her maternal relations, who had many years inhabited Asti. He might be of great assistance to her; and seeing on the ground-floor of a rather poor-looking house a reddish light shining through the latticed window, she ventured to knock and inquire for the dwelling of this relation.

A casement was half opened, and a harsh scolding voice told her, that for three months the indi-vidual in question had been at his country-house at Monttercello, and the casement was again

Alone, in the middle of the street, Teresa began to feel alarmed at her desolate situation. To gain courage, she paid her morning devotions before the Madonna enshrined in a wall at some paces from where she stood, and before whom a little lamp was burning. Then, before her prayer was scarcely ended, she heard footsteps in the street, and a man appeared.
"Pray, sir," said she, "show me where the car-

riages that go to Alessandria put up."

"You are too late, my good girl," answered the stranger: "carriages and drivers, all have been engaged for three days;" and he passed on.

A second came up to her. At the same demand from Teresa, he stopped, looked at her with a dark

scowling air :

"You like the French, then! cursed race!" and he went away more rapidly than the first.

The poor inquirer remained some time intimidated, and did not recover herself till she saw a young artisan coming out of his house singing. For the third time she repeated her question.

"Ah! ah! signora," said he with a good-humoured air, "you wish to see a battle! But there will be no place for pretty girls down there. Believe me, remain with us; it is a holiday, and brave dancers shall fight for the honour of having you for a partner. You are worth a little trouble. A little war in your honour; eh! will that tempt you?"

And advancing with a bow, he endeavoured to put his arm round her waist; but at the glance she darted on him, he resumed his song, and pur-

sued his way.

A fourth-a fifth crossed the street, Teresa no longer thought of inquiring of them; and her eyes were directed towards the doors, now opening on all sides, to the carriages standing at the bottom of the courts. At length, not without trouble, and by special favour, she was received into a coach, to be taken no farther than Annona, where they were to take in a passenger, whose place she temporarily filled. From Annona to Felizano, from Felizano to Alessandria, there were more obstacles, more difficulties. She triumphed over

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On arriving at this latter city, Teresa knew that the emperor was no longer there; so without stopping a moment, she followed with the crowd,

and on foot, the road to Marengo.

There, pressed on all sides by the multitude who surrounded her, carefully looking out for openings in the crowd, keeping the sides of the road, she constantly endeavoured to gain ground on those who preceded her, paying no attention either to the trumpets, the jugglers, or the discourses of the monks. In the midst of the curious spectators, talking, singing, shouting, dancing, with joy or drunkenness, she struggled on, through heat and dust, the sole stranger to the joys of the day. With an anxious countenance, fixed and preoccupied eye, wiping from her brow the moisture that covered it, she made her way-the gravity of her features strongly contrasting with all those gay

Her whole energy was concentrated in the difficulties of the road, and in the anxiety to proceed. Scarcely during this time did the object she wished to attain, the motives that made her act, present themselves to her mind. But on the crowd showing a disposition to halt, from the front ranks stopping, being obliged to slacken her pace, then remembrance returned. She thought of her father, who would soon be distressing himself at her prolonged absence; for the guide who abandoned her at Turin, could not go to him and inform him of the cause of the delay. She thought of Charney, perhaps cursing the bad choice of the messenger, and accusing her of carelessness and forgetfulness; then from a sudden emotion her hand sought her bosom, for fear the petition might have dropped. Then her father, her father again presented him-The old man, distressed at self to her eyes. having yielded to her entreaties, may think his daughter lost to him!

At the remembrance of this adored father, a tear moistened the eyelids of Teresa, and she was only aroused from her meditations by the loud exclamations of joy uttered near her. An immense space had been cleared behind her, and around this space the crowd appeared to be whirling. Teresa turned. Immediately two hands seized hers on both sides at once, and notwithstanding her resistance, her fatigue, and the little disposition she felt at that moment, above all for such a diversion, she found herself forced to take an active part in a great farandola which was danced on the road, easily increased at every moment

by the pretty girls and young men.

This was the most painful incident of her journey. But courage did not yet abandon her, for she hoped she had just arrived at her goal.

After having freed herself from this singular association, making a last effort to open a way through the multitude which was before her, she at length arrived in sight of the plain, and her eye, surprised and pleased, for some time wandering over that fine army drawn out on the fields of Marengo, suddenly fixed with agitation on the mount which formed the base of the imperial throne.

At that sight all her strength, all her constancy, all her ardour returned. But how to gain it through those thousands of men and horses! Could she attempt it!

However, what had been before an obstacle to her progress, was coming to her assistance.

The first ranks of the crowd that was pouring in torrents from Alessandria, to gain a favourable situation, divided to the right and left, gaining the borders of the Tornaro and Bormida. At one moment, when suddenly urged on by the hinder ranks, they encroached so rapidly on the plain, that they seemed invading the field of battle.

A hundred cavalry advanced against this disordered multitude, and making their naked sabres flash, and their horses prance, forced it without difficulty to retire within its limits. All lost their ground as rapidly as they had gained it; all except one!

In one of the hollows of the ground rose a little spring, surrounded by some trees and a

strong hedge of hawthorn.

Impelled onwards by the waves of the curious crowd, Teresa, pale and trembling, still directing herself instinctively towards the elevated throne before her, had been hurried and dragged on towards the group of trees. Terrified at this violent impulse, fearing to be crushed against the trees, she threw her arms round the trunk of a poplar as a support; shut her eyes, like the child who thinks the danger past when it has ceased to see it, and remained thus motionless for some time, her ears filled with the roaring of the multitude and the murnurs of the leaves.

The retreat of the people at the approach of the soldiers was so rapid, that when Teresa raised her head and looked around her, she found herself alone,—quite alone; separated from the army by the group of trees and the hedge of hawthorn, and from the multitude by a thick whirlwind of dust, raised by the retreating steps of the fugitives.

Not hesitating to penetrate the hedge, she immediately entered the little grove, and her agitation subsiding, the traveller took a view of

the place.

Shaded by twenty poplars and aspens, the spring was half concealed by banks fringed with creeping ivy, moss, and ivy-wort, and bubbling with a slight sound, while escaping in a stream whose course through the plain might still be traced by the eye, from the quantities of forgetme-not and white ranunculuses which edged its waters. The fresh air arising from it did more for Teresa in recovering her from her agitation and fright. It seemed as if she had just discovered an oasis of coolness and repose, and that the enclosing hedge protected her at once against the dust, the heat, and the noise. In an instant the plain became nearly silent; she heard neither the cries of the officers, the hurras of the crowd, nor the neighing of the horses.

But a singular bustle took place above her head. It was a continual rustling and crackling in the trees. She looked up, and saw the branches of the aspens and poplars covered with innumer-

able sparrows, who, driven from the surrounding parts, by the march and tumult of the people, came, like that young girl, to seek a shelter in this little verdant solitude. It might have been said that fear had paralysed their wings and voices; not a cry, not a twitter broke from the midst of their band. They even saw their new asylum invaded without thinking of flight, so much had the noise and spectacles by which they were surrounded struck them mute and insensible. Now the re-giments of eavalry advanced to the sound of trumpets, and stationed themselves on the place where just before the people had been moving, and the birds did not abandon their retreat. only snapped their beaks and hopped from branch to branch, turning from one side to the other, seeming anxious for the end of it all; and it was this sound, increased by the quivering of the foliage, that had just excited the attention of Teresa.

The soldiers, who now closed against her all communication with the road, soon exclusively occupied the attention of the young innocent girl, thus surrounded on all sides by the troops.

"It is only harmless war," said she to herself; and if I am imprudent, God knows the motive

of my efforts, and he will protect me."

Then directing her attention to the opposite side, and advancing to the extremity of the clump of trees, she saw, at about three hundred paces in front of her, the imperial throne, where Josephine and Napoleon had just seated themselves.

From thence to the place where she was, the interval was partly filled by soldiers under arms, going through their manœuvres, but in some parts also the unoccupied ground left a passage

practicable.

Teresa gathered courage: the moment was come. She drew back from the hedge that she might jump over it, but immediately she thought with an emotion of shame and confusion on the disorder of her dress. Her hair was falling about or entangled, stuck to her cheeks, or hanging on her shoulders: her hands and face covered with dust. To present herself thus before the sovereigns of France and Italy, was to ensure her repulse, to prevent the success of her mission.

She therefore returned to the trees, went to the spring, took off her large straw hat, shook down her black hair, passed her fingers through it, replaited it, smoothed the bands in front, and adjusted her collar; then kneeling down by the spring, she looked at herself in it, dipped her hands in, and purified them, as well as her face; then before she rose, offered a fervent prayer for her father and Charney,—thus ending that pure toilet, performed in the midst of an army.

Whilst watching again for a favourable moment to cross, suddenly on twenty sides at once, the loud explosions of the artillery were heard. The earth seemed shaken; the poor girl was struck motionless and stupefied, and the birds on the trees above, all taking flight at once, uttering loud cries, whirling about and striking against each other, sought the woods of Valpedo and the shades of Voghera.

The battle had just begun.

Teresa, stunned by the noise of the cannon, alarmed by all this confusion, remained in a state of bewilderment, her eyes constantly fixed on the

throne, which by turns appeared and disappeared behind a curtain of lances and bayonets.

In about half an hour, during which time every other thought than that of instinctive terror seemed to abandon her, she recovered her energy of soul. She examined more calmly the difficulties she had to conquer to reach the pavilioned mount, and did not consider them insurmountable.

Two columns of infantry drawn out in line, whose bases rested on the sides of the little grove, had just engaged in a hot fire of musketry one against the other. She hoped to be able through this cloud of smoke to make her way without being even perceived. She was hesitating however, when suddenly a troop of hussars burning with thirst made an invasion into her asylum.

Then Teresa hesitated no longer; her courage strengthened by her modesty, she rushed forward between the two columns of infantry, and when the smoke was dissipated, the soldiers uttered exclamations of surprise, on perceiving suddenly in the midst of them a white petticoat, a woman's bonnet, a pretty charming girl, who, notwithstanding their cries, pursued her course.

A squadron of cuirassiers came up to support one of the lines. The captain nearly overthrew Teresa, but seizing her in time by her arm, raised her from the ground, and swearing, sacreing, without inquiring how a young girl should come on the field of battle, he gave her in charge of two soldiers, to take her to the quarters of the women.

She was obliged to mount behind one of the cuirassiers, and thus she was taken towards the place where the ladies of the suite of the empress Josephine, accompanied by some aides-de-camp and gentlemen, deputies from the towns of Italy, were standing on the hill.

Arrived there at length, within reach of her object, Teresa could no longer fail in her enterprise. She had surmounted too many difficulties to allow herself to be conquered by the last; so when on her demand to speak to the emperor, they told her that he was on the plain at the head of the troops, "Well! I wish then to see the empress!" said she with firmness. But the one was scarcely more easy than the other. get rid of her importunity they tried to intimidate her; they could not do it. They told her that she must wait the end of the evolutions; she refused to do so, and tried to make her way to the throne; they held her back, she struggled, raised her voice with vehemence, until at length the attention of Josephine herself was attracted towards her.

CHAPTER III.

THE orders of Josephine were not transmitted till, in the midst of the half-opened crowd, the young girl appeared in supplication, held back, and still resisting.

At a gracious sign from the empress, which all comprehended, they disappeared from before the captive, who darting forward, freed, yet disordered by the struggle she had just maintained, arrived panting on the steps of the throne; bent down, and drawing hurriedly from her bosom a handkerchief, which she eagerly waved, exclaimed:-

"Madame! Madame! A poor prisoner!"
Josephine did not at first comprehend what the handkerchief thus presented to her meant.

"Is it a petition that you would give me?" aid she.

"Here it is, Madame, here it is! It is the petition of a poor prisoner!"

And the tears ran down the cheeks of the pleader, while a celestial smile of hope animated her countenance. The empress answered her by another smile, held out her hand to her, made her rise, and bending towards her with an air of kindness—

"Come, come, my child, recover yourself. Does this poor prisoner interest you so much, then?"

The young girl blushed, and cast down her

"I have never spoken to him," replied she,
"but he is so unhappy! Read, read, Madame!"

Josephine opened the handkerchief, sad at

Josephine opened the handkerchief, sad at thinking how many miseries and privations this linen bore witness of, imprinted with difficulty with a factitious ink; then stopping at the first word.—

"But it is to the emperor that he addresses

"What matter! Are you not his wife? Read, read, Madame; read for pity's sake! It is of such consequence!"

It was during the height of the combat; the Hungarian column, though attacked with grape by the artillery of Marmont, had persevered in its formidable movement. Zach and Dessaix were at length opposed to each other, and on their encounter would depend the safety or ruin of the army. The cannon thundered in every direction; the field of battle was in confusion, the cries of the soldiers, mixing with the trumpets of war, seemed to agitate the air like a tempest; when the empress read as follows:

"Sire,—Two paving-stones less in the court of my prison will not shake the foundations of your empire, and such is the only favour I am going to ask of your Majesty. It is not for myself I implore the effects of your protection. But in this walled desert where I expiate my offences towards you, a single being has brought some alleviation to my sorrows, a single being has thrown some charm over my life. It is a plant, sire; it is a flower, unexpectedly come up between the paving-stones of the court where I am sometimes allowed to breathe the air and see the sky. Ah! be not in haste to accuse me of folly and madness! This flower was to me the source of soothing and consoling studies! While fixed on it, my eyes have opened to truth; to it I owe reason, repose, perhaps life! I love it as you love glory!

"Well, at this moment my poor plant is dying for want of space and earth; it is dying, and I cannot relieve it, and the commandant of Fénestrella sends my complaint to the governor of Turin; and when they will have decided my plant will be dead; and this is why, sire, I address myself to you, to you who with a word can do all, even save my flower! Let them take up the stones that press on me as well as on it, save it

from destruction, save me from despair! Command it, it is the life of my flower that I implore of you, that I entreat with earnestness, with supplication, my knee on the earth, and I swear to you, that deep in my heart this benefit shall be

placed to your account.

"Why should it die? It has, I confess, deadened the blow your powerful hand would have dealt to me, but it has broken my pride also, and it is this that now throws me a suppliant at your feet. From the height of your twofold throne, deign to cast your eyes upon us! Can you comprehend what links may connect a man to a plant, in that solitude which leaves to a prisoner only a vegetative existence? No, you cannot know it, sire, and may your star keep you from ever knowing what captivity can do to the proudest, firmest mind. I do not complain of mine, I support it with resignation, prolong it, let it last as long as my life, but mercy for my plant !

"Remember, sire, that this favour I implore of your majesty must be immediate, must even be to-day! You may let the sword of the law long hang suspended over the head of the criminal, and remove it at length, and pardon him; but nature follows other laws than that of the justice of man; two more days, and perhaps the emperor Napoleon may be able to do nothing for the CHARNEY."

captive of Fénestrella.

A tremendous explosion of artillery suddenly took place; a thick smoke, divided in every direction by a hundred thousand flashes from the musketry, covered the field of battle with a vast canopy at once bright and sombre; then the fires were extinguished, and it seemed as if a hand extended from on high suddenly removed this canopy which hid the combatants. There was then a magnificent spectacle for the sun to contemplate! That brilliant charge in which Dessaix had lost his life, had just been made. Zach and his Hungarians pressed in front by Boudet, taken on the left by the cavalry of Kellermann, were broken and in disorder, and the intrepid consul, immediately re-establishing his new line of battle, from Castle-Ceriolo to St. Julien, resumed the offensive, overthrew the Imperialists at every point, and obliged Melas to sound the retreat.

This sudden change of position, these great inovements of the army, this flux and reflux of men, obedient to the voice of a chief alone motionless in the midst of this apparent disorder, had something in it to seize on the coldest imagination; applause and vivas rose from the midst of the groups of spectators stationed around the throne, and these sounds, contrasting with the others that surrounded her, at length roused the empress from the deep reverie into which she had been plunged. For, of these last and brilliant manœuvres, of those imposing scenes that passed before her, the future queen of Italy had seen nothing; attentive, and absorbed, her eyes were fixed on the singular petition, which she still held in her hand, but which, however, she had ceased to read.

She moved to encourage the young girl, who, standing before her, was on her side also lost in thought.

Joyful, and charmed with that look so full of sweet promises, Teresa, certain of success, kissed a thousand times, with gratitude and emotion, that

hand, at once so frail and yet so powerful, where shone the nuptial ring of Napoleon. She returned to the quarter of the women, and the plain being now clear, she immediately sought a church, or chapel, where she might shed her tears in silence, and perform her act of thanksgiving at the feet of the Virgin, that other protectress of those who suffer.

CHAPTER IV.

JUDGE if the empress queen would not be impressed with a deep sentiment of pity on reading this supplication. Would not each word awaken all her pity! Josephine also was a flower worshipper; it was her favourite science, her passion, and more than once did she forget the pomps and fatigues of power while watching a half-opened bud, or studying the structure of a blossom, in her beautiful conservatories at Malmaison.

There often had she felt more happy in contemplating the purple of her cactuses than the purple of her imperial mantle, and the perfumes of her magnolias had more deliciously intoxicated her senses than the poisonous flatteries of her courtiers. There she loved to reign, there she united under one sceptre, a thousand vegetable tribes, brought from all quarters of the world. She knew them, classed them, enrolled them in orders and races; and when one of her subjects newly arrived, displayed itself for the first time, she knew well by examination how to interrogate it on its age and habits, and learn from it its name and family, and then it went amongst the crowd of its brethren to take its natural place: for each tribe had its flag, each family its standard.

According to the example of Napoleon, sne respected the laws and customs of the conquered The plants of every country there found their primitive soil and native climate. It was a world in miniature. There, in a circumscribed spot, were to be seen savannahs and rocks, the earth of virgin forests, and the sand of the deserts. beds of marl and clay, lakes, cascades, and inundated marshes; there you passed from tropical heats to the refreshing atmosphere of the most temperate zones; there all those different races grew and developed themselves side by side, separated only by a slight wall of verdure, or by

frontiers of glass.

When Josephine looked on them, sweet dreams arose at the sight of certain flowers. The Hortensia had but recently borrowed the name of her daughter. Thoughts of glory also visited her; for after the triumphs of Buonaparte she had claimed her share of the booty, and the remembrances of Italy and Egypt seemed to increase and spread under her eyes! The Soldanella of the Alps, the Violet of Parma, the Adonis of Castiglione, the Pink of Lodi, the Willow and Plantain of the East, the Cross of Malta (Lychnis Chalcedonica), the Lily of the Nile, the Hybiscus of Syria, the Rose of Damietta: these were her conquests! And of these at least some still remain to France.

In the midst of all her riches she still preserved her cherished flower, her flower by adoption, her beautiful Jasmine of Martinique; the seed of which, gathered, sown, and cultivated by her, recalled her country, her infancy, the ornaments of her

youth, the paternal roof, and her first interchange of affections with her first husband.

Oh! how well she could understand the terrors of the unfortunate for his plant! How he must love it, for he has but one! And how did she feel for the fate of the poor prisoner? The widow of Beauharnois had not always dwelt in a consular or imperial palace. She had not forgotten her days of captivity. Then Josephine had known that same Charney: so calm, so proud, so careless in the midst of the pleasures of the world; so sarcastic on the sweetest human affections! What change had been wrought in him? What had brought down that haughty spirit? Thou didst refuse to bend even before God, and now thou art on thy knees asking mercy for thy plant! Oh! she shall be preserved to thee.

To Josephine, the last evolutions of the troops, all this vain semblance of battle, only caused impatience and vexation, for she feared to see the loss of one of those moments, so necessary perhaps to the existence of the captive's flower. So that when Napoleon, surrounded by his generals, came to rejoin her, expecting doubtless her congratulations, and still flushed with that warlike toil which pleased him so much, her first words were—

"Sire, an order for the commandant of Fénestrella! An express immediately!" While her eye was animated, her voice raised, as if a new victory were in question, and that it was her turn to display all the activity of command; and she showed the handkerchief, holding it extended with both her hands, that he might read it immediately.

Napoleon, after having looked at it from top to bottom, with an astonished and discontented air, turned his back and passed on. It might have been supposed he finished his review with it, and came simply to inspect it the last.

From habit he then went to examine the field of battle, which no blood had reddened, and where nothing was overthrown but the future harvest. The corn and rice were crushed and broken; in some parts the furrowed earth, torn by heavy wheels, showed the manœuvres of the artillery; here and there were seen, strewed about, gloves of dragoons, plumes, and epaulettes; then some lamed foot soldiers, some disabled horses who were being led away. This was all.

In the mean time the affair had nearly become serious at one moment. The soldiers, occupying the village of Marengo, in character of Austrians, unwilling to play the part of the vanquished, prolonged their resistance beyond the time indicated by the programme. Hence resulted a great irritation between them and their adversaries. The two regiments bore different arms, and had had disputes in garrison. They insulted and provoked each other on both sides, and bayonets were crossed.

A terrible collision was on the point of taking place, and all the efforts of the generals were necessary to prevent the mock fight from becoming real. At length, but not without difficulty, they consented to be reconciled by exchanging canteens: but the canteens were empty, to fill them they forcibly entered the cellars in the village; excesses took place, but to the cry of "Vive l'empereur!" and it was all set down to the account of enthusiasm. After twenty parleys, and as many bump-

ers, the Austrians decided on beating a retreat, reeling away, and the French conquerors made their entrance into Marengo dancing the farandola, singing the Marseillaise, and mixing at times with their watch-words their ancient cry of "Vive la république!" They put all this down to the account of drunkenness.

The troops resumed their lines, Napoleon distributed crosses of honour amongst the old soldiers, who, five years before, had been on the same place. In their turn, the principal magistrates of the Cisalpine Republic were decorated by him. Then, with Josephine, he laid the first stone of a monument, destined to perpetuate the memory of the battle of Marengo. After which the emperor, the empress, the ambassadors, the magistrates, the people, and the army, all resumed the road to Alessandria.

And the fate of Picciola was not yet decided!

CHAPTER V.

That evening Napoleon and Josephine were in one of the apartments prepared for them in the Hôtel-de-Ville of Alessandria, after the public dinner that had just taken place; the one dictating letters to his secretary while walking up and down at a quick pace, and rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction; the other before a large mirror, admiring with natural coquetry the elegance of her costume, and the richness of the ornaments in which she was attired.

When the secretary was gone, Napoleon sat down, put both his elbows on a long table covered with crimson velvet fringed with gold, leant his head upon his hands, and seemed to reflect; but his reflections were far from being on any painful subject, for his countenance was characterised by pleasing meditation.

Josephine, in the mean time, became tired of the silence which followed. She had already managed badly once that day on the subject of the petition from Fénestrella, and perceiving that her protection had been unskilfully, because too hastily, extended, she had determined to watch a more favourable opportunity.

She thought the right moment was now arrived. She went and sat down on the other side of the table opposite to him, leant on her elbows also, and like him affected an air of abstraction, and soon both looked at one another, and smiled.

"Of what are you thinking?" said Josephine, with a caressing voice and look.

"I am thinking," said he, "how well a diadem becomes you; and that it would have been a pity if I had neglected to place one in your casket."

Josephine's smile gradually vanished, that of Napoleon became more marked: for he loved to combat the painful apprehensions of which she could not divest herself when thinking of the degree of elevation to which they had recently arrived. It was not for herself, noble woman, that she trembled!

"Do you not like better to see me emperor than general?" pursued he.

"Certainly, emperor: you have the right of granting favours, and I have one to ask you."

This time it was from the countenance of the husband that the smile was effaced to pass to that of the wife. He frowned and prepared to be firm, fearing lest the influence that Josephine exercised over his heart might lead him into any vexatious

"Again! Josephine, you promised me not to seek any more to interrupt the course of justice! Do you think that the right of granting favours is only bestowed on us to gratify the caprices of our hearts? No! we should only use it to soften the too rigorous application of the law, or to repair the errors of tribunals! To be always stretching out the hand to our enemies, is to try to increase their number and insolence!"

"Sire," replied Josephine, restraining a burst of laughter ready to escape, "you will however grant me this favour that I implore of your majesty?"

"I doubt it !"

"And I do not doubt it. First and above all, I ask you to dismiss two oppressors! Yes, sire, let them leave their places! let them be driven from them, torn from them, if necessary!".

Speaking thus, she pressed her handkerchief to her mouth; for on seeing the astonished countenance of Napoleon, she was no longer mistress of

herself.

"What! is it you who excite me to punish; you, Josephine! And to what does it refer then?"

"To two-paving stones, sire, that are in the way

in a court.'

And a burst of laughter, hitherto restrained with difficulty, at last escaped. He rose quickly, and putting his arms behind him, looking at her with an air of doubt and surprise, exclaimed,

"How! what does all this mean? Two paving-

stones! Are you jesting?"

"No," said she, rising in her turn, and leaning her two crossed hands on his shoulder with her graceful creole ease,

"On these two stones depend a precious existence. Listen to me attentively, sire, for it needs

all your kindness to comprehend me."

She then told him the subject of the petition, and all that she had learnt from the young girl, respecting the prisoner, whom however she did not name, and what had been the devotion of the poor child; then, in speaking of the prisoner, of his flower, of the love that he bore it, the words flowed from her lips, sweet, tender, caressing, full of charm, and of that eloquence which comes so naturally from the heart.

And while listening to her the emperor smiled,

and while smiling he admired his wife.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARNEY reckoned the hours, minutes, and seconds. It seemed to him that the smallest divisions of time were heaped on one another, to weigh upon his flower and to break it. Two days had passed, the messenger brought no news; and the old man himself, uneasy and tormented in his turn, not knowing what to augur of this silence and delay, suggested obstacles, answered for the zeal, the devotion of the person charged with the message (without ever mentioning his daughter), and endeavoured still to keep alive in the bosom of his companion that hope which was extinguished in his own.

"Teresa, my child! what then has happened to thee ?" repeated he despairingly.

The third day passed on, and his daughter did not return.

During the whole of the fourth, Girhardi did not appear at the little window of the court. Charney could not see him; but if he had listened attentively, he might have heard perhaps the prayers, mixed with sobs, which the poor father was addressing to Heaven, while bowing beneath the terrible blow that had just fallen on him.

It might be said that a veil of mourning had fallen suddenly over this place of misery, where formerly, notwithstanding the absence of liberty, rays of joy and happiness appeared at intervals.

The plant advanced further and further on the road to destruction, and Charney in despair attended on the last agonies of Picciola. He had a double cause for grief; he feared losing the object of his labours, the charm of his life, and having vainly humbled himself. What! should his head be bowed in vain! That he should have asked a favour, prostrated himself to the earth, and that he should have been repulsed. As if all conspired against him, Ludovico, formerly so frank, so communicative, now even avoided addressing a word to him. Silent and morose, he came in, he went up, he passed out, smoking his pipe, almost without looking at him, and seemed to enjoy his misfortune. It was, that from the first, Ludovico, on hearing the refusal of the commandant, foresaw the instant when he should have to choose between his inclination and duty. He knew that duty must be first, and he made himself morose and disagreeable, to give himself courage. Now severity would certainly be redoubled, and beforehand his ill-humour redoubled.

It is thus those whom education has not softened usually act. They repress the generous impulse of their souls, when it is necessary to perform painful duties, rather than seek to hide their harshness under a veil of kindness. It was not by words that Ludovico had ever shown his goodness of heart: it was by acts! Acts were now forbidden, and he was silent; and the secret pity which he felt for the man towards whom he was obliged to perform the part of subaltern tyrant, exhaled in fits of anger towards that man himself. He endeavoured to appear insensible, while becoming the agent of a pitiless command. If he should draw hatred on himself by so doing, well; so much the better; he should find his duty easier. There must be war between the victim and the executioner, between the captive and the jailor.

When the prisoner's dinner-hour came, Ludovice saw Charney standing before his plant, in deep painful contemplation. He took care not to present himself gaily as formerly, by saluting his god-daughter by the caressing titles of Giovanetta, Fanciulletta, or by informing Monsieur and Madame of the news; he crossed the court with a rapid step, affecting to suppose Charney in his room, and to carry his provisions to him with all But on a movement that he made, their eyes met, and Ludovico stopped in surprise, on seeing the change that a few days had worked on the countenance of the prisoner. Impatience and expectation had furrowed his brow with large wrinkles, his lips and complexion were sallow, his thin cheeks impressed on him a character of dejection, which was still more shown by the disorder of his beard and hair. Involuntarily,

Ludovico remained motionless during this examination; then suddenly recalling, doubtless, his grand resolutions, he turned his eye from the man to the plant, winked ironically, shrugged his shoulders with an expression of ridicule, whistled an air, and prepared to continue his way, when, with a sad but expressive voice—

"What have I done to you, then, Ludovico?"

said Charney.

"To me!—to me!—Nothing," replied the jailor, distressed by that tone of reproach, and

more touched than he liked to show.

"Well!" replied the count, advancing towards him, and seizing his hand warmly, "let us save it; there is yet time, and I have found a means. Yes !—the commandant cannot be alarmed at it. He may even remain ignorant of it. Procure me some earth and a box-we will take up the stones, but only for an instant. Who will know? we will transplant-"

"Tush! tush! " said Ludovico, abruptly drawing away his hand; "let the gilliflower go to destruction! It has done enough harm to all. To begin with yourself, who are going to fall ill again. Make ptisan of it for yourself; it is good for nothing

else now!"

Charney darted at him a glance of contempt

and indignation.

"If it only referred to yourself, also," pursued Ludovico, "it would be your affair: very well! But that poor man, you will have deprived him of his daughter. He will see her no more; and you are the cause of it."

"His daughter! How!" cried the count, in alarm. "Yes, it is 'how !' " continued the other, laying his basket of provisions on the ground, folding his arms, and taking the attitude of a man who is preparing to scold well. "People whip the horses, and don't wish the carriage to go on; they throw the dart, and are astonished at the wound. What wantonness! You wished to write to the emperor; you have written: very well. It is against the order of the commandant; he will punish you, as he will hear of it. Nothing more just. But you must have a messenger to carry your letter, since you could not carry it yourself. This messenger was the young girl.'

"What! that young girl—was it she!—"
"Are you astonished? Did you think that your correspondence with the emperor was to go by telegraph? They employ that for other things. However, the commandant has discovered all-I know not how. By the guide, doubtless, for the girl could not go alone through those roads. Now the citadel is shut to her. She and her father will live separate. And whose fault is it?'

Charney covered his face with his hands.

"Unliappy old man!" said he; "his only consolation. And does he know it?"

"He has known all since yesterday evening. Judge if he can love you. But your dinner is growing cold."

And Ludovico took up the basket, and carried

it immediately into the prisoner's room.

The count fell overwhelmed on his bench. He thought for an instant of finishing Picciola at a blow, and crushing her himself. But his courage failed. Then a ray of hope shone dimly before him. That poor girl, who devoted herself so generously to his cause, and who had been made so bitterly to expiate her zeal in assisting the unhappy,-she had returned. Perhaps she had been able to approach the emperor. Yes, it was so! She had certainly succeeded, and this had irritated the commandant against her. If he had in his hands the order for the deliverance of Picciola, why does he delay it? But he must obey it, if the emperor willed it. "Oh! blessed be thou, noble girl! unhappy child, separated from thy parent, -on my account. Oh! the half of my life would I give for thee_for thy happiness! I would give it only to have the door of this prison again opened to thee!"

CHAPTER VII.

HALF an hour had scarcely elapsed when two civil officers, wearing the national scarf, accompanied by the commandant of Fénestrella, presented themselves to Charney, and invited him to accompany them to his room. When they were there, the commandant began the conversation.

He was a very corpulent man, with a high bald forehead, and thick, grey moustache. A scar from his left eyebrow to the upper lip divided his face in two. A long blue coat, with large flaps, buttoned up to the neck; boots over his pantaloons, a remnant of powder in his matted hair, ear-rings in his ears, and spurs on his boots-doubtless as a mark of distinction; for, from rheumatic reasons, as well as from the duties of his office, he was in fact the first prisoner in the citadel :- such was the exterior of this personage, who, in place of a weapon, carried only a cane. Commissioned to watch over political offenders, belonging in general to distinguished families, he piqued himself on his good manners, notwithstanding frequent attacks of passion; and on fine language, in spite of certain awkward expressions. He held himself very erect, had a strong emphatic voice, made many flourishes when saluting, and rubbed his forehead when speaking. Thus formed, Captain Morand, commandant of Fénestrella, might yet pass for what is called a fine military man.

From the tone of courtesy he at first assumed, and the official appearance of his two companions, Charney thought that they brought him letters of

grace for Picciola.

The commandant begged him to attest if he had ever ill-used him in the exercise of his authority, from want of care, or by the abuse of power.

This preamble was a good sign. Charney attested

all that he wished.

"You know, sir, when you were ill, every assistance was given you: if you did not choose to submit to the order of the physicians, the fault was neither with them nor me. I thought your recovery would be hastened by open air and exercise, and almost entire liberty was granted you to come and go in your court-yard."

Charney bowed as if to thank him; but impa-

tience compressed his lips.

"Nevertheless, sir," pursued the commandant, in the tone of a man whose delicacy has been wounded, whose attentions have been forgotten, "you have infringed the regulations of the house, of which you could not, however, be ignorant. You have run the risk of compromising me, with respect to my responsibility to the governor of Turin, General Menou; and even to the emperor, by remitting to his majesty a petition __ "

"Remitting! He has received it, then!" interrupted Charney.

"Yes, sir."

"Well !-- " and the unfortunate man thrilled

with hope.

"Well!" replied the commandant; "for this act alone, you will be taken wone of the cells in the old bastion, where you will remain in solitude for a month."

"But, at least," cried Charney, trying to struggle against the bitter reality, which robbed him of his late illusions, " what has the emperor said ?"

"The emperor does not trouble himself with such follies," was the contemptuous reply.

Charney took the only chair with which his apartment was furnished; sat down; and what afterwards passed around him scarcely appeared to attract his attention.

"This is not all. Your means of communication known, your relations without discovered, it is natural to think your correspondence has extended farther. Have you written to any one besides his majesty!"

Charney did not reply.

"A visit has been ordered," continued the commandant, in a drier tone; "and these gentlemen here, sent by the governor of Turin, are going to proceed in it immediately, in your presence, according to law. Before the execution of this order, do you desire to make any confessions? They can but be favourable to your cause."

The same silence on the part of the prisoner. The commandant frowned; his bald forehead was covered to the very summit with wrinkles; and turning towards the envoys of Menou, he said, "Let us proceed, gentlemen."

Both immediately began to examine everything in order, from the chimney and the mattress of the bed to the lining of the count's clothes. During this time the commandant walked step by step in the narrow room, striking alternately with the end of his cane cach plank of the floor, to judge if it might not cover some secret excavations, destined to conceal important papers, or even preparations for escape. He recollected Latude and others who escaped from the Bastile. There, wide deep fosses, walls ten feet thick, gratings, counterscarps, ramparts bristling with spikes and cannon; sentinels at every postern, on all the parapets; nothing was able to stand against the perseverance of a man armed with a cord and a nail. The bastile of Fénestrella was far from presenting such a secure inclosure. Since the year '96 only part of its fortifications existed, and the garrison scarcely sufficed to maintain a guard throughout the extent of the external walls.

After a search, prolonged as long as was possible in such a room, they discovered nothing suspicious, except a little glass bottle, containing a blackish liquid, without doubt the ink of the prisoner.

On being asked how he got possession of this ink, he turned round on his chair towards the window, and began tapping with his fingers on the glass, without any other reply to the question.

His dressing-box alone remained to be examined. They asked him for the key; he let it fall rather

The commandant had no longer any civility

either in his actions or looks. His indignation rose to his throat. His face became purple, his eyes sparkled, he bustled about in the small space, buttoned and unbuttoned his coat with trembling hands, as if to give some vent to the violent transport of rage which was rising within him.

Suddenly, by a spontaneous movement, the two judicial officers, who were looking over the box, holding it with one hand and searching it over with the other, came hastily towards the window, the better to examine it by the light, and, joy in their countenances, exclaimed together-

"We have it! We have it!"

Then drawing from a double bottom a tolerably large quantity of handkerchiefs, all covered with a fine close writing, they thought they had

discovered proofs of a vast conspiracy.

At the sight of these precious archives thus profaned, Charney rose, extended his arm as if to seize them, opened his lips; then calming himself suddenly, he sat down again, and remained motionless, without having pronounced a word. But this first expressive gesture was sufficient to make the commandant attach a high importance to the capture. By his order the handkerchiefs were deposited immediately in bags ticketed and sealed; the bottle and even the toothpick were confiscated. A report was drawn up, Charney invited to sign it, to attest its correctness, which he refused by a gesture. A note was taken of his refusal, and he was desired to go instantly to the cell in the old bastion.

Oh! how painful, vague, and confused were the thoughts that passed at this moment in the mind of the prisoner! He himself could only describe it as a feeling of sorrow overcoming all others. He had not even a smile of pity to give to the triumph of those men, so proud of carrying off, as materials for a procedure—as proofs of a plot—his observations on his plant! They were separating him from his remembrances. The lover from whom are taken the letters and portrait of an adored mistress whom he must never see again, can alone comprehend the deep agony of the prisoner. To save Picciola, he had compromised his pride-his honour; he had crushed the heart of an old man. the happiness of a young girl, and of what had attached him to life, nothing remained to him—not even those lines which he had traced, containing the record of his holy studies!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE intercession of Josephine had not then been as powerful as she at first promised. No. After her sweet pleading in favour of the plant and the prisoner, when she put the handkerchief containing the petition into the hands of Napoleon, he recalled the singular inattention, so offensive to his pride, which the empress had shown that very morning, during the warlike ceremonies of Marengo, and the signature of Charney increased the vexatious impression he received from it.

"Is this man become mad!" said he, "and what farce does he pretend to play with me? A Jacobin botanist! I seem as if I should hear Marat expatiating on the beauties of nature, or saw Couthon present himself at the Convention

with a rose in his button-hole !"

Josephine would have raised her voice to exclaim against the title of Jacobin, so lightly applied to the noble count; but at that moment a chamberlain came to announce to the emperor, that the generals as well as the ambassadors and deputies of the Italian states waited in the reception-hall. He hastened to join them, and, inspired much more by their presence than by the contents of the petition, he made the prisoner's name an occasion for a vigorous attack upon idealists and philosophers, returning again upon the Jacobins, whom he should know well, he said, how to keep in order and bring to submission! And he raised his voice to a tone of determination and menace, not that he was as warm as he pretended to be; but, skilful in profiting by circumstances, he wished that his words might be heard and repeated, above all by the Prussian ambassador, who was present. It was his act of divorce from the Revolution which he there proclaimed.

To please his master, each enlarged upon his discourse. The governor-general of Turin, above all, Jacques Abdallah Menou, forgetting, or rather denying his ancient convictions, burst forth in violent tirades upon the Brutuses of the clubs and taverns of Italy and France; and there was soon in the imperial circle a unanimous chorus of virulent imprecations against conspirators, revolutionists, and Jacobins, so that Josephine trembled for an instant before the terrible storm she had just raised. Recovering from her alarm, she approached the ear of Napoleon, and, with a half-

jesting voice,

"Well, sire," said she, "why all this noise? This has nothing to do with Jacobins or revolutionists, but only with a poor flower that has never conspired against any one."

The emperor shrugged his shoulders.

"Do they think to dupe me with such idle tales?" cried he. "This Charney is a dangerous man, but not a fool. The flower is a pretence. The object, raising the stones! it is an escape he is meditating, doubtless. You will watch over it, Menou. And how has this man been able to write without his demand passing through the hands of the commandant? Is this the way in which the surveillance of the state prisons is carried on!" empress again tried to defend her protégé.

Do not interfere further in this affair, ma-

dame!" said the master.

And Josephine, repulsed and discouraged, was silent, and cast down her eyes beneath his angry

Menou, rated by the emperor, did not spare reproaches on the captain-commandant of the citadel of Fénestrella; and he, in his turn, hastened to visit with severity the prisoners to whom he owed these harsh reprimands. Already separated from his daughter, who, with her heart full of hope, had seen the towers of the fortress only to receive an order to quit the territory of Fénestrella immediately, and not to reappear there, Gerhardi had that morning been submitted, like Charney, to a domiciliary visit. But nothing had resulted from it to inculpate him.

As to the count, trials more painful than the seizure of his journal were in store for him.

When he descended to the court, in the suite of the commandant and his two acolytes, on his way to the cell in the bastion, Captain Morand, who had either paid no attention to it on entering, or rather perhaps, from a wish to revenge himself on the obstinate silence of Charney during his visit, evinced redoubled anger at the sight of the frail defences raised around the plant.
"What is all this!" said he to Ludovico, who

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immediately appeared at his call; "is-this the way

you watch over the prisoners?"

"That, my captain ?" replied the jailor, with a sort of growl and hesitation, taking his pipe from his mouth with one hand, whilst he raised the other to his cap, as a military salute-" That is the plant, you know, that is so good for the gout and other complaints." And he again replaced his pipe in his mouth.
"Peste!" exclaimed the captain, "if these gen-

tlemen are allowed to do as they like, the chambers and the court-yards of the citadel would become gardens, menageries, shops, and be transformed into a fair! Come, get rid of this abominable plant,

and all that surrounds it !"

Ludovico looked by turns at the plant, Charney, and the captain; he wished to utter a few words of justification.

"Be silent !" exclaimed the commandant, "and

obey immediately!"

Ludovico was silent. He again took his pipe from his mouth, extinguished it, shook it, laid it on one of the ledges of the wall, and prepared to

execute the order.

He took off his jacket, his cap, rubbed his hands as if to gain courage. Suddenly, as if infected with the anger of his chief, he seized and took away the mats and straw-work; he tore them, and threw them about the court-yard in a sort of fury. Then came the turn of the props that served to support them; he tore them up one after the other, broke them on his knee, and threw them at his feet. It seemed as if his ancient affection for Picciola was changed into hatred, and that he also had a vengeance to execute.

During this time Charney remained motionless as a statue, his eyes eagerly fixed on his plant, now entirely uncovered, as if his gaze could still

protect it.

The day had been cool, the sky cloudy; the stalk had recovered during the evening, and from the midst of the withered branches, little verdant shoots appeared. It might be said Picciola was gathering strength to die. What, Picciola! his Picciola, his real world, and his world of imagination, the pivot on which his life turned, the axis from which his thoughts radiated-she will be no more! And he, poor captive, whose punishment Providence had suspended, he must then be arrested in his flight towards the spheres of true science! How shall he now find occupation for his weary leisure-how fill the void in his heart? Picciola! the desert peopled by thee becomes again a desert. No more projects, no more studies, no more delicious dreams, no more observations to record, nothing more to love—Oh! how confined will his prison be now, how oppressive the air he will breathe! It will be now only a tomb, the tomb of Picciola. What! that branch of gold, that sibylline bough, which has driven afar the evil demons by whom he was beset-it will be there no longer to defend him against himself! The incredulous, the disenchanted philosopher will be obliged again to live his ancient life, with all his bitter thoughts, face to face with annihilation. "No! rather die, than return to that cold night from whence it drew me!"

At that moment Charney saw something like a shadow appear at the little grated window. It was

the old man.

"Ah!" said he to himself, "I have robbed him of his only blessing; I have deprived him of his daughter! He is surely come to enjoy my distress, to curse me doubtless. Has he not a right to do so, and what is my misery by the side

of his despair ?"

When he looked towards that side, he perceived him grasping the bars with his weak hands, trembling with emotion. Charney dared not raise his eye to ask pardon from the heart of this man, whose esteem alone he wished to preserve; he feared to see on that noble countenance the merited expression of reproach or disdain; and when their eyes met, at the tender compassionate look that the poor father turned towards him, forgetful of his own sorrows that he might partake those of his unfortunate companion, he felt penetrated to his inmost heart, and two tears, the only ones he had ever shed, started to his eyes.

These tears were sweet to him, but the lingering remains of his pride made him dry them quickly. He feared being suspected of unmanly

weakness by those men who stood by.

Of all the witnesses of this scene, the two officers alone, both indifferent spectators, seemed to comprehend nothing of the drama in which they were playing a part. They examined by turns the prisoner, the old man, the commandant, the jailor, astonished at the strong and various emotions imprinted on all their counicanances, and asked each other in a low voice, if some important secret must not exist under that plant, so well defended?

At length the fatal work was finished. Excited by the captain, Ludovico had endeavoured to remove the supports of the rustic bench; but

they were too firm.

"A hammer! take a hammer!" cried the captain.

Ludovico took one; it fell out of his hands.

"Diable! make an end of it!" repeated the

At the first blow the bench cracked; at the third, it was down. Then Ludovico stooped over the plant, all that remained standing in the midst of the wreck. The count was pale and wan; the moisture trickled down his forehead.

"Sir! sir! why kill it! It is going to die!" exclaimed he at length, once more descending to

the character of a suppliant.

The captain looked at him, smiled ironically, and in his turn made no answer.

"Well!" resumed Charney passionately, "I will break it down! I will tear it up myself!"

"I forbid you to do it," said the captain, with his harsh voice, extending his cane before Charney, as if to place a barrier between the prisoner and his companion. Then, at his imperative sign, Ludovico seized Picciola in both his hands to root it from the soil.

Charney, overwhelmed by despair, once more

fixed his eyes upon her.

At the bottom of the stalk, towards the lower

branches, where the sap had still been able to rise, a little flower had just half opened, bright and coloured. The others already hung down on their broken stalks. This alone still had life. This alone was not bruised, squeezed, and crushed in the large, rough hands of the jailor. Its corolla, almost hidden amongst some leaves, from the midst of which it appeared with its bright tints, was opening, and turned towards Charney. He fancied he smelt its perfume, and, his eyes wet with tears, he saw it dazzle, increase, disappear, and again show itself.

The man and the plant were exchanging a last

look of adieu.

If, at that moment, when so many passions and interests were agitated around a weak vegetable, strangers had suddenly made their appearance in that prison-court, over which a deep and sombre hue was cast by heaven, the only witness of the scene, would they not, on beholding the aspect of those officers of justice, with their tricoloured scarfs, and that military chief, dictating his pitiless orders, think they were present at some secret and bloody execution, where Ludovice played the part of executioner, and Charney that of the criminal, to whom the sentence had just been read? Yes, is it not so? Well! these men, they will come! they come!

The one was an aide-de-camp of general Menou; the other, a page of the empress. The dust that covered them told sufficiently that they had made

good haste to arrive.

At the noise that announced their entrance, Ludovico let go Picciola, raised his head, and he and Charney looked at each other: both were

pale.

The aide-de-camp gave to the captain an order from the governor of Turin; the captain considered it, appeared seized with a feeling of hesitation, made two turns in the yard shaking his cane, compared the message he had just received with that which came the evening before; then at last, after having several times raised and lowered his eyebrows, to show his great astonishment, affecting a half-courteous air, he drew near Charney, and graciously laid in his hands the letter of the general.

The prisoner, trembling with emotion, read

aloud the following lines :-

"His majesty the emperor and king has just transmitted me an order, M. le Commandant, to let you know that he at length consents to the demand of M. de Charney, relative to the plant that grows amongst the paving-stones of his prison. Those which injure it shall be taken up. I charge you to see to the execution of the present order, and to communicate on this subject with M. de Charney."

"Long live the emperor!" cried Ludovico.

"Long live the emperor!" murmured another voice, that seemed to come from the wall.

During the reading, the captain leant his hip on his cane, to give himself support; the two men in scarfs, still unable to find the key to all this, were amazed, and sought from each other by what means they should connect these events with the supposed conspiracy; the aide-de-camp and the page inquired why they were obliged to come so

quickly. At length the latter, addressing himself to Charney, said,

"There is a postscript from the empress." And

Charney read at the end:

"I recommend M. de Charney to the kind attentions of captain Morand. I shall be particu-

larly grateful to him for what he may do to soften the situation of the prisoner.
Signed, "Josephine."
"Long live the empress!" cried Ludovico.

Charney kissed the signature, and kept the message some moments before his eyes.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

The commandant of Fénestrella had resumed all his courtesy towards the protégé of her majesty the empress and queen. Not only Charney was not sent to occupy the cell of the bastion, but he was allowed to reconstruct his defences and shelters, of which the languishing, half-transplanted Picciola more than ever required the succour. The fury of Captain Morand towards the man and the plant was so entirely allayed, that every morning he desired Ludovico to inquire from him if the prisoner wished for anything, and how Picciola was.

Taking advantage of his good disposition, Charney obtained from his liberality pens, ink, and paper, that he might again record from recollection his studies and observations on vegetable physiology; for as the letter of the governor of Turin did not annul the right of inquest and seizure, the two judicial officers had carried away his linen archives, and, after a deep examination, declaring they could not, with all their efforts, find the key to this correspondence, they had sent it all to Paris to the minister of police, to be commented upon, examined, and deciphered by the most skilful

and most expert among them.

Charney also suffered from another privation, the more important because it could not be so easily supplied. The commandant, as a punishment to Gerhardi for the reproaches addressed to him by General Menou on his want of watchfulness, had banished him to another part of the fortress, where he could not communicate with any one. This separation, which placed the old man in complete solitude, fell on the heart of Charney with the weight of remorse, and prevented the captain's favours from having their full effect.

He passed great part of the day with his eyes fixed on the grating and the little closed window. He imagined he still saw the good old man at the moment when, with difficulty, passing his arm through the lower bars, he had vainly tried to let him touch a friendly hand; he saw his supplication to the emperor graze up the wall, and mount to that grating, to go from him to Gerhardi, from Gerhardi to Teresa, from Teresa to the empress; and behind those bars shone and smiled again that look of pity and of pardon, which had come so recently to sustain him in the midst of his agony, and he heard the cry of joy coming from that crushed heart when the pardon for Picciola had arrived! That pardon, it is to him, it is to them, that he owes it; and for that mad attempt that could only profit Charney, they alone have been punished—punished cruelly! Poor father! Poor, poor girl!

She also often appeared to him at the same place where he had seen her appear for a moment,

on his awaking from that painful dream which predicted the death of his plant. Then, in the confusion of his ideas, he seemed to discover in her all the features of the Picciola of his dreams; and it was thus he thought he saw her now.

One day as the prisoner was dwelling on these sweet visions, something moved behind the dim, dusty casement; the little window was opened; a woman appeared at the grating. She had a dirty brown skin, an enormous goître, and cunning, avaricious eyes. It was Ludovico's wife.

From this time Charney saw nothing more there.

CHAPTER II.

Freed from its confinement, surrounded by good earth, with a wide space around it, Picciola recovered from its disasters, again flourished, and triumphed over all its misfortunes. It had lost its flowers, however, except the little one which had opened so lately at the foot of the stalk.

In the ample space, in the seed which was swelling and ripening in the calyx, Charney foresaw new and sublime discoveries, and even thought of the Dies Seminalis, of the feast of seed-time! For now there is no want of earth, it is more than sufficient for Picciola; perhaps she may become a mother, and see her daughters grow under her

While waiting this great day, he had an anxious wish to know the real name of his companion with whom he had passed such delightful moments.

"What! shall I never, then, be able to give Picciola, the poor foundling, that name which science and custom have bestowed on her beforehand, and which she bears in company with her

sisters of the plains or mountains!

The commandant had paid him a visit; Charney mentioned to him his wish to possess a work on Without refusing his request, as he did not wish to incur any responsibility, he first applied for authority from the governor-general of Piémont; and Menou not only hastened to give it to him freely, but also sent him, from the library at Turin, an enormous collection of volumes to assist the prisoner in his researches,-" Hoping," he write, "that her majesty the empress and queen, will versed herself in this branch of knowledge, as in many others, would not be sorry to know the name of that flower, in which she was so greatly interested.'

At the sight of this mass of science, which was brought to him by Ludovico, who bent under its weight, Charney smiled.

"Is such great artillery necessary," said he, " to force a flower to tell me its name?"

It was, however, with a sentiment of pleasure that he laid his hand once more upon books,

He turned them over with that thrill of delight which he had formerly felt, when knowledge was to him a mysterious and desirable thing. How long it was since his eyes had wandered over printed characters! Already he was forming projects for

sweet, holy studies!

"If ever I leave this place," said he, "I shall be a botanist! There I shall find none of those scholastic, pedantic controversies, which mislead rather than enlighten. Nature must show herself the same to all her disciples; always true though changing, always beautiful though unadorned!"

And he made himself acquainted with these newly-arrived books, their names and titles also. There were the Species Plantarum of Linnæus, the Institutiones Rei Herbariæ of Tournefort, the Theatrum Botanicum of Bauhin; then, the Phytographia, the Dendrologia, the Agrostographia, of Plukenet, Aldrovando, and Scheuchzer; and others in French or Italian.

Though a little alarmed at this array, so entirely scientific, Charney was not discouraged; and, as a preparation for more serious researches, he first opened the thinnest volume, that he might seek at random in the tables for the most pleasing names

a plant could bear.

He wished he could make his choice in that floral calendar, amongst Alcea, Alisma, Andryala, Bromelia, Celosia, Coronilla, Euphrasia, Helvella, Passiflora, Primula, Santolina, or any other name, pleasing to the lip, harmonious to the ear!

The fear suddenly seized him that his plant might bear, with a ridiculous and unpleasing name, a masculine or neuter termination, which would be entirely at variance with all his ideas respecting

his friend and companion.

What would become of the young girl of his dreams, if he must apply to her a designation such as Rumex obtusifolius, or Saytrium Hyoscyamus, or Gossypium, or Cynoglossum, or Cucubalus, or Cenchrus, Buxus! or even some French name, more barbarous still, such as Arrête-bœuf (rest-harrow), Attrape-mouche (fly-catcher), Herbe à pauvre homme (hedge-hyssop), Bec-de-grue (crane's bill), Dent-de-chien (dog's tooth), Langue-de-cerf (hart's tongue), or Fleurde-coucou (cuckoo flower)! Would it not be sufficient to disenchant him for ever? No! he will not risk the trial!

Notwithstanding, he resumed each volume by turns, opened it, turned over the leaves again; was in raptures at the innumerable wonders of nature; was angry at the systematising spirit of men, who of this study, which he had hitherto found so attractive, had made a science the rudest, the most technical, the most confused of all

sciences.

During a whole week he endeavoured, by examining his plant, to find out its name; he could not succeed. In this chaos of so many strange words, thrown from one system to another, bewildered in the midst of this unwieldy and immense nomenclature,—a true net of Vulcan, which covers Botany with a veil as if to hide her charms, and weighs on her almost to suffocation,-in vain he consulted all his authors, one after another : descending from class to order, from order to family, from family to genera, from genera to species, he continually lost the traces, and always ended by anathematising his faithless guides, who were often

at variance with each other either on the general character, or even on the use and denomination, of

each of the parts of a plant.

In the midst of these investigations, which he renewed a thousand times, the little flower, the only flower-examined petal by petal, explored even into its calyx-suddenly broke off in the hand of the examiner-the dissecter, and fell; carrying away with it the projects of study on the fruit, the hope of seed, the maternity of Picciola!

Charney was in consternation; and, after a long silence, apostrophising, with an agitated voice and an angry look, the books which he still held open

upon his knees-

"She is named Picciola!" exclaimed he, "nothing but Picciola, the plant of the prisoner, his consoler, his friend! What does she want with another name? and why did I wish to know it? Fool! what is there, then, no certain remedy, in this thirst to know, and can it not be cured?"

Then, with an impulse of anger, he seized the books he had before him, one after the other, and dashed them on the ground. A little paper came from between the leaves of one of them, and fell in the court-yard. Charney immediately picked it up. It contained some words recently written, and in a female hand. He read the following :-

Hope, and tell your neighbour to hope, for neither he nor you have I forgotten.

CHAPTER III.

CHARNEY read and re-read this billet twenty times over. Its sense could not be doubtful, for amongst women one alone had been for him all heart and all devotion; and that woman he had scarcely seen, thought he; he was ignorant of the sound of her voice, and if she had suddenly presented herself before him, he should certainly scarcely recognise her. But by what means, eluding the vigilance of his Arguses, had she been able to send him these lines? Tell your neighbour to hope. Poor girl, who dared not name her father! Poor father! to whom he cannot even show the remembrance of his daughter!

When thinking of that excellent old man, on whom he had brought such bitter misfortune, and whose sorrow he was prevented from alleviating, Charney felt overwhelmed with regret; and in the midst of sleepless nights, the idea of Gerhardi

sadly pursued him.

During one of these nights, an unaccustomed noise was heard above him, in the chamber of the upper story, hitherto empty; and his mind was filled with various conjectures, one more absurd than the other.

In the morning Ludovico entered his room with an air of business, and though he tried to compose his features to discretion, his sparkling

animated eyes announced great news.
"What is the matter?" said Charney, "and

what has been passing over my head to-night ?" "Oh! nothing, signor count, nothing; except that yesterday an addition of prisoners arrived here, and the vacant lodgings will be occupied.— Yes," pursued he, with a tone of affected commiseration, "you must share the enjoyment of your court with a companion in captivity; but be easy, we only receive good men here. When I say

good men," resumed he immediately, "I mean there are no thieves amongst them. But look, here is the new-comer, who is going to pay you his visit of installation."

At this unexpected announcement, Charney rose, much surprised, not knowing if he should rejoice or be sorry at the change, when suddenly

he saw Gerhardi enter his chamber.

Both looked at each other as if they still doubted the reality of the meeting; and at the same instant, their hands, united and pressed together, testified how warm was the pleasure they experienced in seeing each other again.

"Come, come," said Ludovico laughing, "I see that the acquaintance will be very soon made;" and he went out leaving the two in an ecstacy,

gazing on each other.

After a moment's silence, "What has re-

united us, then ?" said Charney.

"My daughter! I am sure of it, I cannot doubt it; and how could I be deceived? Does not all the happiness I experience in life come from her?"

Charney cast down his eyes with an air of embarrassment, and his hands strongly pressed those of the old man. At length, taking from his box a little paper, he presented it to him; "Do you know this writing?"

"It is hers!" cried Gerhardi; "it is my

"It is hers!" cried Gerhardi; "it is my daughter's! my Teresa's! No, she has not forgotten us; and her promise was not long in being realised, since we are reunited. But how did this

billet reach you ?"

Charney told him, and then unthinkingly made a gesture as if to resume possession of the note; but seeing Gerhardi holding it in his hands, that were trembling with emotion—reading it slowly word by word, letter by letter, kissing it a thousand times, he felt that it was no longer his, and in his inmost heart he experienced a vivid sentiment of regret, which he knew not how to explain to himself.

After the first few moments, when they had exhausted all their conjectures with respect to Teresa, her fate, and her present place of residence, Gerhardi, casting his eyes with a feeling of natural curiosity over the chamber of his host, stopped before each of the inscriptions on the wall. Two amongst them had been modified already; he comprehended the influence of the plant, and understood directly the important part it had played in respect to the prisoner. In his turn he took the charcoal. One of the sentences contained these words:

Men are placed upon this world as, later, they will be placed beneath it; one near another, but without links to connect them. To the body this world is a populous arena, where men jostle against each other on every side; to the heart—it is a desert!

He added:

If we have no friends!

Then turning affectionately towards his com-

panion, he opened his arms to him.

Still agitated with the thoughts that had just filled his mind, his heart palpitating, his eyes moist, Charney threw himself into them, and both sealed that holy bond of friendship by a long and warm embrace.

The next day they breakfasted together, tête-à-tête, in the chamber on the first floor, one sitting

on the bed, the other on the chair, having between them the little sculptured table, then holding, besides the double prison ration, a beautiful trout from the lake, craw-fish from the Cenise, a bottle of excellent wine of Mondovi, and a tempting morsel of that delicious cheese from Millesimo, known throughout Italy by the name of Rubiola. This was a feast for the captives! But Gerhardi did not want money, nor the captives complaisance, since the new orders had been received.

An unreserved and affectionate conversation was carried on between the two friends. Never had Charney so completely or so long enjoyed the pleasures of the table; never had a repast appeared so delicious to him. Certain it is, that if exercise and the waters of the Eurotas could season the black broth of Sparta, the presence and conversation of a friend add much more to the

flavour of the finest meats.

Confidence soon followed in its turn. They loved each other so well already, though they were scarcely acquainted! Without any incitement, without hesitation, without preamble, only as if he were fulfilling the contract of friendship entered into the preceding day, Charney related the presumptuous labours and the vain follies of his youth. The old man then commenced in his turn, and in a similar manner confessed the early errors of his life.

CHAPTER IV.

Gerhardi was born in Turin, where his father possessed a vast manufactory of arms. Piémont has always been a passage for the merchandise and ideas of France to Italy, as well as for the merchandise and ideas of Italy to France. A portion of both always remains on the way. The wind of France had blown on his father—he was a philosopher, a reformer; the breath of Italy had rested on his mother—she was devout to excess. As to him, poor child, loving, respecting, listening to both with the same confidence, he must necessarily participate in both their natures, and so he did. A republican devotee, he dreamt of a reign of religion and liberty, a very excellent alliance certainly; but he had his own peculiar ideas of it, and he was only twenty. We are still young at that age.

He was not long in pledging himself to both

parties.

At that time, the Piemontese nobility enjoyed certain privileges, that were very humiliating to the other classes of society. Its members alone, for example, could appear in the boxes of the theatre, and, could it be believed, dance at a public ball! for the dance was then considered an aristocratic exercise, and the citizens could only

attend as spectators.

At the head of a band of young men of the city, Giacomo Gerhardi one day publicly attacked this singular privilege. He was bold enough to establish a plebeian in the midst of the patrician quadrilles. The noble dancers were indignant; the plebeians, dancers and spectators, uttered a terrible cry, claiming the dance for ail! To this seditious noise other cries of liberty succeeded, and in the midst of the tumult which followed, after twenty challenges given and refused, not from

cowardice, but from pride, the impudent Giacomo, carried away by the warmth of his age and of his feelings, struck the proudest and highest-titled of

his adversaries a blow on his face.

The insult was great; the powerful family of San Marsano swore to be avenged. The knights of St. Mauriec, those even of the Annunciation—all the nobility of the country, in short, who when in danger form but one body—now seemed to have but one face, so much did each feel himself offended on his own account.

By order of his father, Giacomo took refuge with one of his relations, the curé of a little village in the principality of Masserano, in the environs of Bielle. But, notwithstanding his flight, he was condemned for contumacy to five years' exile from Turin. The foolish importance given to this affair, which was called "the dancing conspiracy," raised Giacomo in the eyes of his countrymen. The one side regarded him as the avenger of the people; the other, as one of those dangerous innovators who still dreamt of the independence of Piémont; and whilst at court this giver of blows was looked upon as one of the most active members of the democratic party, the poor little conspirator was quietly serving mass in the village, and never left the church, where he had just received the holy communion.

This stormy opening of a life which might have flowed on so calculy long influenced the fate of Giacomo Gerhardi. The old man paid dearly for the follies of his youth; for when he was arrested for the pretended attempt on the First Consul, his accusers did not fail to bring against him the sentence formerly passed upon him as a disturber

and mad republican.

From the time of his leaving Turin, and during his exile, Giacomo allowed that love of equality which his father had kindled in his mind to be entirely extinguished, while, on the other hand, the religious sentiments he derived from his mother were developed more and more. He soon carried them to excess, and his relation, a good and worthy ecclesiastic, whose mind perhaps wanted expansion, but whose intentions were good and convictions sincere, instead of seeking to control this enthusiasm in its commencement, excited it, hoping that Christian humility might prove a shield to the warmth of his character. He afterwards discovered the error in his calculation; Giacomo had no longer any desire, any wish, but to enter the charch.

To ward off this blow, which would have deprived them of their only son, his father and mother recalled him home; and relying on the warm affection he felt for them, they managed so well, that they persuaded, or rather obliged him, by their supplications and tears, to marry.

Giacomo married accordingly; but his marriage turned out at first very differently from what they had expected; he lived with his wife as with a sister. She was young and beautiful, and felt the tenderest affection for him. He used his influence over her heart, he exerted his natural impassioned eloquence, not to make her comprehend the happiness of the domestic ties, but the charms of a religious life. He succeeded so completely, so well, that a year after their union, the young wife retired into a convent, and he returned to the environs of Bielle.

A little distance from the village he inhabited, rises a chain of heights, the last branch of the Pennine Alps. At the base of Mount Mucrona, the highest peak of these mountains, a little valley, suddenly sinking, dark and sombre, covered with vapours, filled with rocks, bordered with precipices, seems from a distance to answer the description Virgil and Dante give us of the mouth of hell. But in proportion as you approach, the rocks appear clothed with beautiful verdure pleasing to the eye, the precipices present slopes of a gentle inclination, where flowering shrubs climb up the beautiful little hills, covered with natural groves; and the vapours, changing their tints with the rays of the sun, by turns white, rose, or violet, at length entirely disappear. Then may be seen, at the bottom of this lovely valley, a lake of about five hundred paces wide, fed by the springs, and from whence issues the little river of Oroppa, which at some distance from thence encircles one of the smaller hills of the chain, at the summit of which is a church consecrated at great expense to the Virgin Mary, by the piety of the people. This church is the most celebrated in the country.

If we may believe the legend, St. Eusebius, on his return from Syria, in this solitary spot deposited a wooden image of the Virgin, carved by St. Luke the evangelist, which he wished to preserve

from the profanation of the Arians.

Well, in this little valley, on the point of those rocks, on the slopes of those precipices, on the borders of that lake and river, on that mountain, in that church, at the foot of that image, Giacomo Gerhardi passed five more years of his life, entirely forgetting the world, his friends, his family, his wife, his mother, for the Virgin of Oroppa!

Ignorant that credulity is not belief, that super-

stition leads to idolatry, and that all excess estranges us from God, it was not the celestial Mary, the mother of Christ, that he adored; it was his own virgin! his virgin of the mountains. His days and his nights passed away in prayer, in weeping before her for imaginary faults, for his heart was like that of a child. In vain his relation, the good curate, more and more alarmed at this excessive fervour, sought to bring him back to reason: he could do nothing. In vain to distract him from this engrossing and dangerous prepossession, he proposed his visiting other places where the virgin was honoured; what mattered to Giacomo Our Lady of Loretto, and St. Mary of Bologna, or of Milan! it was only the material object, the image, the piece of black worm-eaten wood that he adored, and not the holy woman it so unworthily represented. This feeling of enthusiasm only lost in depth to gain in extent.

The Virgin of Oroppa had around her her suite

of saints, both male and female.

Amongst them Giacomo had distributed all the celestial powers, all the attributes of the Divinity. Of one he asked to dissipate the hail-clouds, which sometimes descended on his mountain from the heights of Mount Mucrona; of another, to soften his mother's sorrow, or to sustain his wife under her trials; of this, to watch over his sleep; of that, to defend him against temptation; the same with the rest; and his devotion became an impure polytheism,—his mountain of Oroppa an Olympus, where God alone had no place!

Imposing upon himself the most severe penances

and privations, he fasted, he macerated his body, sometimes remained three days without taking food, and would then sink into a state of exhaustion, which he honoured by the name of ecstacies. He had visions and revelations; he thought, like some Quietists, that by subduing his material nature, he was able to render his soul visible; he held conversations with it; and his health was destroyed, his reason lost: he was mad!

One day he heard a voice coming from on high, ordering him to go and convert the heretical Vaudois, some remains of whom still existed, not far from him, in the Valais. He set out, crossed the country watered by the Tesino, attained the summit of the great Alps, on the side of Monte Rosa; but suddenly shut in by winter, in the midst of a tribe of herdsmen, he was obliged to pass several months sheltered under the wide roof of a châlet, for the accumulating snows had stopped up all the

passe

This châlet, called in the country los strablas, or the stables, was an oblong building, five hundred feet in length, open only on the southern side, and covered closely in every other part with strong planks of pine, cemented with gums, resins, mosses, and lichens. In the cold season, men, women, children, and flocks all collected together there, under the direction of the most ancient of the tribe. In the centre of the habitation, a fire, constantly kept up, boiled an enormous cauldron, where, sometimes in turn, sometimes together, they prepared for the community, dried vegetables, bacon, mutton, quarters of chamois, or cutlets of marmot, which they ate with chesnut bread; and for wine they had a sourish liquor composed of several kinds of whortle-berries fermented.

Their numerous occupations—the care of the flocks and children, preparing cheeses, spinning hemp-making agricultural instruments, that later, during the fast-fleeting summer of those climates, they might force their rocks to give them fruitsforming clothes of sheepskin, baskets of bark, little elegant articles of larch or sycamore wood, destined for the towns, kept the whole population of the châlet employed. They were laborious but gay, and mingled laughter and songs with the sound of axes, wheels, and hammers. There, labour seemed a pleasure; study and prayer were considered duties and recreations. They sang their holy songs with harmonious and practised voices; the old taught the young reading and arithmetic; to the better prepared, music, and even a little Latin: for civilisation in the High Alps, like its vegetation, is preserved under its snow, at least among these tribes, and it is not uncommon to see, on the return of spring, minstrels and schoolmasters descend from these stables to the villages of the plains, and spread instruction and pleasure at the foot of the mountain.

The hosts of Giacomo were Vaudois.

For a missionary this was a fine opportunity; but at the first word he pronounced on the subject of his mission, the chief of the family, an old octogenarian, less respectable even from his age than from his labours and virtues, by which every instant of his life had been marked, imposed silence upon him.

"Our fathers," said he, "have suffered exile, dispersion, death even, rather than consent to worship images; do not hope then to do with us,

what ages of persecution could not accomplish with them. Stranger, you are here, obliged to live under our roof; pray in your way, we will pray in ours; but unite your efforts with ours in the common labours; for here, far from the noises and distraction of the world, idleness would kill you. Be our companion, our brother, as long as the snows surround us. Then, when the roads are free, you may quit us, if it seem good to you, without blessing the hearth that warmed you, without even turning to salute those who have lodged and fed you. You will owe them nothing; you will have worked for them; and if the balance be on our side, God will discharge it."

Obliged to submit, Giacomo remained during five months with these good people; during five months he was a witness of their virtues; during five months, morning and evening, he heard the devotions they addressed to the one God. His mind, ceasing to be excited by the objects of his exclusive worship, became calm; and when that prison which the ice had closed behind his footsteps was opened by the sun, at the aspect of that sun, and the magnificence of nature, from which he had been severed for so long a time, and which

entered fully and vividly into his mind, and resumed its usurped place.

The arrival of the early birds—the sight of the first plants, which appeared covered with flowers from beneath the snow—the murmurings of the swarms of bees around them, all excited transports

displayed itself to him from the top of the Alps,

the idea of an Eternal and All-powerful Ruler

of joy and love in his heart.

A whole volume would not be sufficient to de scribe the numerous and varied sensations that Giacomo then experienced. The good old man had felt attached to him; he knew little of books of science, but he had added his own observations to those of his fathers, and was delighted to explain to him the Creator by the creation. from that asylum, before which he had presented himself with his head full of fanaticism and intolerance, the converter went away almost entirely converted. The habit of employment, the sight of a family, led back Giacomo's ideas to the duties he ought to fulfil. He hastened to the parlour of his wife's convent. It would again require a complete history to relate the means he was obliged to use to reconquer that heart which he himself had formerly repulsed. This history will perhaps be worth telling another time.

In short, after unheard-of efforts to tear his wife from her cloistral life, to destroy himself the effect of his former lessons, his earlier instructions, Giacomo Gerhardi, restored to reason, to happiness, to rational belief, became the best of husbands, and some years after the happiest of

fathers.

Twenty-five years of wisdom and virtue redeemed his errors.

On his return to Turin, in the midst of his own family, he created by his industry occupations worthy of him. He possessed a tolerably good fortune, which business might have considerably increased, if his benevolence had not swallowed up his gains. It was so delightful to him to do good! The love of his fellow-creatures filled his heart with joy, and the study of Nature added an inexhaustible charm to his life. Animated nature,

above all, excited his curious investigations; and as God is great even in the least of his works, insects, offering themselves most readily to the hand of the religious philosopher, obtained the preference over the other productions of the Divine Artist. And thus it was that later, during his days of captivity, old Gerhardi gained from Ludovico the singular appellation of the fly-catcher.

CHAPTER V.

The two captives had soon no secrets from each other. After having rapidly gone over the principal events of their existence, they resumed it in detail, to impart to each other the slightest emotions that had marked its course. They also talked of Teresa, but at that name Charney felt embarrassed, and the blood would mount to his forehead; the old man himself became pensive, and a moment of silence, sad and solenn, always followed the

recollection of the absent angel.

More willingly, they interrupted their recitals by some grand discussion on a point of morality, or by observations on the caprices of human nature. The philosophy of Gerhardi, always gentle and consoling, made happiness consist in love of our neighbour; while Charney, often in opposition to him, could not comprehend how this warmth of indulgence and tenderness could be maintained for man, in spite of the injustice and persecutions which the virtuous Piémontese had suffered from them.

"But," said he to Gerhardi, "did you not then eurse those men, the day when, after having shamefully calumniated you, they deprived you of your

liberty, and of the sight of your child ?"

"The fault of some should not fall on all! Those even who have injured me-who knows!might not they, deceived by appearances, blinded by political fanaticism, have acted sincerely? Believe me, my friend, we must think of the evils we have endured with the thought of pardon in our hearts. Which of us does not require it for himself? Which of us has not mistaken error for truth? The apostle John said, 'God is love.' Oh! how beautiful and true is this word! Yes, it is by loving that we rise to God, and that we derive from him strength to support misfortune. If I had entered prison with a feeling of hatred towards mankind, I should certainly have died of despair. But no! Heaven be praised, these painful sentiments were far from me. The remembrance of so many kind friends, faithful in my misfortunes so many hearts that have suffered from my sufferings, made me still love my fellow-creatures; and the worst moment of my captivity was that when the sight of man was denied me !"

"What! did they use such severity towards

you ?" said Charney.

"At the first moment of my arrest," pursued his new friend, "I was taken to the citadel of Turin, put in solitary confinement, shut up in a subterranean gallery, where the jailors even could not communicate with me. They passed my food through a revolving box, and, during one long month, nothing came to interrupt this silent solitude. You must know what I experienced then, fully to comprehend how truly, notwithstanding all the reveries of our savage philosophers, a state

of society is the natural state of the human race. and what privation he endures who is condemned to perfect solitude! Not to see a human being! to live without being supported by one look, without one voice sounding in your ear. To clasp no hand in yours! To lay your head, your breast, your heart, only on cold and insensible objects, it is frightful; and the strongest reason would sink under it. One month, one eternal month! passed thus away with me. Even at its commencement, when my turnkey came every two days to renew my provisions, the noise merely of his footsteps caused me inexpressible joy. waited the moment with anxiety. I exclaimed 'Good day' to him through the iron door that separated us, but he did not reply; I endeavoured, during the rotation of the box, to catch a glimpse of his face, hands, or even his clothes. not succeed, and I was in despair. Had he borne upon his features the signs of cruelty and vice, I should have thought him beautiful. Would he have extended his hand to me, were it only to have repulsed me, I should have blessed him. nothing! nothing! I only saw him the day of my removal to Fénestrella. My only distraction, my only pleasure, my only company then were little spiders, which I observed for whole hours; but I had already observed them so often! I made friends of them, for I crumbled my bread to feed them. Rats, also, were not wanting in my dungeon; but these animals have always inspired me with dread, and an invincible disgust. I fed them also as well as I could, while defending myself from their approach and contact. However, the care that I took of my spiders, the terror even with which my poor villanous rats inspired me, was not sufficient to occupy me, and despair overwhelmed me when thinking of my daughter !"

Charney sighed, Gerhardi comprehended what was passing in his mind, and resuming the calmness of his demeanour, hastened to continue.

ness of his demeanour, hastened to continue.

"Good fortune ere long came to me! Light came to my gallery by a dormer window, strongly barricadoed by an iron cross (it was before that cross of my prison I performed my morning and evening devotions); a sloping shade which widened towards the outer end, was set up before this window, and only permitted my eyes to reach the upper extremity of a large piece of wall built to connect two bastions. Above me was situated the keep of the citadel. One day—Celestial Providence, how I thank thee for it !—the shadow of a man was suddenly thrown upon that part of the wall that was within my sight. The person I could not see, but I guessed his movements by those of the shadow. That shadow went and came. It was that of a soldier recently placed as sentinel on the platform of the keep. I distinguished the cut of his coat, his epaulettes, the form of his cartouche-box, the point of his bayonet, the waving of his plume. How can I tell you, my friend, the joy with which my soul was filled! I was no longer alone ! a companion had just arrived! The next day, the following days, the shadow thrown by the soldier reappeared on the wall, his shadow or that of another! But at least it was always a man, one of my fellow-creatures, who lived, who moved there, under my eyes! I observed and followed the passing and repassing of the shade; I placed myself in correspondence

with it, I walked along my gallery in the same direction as the soldier along his platform. they came to relieve guard, I said 'adieu' to the departing, 'good day' to the coming sentinel, whose turn of duty it was. I knew the corporal; I soon knew all my military guardians by their outline: shall I confess it? for some I felt unaccountable preferences. According to their attitude, their step, the slowness or vivacity of their motions, I endeavoured to guess their age, their character, their feelings. One hurried his steps, turned his musket rapidly in his hand, or moved his head in measured time: he was doubtless young, and naturally gay; he was singing, or amusing himself with dreams of love. Another passed with his head bent, sometimes stopping; and leaning both his arms on his piece, he would remain long in a melancholy attitude: he was thinking of his absent mother, of his village, of all he had left behind him! His hand was lifted to his face, perhaps to dry a tear! And these were the dear shades for whom I felt affection; I was interested in their fate, I formed wishes and prayers for them. And thus new feelings of tenderness arose in my heart and consoled it. Believe me, my friend, we must love our fellow-creatures; we must love them with all our souls; for thus alone can we secure happiness."

"Excellent man!" said Charney, much touched, "who would not love you! Why did I not know you sooner! My life might have been changed. But ought I to complain? Have I not found here what the world refused me, a devoted heart, a solid support, virtue, truth; you and Picciola!"

For in the midst of all these effusions Picciola was not forgotten. The two companions had constructed together, near it, a larger, pleasanter, more commodious bench than the first. They sat on it beside one another, opposite the plant, and they would imagine they were all three convers-This bench they called the bench of confer-It was there the simple, modest man endeavoured to be eloquent, that he might be persuasive; to be persuasive, that he might be useful; and natural eloquence and persuasion did not fail him. That bench was the bench of the school, the chair of instruction. There were seated the professor and the pupil ;- the professor, he who knew the least, but who knew the best; the professor was Gerhardi, the pupil Charney, the book Picciola!

CHAPTER VI.

They were reposing on their accustomed seat. Autumn was approaching. Charney, losing all hope of seeing his Picciola flower again, was speak-ing to his friend of his regret for the fall of her last blossom; and he, to supply the loss as much as he could, laid before him a general view of the fructification of plants.

There, as elsewhere, the print of a Divine hand is shown in all the acts of nature. Gerhardi told how some plants, with large spreading leaves, that would stifle each other, by growing near together, have their seeds furnished with plumes, that the wind may more easily disperse them; how, when the plumes are wanting, these seeds ripen in pods, provided with an elastic spring, which suddenly starting at the moment of their maturity, throws them to a distance to separate them. Plumes and springs are feet or wings which God has given them, that each may choose its place in the sun.

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What eye can follow, in their rapid flight through the agitated air, the membranous fruit of the elmthat of the maple, pine, and ash, whirling about in the atmosphere, in the midst of a cloud of other seeds, whose lightness is sufficient to raise them, and appear to be hastening of their own accord to meet the birds whose hunger they are to appeare.

The old man also explained how water-plantsplants destined to ornament the streams or adorn the edges of ponds-have their seeds so formed, that they may float on the water, and plant themselves on the sides of the banks, or pass from one shore to another; how, when their weight draws them to the bottom, it is that they require to grow in the bed of the river, or the slime of the marsh, as the flags and reeds, that come up like an army of lances from the bosom of the stagnant waters, and the brillant water-lilies, which, while their roots are in the mud, rise to the surface, and spread their round shining leaves on the bosom of the stream, with their beautiful white or golden flowers. And he told him also of the loves of the Vallisneria, separated from her husband, which lengthens herself by extending the spiral cord that serves for her footstalk, to flower above the water; whilst her spouse, destitute of that faculty of extension, violently breaks the bands that retain him, to rise and blossom beside her, and die in fertilising her.

"What! do these things exist," cried Charney, "and men in general do not deign to turn their eyes towards them ! "

This was one of the old man's lessons.

"My friend," said his companion to him one day, as they were sitting together on the bench of conference, "have the insects which you have made your favourite study offered as many wonders to your observation as Picciola to me?

"Quite as many," replied the professor. "Believe me, you will not thoroughly appreciate your Picciola till you have made acquaintance with those little animated beings that sometimes come to visit her, and fly and hum around her. Then you will see those numerous relations, those secret laws, that connect the insect with the plant, as the insect and the plant to the rest of the world; for all is born from the same Will, all is governed by the same Intelligence! Newton has said, the universe was created by a single effort. Hence that harmony, that general unison, which cannot be understood in its vast whole, but which nevertheless

Gerhardi was going on to develop his ideas, when stopping suddenly, he fixed his eyes on Picciola, and kept an attentive silence for some moments.

A butterfly of rich colours had alighted on one of the branches of the plant, its wings agitated with a peculiar quivering.

"What are you thinking of, my friend?"

"I am thinking," replied the professor, "that Picciola will assist me in replying to your former question. Look at that butterfly. At the moment I am speaking, it is obliging your plant to form an engagement with it. Yes, for it has placed its hope of future progeny on one of its branches."

Charney bent forward to see if this were so.

The butterfly fled away, after having covered its

eggs with a gummy juice, capable of fixing them

firmly on the bark of the plant.

"Well," replied Gerhardi, " is it by chance or a fortunate accident that it has come to confide to Picciola its precious deposit? Take care how you believe it! Nature has reserved a species of plant for each species of insect. Every plant has its guest to lodge and nourish. Now, understand what there is remarkable in the act of this butterfly. It was at first a caterpillar itself, and while a caterpillar it fed on the substance of a similar plant to that ; it afterwards went through its transformations, and, faithless to its first affections, it flew indifferently to any flower, to suck the juices of its nectaries. Well, when the moment of maternity is come to it, to that butterfly that has not known its mother, and will not see its children (for its work is accomplished, and it will die), to that butterfly, that consequently experience cannot have instructed, it comes to confide its eggs to the plant, like that which nourished itself under another form, and in another season. It knows that the little caterpillars will come from the eggs, and for them it has forgotten the wandering habits of a butterfly. Who then has taught it this? Who then has given it the remembrance, the reasoning and faculty of recognising that plant whose foliage now is no longer what it was in spring? Practised eyes are sometimes deceived, but the butterfly never!" Charney was going to express his surprise.—"Oh! this is not all!" interrupted Gerhardi. "Now, examine the branch which it has chosen. It is one of the oldest and strongest; for the new shoots, weak and tender as they are, may be destroyed by the winter frosts, or broken by the wind. This it also knows. Again, who then has taught it?"

Charney was in amazement. "But," said he, "pardon me, my friend; I fear lest you should be deceived by some illusion."

"Silence, sceptic!" cried the old man, with one of his intelligent smiles; "you will perhaps believe what you see. Attend to me well. Picciola is going to play her part in her turn; this does not refer to the foresight of the insect only, but to that of nature, to one of those laws of harmony which I spoke of just now, and which obliges the plant to accept the legacy of the butterfly. In the approaching spring we shall be able to verify this prodigy together," said he, repress-ing a sigh addressed to his daughter. "Then, when the first leaves of Picciola shall show themselves, the little larvæ enclosed in the eggs will hasten to break their shells. You know, doubtless, that the buds of different shrubs do not open at the same time, and also the eggs of the different kinds of butterflies are not hatched on the same day; but here a law of unity regulates the bursting forth of the plant, by that of the insect. If the larvæ came before the leaves, they would find nothing to feed upon; if the leaves became matured before the birth of the little caterpillars, they would be unable to feed on them with their feeble jaws. It cannot but be so; Nature never deceives! Each plant follows in its progress the course of the insect it is to nourish; the one opens its buds, when the other opens its eggs; and after having grown and strengthened together, toge-ther they will open their flowers and their wings."

"Picciola! Picciola!" murmured Charney, "thou hast not then told me all!"

Thus from day to day succeeded these delightful instructions, and when the evening came, the captives embraced while saying adieu, and returned to their chambers to wait there for sleep. or to think, often unknown to each other, of the same object—the daughter of the old man. What had become of her since the order of the cap-tain forcibly exiled her from the prison of her father?

Teresa had at first followed the emperor to Milan; but she soon learned by experience that it is sometimes more difficult to cross an antechamber than an army. However, the friends of Gerhardi, stimulated by her entreaties, again redoubled their efforts, and promised before long to put an end to his captivity; and Teresa more tranquil had retraced the road to Turin, where a relation

offered her an asylum.

The husband of this relation was librarian of the city; it was he whom Menou commissioned to make choice of the books to be sent to the fortress of Fénestrella. The nature of these books enabled Teresa easily to guess for whom they were destined. Hence, in one of the volumes, the insertion of that little note, whose mystic style could compromise neither her father, nor her protégé. She was ignorant then that her father and Charney were more than ever separated from each other, and when the news reached her by the very messenger who had taken the books, terrified for the consequences of such complete solitude to her father, one single thought above all others occupied her mind—the reunion of the two captives!

Not only did she address letter upon letter to the governor of Piémont, but she also interested the principal inhabitants of Turin in her cause, and even the wife of Menou. He had sufficient motives for not opposing a prolonged resistance to such numerous and pressing solicitations, and all

that she asked was granted to Teresa.

Some time after, when, on being presented to the governor of Piémont by Madame Menou, she offered her thanks, and poured out to him the expression of her gratitude, the old general, pleasingly surprised at seeing her-touched by that eloquence of filial tenderness which flowed from her lips, lost for an instant his usual roughness, and taking her affectionately by the hand, said,-

"Come and see me sometimes, or rather come and see my wife. Perhaps, before a month she

may have some good news to give you!"

Teresa immediately thought the favour to be granted was, her being allowed to return to Fénestrella, and pass part of her time in the prison with her father; she threw herself at the feet of the general, and thanked him a thousand times with a

countenance radiant with happiness.

Beneath one of those beautiful suns of October which recall those of spring, Gerhardi and Charney were sitting on their bench. Both silent and pensive, and leaning on the ends of their rustic seat, they might have been supposed indifferent to one another, if at times the eyes of the count had not turned, with an expression of interest and anxiety, towards his companion, who was entirely sunk in a deep reverie. The features of Gerhardi were rarely shaded by so dark an appearance of sadness. Charney might easily deceive himself on

the cause that gave rise to it, and he was de-

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed he, suddenly breaking a long silence; "captivity is horrible! horrible! when it is not merited! to live separated from what we love!"

Gerhardi raised his head, and, in his turn, rousing himself from the meditation in which he had been

sunk, said,-

"Separation is the great trial of life; is it not so,

my friend?"

"I, your friend!" replied the count; "does that name suit me? Is it not I who have separated you from her? can you forget it? Ah! you do not deny it, you were thinking of your daughter; and while thinking of her, you could not turn your eyes towards mine. When those thoughts come, I can well believe the sight of me must be odious to you."
"You deceive yourself strangely on the cause

of my reverie," said the old man. "Never, perhaps, did the remembrance of my daughter present itself to my mind with more consolation than today, for she has written to me, and I have her

letter!"

"Can it be possible! She has written to you? They have permitted it." And Charney drew near the happy father, with an emotion of joy inmediately repressed. "But does that letter tell you any melancholy news, then?"

"No-quite the contrary." "Then, why this sadness ?"

"Alas! what would you, my friend? man is thus made. Regret always mixes with our dearest hopes. Our happiness here below casts its shadow before it, and it is on that shadow our eyes first rest. You speak of separation! Here, take this letter; read it; and you will soon guess why, this morning, a feeling of sadness came over me near you."

Charney took the letter, and held it some time without opening it. His eyes fixed on Gerhardi, he seemed to be endeavouring to guess what it contained by the features of his dear companion; then he examined the direction, and was touched on recognising the writing. At length, opening the paper, he tried to read it aloud; but his voice trembled, and the words died on his lips; he stopped, and finished the letter to himself.

He read as follows :-

"MY DEAR FATHER,-This note that you now hold in your hands, kiss it a thousand and a thousand times; a thousand times have I kissed it, and there is a complete harvest for you to gather from it."

"Oh! I have not failed to do so," murmured Gerhardi, "dear child!"

Charney continued-

"It is to you, as to me, a vivid satisfaction, is it not, to be permitted at length to correspond? We owe eternal gratitude to General Menou for it! It is he who has at length ended the silence, that, perhaps more even than distance, separated May he be blessed! Henceforth, at least our thoughts will fly to meet each other: I shall tell you my hopes, and they will sustain you; you will tell me your sorrows, and, when weeping over them, I shall think myself weeping near you. But, dear father, if a greater favour still should be in reserve for us!—Oh! pray suspend for a

few moments reading this letter, and, before going farther, prepare your soul for the sudden joys there remain for me to tell you!-Father, suppose I may soon be allowed to return to you !-to see you from time to time, to hear you, to surround you with my cares; during two years this happiness satisfied me, and then captivity appeared light to you. Well, if my hope should be realised, soon I shall return to those walls whence I was exiled."

"She is returning. What! here, to be with you?" interrupted Charney, with a cry of joy.
"Read, read," said the old man sadly.

Charney read again the last sentence, and con-

tinued-

"Soon I shall return to those walls whence I was exiled! You will be happy, very happy, I am sure of it. Rest, then, a little on this consoling thought. Your daughter, your Teresa, begs you to do so! do not hasten to reach the end of this letter too quickly. Violent emotions are sometimes very dangerous. Have I not said enough to you? Charged to accomplish your wishes, did an angel descend from heaven, you would not have dared to ask more from him; I, too exacting perhaps, before he resumed his flight, would have interceded with him for your liberty-your complete deliverance. At your age it is so sad to live away from your native country! The banks of the Doria are so beautiful; and, in your garden on La Colline, the trees, planted by my dead mother and my poor brother, have so greatly flourished! There, their memory dwells more than anywhere else! Then, you must so regret your friends—your friends whose generous efforts have so well aided my weak endeavours.—Oh! my father, my father! the pen burns my fingers! my secret will escape. It has certainly escaped already. Oh! I implore you, arm yourself with strength and constancy, for this is the happiness that is coming. In a few days I shall rejoin you, no longer only to soften your captivity, but to end it. No more to remain with you for certain hours, and within the bars of a prison, but to bring you out with me—free and proud. Yes, proud! for you will have a right to be so; for your faithful Delarue and Cotenna have not obtained a pardon for you, but justice, reparation! "Adieu, my dearest father: oh! how I love

"TERESA." you, and how happy I am! "TERESA."

There was not a word in this letter, a single word of remembrance for Charney. This absent word he had sought for with agony during the whole time he was reading the letter; and yet, notwithstanding the disappointment he felt at not finding it, it was an exclamation of joy that first

broke from him.

"You will be free, then!" cried he. "You will be able to repose under the trees, and see the sun rise!"

"Yes," said the old man, "I am going-to quit you! And this is the shadow that precedes my

happiness to obscure it!"

"And what matter!" replied Charney, proving by the vehemence of his feelings, and his generous forgetfulness of himself, how capable he had become of comprehending true friendship. "You will be restored to her at last. She will have ceased to suffer by my fault. You will be happy. And I shall no longer feel at the bottom of my

heart that weight which has oppressed me! During the few moments that remain for us to pass together, we shall, at least, be able to speak of her."

These latter words he uttered in the arms of

his old friend.

CHAPTER VII.

The idea of the approaching separation seemed to redouble the mutual tenderness of the two captives. Always together, they were never tired of those long and instructive conversations on the bench of conference.

There was a certain subject however, one of very deep interest, which Gerhard sometimes attempted to touch upon, and which Charney, on the contrary, always avoided. The old man attached too much importance to it, to let himself be easily discouraged. For if he succeeded, he should leave him with less regret. One day an occasion for returning to it presented itself.

"Do you not admire," said his companion to him, "the fate that has united us two here; we who, separated from one another by the countries in which we were born, imbued with opposite prejudices, by very different routes had arrived at the same point—denial of the Divinity?"

"Against that latter article I defend myself," said Gerhardi, smiling: "to forget is not to deny."

"Granted; but which of the two was the more

blind, the more to be pitied?"

"You!" said the old man, without hesitation; "yes, you, my friend. All excess may conduct man to his ruin, doubtless; but in superstition there is belief, there is passion, there is life. In incredulity all is dead. The one is the river turned from its true course; it inundates, it overwheims, it displaces the vegetable fostering mould, but it is impregnated with its substance, and carries it with it; it may be able later to repair the disasters it has caused. The other is drought, sterility; it kills, it burns, without the hope of future benefit; of the soil it makes sand, of the opulent Palmyra a ruin in a desert! Incredulity, not content with separating us from our Creator, loosens the links of society, and even those of family; by depriving man of his dignity, it produces around him isolation and desertion, and leaves him alone—alone with his pride! I have said justly; a ruin in a desert!"

"Alone with his pride!" repeated Charney, in a low voice, his elbow leaning on the arm of the bench, his head sunk on his hand. "The pride of human science! Why, then, is man so pleased to destroy the elements of his happiness, by wishing to penetrate, to analyse them? Even if he should owe that happiness to a lie, why seek to raise the mask, and hasten voluntarily to meet the ruin of his illusions? Is truth, then, so delightful? Will science be sufficient for his ambitious desires? Fool! it was thus with me. I am but a worm! I said, then, to myself, a worm destined to annihilation; but, pluming myself on my dunghill, I was proud of knowing it. I was proud of my naked weakness. I had doubted happiness and virtue; but, before annihilation, my scepticism stopped. I believed. My degradation became glorious to me, since I had discovered it. And had I not good cause to congratulate myself! In exchange for my fine discovery, I had only given my kingly mantle and my treasure of immortality!"

The old man held out his hand to his companion. "The worm, after having crawled upon the earth," said he, "after having fed on oitter leaves, after having dragged itself through the mud of the morass and the dust of the roads, will construct its chrysalis, a transient tomb! whence it will come forth, transformed and purified, to fly from flower to flower, to live on their perfumes; and then, displaying its brilliant wings, it will rise towards heaven! Is not the history of the worm ours in fact?"

Charney shook his head.

"Incredulous!" replied Gerhardi, reproving him by a smile characterised by sadness; "you see your malady was greater than mine. The cure is longer. Have you, then, forgotten the lessons of your Picciola?"

"No," said Charney, with a grave, impressive voice; "I confess God! I now believe in that First Cause which Picciola has revealed to me; in that Eternal Power, the admirable Regulator of the universe! But your comparison of the worm refers to the future destiny of man, and what

proves that?"

"What proves it? his mind! That is all future, and bears him constantly onward. His life is consumed in ceaseless desire; even he turns in spite of himself towards that unknown pole that attracts him; for is his most glorious portion a fruit of the earth? Where are the people amongst whom ideas of future life have not existed? And why should not that hope be realised? Can the mind of man go farther than the power of God? What proves it ?- I will not bring the authorities of revelation and the holy scriptures; convincing to me, they would be without force for you, as the wind which impels the vessel on its way can do nothing against the immobility of the rock; for the rock has no sails to receive it, and its base is fixed in the earth. But, my friend, should we believe in the immortality of matter, and not in the eternity of that intelligence which serves to regulate our judgment on matter itself? What! virtue, love, genius, can all these come to us by the affinities of certain terrestrial, insensible molecules? Can that which does not think make us think? What! can brute matter create intelligence, when intelligence directs and governs matter? Then, the stones also should love and think. Speak, speak; answer!"

"That matter may be endowed with thought," replied Charney, "the English Locke appeared inclined to suppose. There is contradiction in his opinions, for he denies innate ideas, while admitting instinctive knowledge." Then interrupting himself, he exclaimed, laughing, "Take care, my friend! Do you wish to draw me again into that labyrinth of quickands, metaphysics?"

labyrinth of quicksands, metaphysics?"

"I do not understand anything of metaphysics,"

said Gerhardi.

"And I not much," answered Charney. "It is not, however, from want of having devoted time to them. But let us leave a discussion which can only be useless or fatal. You are convinced, keep your convictions. They are dear to you, I know; suppose I were to shake them?"

"You cannot do so, and I accept the trial."

"What have you to gain by it?"

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"To bring you back entirely to consoling faith. You cited Locke just now; I only know one fact respecting him: it is, that constantly, and on the bed of death, he declared the only real happiness for man was in a pure conscience, and the hope of a future life!"

" I can understand how pleasant it is to pour out beforehand the draught of immortality, but my reason refuses to allow me to take a share. Do not let us talk of it more, believe me."

Both kept a constrained silence.

At that moment, something that was flying about above their heads suddenly settled before them on the leaves of the plant. It was a greenish beetle, a beautiful striped buprestis, with white wavy bands and a narrow body.

"Here, my friend," said Charney, "here is something to interest us. Reveal some more of

the wonders of God to me!"

Gerhardi took the insect, carefully examined it, seemed to reflect; then suddenly his features were animated as with hope and triumph! One might have said an irresistible argument had just fallen from heaven; and resuming at first his professor's tone, but raising it gradually in proportion as the secret motive of the lesson became more apparent,
"I, the fly-catcher," said he with apparent gaiety,

"I ought, I know, to confine myself within the limits of my modest studies. I am not a savant!"

"The most enlightened mind, the best stored with science," replied Charney, "quickly perceives the bounds of its intelligence and strength, when it wishes to penetrate too far into things mysterious here below. Genius itself is worn out and destroyed, before it can make the true light burst forth !

"We ignorant people," replied the old man, "go to the point by the easiest and shortest way; we simply open our eyes, and God is revealed to

us in the sublimity of his works."

"On this point we are agreed," said Charney.

"Let us pursue our way, then! A simple plant has been sufficient to make you comprehend that Intelligence which governs the world; a butterfly has given you a glimpse of the law of universal harmony: now this pretty buprestis, which has life and motion also, and whose organisation is even superior to that of the butterfly, will conduct us perhaps farther. You have yet only read one page of the immense book of nature; I am going to turn over the leaf."

Charney drew near, and, with a very attentive air, in his turn examined the insect the old man

"You see this little being. Had it the power of creating, all human genius could add nothing to its organisation, so well is it calculated for its wants, and the end that has been assigned it. has wings to transport itself from one place to another, elytra above its wings to protect them and defend it from injury from hard bodies. It has besides a breast covered with a cuirass-eyes guarded with a network of mail that the thorn of the eglantine or the sting of an enemy may not destroy its sight. It has antennæ, to examine the obstacles that present themselves; living by the chase, it has swift feet to reach its prey-hard, strong, mandibles to devour it, to dig in the earth to make its abode, to deposit its booty or its eggs. If a dangerous adversary dare attack it, it keeps in reserve an acrid and corrosive liquid which will soon send it away. An innate instinct has from the first taught it the means of providing its food, and constructing a habitation; to make use of its instruments and its arms. And do not think that other insects are less favoured than this, All have had their part in the magnificent distribution of the gifts of Nature. Imagination is appalled at the variety and multiplicity of the means employed by her to secure the existence and duration of these infinite small races. Now let us compare, and you will see that this frail creature will furnish sufficient to establish the immense line of demarcation which separates man from the brute!

" Man has been thrown naked upon the carth; weak, incapable of flying like a bird, of running like a stag, of creeping like a serpent; without means of defence, in the midst of terrible enemies, armed with claws and fangs; without the means of braving the inclemency of the seasons, in the midst of animals covered with wool, scales, or fur; without shelter, when every other has its den, its burrow, its nest, its shell; without arms, when all are armed around him and against him. Well! he has asked of the lion his cave for a dwelling, and the lion has retired before his glance; he has spoiled the bear of his fur, and it was his first clothing; he has torn his horn from the bull, and formed it into his first cup. Then he searched the earth to its inmost parts, to seek the instruments of his future power: of a rib, of a sinew, and a reed, he has made himself arms; and the eagle, that at first, seeing his weakness and his nakedness, prepared to seize him for its prey, struck in mid air, falls dead at his feet, only to furnish him a feather as an ornament for his headdress!

" Amongst animals, is there one, a single one, who could live and preserve its life under such conditions? Let us divide, for a moment, the workman from his work; let us separate God from nature. Well! Nature does all for that insect, and nothing for man. It is that man must be the offspring of intelligence, much more than that of matter; and God, in granting him this celestial gift, this ray of light, a portion of the divine fire, created him weak and miserable, that he might make use of it, and that he might be obliged to find in himself the elements of his greatness!"

"But, my friend," interrupted Charney, "what good then has this faculty, self-called divine, done to our species? Superior to animals under so many relations, we are inferior to them under many others; and that insect itself, whose wonders you have just detailed to me, is it not worthy to excite our envy, and to raise in us a sentiment of

humility rather than of pride ?"

" No; for animals in their important actions have never varied. Such they are, such they have always been; what they know they have always known. If they are born perfect, it is that there can be no progression amongst them. They do not live by their own impulse, but by that given them by the Creator. Thus, from the commencement of the world, the beavers have built their huts on the same plan, the caterpillars and spiders have spun and woven their cocoons and their webs in the same form; the cells of the bees have

always formed a regular hexagon; and lion-ants have always traced, without a compass, circles and spiral lines. The character of their industry is uniformity and regularity, that of the industry of man is diversity; for it comes from free and creative thought. Now, observe. Of all the beings of creation, man alone has memory, presentiment, an idea of duty and hidden causes, reflection, love! He alone is determined by reason, and not by instinct; he alone can catch a glimpse of the universe in its whole; he alone anticipates another world; he alone knows life and death!"

"Without doubt," said Charney; "but again, is what distinguishes him from animals so much to his advantage, then? Why has God given us reason that misleads, science which deceives us? With our high intelligence, we are often objects of pity to ourselves! Why is the only privileged being, also the only one liable to error? Why have we not the instinct of animals, or animals

our reason?"

" It is that they were not created for the same end. God does not expect virtue from them. Grant them reason, the liberty of choice in their dwellings and in their food, and you instantly destroy the equilibrium of the world. The Creator has decreed that the surface of the globe, and even its inmost parts, should teem with animated beings, that life should be everywhere. And accordingly, in the plains, in the valleys, in the forests, from the summits of the mountains to their abysses, on the trees as on the rocks-in the seas, in the lakes, in the rivers, in the streams, on their banks or in their beds, in the sands-as in the swamps-in every climate, in every latitude, from one pole to the other, all is peopled; all move in harmony with each other. In the depths of the desert, as behind a blade of straw, the lion and the ant are at the post that has been assigned to them. Each has his part, each has his place marked out beforehand; each moves there in its appointed circle, each is there confined within its own limits, for it was necessary that all the squares of this immense chess-board should be filled; they are so; none can leave his place without dying. Man alone goes everywhere, and lives everywhere; he crosses the oceans and the deserts; he plants his tent on the sand, or constructs his palace on the shores of the lake; he lives in the midst of the snows of our Alps, as under the tropical suns; he has the world for a prison!"
"But if this world is governed by God," said

Charney, " why so many crimes in the bosom of human society, and so many disasters in nature ? I admire with you the sublime distribution of created beings; my reason is overwhelmed before this vast whole; but when my eyes turn towards

" My friend," interrupted the sage, " do not accuse God either of the errors of man, or the eruption of a volcano: he has imposed on matter eternal laws, and his work is accomplished without his being anxious if a vessel sinks in the midst of a tempest, or a town disappears under an earthquake. What matter to him a few existences more or less! Thinks he then of death? No! but to our soul he has left the care of regulating itself; and what proves it, is the independence of our passions. I have shown you animals obeying in all things the instinct which directs them,

having only blind impulses, possessing only qualities inherent in their species: man alone forms his virtues and his vices; he alone has free-will, for him alone this earth is a world of trials. The tree of happiness, which we cultivate here below with so many efforts, will only flourish for us in heaven. Oh! do not think that God CAN change the heart of the wicked, and will not; that he can leave the just in sorrow, without reserving for him a recompense. What could he then have willed in creating us? If we were in this world to receive the reward of our virtues or our crimes, all prosperity would be honourable, and a thunderbolt would be a death of infamy!'

Charney was struck with surprise on hearing this simple man suddenly attain to eloquence from the depth of his convictions; he followed his eye, he admired his noble countenance, on which shone all the splendour of a religious soul; and in-

voluntarily he felt moved and affected.
"But," said he in a low voice, "why has not God given us a certainty of our immortality?"

"Has he willed it? Ought he to will it?" replied the pious man, rising with dignity, and laying his hand affectionately on the shoulder of his companion. "Doubt may, perhaps, be necessary to humble the pride of our reason. What would be virtue if its reward were certain beforehand? What would become of free-will? The mind of man is immense, not infinite; it is at once expanded and contracted. It is expanded to make him comprehend his dignity, and enable him to rise to God by the contemplation of his works; it is contracted to make him feel his dependence on that same God. Man here below can only see a part, faith does the rest—My God! My God!" exclaimed Gerhardi, clasping his hands with fervour, and raising toward heaven his eyes, wet with tears-" grant me thy strength to raise this fallen spirit, who wishes to rise towards thee. Lend me thy aid to assist this immortal soul now ignorant of itself, to resume its flight. Let my words be persuasive, since my heart is convinced. But here, what can an advocate do to the cause, where all nature brings its unanimous testimony? Is there even so much as that necessary? A flower, an insect, is sufficient to proclaim thy Almighty power, to reveal to man his future destiny. Oh! let this plant here finish its work. Is it not, my God, like all thy creatures, enlightened by thy sun, and fertilised by the breath that emanates from thee ?"

The old man then appeared to forget himself in a silent ecstacy-doubtless he was praying inwardly; and when he turned towards his companion, he found him with both his hands on the back of the rustic bench, his head resting on them, and his features also presenting an expres-

sion of holy meditation.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the purified heart of Charney, the blood flowed more calmly; in his enlightened mind, softer, more consoling, more affectionate thoughts succeeded each other. Thus, like the Piémontese sage, he felt a vague desire to expand his soul in tenderness; he then thought with delight on beings whom, by links of gratitude or friendship, he could attach to himself. Amongst these, Josephine, Gerhardi, and Ludovico first PICCIOLA.

offered themselves to people his celestial world. Then, like shadows, two female forms appeared on the extremities of this rainbow of love that had come after the storm, as we see in the pictures of some churches, two seraphim, their heads bent forwards, their robes floating, their wings half spread to mark the limits of Eden.

One of these shades was the fairy of his dreams, Picciola the young girl, that pure image born of the perfumes of his flowers; the other, the angel of his prison, his second Providence, Teresa

Gerhardi.

By a strange contradiction, the first, which only existed in idea, alone offered itself to his memory under a clear, distinct, and fixed form. He saw her slightly contract her brow, her eye sparkle, her lips smile. Such she had appeared to him in his dreams, such he had always found her. As to Tercsa, his eyes having never rested upon her, or at least believing he had never seen her, but through an illusion, when, in his transports of gratitude, he invoked her as herself, under what features could she appear before him? The seraph lad her face veiled; and if Charney wished to turn aside the veil, it was still the countenance of Picciola that appeared—Picciola multiplying herself suddenly, whatever he might do, to receive the homage of the heart destined for her rival.

One morning, the prisoner, when quite awake, thought himself completely a prey to this singular hallucination. The day was just begun. Already up, he was thinking of Gerhardi. This latter supposed his liberation was near, and his adieu of the evening had been expressed with such touching indications of sorrow, that the count had not been able to sleep during the night, so much did the idea of this separation agitate him. After having walked some time up and down his room, his eye turned mechanically towards the bench of conference where, the evening before, he had conversed of the daughter with the father, when in the court of the prison, on that same bench, through one of the grey fogs of autumn, he suddenly saw a young woman sitting. She was alone, and appeared to be attentively considering his plant.

Charney immediately thought of Teresa-of her

arrival.

"It is she," said he; "and I am going to see her for a moment, then never to see her more! and

my old companion will follow her !"

As he said this, the young woman turned her head towards him, and the countenance which he then perceived was again, and again, and always, that of Picciola!

In amazement, he passed his hand over his brow, his eyes—touched his clothes, the cold bars of his window, to assure himself that this time he

was not in a dream.

The young woman rose, advanced a few steps towards him, and smiling—confused—saluted him with a timid gesture. Charney did not reply either to this gesture, or to that smile: he looked fixedly on the graceful form that moved through the mist; it was the very same which he had formerly seen in the fêtes he gave to Picciola—the same features that constantly pursued him in his thoughts and reveries; and supposing himself attacked by a feverish delirium, he threw himself on his bed to recover his senses.

Some minutes after his door opened, and Ludovico entered.

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"Alas! alas! good and bad news! signor count," said he; "one of my birds is going to fly away, not over the walls, but through the door. So much the better for him, so much the worse for you!"

"What! is it then for to-day?"

"I think not, signor count: however, it cannot be long, for the act is signed in Paris, they say, and it must be on the road to Turin. At least the Giovana told her father so before me."

"What!" cried Charney, half rising from his

bed; "she is arrived? she is here?"

"At Fénestrella since yesterday in the evening, with a permission in proper form to come amongst us: unfortunately, the orders do not allow the drawbridge to be lowered so late for a woman. She was obliged to put off her visit till to-day. I knew it very well, myself, but I took care not to tell the poor old man: he would not have closed an eye through the night, and the time would have appeared too long, if he had known his daughter was so near him! This morning she was up before the sun, and came with the dawn, to wait, in the midst of the fog, at the gate of the citadel, the worthy creature of a good God!"

"But," interrupted Charney, astonished and confused, "has she not remained some time in the

court, sitting on the bench ?"

And he hurried towards the window, cast a glance into the court, and turning towards Ludovico, said:

"She is there no longer!"

"Certainly not; she is there no longer, but she was there," replied he. "Yes, she staid there while I went up to prepare the good man for the visit; for people sometimes die of joy. Joy, as it seems, resembles strong liquors: a little drop at a time is good; but we must not empty the gourd at a single draught. Now, they are together, very happy both, and I, seeing them so full of joy, per Bacco! I felt suddenly sad. I thought of you, signor count—of you, who would soon have to remain without a companion; and I am come to remind you, that you still have Ludovico, and Picciola also. She is beginning to lose her leaves, but that is the effect of the season; we must not despise her for that."

And he went away, without waiting for Charney's

reply

As to him, not yet recovered from his surprise and emotion, he endeavoured to explain this singular vision, and began at length to think that the sweet image assumed by Picciola the young girl, might have been no other than that of Teresa, half seen by him formerly at the little grated window, and the remembrance of which had doubtless been unconsciously retraced in his dreams.

Whilst he was reasoning thus, the murmur of two voices reached his ear from the top of the stair, and he heard a light, timid foot gliding down the steps, scarcely touching the stone, by the side of the well-known one of the old man. This regular sound soon ceased, at his door. He started; but Gerhardi alone appeared.

"She is here," he said, "and waits you by the

plant.'

Charney followed him silently, without having the power to articulate a word, and his heart full of constraint and sadness, rather than pleasure.

Was it the embarrassment of presenting himself before a woman to whom he owed everything, and towards whom he could not acquit himself? Did he remember the manner in which that morning he had received her smile and salute? Then as the separation approached, did he feel his courage and his resignation fail? Whichever of these causes it might be, and perhaps of many others also, when he presented himself before her, in his manners, in his language, no one could have recognised the brilliant Count de Charney; the ease of the man of the world, the firmness of the philosopher, had given place to a stammering awkwardness, to which Teresa, no doubt, owed that appearance of coldness and reserve which was shown in her answers and manner.

Notwithstanding all the endeavours of Girhardi to place his daughter and friend on an equal footing with one another, the conversation at first only turned on the common-places of hope and consolation for the future. Recovered from his first agitation, Charney only saw indifference on the calm features of the Turinaise, and easily persuaded himself that in the services she had rendered him, she had only obeyed the impulse of her own adventurous character, or the command of

her father.

Then he almost regretted having seen her; for should he find again, when thinking of her, all her former charm? Whilst they were sitting all three on the bench, Gerhardi contemplating his daughter, and Charney uttering some cold words without meaning, as Teresa was turning towards her father, a large medallion that hung round her neek, and had been hidden in a fold of her dress, escaped. Charney saw on one side of it the white hairs of the old man, and on the other a dried flower, carefully preserved between the silk and the crystal. It was the flower that he him-

self had sent by Ludovico.

What! that flower—she had kept it, preserved it preciously, near the hair of her father !- of her father whom she adored! The flower of Picciola no longer shone in the hair of the young girl; it reposed on her heart! That sight entirely changed Charney's feelings. He again examined Teresa, as if she had just undergone a metamorphosis, and he discovered what he had not before seen. In fact, her face, turned towards her father, was enlightened with a double expression of tenderness and serenity; she appeared then beautiful as Raffaelle's virgins are beautiful-as pure and loving souls are beautiful! Charney slowly followed with his eye that graceful, animated profile, where gentleness and strength, energy and timidity, harmonised so well together! It was long since he had contemplated a human face so resplendent with the light of youth, beauty, and virtue! He was enchanted with the sight; and after having glanced over the elegant form of her neck, shoulders, and figure, his eyes returned to the medallion, on which they earnestly fixed,

"You have not, then, disdained my poor present?" said he, in a low voice; but low as he spoke, Teresa turned quickly towards him, and her first impulse was to replace the ornament; but, at the same time, and in her turn, she examined the change that had passed over the features of the count, and both blushed at the same time.

"What is the matter, my child?" asked Ger-

hardi, seeing her emotion.

"Nothing," said she; and immediately resuming, as if she feared denying to herself a pure and honourable feeling; "it was the medallion. Here; my father, is your hair." Then turning towards Charney—"See, sir, here is the flower that I received from you, and which I keep,—which I shall always keep!"

There was in her words—in the tone of her voice—in that instinctive modesty which induced her to address her explanation to her father as well as to the stranger—so much at once of frankness and modesty, an expression so tender and so chaste, that Charney felt a delight such as he had never

before experienced.

The rest of the day passed in the expression and effusions of a friendship which seemed to increase every minute. Setting aside the secret attraction that draws us towards each other, intimacy always proceeds in proportion to the time we know permitted us to accomplish the circle of our new affections.

Charney and Teresa had never spoken before that day; but they had thought so much of one another, and so few hours remained to them perhaps! Thus, when Charney, from a feeling solely of etiquette and politeness, was going to retire, wishing, he said, after so long an absence, to leave the father and daughter quite alone to the happiness of their reunion—

"You quit us!" cried Teresa, retaining him by a look, whilst Gerhardi stopped him with his hands. "Are you, then, a stranger to my father—or to me?" added she, in a tone of pleasing

reproach.

The better to make him comprehend how little his presence constrained her, she began to detail all she had done from her quitting Fénestrella, and the means she had employed to unite the two captives. Having finished her recital, she begged Charney to commence his, and to tell her the employment of his time, and his occupations with Picciola.

He then began the history of the first period of his captivity; his weariness of mind, and his manual labours; the welcome arrival of his plant, its progressive development; and Teresa, with a gay and curious air, pressed him with questions

on each of his discoveries.

Seated between the two speakers, Gerhardi, holding, in each of his hands, the hand of the daughter who was just restored to him, and of the friend he was going to leave, listened and looked at them, by turns, with a mingled feeling of joy and sadness. But sometimes the hands of the old man approached each other, and consequently those of Charney and Teresa. Then the two young people, agitated and embarrassed, with speaking looks, were silent with their voices. At length, the young girl, without any appearance of prudery or affectation, gently disengaged her hand, and laying it on her father's shoulder, carelessly leant her head on it, in a graceful attitude, and smilingly turned her eyes towards Charney to ask him to continue.

Emboldened and led on by so much grace and self-possession, he came at length to the relation PICCIOLA.

of his dreams beside his plant. I have said that these were the great events of his life during his solitude. He spoke of that simple, attractive young girl, in whom Picciola was personified; and whilst with warmth, with transport, he sketched her portrait, the countenance of Teresa gradually lost its smile, and her bosom heaved while listening to him.

The narrator took care not to name the true model of the sweet image; but, finishing the history and misfortunes of his plant, he described the moment when, by order of the commandant, the dying Picciola was going to be torn from the

earth before his eyes.

"Poor Picciola!" cried Teresa; "ah! thou belongest to me also, dear little one ! for I con-

tributed to thy deliverance!"

And Charney, transported with joy, thanked her in his heart for that adoption, which thus established a holy community between him and her.

CHAPTER IX.

CHARNEY certainly would very willingly and for ever have renounced liberty, fortune, the world, if his days could have thus flowed on in prisonbetween Teresa and her father. That young girl—he loved her as he had never loved. That sentiment,-at once passionate and gentle, bitter and soothing, like an acid fruit which pleases the mouth while irritating it,—until then a stranger to his soul, now took possession of it. It was revealed to him by the agonies of an unknown joy, by emotions of tenderness which comprehended all things -God, man, and the whole of nature. He felt as though his mind, heart, bosom, were expanding and enlarging to contain the hopes, the projects, the sensations, which were crowding upon him.

The next day all three were again in the court, by the side of the plant—the two friends on the bench, Teresa opposite to them on a chair, which Ludovico had had the forethought to bring down.

She had brought some female work with her -embroidery; and, happiness on her features, her countenance coloured with the hue of health and pleasure, her head following the movements of her needle, raising her eyes at the same time with her hand, she cast her smile by turns on her father and Charney, throwing in some gay, trifling observations in the midst of their grave conversation. Then, at length, she rose, and, without caring for interrupting the two thinkers, she pressed her father in her arms, and kissed his grey hair.

That conversation which she interrupted was not resumed; Charney fell into deep meditation.

Was he loved by Teresa? At this inquiry, which he addressed to himself, two opposing feelings agitated him at the same time: he feared to believe it—he trembled to doubt it. She had preserved the flower he had given, and had promised to keep it for ever; she was agitated when, in the evening, their hands approached on the old man's knees; her bosom heaved at the recital of his passionate dreams; but those words, uttered in so tender a voice, were spoken before her father. What interpretation could be give to those flattering signs—signs of pity, interest, and devotion? Had she not given him proofs of it, long before

this interview, when their eyes had not yet metwhen they had never exchanged a word? Fool! fool! who believes so easily he has a place in that heart, which is entirely filled by a sentiment of filial tenderness, and mistakes the modest shrinking of a maiden for the palpitations of love.

What matter? he loves her; he will love her long-for ever; and for a phantom, henceforth insufficient, substitute that angelic reality.

That love he will lock up in his own heart; to seek to make it shared would be a crime. Why should he poison so fair a future ? Are they not destined to live separated from each other ;-she free and happy in the midst of a world where she will not be long in choosing a husband; he alone, in his prison, where he must remain with Picciola and his eternal remembrances of an instant?

Thus the part of Charney was soon taken; from that day, from that moment, he will affect indif-ference towards Teresa, or at least he will wrap himself up in the false semblance of calm, tranquil friendship. Woe to her, woe to both, if she

loved him!

Full of these fine projects, when he roused himself from his reflections, he heard the father and daughter carrying on a lively conversation.

She was entirely occupied by the prospect of her father's approaching deliverance, and appeared to be trying to convince the old man of it, who, either feignedly or from conviction, was affirming that the year would certainly end before his cap-

"I know the delays of Court; so little a thing is sufficient to suspend the justice or good inten-

tions of powerful men!"

"If it be thus," said Teresa, "to-morrow I will return to Turin to hasten the execution of their promises."

"Why should we be in such a hurry?" said

Gerhardi.

"What! do you then prefer your confined dark room, and this wretched court, to your house and beautiful gardens of La Colline?"

This disposition evinced by Teresa, the kind of impatience she showed to leave Fénestrella, ought to have pleased Charney, by proving to him that he was not loved, and that the danger he dreaded for her was far from being imminent. Yet what favoured his wishes so well, distressed him so much as to make him at once forget his intended part. He affected neither indifference, nor calm, tranquil friendship. A prey to painful vexation, he could not help showing it; but Teresa did not appear to pay any attention to him, except to joke with him on his silence and discontented air; and again she resumed her arguments to prove that if the decree was much longer delayed, she must immediately go to Menou, and even to the Emperor, to Paris, if necessary!

She, usually so considerate, so reserved, seemed suddenly under the influence of an incomprehen-

sible desire to jest and talk.

"What is the matter with thee this morning?" said her father, quite astonished to see her thus gay before the poor captive whom they were so soon going to leave behind them.

Charney knew not what to think of her.

It was that Teresa also had made the same reflections as Charney. The day before she had not felt the approach of love, but she had discovered

that it had long been in her heart. Like Charney, she would willingly accept it for herself, with its risks and its perils; but, like him also, she dreaded it for the other; and this joy of loving, this fear of being loved, led her into those contradictions to herself, and that profusion of words, by which she strove to stifle the feelings of her heart.

But soon all these efforts, all this attempt to disguise their true sentiments, suddenly failed of themselves on both sides at once. Calmly attentive to the accounts of Gerhardi, who was telling them how often he had known prisoners, whose pardon had been publicly announced, vainly wait the effect of it during whole months, they suffered themselves to be convinced with pleasure, with delight; it might have been said that henceforth and for ever, that prison might serve them for an asylum, so many projects succeeded one another for the next and for the following days, and that, united there with their guardian angel, the captives now had but one thing to dread-liberty for one only!

All three having recovered their serenity, the philosophers had resumed their discussions, and Teresa her embroidery and joyous conversation.

A pale ray of sunshine enlivened the court, and lightened up the countenance of Teresa; the wind, which was rising, slightly agitated the folds and ribands of her collar; and, for an instant suspending her work, her head thrown back, shaking her hair from her brow, she seemed delighting in air, light, and happiness, when suddenly the little door of the yard opened.

Captain Morand, followed by an officer and Ludovico, came to notify to Gerhardi that the act of his liberation was arrived. Gerhardi was to quit the prison immediately; a carriage waited near the glacis of the place, to transport him and

his daughter to Turin

On the entrance of the commandant, Teresa had risen. She soon sunk again upon her chair, took up her work, and, in the look that she then threw on Charney, he might have seen how rapidly were effaced from that noble countenance the lively colour and the joyous smiles. But Charney himself remained on the bench, with his head bowed down while they were communicating to Gerhardi the papers which re-established him in his honours, and restored him to liberty. The preparations for departure could not be long.

Ludovico had already come down from the chamber of the former prisoner, with the trunk containing his effects. The officer waited to ac-company him to Turin. The hour of separation was come. Teresa rose again, and appeared occupied in endeavouring to put her work into her bag, and arranging her collar; then she tried to draw on her gloves; she could not do it.

Charney now, summoning all his resolution, advanced towards Gerhardi, and opened his arms:

" Adieu, my father!"

"My son! my dear son!" sobbed his old companion-"Courage-depend on us-adieu! adieu!" He pressed him some time to his bosom, then suddenly loosening him from his embrace, he turned towards Ludovico, and the better to hide his emotion, addressed to him some last useless recommendations for him whom he left alone.

Ludovico made no answer, but offered his arm to the old man, who required support.

In the mean time, Charney approached Teresa, to take leave of her also. One hand on the back of the chair, her eyes fixed on the ground, she stood melancholy and motionless in her place, as though she would never quit that residence. When she saw Charney beside her, she recovered herself. and looked at him some moments without saying He was pale and dejected, and words anything. seemed to fail his lips. Suddenly forgetful of her resolutions, she stretched her hand towards the plant of the captive.

"It is our Picciola whom I take to witness,"

said she : she could articulate no more.

One of her silk mittens, which she held in her hand, dropped: Charney picked it up, impressed a kiss upon it, and silently returned it to her.

Teresa took the mitten, and with it dried the tears that gushed from her eyes, and then returned it to Charney, with a last look of love, a last smile

of hope.

"Au revoir!" she exclaimed, and she led

her father out of the little court.

The count followed them with his eyes; they were gone; the little door had long closed between them and him; and he remained as if petrified, his eye fixed on that spot, and his hand still convulsively pressing to his heart the little mitten of Teresa!

CONCLUSION.

A PHILOSOPHER has said that greatness must be lost to be appreciated: he might have said the same of fortune, of happiness, of all those pleasant advantages to which the mind so easily becomes habituated.

Never did the prisoner so fully value the wisdom of Gerhardi, the virtues and charms of his daughter, as after the departure of his two guests. Deep dejection succeeded to the vivid excitement of a day. The efforts of Ludovico, the cares that Picciola claimed, were not sufficient to remove it; yet those germs of strength and of morality, drawn from the source of his sweet studies, at length produced their fruit, and he recovered his spirits.

During the struggle his character was perfected. He had at first blessed his solitude, which permit-ted him to converse with himself of his absent friends; afterwards he saw with joy some one come and sit on the bench where the old man's

place had remained empty.

Of his new companions, the first and the most assiduous was the chaplain of the prison, that good priest whom he had formerly repulsed so harshly. Informed by Ludovico of the deep sadness to which the prisoner was a prey, he presented himself, forgetful of the past, to offer his consolations; and they were received with gratitude. Better disposed towards mankind, Charney was not long in loving him; and the rustic seat again became the bench of conference. The philosopher praised the wonders of his plant, and those of nature; he repeated the lessons of the old Gerhardi: the priest, without entering into the discussion of dogmas, spoke of the sublime morality of Christ, and each derived support from the other.

The second visiter was the commandant of the fortress, Captain Morand. Known better, he was a very good sort of man, with his heart in a military situation; that is to say, he only tormented

his people by word of command; he almost reconciled Charney to subaltern tyrants.

At length Charney paid his adieu to the abbé as well as to the captain. One fine day, when he least expected it, the gates of the prison were

opened for him also.

On his return from Austerlitz, Napoleon, entreated by Josephine, who perhaps had had some intercessor with her for the prisoner of Fénestrella, had an account given him of the seizure that had been made there. They brought the linen manuscripts to the emperor, which had been deposited in the archives of the minister of justice; he looked over them himself, and, after a mature examination, deelared aloud that the Count de Charney was a madman, but a madman henceforward harmless. "He who can thus prostrate his intellect before a blade of grass," said he, "may make an excellent botanist, but no longer a conspirator. I grant him pardon; let his estates be restored to him; and let him cultivate them himself, if such be his good pleasure!"

Charney then, in his turn, quitted Fénestrella! But he did not go alone. Could he separate himself from his first, his constant friend! After having had it transplanted into a large box well filled with good earth, he brought his Picciola away in triumph;—Picciola, to whom he owes his reason; Picciola, who has saved his life; Picciola, from whose bosom he has drawn his consoling convictions; Picciola, who has made him acquainted with friendship and love; Picciola, in short, who has

just restored him to liberty!

And as he was crossing the drawbridge of the fortress, a large, rough hand was suddenly extended towards him. "Signor count," said Ludovico, stifling strong emotion, "give me your hand; now we can be friends, since you are going, since you quit us, since we shall not see one another again!

—Thank God!"

Charney threw himself on his neck—"We shall see one another again, my dear Ludovico! Ludovico, my friend!" And after having embraced him, after having pressed his hand a hundred

times, he left the citadel.

He had passed the esplanade, left behind him the hill on which the fortress was situated, crossed the bridge thrown over the Clusane, and was already turning for the road to Susa: a voice was still raised, crying aloud from the ramparts,

"Adieu, signor count! Adieu, Piceiola!"

Six months after, a rich equipage stopped before the state prison of Fénestrella. A traveller got out, and asked for Ludovico Ritti. It was the old captive, come to pay a visit to his friend the jailor. A young lady leant her two hands affectionately on the arm of the traveller. That young lady was Teresa Gerhardi, countess of Charney. Together they visited the court, and the chamber, formerly inhabited by ennui, incredulity, and hopelessness. Of all the despairing sentences that had blackened the white walls, one only remained:

"Science, talents, beauty, youth, fortune—all here below, are powerless to bestow happiness."

Teresa added, "Without love!"

A kiss that Charney imprinted on her brow confirmed what she had thus written.

The count had come to beg Ludovico to be godfather to his first child, as he had been to Picciola; and he found that he must hold himself in readiness towards the end of the year.

Their mission accomplished, they returned to Turin, where Gerhardi expected them in their

beautiful domain of La Colline.

Near his own private apartments, in the centre of a rich bed, enlightened and warmed by the rays of the rising sun, Charney had placed his plant, that no other might interfere with its growth. By his order no strange hand was to interfere with it, its culture, its health. He had forbidden it, He alone was to watch over it. It was an occupation, a duty, a debt, imposed by his gratitude.

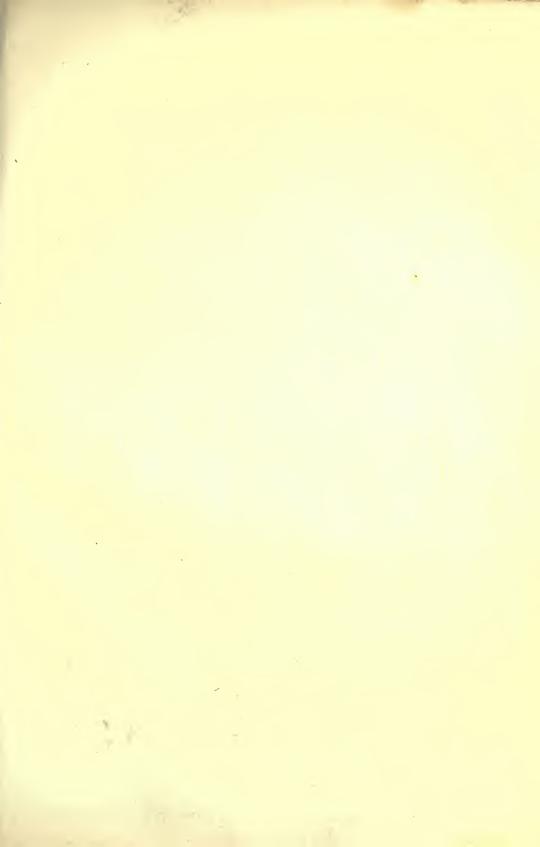
How rapidly the days passed on then! Surrounded by large gardens—on the borders of a river—under a beautiful sky, Charney tasted the life of the happy of the world. Time added a new charm—a new strength to all these bonds; for habit, like the ivy of our walls, cements and eon-solidates what it cannot destroy. The friendship of Gerhardi, the love of Teresa, the blessings of those who lived beneath his roof—nothing was wanting to his happiness; and the moment arrived when that happiness would be still more increased. Charney became a father!

Oh! then his heart overflowed with bliss. His tenderness for his daughter seemed to redouble that which he bore to his wife. He was never tired of contemplating, of adoring them both. To leave them for a moment was a punishment!

In due time Ludovico arrived to keep his promise; he first wished to visit his former god-daughter—that of the prison. But, alas! in the midst of these transports of love, of that happiness which filled the habitation of La Colline, the source of all its joys, of all that happiness, la povera Picciola, was dead—dead for want of attention!

THE END







THE GARDEN-MARGARET AND FAUST.

Marg. He loves me—he loves me not—he loves me—no! He loves—he loves me? True, my child, and let Faust. True, sign from heaven! He loves thee? Yes; Dost thou know all the meaning of the words, He loves?—Page 35.

FAUST;

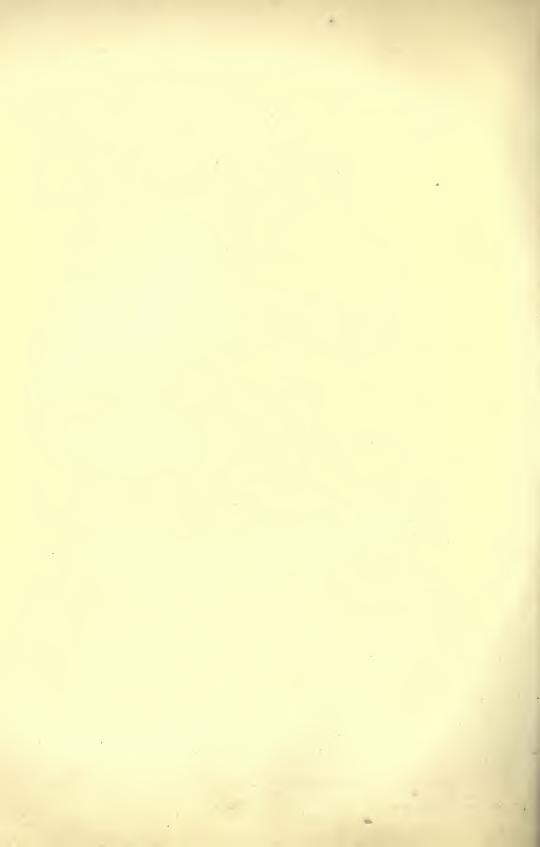
A TRAGEDY.



BY J. WOLFGANG DE GOETHE.

TRANSLATED BY

LEWIS FILMORE.



A TRAGEDY.

BY GOETHE.

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VOL. I. 2:



DEDICATION.

DIM dream-like Forms! your shadowy train Around me gathers once again,
The same as in life's morning hour,
Before my troubled gaze you pass'd;
Oh! this time shall I have the power—
Shall I essay to hold you fast!
And do I feel my bosom thrill
True to that sweet delusion still!
Still press ye forward! Well then, take
Dominion o'er me, as you rise
From cloud and mist!—my heart you shake
With youthful thoughts and sympathies,
That, as by magic, wake beneath
The atmosphere you bid me breathe.

Forms known in happy days, you bring,
And mucli-loved shades amid you spring;
Like a tradition—half expired—
Worn out with many a passing year,
First Love comes forth—so oft desired,
With half-forgotten Friendship, near.
And voiced with sorrow's tone, they bid
The pangs of parted years renew;
All that life's mazy path has hid,
Again they call me to pursue.
Those dear ones' names I hear repeated,
As shades of sorrow round me rise,
Whom Fortune of fair hours has cheated,
All early vanish'd from mine eyes.

They do not hear the following lay,
Who listen'd to my earliest song,
The echoes of my heart were they,
But silent now, and sunk away,
Dispersed is all that friendly throng!
And now my sorrow's inmost voice
Is breathed unto the stranger crowd;
I do not at success rejoice,
I sicken at their praise—though loud;

All whom my song once woke to mirth,
Are dead, or scatter'd o'er the earth!

And now, within my soul, once more A feeling long unfelt before Awakes—a yearning, warm and bland, For that still, pensive, Spirit Land; In half-form'd tones, my lisping lay, I feel e'en now, is hovering round; As soft, as when the zephyrs play, Breathes the Æolian's waken'd sound. I tremble-and upon my check, Tear following fast on tear-drop, tells That the stern heart grows soft and meek, That it with gentler feeling swells; The present hour, each present thing, All that I now around me see, Into the distance seem to wing,-But all the past and vanish'd, spring Back into clear reality!



PRELUDE IN THE THEATRE.

MANAGER, THEATRE-POET, MERRYMAN.

Man. You two—whom I so oft have found My friends in former times of need, What are your hopes, on German ground, Of making our attempt succeed? Fain to the public I would pleasure give, Because while living, it lets others live; Our posts and boards are up—completed—And all expect the feast we bring; There—calm, with brows upraised, they're seated,

And fain would be set wondering. I know how they are gain'd, amused, Yet ne'er felt posed as now I feel; True, to the best they are not used

But they have read a frightful deal!
How shall we act to have all fresh and new,
And yet be pleasing and instructive too?
For much I love to see the crowd, in sooth,
In a dense torrent pressing to our booth,
And with its stirring, pushing, justling mass
Striving our narrow entrance porch to pass,
When ere 'tis four, and yet in open day,
Up to the money-box they fight their way!
When, risking necks amid the press

To get their tickets, in they pour, As in some famine's sharp distress The mob throngs round a baker's door!

It is alone the poet's magic art That with such varied masses, finds the way To work this wonder,—oh! then, do your part, And work it for me here, my friend, to-day!

Poet. Name not to me that motley crowd! Our spirit from before it flies! The wavering Many from me shroud,

Go! veil it from mine eyes!
Against all efforts of our own
It drags us, in its whirlpool, down.
No! lead to some still, heavenly spot apart,
Where only, for the poet, joy can live,
Where love and friendship join'd can to us give,
With godlike hand, the blessings of the heart!
Ah! what hath there gush'd from us free,

Pour'd, issuing from our inmost breast, What the lip utter'd, tremblingly, Timid, scarce to itself confest—

Now failing in its task—and then Successful when it tries again, All this will some wild moment's power, With sudden violence devour, Though oft it is the work of years Ere its perfected form appears.

What shines and glitters—has its birth
But for the present hour alone,
The REAL—the thing of truth and worth
To all posterity goes down!
Mer. Oh! would that I might hear no more,
About this same posterity!
Suppose I always talk'd it o'er,
Who'd make the fun for those we see?

They will at all times have their mirth,
And I should think, the presence here
Of a brave lad, is something worth,
Who pleasantly himself can bear;

Who pleasantly himself can bear; Who ne'er lets people's varying mind, Or popular caprices, wound him, But wishes a large throng to find

The better to move all around him.
Then courage, man! and let the world all see
That you a model of your craft can be!
Let Fancy and her chorus swell,

Be Sense, Thought, Passion, heard around, Yet with all these—now mark me well—
Not without Folly let them sound!
Man. But also, most especially,
Let incident enough arise,
For people all come here to see

Their greatest joy, to use their eyes.

Spin plenty off before their face,

If they can gape, with wonder dumb,

Your fame spreads o'er a wider space,
You have a favourite become!
The mass can only by the mass be stirr'd,
Each will choose forth that by himself preferr'd;
He who brings much, something to all imparts,
And each contented from the house departs.

If then to give a piece you need, Let it in pieces be presented; With such a hash you must succeed, Served up as easy as invented!

What use a whole on such a crowd to press, Who will to pieces pull it no ertheless?

Poet. You do not feel how deep the stain Of such a craft—how base the soil! How little what you wish to gain

Befits the genuine artist's toil!
Such daubing work as this—with you
I see 's a maxim to pursue!
Man. Such a reproof I do not mind,

The man who means his work to fit
Must use the best tools he can find;
Consider! you've soft wood to split!
And just bethink you—what are these
Whom what you write is meant to please!

One comes from very idleness, Another dull'd by overfeeding, And still more to be fear'd is this That some have been the papers reading! Most throng to us from want of thought

As to a masquerade or ball,

'Tis euriosity has wrought

The wings that guide the steps of all; The ladies give themselves and dress, To all, their beauty to display,

Serving us well, we must confess, They with us act-and not for pay !

What are you dreaming on your poet's height ? Why from a full house pleasure should you draw ?

Examine close your patrons of the night! One half are cold—the other half are raw! The curtain down-one's wishes bend On eards or dice before he rest;

Another, a wild night to spend

Upon some harlot's heaving breast! Why, then, poor fools! so waste your time amiss, Plaguing the Muses for an end like this ? Give to them more and more! I tell you plain, And add to this yet more and more again! So you will never widely miss your mark; And mystify them! keep them in the dark! To give content's an end most hard to gain-But say-what moves you? Is it joy or pain?

Poet. Begone! and seek thyself another slave! The poet then, for thee must sport away, The highest right of man, that nature gave ? Through what has he o'er every heart his sway? By what does he each element control? Is't not the music breathing from his soul, Which, gushing from his heart, with sweetest

strain

Draws back the world into his heart again? When Nature, from her staff, with placid strength, Draws forth her thread's interminable length; When all the forms of being, mix'd, confounding, Tuneless and harsh, are through each other sounding,

Who is it warms with life, and wakes to song, Disposing so the equal-gliding throng, That all harmoniously it floats along ? Who is it doth the individual call, To join the consecration sent for all, Where it swells forth, an ever-glorious chime? Who bids the passion-tempest rage sublime? Who lights the ray of evening's red

That in the pensive spirit glows? Who on the loved one's path can shed All beauteous blossoms spring bestows?

Who is it hath the skill to bind From worthless leaves, a garland fair,

That, greatness, worth of every kind Will, as a wreath of honour, wear ? What is it climbs Olympus' height,

Makes gods but equals of its own? 'Tis of the soul that power and might, As through the Poet it is shown! Mer. These boasted powers, use you then!

Your trade poetical pursue, E'en in the self-same mode, as men A love adventure carry through!

By accident drawn nigh—perchance, You're struck, and stay, and get involved; Then something will the joy enhance, And now the spell is half dissolved:

Again we feel entranced—and then Distress and pain break in again-And thus, almost before 'tis known, It quite to a romance has grown! In this way, then, our play we'll give, But paint man's life in fulness there.

All in its torrent move and live, But few are of its depths aware, And take it from what point you will,

It interests and pleases still; Though motley images you weave,

Yet mingle with them something clear; Mid much that's false, and may deceive, Let some small spark of truth appear!

That is the way a drink to brew That quickens all-enlightens too! Our choicest youth you then will find Draw round to hear what you reveal.

Then from your work each gentle mind Its melancholy food will steal; Now moving this and that, by turns you bid All see what in their inmost soul is hid. For 'tis alone the youthful heart,

Where mirth and sorrow yet combine, Gives honour to the lofty part,

And praise to what may chance to shine! 'Tis vain to try the old and form'd to please, The young and forming you delight with ease! Poet. Then give me also back the days,

The time when I myself was young! When yet a gushing fount of lays Sprang out all freshly as I sung! When mists yet veil'd from view my world, And when my bud-as yet uncurl'd, Still promised wonders ;-when I wove The flowers I pluck'd in every grove! The time in which I naught possess'd, And yet enough to make me bless'd; The longing for the true—the real, The pleasure in the bright ideal! Oh! give me back those joys unnamed, And each warm impulse never tamed!

That rapture, so intense, it thrill'd My being with a sense of pain;

That energy of Hate, that fill'd Uncheck'd, my heart, oh! bring again! And Love in all its power and truth Oh! give me, give me back my youth!

Mer. Ah! my good friend, 'tis youth indeed, That you sometimes, perchance, may need, When, in the sudden fight's alarms,

Your foeman gives your skill a check, Or when the loveliest maiden's arms

Are twined with ardour round your neck ! Or when the garland of the course,

Yet distant shining, beckons on, And bids you spur the panting horse, Towards the goal so hardly won ! When after dancing's mad delight One drinks, carousing, through the night!

But the familiar lyre to sweep, To touch its chords with lively grace, To your self-chosen aim to keep

A happy self-appointed pace; That is your task, old friend, to-day We'll for it praise no less your skill,-Age makes not childish, as men say

It finds us but true children still! Man. Well! words enough we've long been changing,

But now some deeds I fain would see; While you are compliments arranging, We might do something usefully. Why talk so much of tuning here? No hesitation brings it round; Say that you're poets, and no fear, But poetry will soon be found. What 'tis we want, I need not say, Strong drink, my friend—so brew away! Things not begun to-day,—with sorrow You'll find will not be done to-morrow! A day in dallying none should spend; Let resolution, then, arise, And seize the possible, my friend, Quick by the forelock, as it flies; She never after lets it stray,

But as she must, she works away!
Our German stage, you are aware,
Lets all try what they feel inclined,
So that to-day you need not spare,
Scenes, drops, and wings,—all here you find;
The great and lesser lights of heaven
You've liberty to use from me,
The fullest power is to you given,
The golden stars to squander free;
Fire, rock, and water, fail not here,
No want of birds or beasts we fear!
So, therefore, in this narrow space
Bid all creation's circle swell,
And travel with considerate pace
From heaven, through the world, to hell,



THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

The LORD. The HEAVENLY HOSTS. MEPHISTOPHELES behind. The Three Archangels come forward.

Raphael. In chorus with each kindred-star The sun sounds forth his ancient song, And on his path, prescribed from far,

In thunder going rolls along; Though none may fathom them—their sight Upon the angels power bestows,

Thy glorious works are now as bright As on creation's day they rose.

Gabriel. Earth's pomp and beauty circle round, Through light and shadow swiftly sped,

A glory as of Eden's ground

Wheels into darkness deep and dread;

The sea is foaming wild and high, Around the rocks' eternal base, And rock and sea revolving, fly For ever in the starry race.

Michael. Storms, in contending fury, break From Land to Sea, from Sea to Land,

And, as they sweep along, they wake Around the earth a raging band;

The flash of desolation there Precedes the thunder on its way-

But WE, thy servants, LORD, revere The gentle going of thy day.

The Three. Though none may fathom thee-Upon thy angels power bestows; [thy sight

Thy works sublime are now as bright, As on creation's day they rose.

Meph. Since that thou dost, O Lord, approach once more,

And dost inquire how all things with us go, And commonly hast seen me here before,-'Tis therefore I am midst thy servants now; Excuse me if I talk not fine,-

I could not, though all round me scorn; At pathos thou wouldst laugh, of mine,

Hadst thou not laughing long forborne! Of Suns and Spheres, I cannot speak, I nothing have to say of these;

I only mark how all men wreak Each on the other, miseries! The earth's small god continues yet

As odd as on creation's day, A better lot he would have met

But for thy gift—that heavenly ray He Reason calls, and uses so, that he Grows the most brutish of the brutes to be,

And-by your Grace's leave-appears to me Like to those long-legg'd grasshoppers, that pass A short-lived flight upon the wing,

But quickly fall again, and sing

The same old song amid the grass!
Well, were that all! that there the fall would close! But in each filthy mess they thrust their nose!

The Lord. And hast thou nothing else to say! Still comest thou here but to complain?

Does not the world, where'er you stray, Aught that goes well or right contain? Meph. No, Lord! for all things there below

Are, as of old, in wretched plight; Men in their days of sorrow now

Some pity, e'en from me, excite; My very self—I could not curse

Or plague them, the poor wretches, worse.

The Lord. Say, now! is FAUSTUS known to thee ! Meph. The Doctor, Lord?

The Lord. My servant-HE.

Meph. In very truth then, I must own His service is most strangely shown! The food on which his spirit dwells

Befits not with a child of clay, The ferment of his soul impels Him onward to the far-away;

E'en he himself can half discern The madness that doth in him burn.

Of heaven-he asks each brightest star, From earth-enjoyment's deepest zest,-

Yet neither can the near nor far

Content his agitated breast. The Lord. If now he serves in darkness and

in doubt,

Thence into light I soon will bring him out; Whene'er the branches greenly shoot, And budding to the spring appear,

The gardener knows that bloom and fruit Will surely bless the coming year.

Meph. What will you wager? I will bet That you shall still your servant lose, If your permission will but let

Me guide him gently as I choose.

The Lord. While yet his days on earth may be,

So long 'tis not forbidden thee! For man, until his strife is done,

To error link'd, must struggle on. Meph. My thanks for that ! I never sped With any pleasure with the dead;

With fresh, full cheeks I like to roam, But with a corpse I'm not at home!

In this respect it fares with me As with the cat and mouse we see!

The Lord. Cease. 'Tis permitted. Turn aside This spirit from its first pure source,

And shouldst thou gain him-bear and guide Him onward with thee, in thy course.

But stand abash'd-a mark for scorn, When thou shalt be compell'd to say,

A good man with dark strivings torn, Doth yet perceive the better way. Meph. True! but not long it lasteth-nor do I

Feel for my wager much anxiety!

And if I should attain my end—then you
Permit my full-voiced triumph; I will make
Him eat of dust—and with a relish too,
As once my relative renown'd—the snake!
The Lord. Then even thou mayst freely here
Before my presence reappear!
Those who, in mind, are kindred unto thee
Have never yet a hatred moved in me;
Know that, of all the spirits that deny,
The jesting scoffer is the least offending,
Too prone to sleep is man a activity,
To unconditional repose soon bending;
I like to give him then, a mate,

Who ever action is pursuing,

Who stirs and works, and, all elate,
Must, though as devil, still be doing.
But ye, true sons of heaven, calm, sublime,
Rejoice in beauty, shed around, above,
The soul that works and lives throughout all time
Embrace you in the happy bonds of love,—
What hovers o'er, in changeful seeming wrought
Do you fix firm with everlasting thought!

[Heaven closes; the Archangels disperse.]

[Heaven closes; the Archangels disperse.

Meph. [solus.] I like, at times, the Ancient
One to see,

And guard 'gainst breaking with him—'tis so civil In one so mighty so polite to be, So kindly speaking with the very devil!

A TRAGEDY.

NIGHT.- A NARROW HIGH-VAULTED GOTHIC CHAMBER.

FAUST is seated restlessly at his desk.

Faust. AH! yes, now by the ardent toil of years, I'm fully versed in all philosophy,
I know whatever Law or Med'cine bears,
And also—to my grief—Theology;
Yet here I stand, poor fool, with nothing more
Of wisdom's treasures than I had before;
I'm Master styled, and Doctor too,
And here ten years their course have sped,

And here ten years their course have s Since up and down, and to and fro, My scholars by the nose I've led! And seeing all too clearly now, For all our toil, our broken rest,

That we can nothing, nothing know,
Burns up the heart within my breast.
True! I am wiser far than all the tribes
Of solemn triflers, doctors, priests, and scribes!
Nor doubts nor scruples now my soul assail,
Before no fear of hell or devil I quail;
But for that reason, I with sorrow see
All joy for ever torn away from me!
Myself no more I flatter with the thought
One thing worth knowing I have gain'd or sought,
No more I think that I can teach or find
Aught that can better or convert mankind!
Then, I have neither goods nor gold,

To me no honour men will give,
No rank amid the world I hold,
No dog like this would longer live!
Therefore have I, each day and hour,
To magic lent myself alone,

To see if by the Spirits' power,
All mysteries may not be known;
That I no more be forced to prate
Of things of which I nothing know,
While shame and loathing bring the sweat

Of bitterness upon my brow;
That I may know what holds the earth
Together in its immost sphere,
See whence production has its birth,
See all the germs of life appear;

My soul is sick and weary grown Of trafficking with words alone!

Oh! radiant moonlight! would thy beam Shed on me now its latest gleam; For the last time that thou didst see My loneliness and misery! Oh! thou, for whose soft, gentle light I've sat and watch'd so many a night; O'er books and papers scatter'd near, Then, pensive friend, didst thou appear! Oh that my steps might wander free The mountain-tops beneath thy light! Or with the Spirit-band might flee Among the hollows of their height! Could flit at will o'er all the fields That thou dost gladden with thy view; Freed from the loathing knowledge yields,

Could bathe, refreshen'd, in thy dew!

Ah! am I in this prison still?
Yet penn'd between these narrow walls?
This cursed hole, whose vapours chill,
Where mouldiness around me falls?
In which the very light of heaven
All mournfully upon me looks,
Dim through the painted panes 'its given,
More stinted by this heap of books!
The worm-gnawn beams are thick with dust;
The paper, dark with smoky crust
To the arch'd ceiling reaching high,
Adds to the vault's obscurity;
Glasses and boxes round me piled,
With instruments of study eramm'd—

Old family lumber, long exiled From light and use, among them jamm'd! This is thy world! alas for thee, That such a den thy world must be!

And do I ask myself why still
So shrinks my heart within my breast?
Why, by a vague and aching chill,
Each stirring impulse is represt?
For nature's rich vitality
Which God has form'd us to behold,
Here naught but skeletons I see
Of man and beast, surrounding me,
Dead bones, mix'd up with smoke and mould!

Up! up! into the boundless land!
Is not this book of secret lore,
Inscribed by Nostradamus' hand,
Sufficient guide wherewith to soar?
Thou'l't know the paths on which the planets roll;
And if its knowledge it from nature seeketh,
There shall a power rise to meet thy soul,
Even as one spirit to another speaketh;
But vainly may dry thought expound
These holy signs, and make them clear!

Ye spirits who are hovering round, Come ! answer me, if now ye hear ! [He opens the volume and sees the sign of the Macro-

Ha! at this sight, what sudden raptures thrill Throughout my soul, and all my senses fill ! I feel a youthful, holy life again Glow with enjoyment, through each nerve and Was it a God whose power imprest [vein.

This sign, whose gentle influence stills

The storm that raged within my breast, That my poor heart with gladness fills; And, with an all-mysterious power, reveals The secrets Nature 'neath her veil conceals? Am I a God? All grows so light to me! Yes! in these pure, clear outlines I can sce, Creative nature, as she works,

Open before my soul display'd; Now first I know what meaning lurks

In what the ancient Sage hath said! " No bar the spirit-world hath ever borne! It is thy thought is shut—thy heart is dead: Up! scholar, bathe, unwearied, and unworn, Thine earthly breast in morning's beams of red!" [He remains gazing on the sign.

How all things in a whole, here weave and blend, One in the other working, moving, living! Lo! how the heavenly powers rise, descend, The golden vessels to each other giving? From their far heaven, through earth beneath

Their all-pervading effluence sinks, And from their soft vibrations, breathe The blessings, earth with rapture drinks; Each atom, by their touch is thrill'd

And waken'd into melody, Till universal space is fill'd, With universal harmony!

Glorious to gaze on! Ah, that there It nothing more than show should be! Infinite Nature! where, oh where, May I possess and seize on thee? Where are thy breasts-the founts of life and birth, On which hang all in heaven and on earth? To which the blighted heart itself doth strain,-

They gush, they flow, and must I pine in vain! [He reluctantly turns over the leaves of the volume, and sees the sign of the Microcosm.

How differently I feel before this sign! Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art to me nigher, My faculties I feel already higher, Already do I glow like new-press'd wine! Courage I feel amid the world to go, To prove its pleasures, or to bear its woe, To brave the storms that may around me dash, And tremble not amid the shipwreek's crash! Clouds gather o'er, and dim my sight, The midnight moon withdraws her light, My lamp emits a dying ray, And earth-born vapours rise and stray!

Beams, glowing red, Shoot round my head! From the dark vault that o'er me bends, A chilling, creeping fear descends; Spirit! compell'd to me by prayer, I feel that thou art hovering there, Unveil thyself, thyself reveal! Ha! what can thus my bosom tear? With new sensations-do I feel All my thoughts in tumult reel!

Yes! all my soul surrender'd is to thee. Thou must, then ! though my life the price should [He seizes the Book, and repeats the sign of the SPIRIT; a red flame shoots up, the SPIRIT of the EARTH appears in the flame.

Spirit. Who calls !

Faust. Oh! fearful vision! Spirit. I am here! Drawn by thy constant seeking at my sphere! And now-

Faust. Ah, woe! thy sight I cannot bear! Spirit. To hear my voice, my form to see, It was thy deeply-breathed demand, Thy invocation works on me-

At thy command, I come! but lo! a tremor seizes thee;

Art thou a demigod, and dost thou fear? Where is the soul that call'd me thus? and where The breast that in itself a world created? That swell'd with ecstasy our life to share, That sought with us-with spirits to be mated ? Where art thou, FAUST, whose voice to me hath rung ?

Who unto me with all his strength hath clung? Is't Thou, whom thus my breath with fear can fill? Through all thy depths of life, in tremblings flung, A timid, writhing reptile still!

Faust. Thou form of flame! and shall I yield

to thee?

'Tis I-'tis FAUST, thine equal! I am he! Spirit. In the swelling flood of life, In the storm of action going, Up and down, in endless strife, Here and there for ever flowing, Mine is birth and mine the grave, An Ocean of unending wave! Change on changes I assume In life that glows in star and clod,

So work I at Time's rushing loom And weave the living robe of GoD! Faust. Spirit! that through all life thy course

doth take, Creative power! how near I feel to thee! Spirit. Thou'rt equal to the spirit thou canst

make By thine own mind's conception-not to me!

[The Spirit disappears. Faust. Not thee! not thee! then unto whom?

I, in God's image formed, yet thus, May not to equal thee presume ! [A knocking heard. Oh, death! I know—it is my Famulus!

Thus perishes my fairest bliss,

And from my vision I must wake! Oh, that a groveller like this

The fulness of my dreams should break! Enter Wagner in a dressing-gown and nightcap, with a lamp ; FAUST turns to him with displeasure.

Wag. Excuse me, sir! your voice I heard just Declaiming—doubtless a Greek tragedy! [µow, It is an art that much I wish to know, 'Tis one we may at present profit by. Men have I often heard declare,

A priest taught by a player may be!
Faust. Yes! if the priest's himself a player, As sometimes one may chance to see! Wag. But if so closely in our closets pent,

We scarcely see the world save now and then, When on it but afar our looks are bent As through a telescope our gaze were sent, How, by persuasion, shall we govern men?

Faust. If inward power you cannot feel,
No search, no toil will lead you right;
If from your soul it does not steal,
And to your hearers' hearts appeal,
Subduing them with new delight—
Sit at your task for ever if you will,
Combine, and join, and tack together still,
Cook up your hash from others' feast—and blow
Your worthless cinders to a paltry glow—
Children and apes may wonder much

If to such praise your taste incline, But other hearts it ne'er will touch, Unless it flow all fresh from thine! Wag. But 'tis delivery, we find, That makes the orator's success: In this too, that I'm far behind,

I must with much regret confess.

Faust. To honest ends thine aim be wrought!

Play not the tinkling zany's part!

Clear intellect and earnest thought
Express themselves with little art!
If earnestly on saying something bent,
Need time on hunting out for words be spent?
Your polish'd speeches that so coldly shine,
Where Nature cut in shreds you crisp and twine,
Are unrefreshing as the breeze

That brings the clammy mist along,
That through the leaves the autumn sees
Hang dry and wither'd on the trees,
Sighs drearily its autumn song!
Wag. Ah, God! the span of life is brief,
And art is long and hard to find!

The critic's toil too, I, with grief,
Feel injures oft both heart and mind!
How hard it is, the means alone to gain
By which the fountain-head one may attain!
And then, before one gets but half so high,

'Tis likely that—poor devil—one may die!

Faust. Is parchment then, the holy spring,
Whose draught for ever stills the thirst?
Thou hast not known that cooling thing,

Unless from thine own soul it burst!

Wag. Your pardon! 'tis a pleasure to be
As 'twere into the spirit of the past, [wrought
To see how a wise man before us thought,
And to what height we have attain'd at last!

Faust. Oh yes! up to the very stars—but yet,
The past is like a book with seven seals!
The name of "Spirit of the Times" you set,
But that 'tis only your own soul forget
That, mirror-like, the present time reveals!
And truly it is oft a sight to slum,
The first brief glance might make one from it run;
A dirt-tub and a lumber-room 'tis found
At best, a lofty theme by puppets play'd,
With pompous and pragmatic saws, that sound
Well in the mouths of those by whom they're
made.

Wag. But then the world—man's heart and All would of these some knowledge find— [mind, Faust. Ay! that which men most commonly term knowing,

But who the child by its true name dares call? The few—for something of its truth but showing Who guarded not their full hearts' overflowing, But utter'd what they thought and felt to all! Those who could not their better feelings hide Have men, in all times, burnt and crucified! But, friend! I beg—'tis far into the night—Here, for the present, let our converse break—

Wag. To talk with you, sir, till the morning's I could most willingly have kept awake! [light, 'Tis Easter-morn to-morrow—may I ask For further question on you, then to call? With ardent zeal I'm vow'd to study's task—True, I know much! but I would fain know all!

Faust. [solus.] How hope dwells only in the That is to empty trifling bound! [brain Gropes greedily for costliest gain, And joyeth when a worm is found!

Dare a mere human voice resound Where spirit-forms had throng'd around? Yet thou this once my thanks mayst share, Thou poorest of the sons of men!

For thou didst snatch me from despair
That almost crush'd my senses then;
So giant-like, so great the vision gleam'd,
That I before it should a dwarf have seem'd!
I—image of the Godhead—who, in thought,
Near to the mirror drew of truth divine!
Who joy and rapture to myself had wrought
In light and splendour—heaven's all-glorious
Stripp'd of the clogging vest of earth,
Freed from the taint of mortal birth,
I—more than cherub—I, whose soul
Free and unfetter'd soar'd away—

Who, glowing, thought, without controul Through nature's secret veins to stray; Whose spirit all its power employ'd To taste the life by gods enjoy'd! How must I now for this the penance pay! One thunder-word has swept me wide away!

I dared not raise my nature unto thine, And though of power to draw thee from thy sphere,

Neither the knowledge nor the power were mine,

To hold thee here!

In that blest moment, as it flew
I felt myself so weak, so great!
Yet me again you fiercely threw
Back on my mortal, wayward fate! [pursue?
Where shall I learn? What shun, or what
That first strong impulse shall I still obey?
Not only what we suffer—what we do,
Fetters our course of life upon its way.

How something foreign to the mind
Draws back our thoughts in brightest train!
When this world's good we chance to find,
We call all better false and vain.
The glorious thoughts that gave us life
Grow torpid in our worldly strife.

If Phantasy, on daring wing,
And full of hope, presumes to fly—
If quitting space, with bounding spring
She soars into infinity,
To narrower sphere her course is check'd,
And sadly shrink those thoughts sublime,
When venture after venture wreck'd
Is shatter'd in the gulf of time.

In every heart, Care builds her nest,
And secret tortures breeding there,
She rocks herself with troubled air,
Joy driving forth, and Peace and Rest;
To aid her in her hateful task,
She still assumes some changeful mask,

She takes a thousand forms of life
That mingle fear, with love and joy,
As house and land, as child and wife,
With steel, fire, poison, to destroy;
For what will ne'er affect the mind
Thou art with constant fears assail'd,
And what thou always safe wilt find,
Must ever be with tears bewail'd.

Too deeply does my spirit feel the thought, Unequal to immortal powers 'tis wrought! No! I am like the wretched worm, That drags through dust his loathsome form; Which, while (the scorn of every eye) It eats the soil that gave it birth, Beneath the feet of passers-by Is crush'd and buried in the earth.

Is it not dust—that all around, Still narrows in this lofty wall? Trash in a thousand forms unsound Am I not, 'mid its mouldering, bound Within this world of moths, a thrall ? Is it in such a place-my mind Will gain what it could never find? Shall I, perchance, a thousand tomes O'er-read, that but at last confess, Man everywhere creates and dooms Himself his own unhappiness? That here and there there may have been One happy individual seen ? Thou hollow skull! what meanings lurk Beneath that grin? 'tis but to say Thy brain, like mine, was once at work

With thoughts that led thee far astray! [light, Longing for truth—you sought the day's clear But miserably stray'd in gloom and night! Ye instruments of brass and steel,

The thousand tools of wisdom's hand, With cylinder, and cog, and wheel,

Ye, too, but mock me as ye stand!
I stood without—would treasures seize,
And thought ye were the opening keys,
But all your strangely-twisted wards
Raise not the bolt that Nature guards,
For she, inscrutable in open day,
Alloweth none her veil to rend away,
And what to tell she doth not freely choose,
You cannot wrest from her with wheels and
This ancient lumber—all confused,
Untouch'd by me is only here

Because once by my father used,

And then perchance by him held dear; [thee, Old scroll! the smoke hath thickly crusted o'er So long this glimmering lamp hath burn'd before Far better had it been, if I [thee;

Had spent the little was mine own,
Than with its weight oppress'd to lie
Beneath it still to sweat and groan.
That which thy sires to thee have handed down,
By thine own labour make again thine own;
Whate'er it is thou dost not use—will be
A heavy burden and a load to thee;
Only what from the present moment springs,
Created in the present,—profit brings.

But why do I on yonder spot
Look with a sudden, glad surprise!
"Tis yonder phial—is it not—
That is the magnet to mine eyes?."

Why is it that so suddenly I see
This glorious flood of light surrounding me,
As when the morning beam breaks clear and bright
Upon us in the forest's deepest night?
I hail thee, thou peculiar precious shrine!
With reverence I touch, and make thee mine,
For in thy glassy form contain'd, I sean
And honour there the wit and skill of man!
Essence of lulling juices, soft as sleep,
Drawn from all strengths, as deadly as refined,
Vouchsafe to him who did, as master, keep,
Thy power,—some token that shall prove thee kind.
I see thee—and the pang is past;
I grasp thee—and the storms subside,

I grasp thee—and the storms subside,
The flood-stream of my soul—at last
Ebbs gently to a smoother tide.
I am invited forth to brave

A deeper and a wider sea,
My feet its glassy waters lave,
A new day to new shores is calling me!
On airy pinions, lightly pending
A fiery chariot is descending!
I feel myself prepared to trace,
By paths untrod, the fields of space,
To spheres unknown, where soul and mind,
A pure activity will find.
Sublime Existence! and art thou
(—Worm as thou art—or wast but now)
Worthy to share it?—Ay! but shun
The beaming of thine earthly sun,
But dare burst ope those gates, which all
Would willingly slink by,
And prove man's nature doth not fall

Would winingly sink by,
And prove man's nature doth not fall
Beneath a god's sublimity!
To quail not when the gulf appears
Where Frenzy makes the dream she fears,
And damns herself to feel the weight
Of pangs she doth herself create;
Though wreathed around with flames of hell
Towards that narrow portal press

With calm resolve, though thought should tell
You risk the fall to nothingness!

Come from thy old retreat, thou goblet clear, By me forgotten now for many a year! You glitter'd at my father's feasts And fill'd with joy his worthy guests, When, as thou round to each wert sent, Each richly-graven ornament, Upon thee traced,—before he quaff'd ____Each must in rhyming verse explain,

Then drain thee empty at a draught—
Thou call'st back many a youthful night again.

No more shall I pass round the cup Nor wit upon its emblems pour, Here with a juice I fill it up

Whose strength soon steals the senses o'er!
Its dark brown flood is rising, see!
It filleth all thy cavity!
Now be this last, self-chosen draught,

Which I have mix'd in doubt and scorn,
With all my soul drain'd down, and quaff'd

A festal greeting to the morn!

[He puts the cup to his mouth: the sound of bells and the chant of a chorus are heard from the church.

Chorus of Angels.
Christ has risen from the earth!
Joy to mortals! joy to man!
Who, heir to evil from his birth.
Corrupt, imperfect, lived his span!

Faust. What clear and deep melodious strain Draws down the cup I long'd to drain? Does yonder hollow-sounding bell The first glad hour of Easter tell! And doth this chorus breathe the hymn, That o'er the darkness of the tomb, Once pealed from lips of cherubim The new-born covenant of mortal doom?

Chorus of Women.

With spices we embalm d his corse, We, his true ones, faithful found; We laid him here—with cloths and bands We carefully had swathed him round! Yet, ah! we find approaching near, Our Master is no longer here!

Chorus of Angels.

Christ from the prison
Of the tomb hath risen!
Happy, happy is the Loving One,
Who hath pass'd o'er
The trial, deep and sore,
Who hath the chastening trial undergone.

Faust. Oh, heavenly tones! why with your sound

Seek out a dweller in the dust?
Peal on where weak men may be found,
Whose hearts can lend the words their trust.
I hear whate'er the message saith,
I know the tidings it doth tell,
But do not feel the glow of faith;
Faith's favourite child is miracle.
I dare not lift unto those spheres my thought,
From whence the glad intelligence is brought;
Yet, from a child, familiar with the strain,
E'en now it calls me back to life again!
In other and in happier days,
Amid the Sabbath's solemn calm,

The kiss of heavenly love and praise
Fell on me like a sacred balm;
My youthful heart then often found
A mystic meaning in the sound
Of the full bell,—and I could share
The deep enjoyment of a prayer;
A longing of surpassing sweetness drove
Me forth, through forest, field, and plain to rove,
And there I felt a world within me, spread
Amid the thousand burning tears I shed.
This anthem token'd then to me
The sports of spring festivity,
And with these feelings, memory now
Withholds me from the final blow.
Melodious tones! continue yet!

Sound on, thou sweet and heavenly strain! The tear hath flown—mine eye is wet—
And earth possesses me again!

Chorus of Disciples.

Now has the buried One—the blest—
Arisen to his glorious sphere!
Of ever-growing bliss possest,
He to creative love is near;
But we, alas! on earth's cold breast,
Must still remain in suffering here!
He hath from us, his children, gone,
And we are left to languish on;
In pain and sorrow, and distress
We weep, O Lord! thy happiness!

Chorus of Angels.

The Saviour Christ hath risen
From corruption and decay!
The bonds that now your souls imprison,
Go! tear with joy, away!
Go! let your Deeds his praises prove,
To all make manifest his love;
Like brethren live, and journey on,
Preaching the truth of Him that's gone!
Make known his promise to the earth,
Bliss unto all of mortal birth;
To you the Master shall be nigh,
For you he has been raised on high!

SCENE. BEFORE THE GATE,

People of all descriptions pass out.
Mechanics Why that way?

Some Mechanics. Why that way?
Others. Why, we mean to go

Up to the Jagerhaus——
The First.

The First. But we Would rather to the mill, I trow!

1 Mech. Nay, I advise you let it be

The Wasserhof!

A Second. Not so! for there
The road is neither good nor fair!

The Others. What shall you do?
A Third. Oh! I indeed

Will go just where the others lead!

A Fourth. Up, then, to Burgdorf—there you'll The prettiest of girls—the best of beer— [find And rows, too, of the primest kind!

A Fifth. Wild rascal! will you never fear? Is your skin itching, to a third Good beating then to be preferr'd? That path to-day I will not trace, For I've a horror of the place!

1 Serv. Girl. No! I shall go back to the city—2 Serv. Girl. Why?

Down by the poplars he is sure to be!

1 Serv. Girl. Well! very little should I gain
He dances not with any one but thee! [thereby;

And what, pray, are your pleasures unto me?

2 Serv. Girl. But I am certain that to-day,

Alone he will not for us wait,—
I tell you that I heard him say
With him would come the curly-pate!

1 Schol. How the brave wenches step along!
Come, brother! let's join company!

Stout humming beer—tobacco strong—
And a tight girl are things for me!

1 Cit. Maiden. Who can those fine young men, Look! 'tis a perfect shame to see— [there, be? Observe with whom they laugh and talk; Genteelest company they shun,

They even with the best might walk, Yet after those maid-servants run!

2 Schol. Stay! here's two ladies close behind, And neatly they are dress'd I swear,—

And neatly they are dress'd I swear,—
One is my neighbour—to my mind,
I really think the girl is fair!
Though walking with that pace demure,
They'll let us join them still, be sure.

1 Schol. No! come along;—I hate to be Under restraint—quick, quick! or we Shall lose our game. I say the hand

That through the week the besom wields, When Sunday comes, is warm and bland, And aye the best caresses yields! 1 Townsman. The new-made burgomaster—I Must say does not act properly, Or to my taste—now in the chair, He daily seems the more to dare; The town—what does he for it pray, Is it not growing worse each day? Our burdens greater than before, And day by day we're paying more!

Beggar (sings).

Kind gentlemen, and ladies fair,
So rosy-cheek'd, and dress'd so rare,
Be pleased to give, while passing by,
Something to aid my poverty.
Look on me with an eye of pity,
That not in vain I sing my ditty;
'Tis he alone who freely gives,
That merrily and gaily lives,
This holiday to all—oh! be
It too a harvest-day to me.

2 Towns. Nothing I know to me has greater Upon a Sunday or a holiday, [charms Than a sung chat of war and war's alarms, While people fight in Turkey far away. One stands beside the window—takes his glass, Sees down the stream the painted vessels pass, Then gladly home returns as evening chimes, With blessings upon peace and peaceful times.

3 Towns. Yes, neighbour, yes! I little care

How matters may be managed there, All things they there may overthrow, And break each other's heads at will,

And break each other's heads at woonly at home pray let us go
According to old custom still.

Old Woman (to the Citizens' Daughters). How nicely dress'd—so young, so fair,

Who would not love your form and air!
Nay, not so proud;—there, that is well—
And, pretty maidens, do not doubt,
That what you wish for, I can tell

How to contrive and bring about.

1 Cit. Maiden. Come, Agatha! I'm very careful how

With such old witches publicly I go,
Though on Saint Andrew's eve, 'tis true I vow,
She did my future lover to me show.

2 Cit. Marden. And mine she show'd me in a All soldier-like, with others too; [glass, Each way I look to see him pass,

But yet his form can never view.

Soldier (sings).

Towns begirt with walls and meats, Maids of proud and lofty thoughts—Strong without, and strong within—These are what I love to win! Bold is the attempt and hard, But as noble the reward.

Summon'd by the trumpet's breath We go to rapture or to death; For 'tis amid the battle's strife Thrills the rush—the life of life!

Maiden's heart, and city's wall, Were made to yield, were made to fall; Bold is the attempt and hard, But as noble the reward; When we've held them each their day, Soldier-like, we march away!

Enter FAUST and WAGNER, Faust. 'Neath the gay, quickening glance of Freed from their ice the streamlets flow, [Spring, Those joys of hope the sunbeams bring Are budding in the vale below; Old Winter past, and worn and weak, Is flying to his mountains bleak, But still as on his way he wends, O'er the green meadows, in his flight, His useless showers of hail he sends, For now the sun endures no white; O'er all the earth he spreads his hues, And life and growth themselves diffuse; As yet few flowers may meet the eye, But gay-dress'd groups their place supply. Now turn, and from this hillock's crown, Look back again upon the town; See! from each portal's gloomy shroud,

The rising of the Lord they keep,

For they themselves have gladly broke
From the dark cells where poor men sleep,

From trade and occupation's yoke.
From roof and gable-scanted room,
From narrow street, and stifling way,
From the Cathedral's holy gloom,

There presses forth a motley crowd,— Each one with joyful heart and gay,

Comes forth to sun himself to-day;

They issue to the light of day. But see! how quick the mass is spreading, And through the fields and gardens threading! See how the river, long and broad,

Bears many a bark upon its breast,
The last one, with a heavy load,
Putting from shore to join the rest!
E'en from the farthest mountain's height,
Gay-colour'd dresses meet our sight.
I hear the tumult rise around—
Yes! here! the people's heaven is found;
While all thus shout so joyously,
Here I'm a man—here man dare be.

Wagner. Ah, Doctor! thus to walk with you Is honour and a profit too; Yet, like I not these paths alone to wind, For coarseness I dislike of every kind:

For coarseness I dislike of every kind; These sounds—I thoroughly detest them— This skittle-playing, fiddling throng, They scream as if the devil possess'd them.

They scream as if the devil possess'd them,
And call it laughter, call it song.

Dance and Song.—Peasants under the Linden

Tree.
The shepherd deck'd him for the dance,
With colour'd vest, and garland gay,
And ribbon shining to the glance;
Full smart did he himself array;

The ring beneath the linden tree
Was full—and all danced wild with glee.
Huzza, huzza,

Tira, lira, The fiddle went all merrily.

Amid the throng he quickly press'd,
And with his elbow push'd a maid;
The buxom wench, so sly caress'd,
Upon him turn'd, and thus she said:
"Young man, I really now must say,
You very clumsy seem to-day—

Huzza, huzza, Tira, lira, Don't be so rude again, I pray."

Yet nimbly, nimbly sped the round, And right and left, all merrily, They danced; and as they gaily bound, The maiden's robes float wide and free. Then grew they red, then grew they warm, And rested panting, arm in arm—

Hurra, hurra, Tira, lira,

Or clasping pretty waists-what harm?

"Have done, have done," the maiden cries,
"Don't be so rude—how many men,
Their love betrothed, by fondest lies
Deceive, betray, and leave them then!"
But he the maiden coax'd aside,
While sounds the fiddle gaily plied—
Hurra, hurra,
Tira, lira,
And shouts of laughter, far and wide,

Old Peas. Ah! Doctor, this is good indeed, When scorning not our harmless glee,
You, though deep learn'd, can yet concede,
To join us in our revelry.
Take then from me, this fresh fill'd cup

Take then, from me, this fresh-fill'd cup, Myself will in it pledge you first; Praying, that as you drink it up,

From that old linden tree beside.

It may do more than quench your thirst: For each bright drop that leaps and plays May one be added to your days!

Faust. I take the welcome draught and call Again good health, and thanks to all.

Old Peas. 'Tis surely well in you, to blend With us amid this mirthful scene,

Who, before now, so oft our friend,
In evil days and times, have been;
There's many here now living stand,
Whom once your father's skilful hand
Tore from the fever's rage intense.
Then, when he stay'd the pestilence,
You too, though then but young, would go
To every sicken'd house of woe;
From thence full many a corse was ta'en,
Yet you uninjured did remain,
And many trials 'twas yours to stand,
But "the Helper" help'd the helper's hand.

All. Health! to the tried and oft-proved fri

All. Health! to the tried and oft-proved friend, And may he long have power to save.

Faust. To him on high all humbly bend,
Who teaches and sends the help you crave.

[He passes on with WAGNES.

Wag. Great man! what feelings must be thine At all these honours to thee paid;
Happy! whose gifts thus bright can shine,
And of such good account be made.

The father shows thee to his son,
All ask, and press, and hurry on;
The fiddle stops, the dancers stay,
In rows they all themselves array,
Thee when thou'rt passing by to see;
Their hats and caps all upwards fly,

Their hats and caps all upwards fly,
They bow, and all but bend the knee,
As if the host were passing by.

Faust. A few steps farther, up to yonder stone, For from our wandering we will rest us there.; Here oft I've sat, all thoughtful and alone, And mortified myself with fast and prayer. Then, firm in faith and rich in hope, I thought By sighs, and tears, and hands together press'd,

That the great God of heaven might be wrought To grant the staying of that wasting pest. To me the multitude's applause

Sounds as in mockery or scorn: Oh! couldst thou know how little cause For praise have son or father borne! My father was an honest, sombre man, Who in the hallow'd circles nature bends With upright thought, tried many a curious plan, Fantastic trials, but for well-meant ends; Who with adepts, companions in his art, In his dark study shut himself apart, And there, in endless methods, strove to run And fuse opposing forces into one. There was a lion red, a lover brave. Wed to the lily in the tepid wave, Then both with flame and fire driven about, Tortured from bridal chambers in and out; If the young queen, with varied hues of light, Shone in the glass,—that medicine was the right. The patients died-and question ne'er was made, Of who recover'd by our help and aid. Our hellish potion thus we here employ'd, And more than e'en the pestilence destroy'd; Myself did oft the poison give To thousands—saw them pine away,

To thousands—saw them pine away,
Yet now, with shame and sorrow, live
To hear the murderers praised to-day.
Wag. Wherefore on this account should you

be grieved?

Is't not enough that a good man should wield
With scrupulous care the art he has received?
If honour to your sire in youth you yield,
You will learn from him freely—if as man,
You do with zeal the self-same course pursue,
Widening yet more the extent of knowledge' span,

Your son may rise yet higher still than you.

Faust. Whoe'er can hope from error's boundless sea

Once to emerge, oh! happy, blest is he!
The use of what he knows not, man will choose,
Yet what he really knows he cannot use.
But with such melancholy thoughts as these

To taint this bliss-bestowing hour, oh! shun; See how you low-roof'd, green-girt cottages Gleam in the splendour of the setting sun! He bends and sinks, the day hath lived—is o'er, Yet other life is quicken'd by his ray,—

Yet other life is quicken'd by his ray,—
Oh! that no wing is mine, wherewith to soar,
And struggle ever after him, away!

And struggle ever after him, away! Bathed in eternal sunshine, I should greet A stilly world in silence at my feet; Each gentle valley steep'd in soft repose,

Each mountain summit tinged with glowing Each silver brook, that sparkles as it flows, [beams, And spreads resplendent into golden streams.

The dark defiles, the rugged mountain ways,
Would not impede me in my godlike flight;

E'en now, the Ocean and its heated bays Appear to rise on my enraptured sight. Slow seems the God of Light to sink away, Yet still the newly-waken'd feelings play,— I hurry on, free, unconfined,

To drink the eternal light he sheds,— The darkening Night I leave behind, While far before me Daylight spreads; The glorious skies above me glow, While Ocean heaves her waves below;

While Ocean heaves her waves below;
A beauteous dream! but, ah! 'tis flown,
And while 'tis passing—HE is gone!

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Alas! no fleshly pinion e'er
Can mate the spirit's wing'd career!
Yet 'tis our being's inborn tone
To strive for ever up and on;
When, lost in the expanse of light,
The lark above us trills her lay;
When o'er the rugged pine-clad height,
The outspread eagle soars away;
When, struggling on, the crane doth roam
O'er marsh and sea towards her home!
Wag. I've often had strange fancies in my
mind,

But never felt an impulse of the kind; Of wood and field, of dale and hill, One very quickly looks one's fill. The wings of any bird, by me Will never greatly envied be. How differently do mental pleasures Lead us from book to book to roam; And ever with these ancient treasures,

And ever with these ancient treasures,
How cheerful winter nights become!
A happy life glows warm in every limb,
And if a precious parchment you unroll,
Your senses in delight appear to swim,
And heaven itself descends upon your soul.

Faust. One impulse only, is in you imprest, Acquaint not with the other, then, your heart; Two souls, alas! are dwelling in my breast, One from the other striving still to part. The one clings fast to all that this life prizes, With organs, strong as iron cramps may be, The other from this darkness proudly rises, To regions of a glorious ancestry. Oh! if there now be spirits hovering near, Ruling with power 'twixt the heavens and earth. Deseend ye from your golden atmosphere And lead me where new, varied life has birth! Yes! were a magic mantle but mine own, To bear me far away to stranger lands, Not for the costliest robe that ever shone Around a monarch—should it leave my hands! Wag. Invoke not thou the well-known band,

Diffused throughout the atmosphere,
Which, thousand-form'd, on every hand,
To man, threats danger ever near.
If from the north the spirits come,
Sharp-fang'd, and arrowy-tongued they roam;
If from the east—dry, parching,—they
Upon your lungs consuming prey;
If from the southern desert's sand

Their scorching wings they round you spread, They form a fiercely-wasting band, That heap up fire on your head;

The genial west, alone can bring
Those that refreshen like the spring,—
Yet floods of waters calling down,
Fields, meadows, and yourself they drown.

Of listening fond, on mischief bent, With pleasure they our hests receive Because their pleasure's to deceive;

Pretending they from heaven are sent,
They claim a kindred with the sky
Lisping like angels as they lie.
But let us go! The earth is grey,
The air is cold, the mists arise,

It is at eve alone we may
Our home's true worth and value prize.
Why stand'st than thus with wondering a

Why stand'st thou thus with wondering view? What through the twilight draws thine eye? Faust. See'st thou you black dog, ranging through

The corn and stubble here hard by?

Wag. Yes! but yet nothing in him strange I see.

Faust. Mark him! what should you take the brute to be?

Wag. Why, for some poodle, in his usual way, Seeking what path his master's steps may stray.

Faust. Dost mark the circling curves he makes, Still as he runs approaching nigher?

And see 1 nuless mine eve mistakes

And see! unless mine eye mistakes,
He leaves behind a track of fire!

Wag. That must be some illusion, I believe, For only a black dog can I perceive.

Faust. He now appears to me to trace

Light magic toils around our feet.

Wag. He bounds with hesitating pace,
Because he doth two strangers meet.

Faust. The circle narrows—he's already

Faust. The circle narrows—he's already near.

Wag. Thou see'st, a dog and not a sprite is
He growls and pauses,—on his belly lays, [here!

Just like all other dogs in all his ways.

Faust. Here! hither! join our company!
Wag. Some foolish poodle it must be;
If thou stand'st still, he waits and watches on thee;
Shouldst thou speak to him, he will jump upon thee;
Lose aught, and to thy feet he will it bring,
Or for thy stick into the water spring.
Faust. 'Tis true—no traces of a sprite I see,

Faust. The true—no traces of a sprite I see,
And all must the result of training be.
Wag. A dog that has, with skill and care,
Been well brought up and duly train'd
May e'en a wise man's kindness share,
And be with favour entertain'd.
And this—your clever scholar,—you will see

Will well deserving your affection be.
[They go into the gate of the town.

FAUST'S STUDY

FAUST enters with the Poodle.

Faust. With deepest night above them spread I have forsaken field and plain; With holy awe and prescient dread Now wakes our better soul again! In slumber lies each passion wild, Calm sleeps each ruthless deed of ill, But love to every earthly child, The love of God is moving still!

Be quiet, poodle! run not here and there!
Why at the threshold dost thou snuff the air!
Lie down behind the stove and peaceful be—
There! my best cushion do I give to thee:
As thou without, upon the mountain way,
Pleasedst us with running—with thy frolic play,
So now from me in turn receive my care,
But as a quiet guest my kindness share.

Ah! when within our narrow cell,
The lamp again so clearly burns,
The bosom is illumined well,
Its knowledge to the heart returns;
Reason her voice resumes again,
With blossoms hope once more is rife,
And we with longing glow to drain
The streams—the very founts of life.

Growl not! such brutal sounds but ill agree With the blest tones now all possessing me; We oft may see how men deride whate'er They know not—snarling at the good and fair, Both uncongenial to their souls,—and can This dog incline to growl at them, like man? But ah! I feel e'en when my mind 's at best, Contentment wells no longer from my breast: Oh! wherefore sinks the stream so soon away, And we again all parch'd and thirsting lay? I've felt that oft—yet from this want, arise Some compensations—for we learn to prize Things more than earthly—our desires are bent O. D. Eventsies, which dath rowhere hum.

On Revelation, which doth nowhere burn More brightly than in the New Testament, And to it, in its ancient text, I turn, To render truly, and devoid of wrong,

The holy page into my darling German Tongue.

[He opens the volume and sets himself to the task.]

Tis writ, "In the beginning was the Word,"—
Here stay'd already, who will aid afford?

So highly I the Word can never rate,
And differently I must the text translate,
If by the spirit rightly I am taught;

Tis writ "In the beginning was the Thought,"
Consider well this first line—that thy pen
Be not o'er hasty—must we deem it then
The Thought that forms and moves all here we see;
"In the beginning was the Power,"—shall be
The line—yet something warns me that I must
Take heed how I afford the words my trust;
The spirit aiding me—I now succeed,
And write "In the beginning was the Deed."

Poodle! I tell thee, cease to growl!
If I with you this chamber share,
You must leave off this barking howl,
So rude a guest I cannot bear;
One of us two this cell must quit,
And though unwilling to withhold
My hospitality—'tis fit

You leave me, free and uncontroll'd. The door is open, you can stray Where'er you like upon your way; But what is this? what do I see? Can it in course of nature be? Is't real, or but a shadowy showing? How long and broad the poodle's growing! He fearfully himself uprears, No dog-like form—the form he wears, Some monster of the Nile appears! What phantom have I brought within? Fire-eyed—with teeth that horrid grin! Ah! now I know thee—and I see.

Thou being of half-hellish brood,
I hat to o'ermaster such as thee,
The key of Solomon is good.
Spirits (without, in the passage). One within, by

snare is caught,
Stay without and follow not;
As when the fox by steel is taken,
So the old lynx of hell is shaken;
But up and down, with heed and care,
We will hover here and there;
Soon he himself perhaps will free,
But if any aid can be
From us given—one and all
Let us be not from his call,
For to serve us every one
Much he hath already done."

Faust. First the spirit to repel
Of the four I use the spell;
Salamander's light shall glow,
Undine with her wave shall bend,
Sylph into the air shall go,
Kobold from the earth ascend;

Who knew not well Each element,
And could not tell
What power they're lent,
He were no master to coerce
The spirits of the universe.

Salamander! heed thy name, Vanish in the glowing flame! Together rushing—flow, Undine! Sylph! in meteor beauty shine; Incubus! thy service lend, Step forth, and of it make an end!

Of all four spells I use, not one Appears the beast to work upon; There lies he, and doth on me glower— I have not made him feel my power. Ay! there thou liest, but I will Make thee hear spells are stronger still.

Speak! companion; tell me now A fugitive from hell art thou? If thou art, this sign attend, To which the troops of darkness bend! Ha! he already marks it—there He swells and bristles up his hair! Accursed! canst thou mark it well, Unwritten, unpronounceable!

Driven behind the stove, his form uprears, Increased, and like an elephant appears; He the whole chamber occupies,

And into mist would sink away;
But stand! not to the ceiling rise!
Down to thy master's feet—there lay!
Thou see'st my threat'nings are not words of lightWith holy fire I thy form will burn; [ness,
Then wait not for that flame of threefold brightness,

Wait not for spells more potent yet and stern!

[Mephistopheles, as the mist sinks, comes from behind the stove in the dress of a travelling scholar.

Meph. Why all this fuss? what may your pleasure be?

Faust. The kernel of the poodle then was thee! A travelling scholar—'twas a goodly wile; The Casus certainly excites a smile.

Meph. Your learned worship, I salute you, yet Just now you made me, with a vengeance, sweat. Faust. What is thy name?

Meph. The question I must deem Unworthy one who rates the word so low; Who far estranged from things that merely seem, Searches the depths of life,—its soul to know. Faust. But with your like, when we the name

Faust. But with your like, when we the name Your nature too we commonly discern, [can learn, Since but too plainly it appears through all Your appellations which men know and call, Fly-god, destroyer, liar,—now what art?

Meph. Know then that I am of that power a

Which, willing evil, still produces good. [part Faust. What from this riddle may be under stood?

Meph. I am the spirit that denies for ever, And rightly-for of all that rises, never One thing appears but what deserves to go To ruin and destruction - therefore know, 'Tis better nothing should arise at all; Thus all men sin, annihilation call-EVIL, in short, is my true atmosphere!

Faust. You say you are a part, yet whole are

standing here.

Meph. I tell thee but the modest truth-though That world of folly in a narrow span, With boasting speech-himself a whole can call; I'm part of that part, which at first was All, Part of that darkness from whence sprung the Light That proudly now contends with mother Night, Her ancient rank and space-yet speeds but ill,-Strive as Light may it clings to matter still; It is from matter that Light streams and flows, Light robeth matter in its rarest hue,

'Tis matter stops it as it streams and flows, And 'twill I hope with matter perish too! Faust. Now then I recognise thy worthy trade! Destroy thou eanst not, on the largest scale,

So on a small one the attempt is made. Meph. Ay! and to say the truth, with small Opposed to nothing from its birth, [avail; This something-this so clumsy earth,

So oft as I the task have set, I know not how to crush it yet;

By waves, storms, earthquakes, and the levin brand, Untouch'd, unharm'd, remains the sea, the land; And that damn'd stuff,—of man and beasts the There is no way of stopping that beside; [brood, How many have I buried, -yet fresh blood Still circulates in ever-flowing tide. Enough to make one wild with rage to be,

And yet from air, earth, water, still I see, Germs by the thousand springing-they unfold From wet and dry; they rise from hot and cold, Had I not to myself kept fire alone,

There would be nothing I could call my own.

Faust. Then 'gainst the ever-active might,

That holy, all-creative glows. Thou, clench'd in unavailing spite, Dost thy cold, devil's-fist oppose! Work in some other mode thy guile, Of chaos thou the strangest son!

Meph. Why, we will think of it the while, More-the next time we meet-thereon;

But this time may I hence?

I know not why You ask the question, but now knowing you, Seek me again whene'er you will—there lie The door, the windows, -here's a chimney too.

Meph. Why, to confess, your threshold doth To passing out, a slight impediment, [present The wizard's foot upon its surface press'd.

Faust. By that then is your passage out dis-If this your footsteps can repel, [tress'd? How was it that you entered? say,

And let me know, you son of hell, What such a spirit could betray ?

Meph. Observe it closely-all the lines, you'll Are not well drawn, -one angle outwardly [see, Is somewhat open-

Faust. Lucky this-and thou, Hast by this chance become my prisoner now. Meph. The poodle springing in saw nothing there, But now quite otherwise seems the affair; The devil can't get out.

Why not withdraw, Faust. Here by the window ?

'Tis a binding law On devils and phantoms, that the self-same way They must go out by which they entrance found:

By any passage in we're free to stray,
But for our egress we as slaves are bound. Faust. Has hell itself its laws then? good,-if so, A binding treaty may with you be pass'd! Meph. Whate'er is promised shalt theu truly

know.

Enjoying without decrease till the last. But this is not so shortly done; More will we speak next time hereon, And earnestly again I pray, For this time, let me hence away.

Faust. One moment yet, and let me learn Something worth hearing, and without a mask— Meph. Nay, let me go—I'll soon return, When questions you at will may ask. Faust. I did not lay for you the snare;

You sought it of your own accord: Who finds the devil once-beware! And let him hold him tightly there,

He will not soon a second chance afford! Meph. Well! if you say it shall be, I Will stay and keep you company; But on condition that the while My skill your leisure shall beguile.

Faust. Do so-your art I shall with pleasure see, But something gay and pleasant let it be.

Meph. This hour, my friend, will give your

senses more

Delight, than any year you've lived before; The songs the airy spirits sing The beauteous images they bring, Are not an empty magic-play, Nor merely dreams and shadows—they Delight on every sense shall throw-Smell, taste, and touch, alike shall know Their highest pleasure ;—all are here and need No preparation to begin—proceed!

_ Spirits (sing). Ye dark, o'er-arching roofs that Above us-vanish, disappear; And let thy brilliant light descend,

Thou sky, so azure and so clear, Would the dark clouds that o'er thee stray Were melted to thin air away ! Then little stars would sparkle o'er, And softer suns their smiles would pour ; The beauty of the spirit throng,

The children of the heavenly king, Trembling, above us pours along, Coursed by Desire's ardent wing

On earth, behold how bright and fair, Gay ribbons flutter in the air; O'er the level plain they hover, And the green-wove bowers they cover, Where youthful hearts (whose happiness

Glows deep in thoughts' most hidden mine, And seeks not words' unneeded dress)

Themselves to life's best joys resign. Grove upon grove, the spreading vine Doth in green sprouting tendrils twine, And, bending down, the grapes o'erflow With wine into the vat below Which gushing, flows in foaming streams In brooks where many a jewel gleams; Behind them leaving hill and steep, To seas they broaden, wide and deep,

To deck with beauty brighter still The verdure of each grassy hill. The wingéd throng that sips delight, Flies forth to meet the orb of day, Flies forth to meet those islands bright

Which dancing on the waters, play. And there we listen to the song In joyful chorus borne along; And dancers of the meads are there Who wander freely everywhere; Some scale the heights with buoyant limb; See! others o'er the waters swim; In middle air their forms are rife,

For others there, light hovering, play; But all press onwards to the life,

Towards the distant, far-away Where beams of joy, that ever bless, Shine forth from stars of happiness.

Meph. He sleeps! well done, my gay and airy

You've fairly overthrown him with your song; I for this concert now am in your debt; Thou 'rt not the man to hold the devil yet! With vision'd forms of sweetness round him play, Sunk in a sea of error let him lay!

But now to break this threshold's spell, Some rat's keen tooth must serve me well; I hear one rustling 'neath the oak, And need not long his aid invoke: Attend! the Lord of rats and mice, Of flies and frogs, of bugs and lice, Commands thee gnaw this magic point Where he with oil doth it anoint; So! hopping forth, you're here, I see, Now to your task fall instantly; The point that holds me's on the edge, Towards the threshold's inner ledge; Quick! one bite more and then your work's com-Now Faust ! dream on until again we meet. [plete. Faust (awakening). Am I once more, then, made delusion's prey?

And could my vision vanish thus away, That throng so rich with forms of beauty shaped? And was it in a dream of lies

The devil appear'd before mine eyes,

And that a poodle from my room escaped ?

SCENE .- FAUST'S STUDY.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. Who knocks? Who would again en-Upon my time? Come in! Approach! Meph. 'Tis I.

Faust. Come in!

Meph. But you must tell

Me so three times !

Faust. Come in then! Well!

I trust, for all that yet has past, That we shall both agree at last; To chase your gloomy thoughts away, You see I have arrived to-day, Apparell'd like a youth of note In silken vest and scarlet coat, Cock's plume, and pointed sword—and I Advise you-lose no time in words,

But take the self-same dress, and try,

Free, unrestrain'd, what life affords.

Faust. In every dress I still must cope With this contracted life of earth; Too young to be without a hope, I'm yet too old for empty mirth. What can the world afford to me? "Thou shalt renounce," the eternal song

That every day and hour must be Rung in our ears our whole life long. Oh! bitter tears I fain could shed, To note that day pass o'er my head, That in its course would let me see One single wish fulfill'd for me! Each bright presentiment of joy

This wayward feeling darkens o'er, And dull realities destroy

The world my busy thoughts explore. At morn I only wake to find

New horrors—and at evening's close My couch I seek, but there my mind Feels not the blessings of repose. Then through my brain wild dreams career And harrow up my soul with fear. The God that dwells within my breast,

He that can stir my inmost soul, Is powerless o'er all the rest-

O'er things without has no controul. Thus, Being as a load I bear, The stroke of death a wish and prayer; With hatred deep I life detest-

Meph. Yet death is never quite a welcome uest!

Faust. Oh! blest is he whose brow he binds With gory wreath 'mid victory's blaze;

Whom in a maiden's arms he finds After the dance's maddening maze. O that my soul had gently sunk

Enrapt, before his spirit's might!

Meph. Yet that brown juice, there, was not drunk

By certain lips, one certain night! Faust. It seems then that you sometimes try, By way of sport, to play the spy.

Meph. I'm not omniscient, but may boast, That I perceive as much as most.

Faust. Since, then, a sweet familiar tone Could draw me from those thronging fears, And held my hand by touching on

Some feelings left from childhood's years, Could wake with its melodious powers A soothing thought of happier hours, My curse descend on all that twines

Its jugglery around the soul, And, with its cheating force, confines Our hearts to earth with strong controul!

Accurséd first the high opinion In which the soul is wrapp'd around; Accursed the senses' strong dominion,

For ever by appearance bound. Accurséd be the lofty themes, That play the cheat to us in dreams, The cheat of glory and of fame, The cheat of an immortal name. Cursed be the things to which men bow,

And worship as the goods of life, As house or land, as slave or plough, Or dearer yet-as child or wife.

Accursed be Mammon, when he sheds His stores to action to incite,

And cursed his hand, whene'er he spreads Our couch for indolent delight.

Accursed be the sparkling Wine;
Love's best emotions, be they cursed,
Hope! Faith!—but may this curse of mine
Descend on Patience—last and worst!

Chorus of Invisible Spirits.

Woe! Woe! Ah Woe! Thou hast destroy'd A beauteous world, and made it void With strong, and stern, and ruthless hand; Crush'd by the blow thy pride hath given. It falls, it rends, to ruins driven, By thine—a demigod's command. And ours the task to bear away Into annihilation's deep Thine havoe's wreck—and by the way,

Thine havoe's wreck—and by the way,
Above the beauty lost, to weep.
Oh! mighty 'mid the sons of men!
Oh! proud one! build it up again;
Raise it within thy breast once more!

Begin of life a new career With sense unstain'd, with feelings clear,

And new-born lays Our hearts shall raise

To peal, that renovation o'er!

Meph. These are my little ones—and heed,

How wisely they their counsel give;

From solitude they bid you speed,

To where you may enjoy and live. [and dead,
From hence, where blood and thought grow dull

Out to the world they ask you to be led!
Cease with your sorrows thus to play,
Which on your life like vultures prey;
Men of the lowest, vilest grade,

Where you companionship may find,
Will yet recall that you were made
To be a man amid mankind.
Yet mean I not to thrust you there
Amid the common pack to fare;
I do not rank among the great,
But if with me you 'll link your fate,
And wend your way through life with me,
I will adapt myself to thee,—

Me for companion thou shalt ever have, And, if you choose, your servant and your slave. Faust. And what for this am I to do again? Meph. You will for that a lengthen'd term obtain.

Faust. No! No! the devil is selfish one,
And will not readily do aught, that done,
Might serve another in a single thing.
Say, what then the condition is to be,
And clearly too—a servant such as thee

A mischief to the house full well may bring.

Meph. While HERE on Earth to be your slave I swear,

Still ready at your slightest call to be,
And when we find ourselves together THERE,
You then shall undertake the same for me.
Faust. With little trouble am I curst
About the There—for if you first
This world destroy, I care not when
Or how the other 's built again.
From this earth flows each rapture that is mine;
And this sun's beams upon my sorrows shine,
So that I parted from them first may be,
What may or can, may happen then for me;
Pil hear no more of what may be our fate,
If in that future we shall love or hate,
Or whether in those distant spheres are known
An over and an under like our own.

Meph. In such a mood as this thou mayst

Venture the risk—thyself but bind, And in these days thy soul shall taste All the delights my art can find; And through the term I'll give thee more, Than ever man has seen before.

Faust. And what, poor devil, canst bestow!
Canst thou the glorious mind of man,
In all its proud aspirings, know!

May one like thee its nature scan?
But hast thou food that never satisfies?
Red gold that melts within the hand, and flies?
A game at which though ever play'd,
No one can ever win? A maid
Who on my breast will fondly toy,
Yet even then my neighbour leers?

Who on my breast will fondly toy, Yet even then my neighbour leers? Or honours bright, and god-like joy, That like a meteor disappears?

Show me the fruit that ere 'tis pluck'd doth rot,
And trees that bloom anew each coming day?

Meph. A task like this you set affrights me not,
Such pleasures to your sight I could display.
But, friend, the moments now towards us haste,
When all that's good we may in quiet taste.

Faust. No! If there ever should but come a

Tass. No: If there ever should but come When calmly resting on my couch I lay, [da Then may life cease;—let all thy lies be spent, And if thou e'er canst cheat me to content, If all the flatteries thou canst employ Can once betray me to a sense of joy, May that be then the last of days to me! This as a wager do I offer thee.

Meph. Done!

Faust. And that instantly; whene'er I say To one brief moment, "Stay! thou art so fair," Around me then thy fetters thou mayst lay, And I will perish, scarcely with a care!

And I will perish, scarcely with a care!
Then may the death-bell's warning call—
Thou from thy service shalt be free!
The clock may stand, the index fall,

Be time a thing no more for me!

Meph. Bethink thee well, for I shall not forget!

Faust. Thou hast full right on this thy watch to set;

I have not rashly judged what powers I bear;
As I exist, 'tis but as slave I live,—

What boots it then to ask whose chains I wear,
If thine, or others' hand the yoke must give?

Meph. This very day then at the Doctor's feast
I will my duty sworn as servant do;

But lest our bond by chance should be released,
I would just ask you for a line or two.
Faust. Why! Pedant, dost thou writing then

demand? Man, or man's word hast thou yet never scann'd? Does not the world in all its streams

Rush onward free and uncontroll'd? But me a promise seal'd, it seems, Must firmly bind, and strongly hold! Yet, 'tis a prejudice that long

Has made its dwelling in the heart, And who would wish to do such wrong

As bid its spell depart?
Happy is he who can retain
At heart the truth unmix'd with stain;
He mourns no course he must pursue,
No sacrifice he needs to rue;
But yet a roll of parchment, when

'Tis stamp'd and blotted o'er with ink, Becomes unto the hearts of men

A spectre from whose sight they shrink

The hand scarce forms the letters well, Ere 'neath the pen the meaning flies; But wax and leather form the spell, That doth the binding power comprise. Brass, paper, parchment, marble white, Which, wouldst thou, Evil one, of me ? Say! shall I grave it? or but write? I leave the choice of all to thee. Meph. Why need you make so great a fuss, And mar your speech with passion thus ? The merest scrap shall hold for good, If undersign'd by you in blood. Faust. If this will fully satisfy thee, The silly whim I'll not deny thee. Meph. Blood's a peculiar juice, you will observe. Faust. But fear not I shall from this compact All that my stirring soul desired Was to gain what I've promised thee; Too high I find its thought aspired, I only of thy rank can be. By the Great Spirit am I spurn'd, Thrust far away-and Nature, too, Now from my longing gaze has turn'd And shut herself against my view. The thread of thought is snapp'd in twain; Nought in all knowledge can I find, But long has been disgust, and pain, And bitter loathing to my mind. Amid the depths of sensuality, Now let us quench each loftier passion's glow, 'Neath the yet unpierced veil of sorcery Let every wonder rise to meet us now. Into the rushing on of Time, 'Mid Action's whirl of good and crime, Together let us speed; Then pain that grieves, and joys that bless, And Disappointment and Success, Each other may succeed. Action, without a stay or rest, Is that which suits man's nature best. Meph. Nor bound nor limit is to thee assign'd; If to all pleasure you devote your mind, Tasting all dainties as you pass them by, Still snatching sweetness, as o'er all you fly, Well may you speed; - but quick your time em-At once fall to, and do not be so coy. Faust. Pleasure is not the thing of which I speak, It is the tumult of all sense I seek; 'Tis agonising joy, enamour'd hate, All disappointing pangs that animate! Cured of all thirst for knowledge, -now my heart, To every pang in future will I bare, And all those feelings, of which all have part, Will I within my inmost spirit share. My soul shall with the Highest grasp, Shall seize alike upon the Low, And to my bosom will I clasp All human weal, all human woe. My single nature, widening, shall embrace Within itself the nature shared by all; Like them their joys and sorrows will I trace, And will at last, like them, to nothing fall ! Meph. Oh! trust me, who on this hard food, For many thousand years have chew'd, From cradle unto bier, no human breast, Could ever the old leaven yet digest; This whole too, upon which you set your thought, Believe me, for a god alone is wrought;

HE lives for ever in a blaze of light, Us to eternal darkness has he brought; To you are suited only day and night. Faust. Ay! but it shall be so-That soon is said; But one thing still my peace doth wrong, That time is short, and art is long; To learn I thought you'd let yourself be led! Make of a poet your associate, Bid him through all imagination sweep; Make him all qualities of good and great Upon your honour'd head together heap ;-The lion's courage, port, and ire;
The swiftness of the deer pursued; The quick Italian's blood of fire. The German's ealmer fortitude: Let him for you the mystery find, How that together one may bind Cunning and nobleness of mind! To love on system, and yet still retain The generous and wild desires of youth; Might I with such a man acquaintance gain, I'd call him "Mister Microcosm," in truth. Faust. What am I then, if I can ne'er possess Of human life the highest, brightest part, To which with every sense I strive and press? Meph. Why, thou art in the end-just what thou art! Go! deck thyself with wigs of million locks-Fix, if thou wilt, thy feet on ell-high stocks, Yet just the same as thou art now, For ever that abidest thou! Faust. I feel—I feel it! for I find That I in vain with toil have stored Each treasure of the human mind, Within my heart, as in a hoard. And now I sit at last beside the goal, No fresh, new power wells forth within my soul: I am not, after all, a hair's breadth higher, Nor to the Infinite a tittle nigher.

Meph. Good sir! I see these things you view Just in the common garb they wear, A wiser course we must pursue Before life's pleasures disappear. The devil !- can you not employ Hands, feet, and head, and all that's thine? What I with spirit can enjoy, Must I the less consider mine ? If I can for six horses pay, Their strength is mine—I dash away A proper man, as if I'd known All four-and-twenty legs my own. Come! come! aside such thoughts and ponderings lay; Or with them, out into the world away. One to mere speculation always given Is like a brute on a dry common bound, By some ill spirit in one circle driven, While pasture, fresh and green, spreads all around. Faust. How shall we manage? Forth at once proceed! Meph. A place of martyrdom is this for you : Can you call this the sort of life to lead, O'erwearying yourself and scholars too? Itrash Leave this to neighbour Paunch—such straw and

Why do you give yourself the toil to thrash?

Faust. I'll see him not-

The best you know you dare not tell the boys;

E'en now there's one approaching, by the noise.

Poor boy! he's waited long, Meph. To send him disappointed back were wrong; Give me your cap and gown, -and you shall see,-This masking robe will suit me famously. [He puts on the dress.

Trust to my wit, I only need The quarter of an hour to spare; In the mean time do you proceed,

And for our pleasant trip prepare. [FAUST exit. Meph. (in Faust's long gown). Yes! Reason and all Knowledge but despise,

Man's highest strength-and let thy soul decline Under the influence of the Prince of Lies, Till stronger yet is link'd thy part divine

With the delusion that shall round thee rise; Then-then, without condition, thou art mine! His fate has given him a soul, which will, Uncurb'd, uncheck'd, be pressing onward still; Whose o'erwrought striving after distant things All near and earthly pleasure oversprings. Through all in life most bare and waste, Him will I lead with me,

And all things shall beguile his taste

With flat vapidity. Amid them shall he struggle-gaze, yet stand More strongly fetter'd by my thralling band;

Of all-insatiable soul, To never-slaked desire a slave, Before his lips their drink shall roll, Untasted fruit before them wave; For joys, delights, unfelt before, In vain shall he with prayers implore. And had not his own wilfulness His soul unto the devil bound,

He must with certainty no less

Himself his own damnation found! The Scholar enters.

Scholar. I here have just arrived from home, And all devotion have I come, To see and talk with one whom all With reverence have named to me.

Meph. Your courtesy doth for answer call;

A man like many more you see; Have you inquired yet elsewhere?

Scholar. Let me, I pray, your interest share! With youthful blood, but little gold,

And every wish to learn, I've come. My mother's heart would fain withhold My steps from wandering from my home, But I desired to discern

If right and truth I here might learn.

Meph. The very place these things to find Is this ;-

Scholar. But still, to speak E'en now I wish myself away! But still, to speak my mind,

These roofs and halls, in no degree Suit with my taste-and I must say Each room too narrow seems to me.

Nor waving branch-nor bower of green May there in any place be seen,

And on the benches, in the hall,

Thought, hearing, sight, forsake me all!

Meph. These come with habit only—so An infant takes its mother's breast Not willingly at first-although

It feeds full soon with joyful zest. So from the breasts of Wisdom wilt thou feel More pleasure with each day upon thee steal.

Scholar. I on her neck shall hang delightedly!

But tell me only how she mine may be ?

Meph. Just say, before more time we lose, What, for a faculty, you choose.

Scholar, I wish to be most deeply learn'd, And would all-willingly pursue

All things in earth or heaven discern'd, In science and in nature too.

Meph. You're in the right direction here; But keep your thought unbent and clear. Scholar. I'll give the task all heart and mind;

But yet sometimes would gladly play

For relaxation; when I find A sunny summer's holiday.

Meph. But use all time within your reach, So rapidly it passes by.

Order, indeed, will always teach

The way to gain on hours that fly. For this, then, I should wish to make You first a course of logic take; For 'tis an art by which the mind Is nicely fetter'd and confined! Laced up in Spanish-boots, it creeps

Discreetly o'er the path of thought, And here and there no longer sweeps, Like marsh-lights by the breezes caught.

Then many an hour will be spent In teaching what you once could get By the first single glance you lent,

As freely as you drank or eat ; But one-two-three, you now must learn, Are needed, ere you can discern. 'Tis with the fabrics woven by the mind,

As with the web which is the weaver's care;

In this a single treadle, we may find, Can move at once a thousand threads—and there

The shuttles ever back and forwards play, And threads unseen and viewless shoot and stray, While midst them all a thousand ties

Are struck off at a single blow-

Your wise man here steps in and cries, (T' enlighten you,) "It must be so." The first being thus,—the second thus,—you see That thus the third and fourth, of course, must be; And if the first and second had not been, The third and fourth would never have been seen!

Scholars in every time and place Great value on such lore have set, But never one of all the race

Has ever made a Weaver yet. He who life's mystery would know, And to another would display,

Tries (ere its nature he can show) To drive the breathing soul away; The parts are then within his hand, And only want—their living band!

Of Nature the manipulation, The art is term'd by chemistry, Which by its own denomination,

Doth mock itself unknowingly. [cern. Scholar. Your meaning, sir, I cannot quite dis-Meph. You'll soon improve in this, if you but All things you meet with-properly

T' arrange, reduce, and classify. Scholar. All things to me you here have said, So utterly my thoughts confound,

I feel as if within my head There were a millwheel turning round ! Meph. Next your attention I would call

To metaphysics—so you'll scan With most profound conception—all Unfitted for the brain of man!

A learned word will serve you well What's there-and what is not, to tell. But use in this, your first half-year, The greatest regularity; Five lectures every day you'll hear; There, as the clock strikes, you must be: Be well prepared before you go The paragraphs all learn'd by heart, Thereby you will the better know He does not from the book depart. He cannot then your mind beguile With aught but in the volume stated ; Yet write as earnestly the while As if the Holy Ghost dictated ! Scholar. I shall not need your bidding twice, I judge how useful your advice; What we in white and black can lay We can securely bear away. Meph. Yet choose you out a faculty! Scholar. The Law will never suit with me! Meph. I cannot blame you—for I know All to this science link'd and wed; Both laws and rights descending go, Like a disease inherited. They drag along from race to race, They slowly shift from place to place; Reason to nonsense turn'd we see, Well-doing to a curse is worn; And, 'neath the law,-'tis woe to thee If thou hast been a grandson born! But of the law born with us-of the heart-Of this, alas! no question e'er is sought! Scholar. You add to my aversion; -lucky part Is his who by your wisdom may be taught! I almost think that I would be A student of Theology. Meph. I should not wish to lead you wrong; In all this study it is hard Your steps from the false way to guard, While to it there doth still belong So much of hidden poison too, which we Scarce from its antidote can tell or see. In this too, it is best to hear But one—and by his words to swear; Upon the whole—fast by the word abide, And safely through the porch 'twill be your guide, Into the temple of calm Certainty. Scholar. But still some meaning with the word must be. Meph. 'Tis true! but one need never care to Too much anxiety or toil on this; For, just where meaning fails, the word will lend Its aid in time that cannot come amiss. With words we safely may dispute, On words we can a system lay; With our belief, words nicely suit, And from a word can nought be took away. Scholar. You with my questions I detain, But pray excuse me-I would yet Hear you on Medicine's art explain, And words of guidance for me set. Three years are but a shorten'd tide, And, ah! the field is very wide; When but a single hint is known One then can better feel one's way. Meph. (aside). I'm tired of this pedantic tone, And must again the downright devil play. [Aloud.] The spirit of Med'cine soon is master'd ;-through The great and little world you search your way,

And then let all things, at the last, pursu Their course, just as it pleases God they may. In vain you rove through such a space With Science for your guide or plan; Each one you meet will only trace And learn the parts he easiest can. Who can the passing moment take And of it all advantage make, Him you will find the proper man. You're fairly built, and seem beside As if you had some boldness too; If you but in yourself confide, Then other souls will trust in you. But above all, learn how to treat The women—for their "Ah's" and "Oh's" So multiform, you soon may meet; For from one point their healing flows. Be you but passably demure, Command o'er all you'll soon secure; A title first must be possest, In you a confidence to breed: Superior knowledge 'twill attest, And show your art doth all exceed. Those little favours then at once you gain, For which another coaxes years in vain. Adroitly learn their pulse to feel-And boldly round the slender waist Your arm, with knowing glances, steal, To try how tightly it is laced! Scholar. There's sense in that—one seeth there, At any rate, the how and where ! Meph. All theory, my friend, is grey; But green is life's bright, golden tree! Scholar. And yet, in truth, I needs must say, All this appears a dream to me! Dare I another time your wisdom task, And on these grounds once more to hear you, ask? Meph. What I can give shall willingly be thine! Scholar. But thus I really cannot from you go; This blank-leaved volume I have here is mine; This token of your favour will you show? Meph. Most willingly_ [He takes the book, writes, and returns it. Scholar (reads). "Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum." [He shuts the book reverentially, and takes his leave. Meph. Ay! only trust to that old text, and The counsel of my ancient friend, the Snake, And soon will come a time when you shall see Good cause for grief, though "like to God" you be. Faust (enters). Where now, then? Where it pleases thee; The great and little world we'll see, And with what joy and pleasure you The boundless course will revel through! Faust. But with this beard-too well I know Life's light and easy art I need; One with the world I ne'er could grow,-The experiment will not succeed. When I in others' presence stand, I feel myself so mean, so small, That now I know on every hand Embarrassments will on me fall. Meph. All this, my friend, will time provide, And of itself, itself will give; Soon as you in yourself confide, You know the way to live! Faust. How do we set upon our road? Where is our carriage, servant, horse?

Meph. This mantle we but spread abroad,
And through the air 'twill speed our course.
For our bold journey you will take
Your baggage small, compact in girth;
Some vapour I will ready make
Shall lift us lightly from the earth.
Swift shall we mount if we are light of weight;
You, on your novel life, let me congratulate.

[Exeunt.

SCENE.—AUERBACH'S CELLAR, LEIPSIC.

A company of jovial fellows drinking.

FROSCH, BRANDER, ALTMAIER, SIEBEL.

Frosch. Will no one drink? none laughter wake? I'll teach you then some mouths to make; You all seem like damp straw to-day, Yet light enough can blaze away, At other times;—

Bran. The fault is thine, You give not to our mirthfulness Buffoonery nor beastliness.

Frosch. There, then, are both—

[Throws a glass of wine over Brander's head.

Bran. You double swine!

Frosch. You wish'd yourself it should be so!
Siebel. Who quarrels to the door shall go!
With open heart strike up the round!
Swill, shout, till all the roofs resound!
Up, holla! Ho!

Alt. I'm lost, I swear! He splits my head—some cotton here! Siebel. 'Tis only when the echoes burst, Rolling from arch to arch along,

That to our cars is token'd first
The power of bass amid the song!

Frosch. Right! hence with him who takes amiss Aught here! A tara, lara, da!
All. A tara! lara, lara, da!

Frosch. Our throats are fairly tuned by this I

"The dear old Roman empire! how,
Pray, holds it still together?"
Bran. A nasty and offensive song!
Political! pshaw! stupid, wrong!
Thank God with every coming morn,
Free from state troubles you were born;
And that you have not got to bear
Aught of the Roman empire's care!
I count it gain that mine is not
A chaucellor's or kaiser's lot!
Still, of a chief we should not fail,—
To choose a pope then be our plan;

You know the gifts that turn the scale,

And elevate the man!

Frosch (sings). "Soar up, Dame Nightingale,
My love ten thousand times."

[and greet
Siebel. No greeting to your love betide!

No, not one greeting shall there be! Frosch. A greeting and a kiss beside! Thou shalt not hinder me!

ou shalt not hinder me! [Sings.
"Open bolts! 'tis stilly night,
Open bolts! the lover's waking!
Shut the bolts! when morning's light
And coming day are breaking."

Siebel. Ay! sing her praise in song and rhyme! For me to laugh will come a time; She'll cheat you as she 's cheated me, So may her love a goblin be!

Upon a dark and crossing way
May some such devil with her piay;
An old he-goat may wicker her "good-night,"
As he from Blocksberg galleps in his flight!
A hearty knave of flesh and blood
Is for the wench by far too good!
So of no "greeting" here begin,
Unless to smash her windows in!

Bran. (striking the table). Attend here! all
you gentlemen—
Grant that of life I something know;
On loving folks here sitting, then.

Grant that of life I something kn On loving folks here sitting, then, I something useful will bestow! A song now of the newest coin, And you the chorus boldly join!

[Sings.

A rat once in a cellar dwelt,
On fat and butter only fed it,
Until he raised a paunch, that might
Have done c'en Dr. Luther credit!
The cook laid poison in the place,
Then scarce he there found breathing space—

Chorus.—As if Love's burning element Had been within his body pent!

Then round he ran, and out he flew,
At every pool he stopp'd and tasted,
He gnaw'd and scratch'd through all the house,
But naught avail'd,—his fury lasted!
In anguish gave he many a bound,
But soon, poor beast, an end he found!

Chorus.—As if Love's burning element
Had been within his body pent!

He ran into the kitchen then,
For very pain—in open day too!
And panting, fell upon the floor,
Where terribly convulsed he lay too!
Then laugh'd the poisoner, o'er him stretch'd—
Ha! he his latest breath bas fetch'd!

Chorus.—As if Love's burning element Had been within his body pent!

Siebel. How chuckle all these senseless flats! A noble cunning this, 'tis true, This laying poison for poor rats!

Bran. They're favour'd then, perhaps, by you!

Alt. The bald-pate paunch! this luckless lot,
Thus hearing he has soften'd grown;
He sees the swell'd-up rat has got

A figure very like his own!

Enter Faust and Mephistopheles.

Meph. (to Faust). But above all things, I must bring you where

You may the mirth of merry fellows share; With whom it will be thine to see How lightly life can pass away; With churls like these, now, it can be

A feast with every coming day:
With little wit, and much content,
All in a narrow circle pent,
Speed in the rounding dance away,
Like kittens with their tails at play;
So while no headache's grief they find,
And while their host will credit give,

Free from all care they keep their mind, And merrily and gaily live. Bran. Just off their journey, one may swear!

I see it by their wondering air.

Frosch. Truly thou'rt right - Leipsic 's the 'Tis mine, -and I do love it well, [place! A little Paris—by their grace

You may at once its people tell! Siebel. Who should you take them both to be? Frosch. Let me alone, and you shall see I' the drinking of a glass, I'll wind

It out of both of them, in truth, As easily as you would find

The drawing of an infant's tooth. They proud and discontented seem, So that they're nobly born I deem.

Bran. They're mountebanks, I'll wager well. Alt. Most likely! now I'll smoke them-note! Meph. (to Faust). These fools would not the devil smell,

Although he had them by the throat! Faust. I greet you, gentlemen-

And you we greet! Siebel. [To himself, looking askance at Mephistopheles.

What! does the fellow halt upon the feet? Meph. Are we allow'd with you to sit? Then in good liquor's stead (which here

It seems that we can hardly get), Good company shall be our cheer. Alt. A dainty taste appears this gentleman's! Frosch. You are from Rippach, lately-tell us,

If ever there, before you came away, You chanced to sup a night with Mister Hans? Meph. We pass'd him, gentlemen, to-day,

When last we with him held some speech; He of his cousins much did say,

And sends his compliments to each! [He bows to Frosch.

Alt. (aside). You had it there-you see he's up to it!

Siebel. A cunning fellow!

Only wait a bit ! Frosch.

I'll have him yet!

Meph.Unless I'm wrong, Some well-used voices we could hear

Singing the chorus of a song; Doubtless the echoes must be clear, And through these vaulted arches ring

Most admirably while you sing. Frosch. An amateur, perhaps!

Oh! no! Small is the skill my voice would show;

My pleasure in the art is all That I may venture great to call.

Alt. Give us a song! Meph. - Oh! if you like,

I will into a hundred strike.

Siebel. But let it be bran new, I pray? Faust. We are upon our homeward way From Spain—and have not travell'd long From that bright land of wine and song.

Meph. (sings). Once on a time there was a king Who had a wondrous flea!

Frosch. Didst mark that well? I deem a flea

A neat and cleanly guest to be! Meph. (sings). Once on a time there was a king

Who had a wondrous flea, And by him it no less was loved Than his only son might be; The monarch for his tailor call'd,

Who hasted thereupon-"There! make the youngster clothes to wear, And put him breeches on !"

Bran. Forget not that the tailor 's told To see he gives a careful fit, And, as his head he dear doth hold, He make the breeches smoothly sit.

Meph. (sings). In silken robes, and satin, too, This flea was now array'd, Had ribbons on his coat-and wore A cross thereon display'd!

Soon he a broad, bright star did sport, And a minister he grew,

Then eall'd his cousins up to court, And made them noble too!

The courtiers smooth and ladies fair Were now tormented sore, From queen to waiting-maid, they were

All prick'd and bitten o'er. Yet dared they not to erack them, Or scratch them in despite;

But we'll soon crack and stifle them, If us they dare to bite.

Chorus (shouting). But we'll soon crack and If us they dare to bite. [stifle them,

Frosch. Bravo! that sounded famously! Siebel. And so shall perish every flea! Bran. Point your fingers and nick them fine ! Alt. Freedom for ever! Hurrali for wine! Meph. I willingly a glass would raise,

And drink with you to freedom's praise, If that the wine they give us here

Only a little better were. Siebel. We'll not hear that again from thee!

Meph. But that the host would angry be, I'd freely treat each worthy guest,

From our own cellar, to the best! Siebel. Out with it! I the blame will bear! Frosch. Ay! a good glass for us prepare,

And we will praise you, one and all ;-Don't let your sample be too small, My skill in judging is but dull

Unless I have my mouth right full. Alt. (aside). They're from the Rhine, I think! Meph. Here! bring

A gimlet, quick

Bran. Why such a thing ? No barrels at the door-way stand !

Alt. The landlord's tool-ehest 's here at hand! Meph. (taking the gimlet-to Frosch). Now, say what sort of wine you'll take.

Frosch. What do you mean ? have you so many here ?

Meph. I tell you, each of you your choice may

Alt. (to Frosch). Licking your lips, already, I declare!

Frosch. Well, then! if I may choose-the wine That grows upon the banks of Rhine!

It ever is our fatherland

Gives the best gifts unto our hand. Meph. (bores a hole in the table where Frosch

sits). A little wax to make some stoppers-Alt.

These are mere juggler's tricks !-

Meph. (to BRANDER). What wine for thee ? Bran. Oh! why, Champagne, and sparkling let it be!

[MEPHISTOPHELES bores another hole: one of them in the mean time has made some stoppers from the wax and stopped the holes.

Bran. We cannot always what is foreign shun, The good so far from us we often see; True Germans hate all Frenchmen, every one, But yet will drink their wine most willingly. Siebel (while MEPHISTOPHELES approaches his place). I own I like not acid wine,

A glass of right-down sweet be mine !

Meph. (boring). Full soon, then, shall Tokay be thine.

Alt. Here, gentlemen ! just look at me; You're only mocking us, I fear ! Meph. That were too great a liberty, With guests like those around us here!

But quickly say-declare with speed, What wine shall I unto you bring? Alt. Oh! any that you have ;-no need

Of much, or lengthen'd questioning.

Meph. (After the holes are all bored and stopped, says with strange gestures)

By the vine-stock wine is borne, High the he-goat bears his horn; Though flowing is its juice-yet still

But wooden is the vine, And so the wooden table will Yield forth for us our wine!

An insight this to Nature's hidden cell, And see that you believe the miracle! Now draw the plugs, and to it go!

All. (As they take out the stoppers and the wine each has named flows into his glass.)

Oh! beauteous stream, that here dost flow! Meph. Only I beg, be cautious still

That none of you the liquor spill !

[They drink frequently. All (sing). " As happy all as cannibals! Glad as five hundred swine!"

Meph. (to FAUST). Now they enjoy! mark but their glee!

Faust. I would much rather go away! Meph. Just note how bestiality

Will gloriously itself display!

Siebel. (Drinking carelessly, the wine is spilt on the ground, and turns into flame.)

Help! fire! help! here's flaming bell!

Meph. (addressing the flame). Be quiet! friendly element !

For this time, friend, (to SIEBEL,) the drop that fell Was but from purgatory sent.

Siebel. What's that! It seems you do not For this you shall most dearly pay! [know us! Frosch. This let him only twice but show us! Alt. Best get him quietly away!

Siebel. What, sir ! and do you dare with us

Practise your hocus-pocus thus! Meph. Silence! old Wine-cask!

Siebel. Broomstick! will

You add then insult to disdain? Bran. Only just be a moment still,

And blows shall pretty thickly rain! Alt. (pulls one of the plugs out of the table, and fire flies out of the hole against him). I burn! I burn!

Here's sorcery ! Thrust home! the knave is stabbing free! [They draw their knives, and rush on MEPHISTOPHELES.

Meph. (with solemn gestures). Image false! And word as strange, Sense and place Together change!

Let your influence appear Here awhiie, and after, there. [They stand astounded, and look at each other.

Alt. Where am I? What a beauteous land! Frosch. Vineyards! or sure my sight deceives! Siebel. And here are grapes, too, close at hand! Bran. And see ! beneath their spreading leaves, How fine a stem doth twine

And what a bunch doth shine!

[He seizes SIEBEL by the nose; the others do the same. and brandish their knives.

Meph. (as before). Now, Error! loose from off their eyes

The band that keeps them blind; And how the devil jokes,-do you

Hereafter bear in mind!

[He vanishes with FAUST; the men shrink from each

Siebel. What's this ?

How now! Alt.

Frosch. Here is no vine!

Was it your nose ?

Bran. (to Siebel.). And here is thine!

Within my hand !

The shock, I swear, Alt.

Has thrill'd all through me; quick! a chair! For I am sinking! Only say, Frosch.

What was it that deceived our sense ? Siebel. Where is the knave ? If ever in my way He comes again, he not with life goes thence !

Alt. I saw him on a cask astride, From out the cellar swiftly ride,-Saw it myself ;-my feet feel dead, And heavy, as two lumps of lead!

[Going to the table.

I wonder if our gushing stream Is flowing still! Siebel.

A cheat! a dream! Was all we saw-a dazzling shine.

Frosch. And yet I thought our drink was wine! Bran. How was it with the grapes and vine? Alt. Let any one hereafter tell

Me not to trust in miracle!

SCENE,-THE WITCH'S KITCHEN.

A fire is burning on a low hearth. A large cauldron is hanging over it. In the fumes which rise from the vessel various figures are seen. A Female Monkey is sitting by the cauldron, skimming it, and taking care that it does not boil over. Male Monkey, with the young ones, is sitting near the fire, warming himself. The walls and ceiling are decked with the rarest articles and utensils of Witchery.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. With loathing deep I feel my soul imbued For this mad witchcraft—dost thou promise me That I shall really ever be renew'd

In this wild chaos of insanity? And do I need advice in aught That can by an old hag be taught? Will all her filthy cookery From off this body really steal Full thirty years !- Ah! woe is me, If nothing better you reveal!

Hope is departed from me ;-can It be that in all nature's round, Search'd by the noble soul of man, No such a draught was ever found! [again, Meph. My friend, in this you wisely speak Nature one means of growing young affords; Another book, though, does the lore contain, And 'tis a chapter strange, the mode records. Faust. Oh! tell it me! Meph. If you the means would hold Without physician, sorcery, or gold, Betake yourself forthwith into the field, And hack and dig-the spade and mattock wield; Yourself, and all your thoughts, confine Within a narrow bounding line; Be all your food of simplest kind, Live as a beast, the beasts among, And never let it in your mind Be deem'd a robbery or wrong, If you yourself manure the soil That yields its harvests to your toil. Trust me-this mode 's the best, to give One youth—though eighty years one live! Faust. To this I never yet was used-nor can I e'er to take the spade in hand submit. It suits me not, this narrowest life of man-Meph. Then must the Witch, at last, accomplish it. Faust. Why the Witch only? Can not you Yourself this magic potion brew ? Meph. A pretty pastime! I could build the while A thousand bridges, and with less of toil! Not only skill and science doth it ask, But patience, too, is wanted for the task: A quiet spirit is content For years to fashion and produce; By time alone that power is lent, That gives its virtue to the juice.

A quiet spirit is content
For years to fashion and produce;
By time alone that power is lent,
That gives its virtue to the juice.
And all the things of which 'tis wrought
Are wondrous of their kind, and rare,
True! by the devil she was taught,
Yet cannot he the draught prepare.

[Looking at the Monkeys.]
Behold! in truth, a pretty pair,

[$Addressing\ them.$

It seems the Mistress is away!

The maiden this—the boy is there.

Monkeys. To the feast she's sped,
From the house has fled
Out from the chimney-stone to stray!

Meph. And pray, how long then may it be, She for her rovings doth require? Monkeys. A time about as long, as we May warm our paws before the fire.

Meph. (to Fausr). What think you of this pretty pair?

Faust. Such bestial things ne'er met mine eye.

Meph. Nay! a discourse like this, I swear,
Is just what I prefer to try.

[Speaking to the Monkeys.]
But say, cursed whelps, what is it you
Are in this porridge stirring up?

Monkeys. Coarse beggars' broth we cook—
Meph.

No few
Will come, then, with you here to sup.

He Monkey (approaching and fawning on MEPH.)
Oh! throw me the dice,
Make me rich in a trice;

Oh, quick let me money but gain!
Now my fate is but sad,—
But if money I had,
Full soon should I honour obtain.

Meph. How blest the brute would think himself to be,

Could he but throw into the lottery!

[The Young Monkeys, who have been playing with a glass globe, now roll it forwards.

He Monkey. This is the world,
That rises and sinks;
It rolleth unceasing,
Like glass it clinks;
How soon that breaketh!
All empty its core,
Here brightly it shineth,
And here still more.
I live for ever,
Son! do not try

To come nearer—for thou Art of those who die! This is clay—and when it breaketh, Potsherds on the earth it maketh!

Meph. What is this sieve for ?

He Monkey (taking it). Oh! if thou

Wert but a thief—I'd know thee now!

[He goes to the She Monkey, and makes her look
through it.

Look through !—the thief Dost know him well ! And darest thou not His name to tell ?

Meph. (approaching the fire). And here—this pot?

He Monkey. The silly sot!

He knows it not—

He knoweth not the kettle!

He knoweth not the kettle!

Meph. You churlish brute!

He Monkey.

Here take this brush

And sit down on the settle!

Faust (who during this time has been standing lefore a mirror, sometimes approaching, and sometimes receding from it). What do I look on! What a form of heaven,

Within this magic mirror meets my gaze!
Love! let to me thy swiftest wing be given,

To waft me to the region where she strays!

Ah! when I leave this single spot,

Or venture to a prove the more near

Or venture to approach more near, She fades, and I behold her not, She seems in mist to disappear!

A woman's beauteous form—oh! can it be, Such loveliness was e'er to woman given! In those soft limbs reposing, must I see

The inmost essence of each brighter heaven?
Oh! must I seek on earth in vain
This vision's likeness to obtain?

Meph. Why, when a God six days has wrought, And at the finish, "Bravo!" cries, 'Tis naturally to be thought

That something elever should arise.
This time, your eye with gazing sate,
I can obtain you such a fair;

And his will be a happy fate,
Who her, as bridegroom, home shall bear.

[FAUST remains looking into the mirror; MEPHISTO-PHELES lies down on the settle, and plays with the brush, continuing to speak. Here sit I, like a king upon his throne;
The sceptre's here—I want a crown alone!
Monkeys (who have this while been making all sorts
of strange gestures to each other, bringing a crown

of strange gestures to each other, bringing a to Mephistopheles, with loud cries).

Here is a crown—but be so good As glue it on with sweat and blood!

[They handle the crown awkwardly, break it in two pieces, and jump about with them.

Now 'tis done. We see and speak, We can hear, and rhymes can make!

Faust. (gazing in the mirror). Woe to thee, Faust! my soul I feel

Begins in frenzy wild to reel!

Meph. (looking at the beasts). My own head too is tottering now.

Monkeys. If all goes lucky—and when it May haply chance that all things fit,

Then many thoughts uprising glow!

Faust. My heart begins to burn—away!
Oh, do but let us haste from here!

Meph. (in the same position). Well! no one can deny that they,

As poets, are at least sincere!

[The cauldron, which the She Monkey has neglected, begins to boil over; a great flame vises and shoots up the chimney. The Witch comes down the chimney, through the flame, uttering horrible cries.

Witch Eu! Eu! Eu! Eu! Cursed beasts—damnation on ye both, Neglecting thus the pot and broth,

And scalding me, your dame !—what now ?

[Seeing Faust and Mephistophelbs.

Who is within?
What are ye, and how
Did ye entrance win?
What seek ye? May the fiery pang
Upon your bones and sinews hang!

[She dips the ladle into the cauldron, and sprinkles flame at Faust, and Mernistopheles, and the Monkeys. The Monkeys whimper.

Meph. (Inverts the brush which he held in his hands, and strikes among the glasses and pots.)

Crash, split and shatter!
To pieces the lot!

Here the brewage I scatter, Here glasses and pot!

'Tis all but a jest—beating time, you see, You carrion-hag, to your melody!

[The Witch steps back in rage and astonishment. Dost know me now, thou skeleton abhorr'd? Thou scarecrow! know'st thy master and thy lord! What now prevents my arm from smashing you In pieces—and your monkey-spirits too? Have you no more respect and grace.

Have you no more respect and grace
For the red waistcoat? Didst not know
My cock's-plume? Have I hid my face?
Am I obliged my name to show?

Witch. Oh! pardon me, my lord, that I So rough in greeting you should be; The cloven foot I cannot spy,—

Your ravens, too, I do not see!

Meph. For this time you shall pardon get,
For it is long since last we met.

Refinement, too, that smoothens all
O'er which it in the world has pass'd,
Has been extended in its call,

And reach'd the devil, too, at last.

That Northern Phantom found no more can be,—
Horns, tail, and claws, we now no longer see;

As for the foot—I cannot spare it, But were I openly to wear it, It might do greater harm than good To me among the multitude, And so, like many a youth beside,

Who bravely to the eye appears, Yet something still contrives to hide, I've worn false calves for many years!

Witch (dancing). My sense and reason night are lost, with glee,

The gallant Satan here again to see! [none! Meph. Woman! that name I suffer now from Witch. Why? what then may the name to you have done?

Meph. Long is it now since it has been In story-books much written seen, Yet men from this no good have got, For nothing better have they gain'd;

The evil-one they now have not,
But still the evil have remain'd.
Call me Lord Baron—that were good—

Like others, I'm a cavalier!

You will not doubt my gentle blood,

For see! these are the arms I bear!
[He makes an unseemly gesture.
Witch (laughing loudly). Ha! ha! that's just
your way—I see

You're still the same wild merry knave!

Meph. (to Fausr.) My friend! mark this—this
still must be

The way with witches to behave.

Witch. Well now, but tell me, gentlemen,
What do you seek in this my den?

Meph. A well-fill'd goblet of the juice, The liquor that you know so well; The oldest, too, you must produce,—

Years double make its potent spell.

Witch. With pleasure! here a flask is placed,
Of which sometimes myself I taste,

Which, too, doth now no longer stink;—
(Aside.) To thee a glass I'll freely give,

But unprepared, should this man drink,
Thou knowst an hour he cannot live!
Meph. Oh! 'tis a worthy friend of mine,
On whom with good effect 'twill pass,
I grudge him not the best of thine,—

Thy spells then speak, and draw thy line,
And fill him up a brimming glass!

[The Witch, with strange gestures, draws a circle and places rare things in it. In the mean time the glasses begin to ring, and the cauldron to sound and make music. She brings a great book, and places the monkeys in the circle, making them serve for a reading desk, and to hold torches. She signs to FAUST to approach.

Faust (to MEPH.). But what from all this cometh—tell!

This stuff—these antics wild to view,
This jugglery—I know it well,
Know it of old—and hate it too!
Meph. Oh! stuff to laugh at—do not be
So nice and choice—for from her art

We must some hocus-pocus see,
That well the draught may play its part.

[He obliges Faust to enter the circle.

Witch (begins to read from the book with great emKnowledge to you [phasis;

Must now be given,
Of one make ten,
Leave two, and then
Will three make even;

Rich art thou straight. Then drop thou the four, And from five and six more, So runneth my lore, Make seven and eight. Then is it done, For nine is one And ten is none, This is the witch's one times one.

Faust. The hag, methinks, is raving !--Meph. Much more of it is coming yet,

For all the book full well I know, And all to the same tune is set. I've on it lost much time and pains; For every law and every rule, Of downright paradox, remains Obscure alike to sage and fool. The art's both old and new, my friend, For thus it ever hath been done,

Error for truth men far extend By one and three, and three and one. Unceasingly 'tis talk'd and taught; Who will for idiots think or care?

When, saving words, man heareth naught, He soon believes there's something there.

Witch (continuing). The lofty power of Witch (continuing). knowledge

From all the world conceal'd, To him who thinks not of it, To him it is reveal'd.

On him it is bestow'd to share Without his thought-without his care.

Faust. What jargon sounds her every word? My head seems as asunder breaking,

As if I in full chorus heard

A hundred thousand idiots speaking. Meph. Enough, good sibyl-now be still, And quickly get us forth thy drink,-

See, too, that you the liquor fill Up to the goblet's brink. He is a man of many a grade,

Who many a draught ere now has made.

[The Witch, with many ceremonies, pours the liquor into a cup: as FAUST lifts it to his mouth a light

Meph. Down with it-never hesitate! 'Twill cheer the heart within thy frame; You with the devil be a mate,

And shrink before a little flame!

[The Witch breaks the circle; FAUST comes out of it. Meph. You must not rest-now forth with speed!

Witch. And may the potion work aright. Meph. (to the Witch). If aught you wish from

me, you need But name it on Walpurgis' night.

Witch. Here is a song-which now and then you'll sing,

And a peculiar influence 'twill bring.

Meph. (to FAUST). Come! quick! and let yourself by me be sway'd,

For throughly to perspire you must be made, In order that this spirit's flood May penetrate through bone and blood;

Then will I teach you to possess A noble, courtly idleness;

And with delight you soon will feel How Cupid in your body lurks.

How quick he through your frame will steal, How merrily he stirs and works.

Faust. Let me one moment in the mirror find That female form-too lovely was its grace! Meph. Nay, nay! the model of all womankind

You soon in flesh and blood shall see before your face.

[Aside.] That draught within-you soon will greet, An Helen in each wench you meet!

SCENE .- THE STREET.

FAUST (MARGARET passing by).

Faust. My pretty lady, may I dare Offer my arm and company?

Mar. I am no lady, sir, nor am I fair, And by myself, my way can homeward see! [She breaks from him and exit.

Faust. By Heaven! this child indeed is fair,

Her equal have I ne'er espied, Of modesty and virtue rare,

Though somewhat snappish, too, beside. Her ruddy lips-her radiant face

Will dwell with me while life shall last. She droop'd her eye with bashful grace,

And deep into my heart it pass'd! How tart she spoke—the saucy thing ! 'Twas absolutely ravishing!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters. Mephisto! you must get this girl for me!

Meph. Which? Why she pass'd but now-Faust. This must it be ! Meph.

She comes from her confessor here, Who has from sin pronounced her clear. I stole up close beside the chair ;__

She is a pure and stainless flower, Who e'en for nothing knelt her there,-Nay, over her I have no power.

Faust. Yet she is past her fourteenth year! Meph. You speak complete Jack Rake, I swear, Who to himself is coveting

Each tender blossom to attain, Who deems no worth nor love can spring But is for him to pluck and gain.

But this, friend, will not always do.

Faust. Good sermoniser! Pray from you

Let's hear no more morality! If this sweet maiden is not prest This night within my arms to rest,

Midnight our bond shall ended see.

Meph. What can and cannot—bear in mind; At least a fortnight I shall need

But opportunity to find,

With any chance I shall succeed. Faust. Did seven clear hours before me lay,

The devil's aid I would not pray So young a creature to betray.

Meph. You're almost Frenchman in that speech; But do not fret you, I beseech!

Why to enjoyment should you sweep? The pleasure is not near so deep. As when your toy you've moulded well With all the nonsense possible;

As many a French romance can tell! Faust. I've appetite without all that. Meph. Nay, without jest,-I tell you flat,

This maiden is not to be won So quickly as you wish it done; We nothing here can take by force, So we to guile must have recourse.

Faust. Go! fetch me something she has blest, Some treasure from my angel's hand! Lead! Lead me to her place of rest, Bring me a kerchief from her breast, A garter of my love—a band!

Meph. That for your passion you may see,
My anxious service used shall be,

No moment lost, I'll lead the way Into her chamber—

Faust. And will she

Behold me—I possess her !— Meph. Nay,

She at a neighbour's house will be, While you amid her atmosphere, Alone, the moments may employ In feasting fully, on the dear

Voluptuous hopes of coming joy. Faust. Can we go now?

Meph. It is too early yet.

Faust. See then that you a present for her get!

Meph. Presents forthwith! that's brave indeed! The very way, though, to succeed! I know full many a place, with store Of treasures buried there of yore,—
I must a little look them o'er. [Exit.

EVENING .-- A SMALL NEAT CHAMBER.

Margaret (binding and plaiting her hair).

I would give something could I know,
Who that same gentleman might be:
Himself right gallant did he show,
Of noble birth too—on his brow
That could I very plainly see;
For were he not of high descent
He had not been so impudent.

MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST enter.

Meph. Come in! but tread you light and low; Only come in!

Faust. Pray leave me now!

Meph. It is not every maid you meet
At once so diligent and neat. [Exit.
Faust. Welcome, sweet twilight, that around,

above,

Dost all this dim and hallow'd place possess! Seize on my heart, ye sweetest pangs of love, Fed on the dew of hope's deliciousness. How deep a sense of stillness breathes around, What order and contentment here are found, What riches 'mid this poverty abound;

In this small cell—of bliss what plenteousness!

[He threws himself into the leathern chair by the side of the bed.

Receive me! thou who hast, in joy and mirth,
Oft welcomed those who now are pass'd from
earth!

Beside this father's throne, how oft have hung A throng of children, close around it clung! Here may my love—amid the little band,

All thankful for the gift that Christmas brought, Have gently kiss'd her grandsire's wither'd hand, Her warm, round cheek, with childhood's freshness fraught.

Maiden! it is thy spirit which I feel, Of order and abundance, round me steal, Which, motherlike, doth teach thee, day by day, This table with its neat white cloth to lay, To strew beneath thy foot the crisping sand; Thou dear one! even godlike is thine hand, For 'tis through thee, and by thy care, is given Unto this little hut the air of heaven! And here!

[He lifts up one of the bed-curtains.

What tremblings of delight I feel!
Here could I let whole hours o'er me steal;
Here, Nature, didst thou in light dreams endow
With perfect form the angel-born below;
Here lay the child,—its gentle bosom fill'd
With life—warm life, and as its efforts thrill'd,
With strivings, holy in their strength and pure,
The god-framed image wrought itself mature!

And thou! what brings thee here?—what joy I feel! What raptures through my inmost bosom steal? What is it thou wouldst here?—And what is this That weighs upon my soul amid its bliss, And sinks the heart that swell'd in joy before? Alas! Poor Faust! I know thee now no more!

Oh! do I breathe a magic atmosphere?
I hasted to enjoy, brook'd no delay!
Yet in a dream of love now melt away!
Are we the sport of every breath of air?
If she now enter'd, how wouldst thou atone
For the mean violence thou here hast done?
The braggart! ah, how pitifully shrunk,

Enter Mephistopheles. /
Meph. Quick! She's below, and at the door!
Faust. Away! I will return no more!

Would lie prostrated at her feet and sunk!

Meph. Here is a casket, which you'll find Heavy enough, and fairly lined; From elsewhere this have I convey'd; Quick, let it in the press be laid! She'll be beside herself with glee; I've casketed these gems for thee, That thou, with them, another mayst betray, For still a child 's a child, and play is play!

Faust. I know not—shall I?

Meph. Why! how can you ask it?
Perhaps you mean yourself to keep the casket!
If so, I recommend outright

You keep your sensuality
For other hours than day's fair light,
And further trouble save to me.
I hope you're not to avarice led.

I rub my hands—I scratch my head—
[He places the casket in the press, and shuts the lock.
Away, away! you go to mould with skill
This sweet young creature to your wish and will,
And yet you look as dull and full of gloon
As if you went into your lecture-room,
Or there embodied saw, all cold and grey,
Physics and metaphysics too—away!

[Excunt.

Enter MARGARET with a lamp.

Mar. Tis hot and close here!—yet below

[She opens the window.

So very warm it has not been,
I feel all o'er I know not how,
I would my mother were come in!
A shiver seems o'er all my frame to go;
But I'm but a poor timid girl, I know!

There was a king in ancient Thule.

Whose mistress—faithful to the grave—
With dying hand, unto her lord,
A golden goblet gave.

[She sings as she undresses herself.

[Exit.

Naught prized he more—at every feast He drain'd it from the very brim, And ever as therefrom he drank, His eyes with tears were dim!

And when he came himself to die, He all his cities reckon'd up; Not one of them he grudged his heir, But not so with the golden cup.

He sat him at the royal feast,
With all his knights of high degree,
Within his old ancestral hall
A castle that o'erlook'd the sea.

Here the old toper stood, and took
His latest draught of wine's bright glow,
Then threw the hallow'd goblet down
Into the waves below.

He saw it splash—he watch'd it fill— And sink, deep, deep into the main; Then sorrow o'er his eyelids fell, He never drank a drop again.

[She opens the press to put her clothes in it, and finds the casket.

How came this pretty easket here?—I'm sure That I this morning lock'd the press secure!
'Tis very strange! I wonder what can be
Within it shut!—could one contrive to see!
Perchance it is a pledge by some one sent
On which my mother has some money lent!
Here by the ribbon hangs a key,
I think I'll open it—Oh! see!
Look! God in Heaven! what is here?
Nothing like this e'er met my sight,
Jewels that any countess might
In highest festal splendour wear!
How would this chain now look on me?
Whose can these gems and jewels be?

[She puts them on and walks up and down before a mirror.

Oh! would these earrings only were but mine!
Quite different in these would one appear;
What does it skill, poor maid, that beauty's thine?
That is all very good, indeed, and fair,
But all alone they let it be;
Man loves, yet half but pities thee!

But to GOLD there springs To GOLD there clings, All, all! alas! for us, poor things!

PROMENADE.

Faust walking up and down, immersed in thought.

Mephistopheles enters.

Meph. By all the pangs in love despised that By all the burning elements of hell! [dwell! Would I knew aught more deadly, worse, More desperate, by which to curse!

Faust. What now! what doth your face so pinch and wring?

In all my life I ne'er saw such a thing!

Meph. To the devil I could give myself, I vow,
If I were not the devil myself—

Faust.

How now?

Has anything occurr'd to turn your brain?
"Tis well in you, to rave like one insane!

Meph. Nay, think! the gems for Margaret brought

A priest has seized, and swept off clear; A sight of them the mother caught, And forthwith felt some secret fear. A fine scent hers—for evermore
She sniffs and snuffs her prayer-book o'er,
And smells each article to test,
If it may be profane or blest.
She soon perceived from chain and gem,
That little blessing came with them!
"My child," she said, "unlawful good
Eusnares the soul—consumes the blood;
Devoted to the Virgin's shrine

It shall be as an offering given,—
We shall be fed on food divine,
Upon the manna dropp'd from heaven."
Poor Margaret looked awry—she thought
That, after all, it was a present.

That, after all, it was a present,

Nor could that godless be that brought

It hither in a mode so pleasant!

It hither in a mode so pleasant!

The mother then calls in a priest,
Who almost ere he heard the jest
Drew from the prospect much delight;
Said he, "This shows your hearts are right,
The conqueror o'er himself is he
Who gains the most—the church, we see,
Has a good stomach—she has eat
Whole kingdoms up—and never yet
Has anything like surfeit met.
It is the church alone can best
It is the church alone can best
Faust. A common case; a king or Jew

Can the same feat accomplish too.

Meph. Then off he swept chain, clasp, and rings,
As if they were but mushroom things,

And thank'd them neither less nor more
Than if the case of costly sheen
A basketful of nuts had been,

But to them promised o'er and o'er, All heavenly rewards—whereby They much, no doubt, might edify.

Faust. And Margaret——

Meph. In restless plight, Her heart with nameless wishes fraught, Thinks on the trinkets day and night, Still more on him the gems who brought. Faust. My dear one's grief with sorrow I en-

dure,—
Straight, then, for her another set procure!
The first were no such matters.

Meph. To be sure!

All is but child's play to the gentleman!

Faust. See that you do it, as I wish and plan

Her neighbour you must close beset—

Come! don't a milksop devil be,

Another case of jewels get!

Meph. My honour'd sir, most willingly!

Merely for pastime or for play,
To please his mistress all his care,
A lovesick fool thus puffs away
Sun, moon, and stars, into the air!

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

MARTHA alone.

God pardon my dear husband !—he
In truth has not done well by me,—
Away into the world he sped
And left me to a lonely bed!
Though ne'er I vex'd, or teasing moved him,
But, God knows, always dearly loved him!

Perhaps he now is dead—ah me—! if so, O could I but the truth in writing know!

MARGARET enters.

Marg. Martha!
Mar. Well, Margaret!
Marg. Oh, think!
My knees almost beneath me sink,
I've found another casket—see—
Placed in my press—'tis ebony!
With jewels absolutely rare,
Far richer than the first ones were.
Mar. Of this your mother must not know,
Or with it to the priest she'll go.
Marg. Here! only look at them—oh see!

Marg. Ah, poor me! Wear them abroad, I may not dare, Nor in them at the church appear.

Mar. You lucky creature-

Mar. Come pretty often then to me And don the jewels secretly; In them, you to and fro can pass A little hour before the glass, E'en that will be a kind of treat; Then some occasion we may meet, A festival or holiday, At which your treasure, by degrees,

You might to people's eyes display,
The chain at first, perhaps, then these
Superb pearl ear-rings;—it may be
Your mother will not mark or see;
Or should she any notice take,
We to her some excuse can make.

Marg. But who could both these caskets bring, It cannot be an honest thing! [A knocking. Ah Heaven! can that my mother be?

Mar. No! a strange gentleman, I see; Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

Meph. I've really made so free, As to come in at once—for which I pray The lady's pardon!

[Steps back respectfully before MARGARET.

— I but came to-day

To speak with Mistress Schwerdtlein—

Mar. I am she; What has the gentleman to say to me?

Meph. (speaks softly to her). Enough! I know you now—but I perceive—

A visitor of rank—I'll take my leave— Excuse the liberty I now have ta'en, And in the afternoon I'll call again!

Mar. Imagine, child! this stranger here—of all The things on earth, does you a lady call!

Marg. I'm but a poor young creature—he (Ah, Heaven!) is too polite to me!

Nor gems nor jewels are my own—

Nor gems nor jewels are my own—

Meph. 'Tis not the ornaments alone;
Her striking mien and look attention gain,
How happy am I that I dare remain!

Mar. What bring you then? I long to hear. Meph. I would my tidings better were!

I trust that for the gloom it lends, I shall not here a sufferer be,— Your husband, he is dead, and sends To you his greetings thus by me.

Mar. Is dead!—dear soul! alas and woe!
My husband dead!—T shall de too!

Marg. Despair not, my dear Martha, so! Meph. But hear the dreary story through. Marg. Ah! for this reason is it, I would not Wish that to love should ever be my lot; For sure, my loss, if e'er he died,

My life with grieving would destroy!

Meph. Joy must be still to sorrow tied,

And sorrow must be link'd with joy.

Mar. Tell me his life's last close!

Meph.

At Padua, he

At 1. Lies in the churchyard of Saint Antony, A place well consecrated—duly blest, Cool everlastingly his bed of rest.

Mar. And had you nothing else to me to bring?
Meph. Oh yes! a heavy prayer, and a request,
You would for him three hundred masses sing.

But with respect to all beside,
My pockets are completely void!

Mar. What! not a token! not a coin!

Not e'en a trinket to be mine! Such as each poor mechanic hoards I' the bottom of his purse with care, Because remembrance it affords—

And rather starves or begs, than spare!

Meph. Ah, madam! to the heart it grieveth me,
But still his wealth he did not dissipate;

He all his sins repented bitterly,—
Ay, and bewail'd still more his luckless fate,
Marg. Alas! alas! that men should e'er
By such misfortune be opprest!

Indeed I'll pray with many a prayer
And many a requiem for his rest.

Meph. Ah, you deserve indeed to find
A husband soon—you are so kind,

A husband soon—you are so kind. So amiable—affectionate!

Marg. Oh no! 'tis time enough to wait! Meph. If then a husband be not given, A lover you meanwhile may gain,—

It were the highest gift of Heaven, So sweet a thing within one's arms to strain. Marg. That's not the custom here, sir. Meph. Oh!

Custom or not_'twill happen though !

Mar. But tell me—
Meph. Yes! I stood beside
His death-bed when your husband died.
His couch was better than mere dung—
Half-rotten straw beneath him flung;—
Still he a Christian died—though finding more
Against him than he thought upon the score:
"How deeply must I hate myself," he cried,
"So to have left my trade—my wife beside!
Alas! the thought is death unto me now!
Could I but have her pardon ere I die!"

Mar. Good soul! I have forgiven him long ago!

Meph. "Though, God knows, she was more in fault than I!"

Mar. There then he lied! What! would he, E'en of the grave, speak false! [on the brink Meph. I really think, With his last breath, he rather fabled there, If I am of the facts but half aware.

"I had no gaping leisure time," he said,
"First getting children, and then for them, bread,—
Bread in its widest sense too,—yet I ne'er

Could eat in peace and quietness my share."

Mar. Were then my love and truth forgotten
My constant drudgery by day and night? [quite—

Meph. Not so! he fouldy bore it all in mind,
And "when from Malta last I sail'd," (he said)
"I for my wife and children warmly pray'd;
And Heaven indeed was so far to me kind.

We of a Turkish vessel capture made Which to the Sultan a large sum convey'd; Well, courage gain'd its own reward, And (what was only right and fair) I of that taken treasure's hoard

Received my due and proper share." Mar. How! where! can he have buried it? Meph. Who knows Where now 'tis scatter'd to each wind that

blows?

While he at Naples staid—a damsel fair Found him while wandering the time to spend, And show'd such love and fondness for him

He bore its tokens to his blessed end! Mar. The villain-robber of his family! And all this suffering-all this poverty Could it not check the shameful life he led? Meph. Yes! but consider, through all this, he 's dead!

And were I situate like you,

I'd mourn for him a twelvemonth chaste, But bearing all the while in view

Some spark, for him to be replaced! Mar. Alas! not easily I here shall find A second husband like my first-so kind, So fond, that there could scarcely be

A better hearted fool than he. He only loved too well to go

About the world in roving change, Too well the cursed dice to throw,

And the strange wine, and women strange. Meph. Well, spite of all-things might, I think, Have gone on well between you two,

If he had been content to wink Upon as many faults in you. If this might in the bargain be

A fix'd condition—I protest I would myself change rings with thee! Mar. Indeed, sir! you are pleased to jest! Meph. (aside). Quite time that I were off, I

see! They'd hold the very devil to the test!

How is your heart? [To MARGARET. Marg. What mean you, pray? Meph. (aside). Good, blameless child! (Aloud) Farewell!

Farewell! Marg. But ere you go-oh, quickly, say,-Could but a single witness tell

Where, how, and when my husband died ? And where his grave may be?

Order has ever been my pride, His death I fain would in the papers see. Meph. Yes, for the truth is always clear From two together witnessing,

And I've a bold companion here, Whom, for you, to the judge I'll bring. Mar. Oh, bring him here—I pray you do!

Meph. Will the young lady be here too ? He is a gallant youth—has travell'd far, Polite to ladies in particular.

Marg. Abash'd then, in his presence, shall I be; Meph. Before no monarch upon earth I swear! Mar. Well; in the garden by my house will we This evening wait, -and hope to see you there. THE STREET.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. How is it! Is't in train? Will it succeed? Meph. Ah! bravo, are you then on fire indeed ? Yes, shortly Margaret your own will be, Herself you will this very evening see At neighbour Martha's—that's a woman made Expressly for this sort of gipsy trade.

Faust. Good.

Meph. But she something will of us request. Faust. Well, one good turn another should repay. Meph. We both need only in due form attest That her liege husband's limbs extended lay In holy ground, at Padua.

Faust.

Wisely done! To do so, we must first to Padua run. Meph. Sancta Simplicitas! no need of going;

Swear it without so much about it knowing. Faust. If thou canst not some better course ropose

Our plan is ended then, and here must close. Meph. Oh! righteous man! there's for you [now!

Is this the first time, then, that thou Hast borne false witness? Hast not given Discourse defining earth and heaven? The world and all it doth contain ? Man and his striving heart and brain, Boldly wouldst not of all protest With lofty brow, and dauntless breast ?

And looking at all this more searchingly Say, have you known, of all above, beneath, (You must confess, indeed, it could not be,) As much as of this Mr. Schwerdtlein's death? Faust. A sophist and a liar thou art, And liar and sophist wilt remain.

Meph. Ay, truly, if upon my part I could no deeper insight gain. To-morrow morning will not you

(And everything in honour too) Befool poor Margaret and swear Your soul's most fervid love you'll give her ?

Faust. And from my heart-Meph. All good and fair!

You'll talk of being true for ever; Of one absorbing passion's glow.

Of one all-mastering, conquering spell You will dilate on to her-so, Will this come from the heart as well?

Faust. Cease! cease! it will; when thus my Doth for this passion, frenzy deep, [mind

Seek out a name, yet none can find, Though it through all existence sweep;

With all its power grasping all, The words of highest, loftiest sense, And must at last this love intense With which I burn, eternal call,

Immortal-deathless-this too-will It be of lies a devil's play?

Meph. In all this I am right here still! Faust. Hark now to this, and note it, pray, And spare my breath-the man resolved to cling To one opinion, and through everything, Who never speaks but with a single tongue, Will that opinion hold, and ne'er be wrong.

But come ! of prattling I have now Had quite enough-so finish it-That you are right I here allow, The rather that I must submit.

THE GARDEN.

MARGARET ON FAUST'S arm, MARTHA with MEPHISTOPHELES walking up and down.

Marg. I feel you trifle with me-thus unbending Only to shame me by such condescending; A traveller's so accustom'd to comply With everything he meets, from courtesy Too well I know that such a learned mind, In my poor talk can no amusement find. Faust.-A single glance-a single word from

Outweighs the wisdom of the world to me.

[He kisses her hand.

Marg. Nay! do not so; how can you kiss A hand so coarse, so hard as this? What work am I not always forced to do? Indeed, my mother, sir, is too severe !

[They pass on.

Mar. (with MEPHISTOPHELES.) And pray, Sir Stranger, may I ask if you Are always travelling as you now appear? Meph. Alas! that duty, and the force Of business, should compel the course! How many a place with sorrow must one quit, And yet can never dare remain in it! Mar. In the wild years of youth, it well may be To wander up and down the world so free; But still at last the evil day comes on, Then as a lonely bachelor, to go Sneaking into the grave-why that, you know, Was never yet a good for any one! Meph. I shudder at the distant view, At present mine, of such a fate.

[They pass over.

Marg. Yes! out of sight is ever out of mind! To you so easy is this courtesy, And you can friends in such abundance find, All too, so much more sensible than I. Faust. Believe me, love, what men call sensible, Full oft deserveth not its title well, And we should better far the thing express As vanity and narrow-mindedness! Marg. How so ?

Mar. Then, worthy sir, I hope that you Will think of it before too late.

Faust. Alas! that thus simplicity And innocence should never know or see Their own all-holy worth! that humble thought, Best gift of bounteous Nature-blessing-fraught-Marg. Well! for a moment sometimes think of me!

I shall have time enough to think of thee. Faust. You're much alone, then?

Yes! our house—'tis true-Is small, but still must be attended to ;

We have no maid, all on me lies,-I sweep, cook, sew, up soon and late;

My mother, too, is so precise, In everything so accurate ! Not that she is obliged to be Confined in all so sparingly; We might do more than many do, -

My father left us, of our own, A little house and garden, too, A pretty place beside the town.

However, now the days with me Pass over pretty peacefully.

My brother's for a soldier gone, And my poor little sister 's dead .-Much trouble with her have I known, Yet all the anxious sorrow sped, Mine joyfully again should be, So dear the infant was to me !

Faust. She were an angel, were she like to thee! Marg. She loved me-oh! so fondly! I

Had brought her up entirely; After my father's death 'twas born, My mother too had nearly died,-All hope, indeed, we had foregone,

Her sickness was so sore to bide; So sad the state in which she lay, So slow her bettering day by day That she herself could never think,

Of suckling it, poor little thing! And so I nursed it—gave't its drink, Its milk and tender nourishing! And brought it up, thus all alone, Till it became, as 'twere, mine own ; Within my arm and bosom, on my knee,

It grew and sprawl'd, and laugh'd so prettily! Faust. The purest of all joys 'twas thine to

Marg. But yet with many anxious hours of care. All night the infant's cradle stood Beside my bed,—nor ever could I move, but it would waken'd be ;-Now I must rise and give it food, Then take it into bed with me! Then, when it would not rest, must rise and go, Dancing it in the chamber to and fro, And still must rise at early day, To stand beside the washing tray. Then to the market go-to see For all our home's necessity; And thus from day to day, the same To do whene'er the morrow came. When 'mid such things as this one lives,

The spirits are not always good; But, then, 'tis true, the labour gives

A relish both to rest and food. [They pass over. Mar. Poor women ! we've the worst in all this, too.

Old bachelors are still so hard to turn! Meph. It was reserved for me, from one like A better course than hitherto to learn! Mar. Speak truly! no one have you ever found?

Ne'er has your heart to any one been bound ?

Meph. The proverb saith, that of one's own a hearth,

And a good wife, are gold and jewels worth! Mar. I mean, have you a passion ne'er achieved?

Meph. I have, in general, been well received. Mar. Nay! but in earnest have you never spoke ?

Meph. With ladies one should never dare to joke.

Mar. Oh! you don't understand me!

That, to find Pains mc-for this I know, you're very kind. [They pass over.

Faust. You knew me then, sweet angel, for the same,

The moment I into the garden came? Marg. Did you not see it? When 'twas you I found,

My eyes directly fell upon the ground.

[Exit.

Faust. And thou forgivest that freedom, then, from me,

That proffer of my impudence to thee ? As thou wert leaving the cathedral door ? Marg. I was abash'd, for I had certainly Ne'er met with aught resembling it before. None aught of evil of me e'er could say : Ah! (thought I) did thy conduct then betray Aught bold or unbecoming in a maid? He seem'd to say, "I need not be afraid, Or stand on many compliments with her. I own I know not what began to stir In your behalf within my heart—but I Felt with myself, I know, right angrily: Because I could not bring myself to be More vex'd and angry than I was with thee. Faust. My dear one!

For a moment stay. [She plucks a Starflower, and picks the leaves from it one after another.

Faust. What wouldst? Is't for a posy?

'Tis but a game!

How so ? Faust. Marg. Away!

You'll laugh at me.

[She plucks off the leaves, and murmurs to herself. Faust. What are you murmuring? Marg. He loves me—he loves me not-Faust. Thou heavenly thing! Marg. (continues). He loves me-he loves me not—he loves me—no!

He loves—he loves me ? True, my child! and let This flowret-promise be unto thine heart A voice, a sign from Heaven! He loves thee?

Yes; Dost thou know all the meaning of the words, He loves ?

Marg. I tremble!

Faust. Nay, love! shudder not; But let this glance—this pressure of the hand— Tell what is inexpressible by speech. To give ourselves up wholly to the sense Of a delight that must eternal be ! Eternal! oh! its end would be despair! No! no! no end.

[MARGARET presses his hands, then frees herself from his embrace and runs away. He stands for an instant thoughtful, then follows her.

Mar. (coming up). Night comes apace ! Yes! and we will away. Mar. Indeed, I'd ask you longer yet to stay, But 'tis a wicked and censorious place,-

'Tis just as if they nothing had to do, But all the neighbourhood's affairs to trace, Our comings in and goings out to view.

And do however well one will, One's certain to get talk'd of still. And where, then, are our loving pair ? Meph. Flown up the little alley there !

Fond butterflies! Mar. I think that she

Appears to love him.

Yes; and he Meph.Seems fond of her, too, you might say; 'Tis of the world the usual way.

SCENE .-- A SUMMER-HOUSE.

MARGARET enters, hides herself behind the door, and putting her finger on her lips, peeps through the crevice.

Marg. He comes.

Faust (entering). Ah, rogue, and is it so That you provoke me? I have caught thee now! [He kisses her.

Marg. (embracing him and returning his kiss). Thou dearest one! I love thee from my heart!

[Mephistopheles knocks outside.

Faust (stamping). Who's there ? Meph. Good friend! The Brute! Faust. Meph.

'Tis time to part Mar. (comes forward). Yes, sir, 'tis late. Faust (to MARGARET). Might I not go with you ? Marg. I fear my mother would-Oh, no! adieu! Faust. Must we then part, my love? then I

Bid thee farewell; farewell! Mar. Good bye.

Marg. 'Till our next speedy interview. [FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES exeunt.

Good Heavens! how many things—a man Like him within his mind can span; I stand abash'd when he is near, Or answer, yes, to all I hear! I'm but a simple child, and cannot see Or comprehend what he can find in me.

SCENE .- FOREST AND CAVERN.

FAUST (alone).

Faust. Spirit sublime! thou gavest me, gavest me all

For which I pray'd thee. Not in vain hast thou In fire turn'd to me thy countenance. Thou gavest me glorious nature for a realm, With power to feel her and enjoy. The glance Thou didst permit me, was not that of cold And distant wondering; thou didst not forbid My gaze to search into her deepest breast As 'twere the bosom of a friend. For thou Hast pass'd before mine eyes, the linked chain Of all the things that live, and it is thou That teachest me to know, as kindred things Unto myself, the still and silent wood, The water, and the air. And when the storm Roars through the forest, when the giant pine, O'erthrown, bears crashing on the neighbour boughs.

And stems that nigh it grow, in sweeping fall; When, with dull muttering echo, to the shock The mountain thunders, - then thou bearest me Unto the shelter'd cave, there showing me What mine own nature is; mysterious then And deep the marvels that unfold themselves In mine own breast. Then rises to my view The clear calm moon, that with her softening ray Then sweep Soothes all things as she soars.

From rocky walls, from dew-damp bush and shade, The silver-shadow'd forms of ages past, That gently mingle with the pleasures stern Of thought austere and contemplation deep.

Oh! that to man naught perfect ever falls Now feel I most; with this delight, that brings Me near and nearer to a god-thou gavest Unto me this companion, whom e'en now I cannot spare, though cold and insolent He to myself degradeth me and turns Thy gifts to nothing with a breath. He wakes For ever in my soul a raging fire For that so lovely form-and thus I reel From fierce desire into enjoyment, and E'en in enjoyment languish for desire!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters. Meph. Well! of this life are you yet satisfied ? How can you in't a pleasure thus retain? 'Tis well enough that once it should be tried, But then away to something new again. Faust. Would something else to do were in

your power Than thus to plague me in my happiest hour! Meph. I'm sure, most willingly I'd let you be, But you'il not say so in reality. A surly comrade, peevish, cross, Like you, were surely no great loss. With you, the whole day long, have I Enough my hands to occupy One never, on your worship's face, What pleases you, or not, can trace ! Faust. Just the right tone now—you would be

Thank'd, I suppose, for wearying me. Meph. Poor son of earth! and how wouldst thou have done

Without my aid? or how thy life have led? Some self-imagined crotchets now are gone, Let me be thank'd, they for a time are sped;

And but for me, this world would not have known Your presence now—you from its ball had fled. What hast thou here to do, like this to prowl Moping in clefts and caverns like an owl? Why, toad-like, draw thy nourishment alone From sodden moss, and water-dropping stone? A pretty pleasure this, your time to fill! The doctor's soul sticks in your body still.

Faust. Knew'st thou the fresh, new power of

life that springs Within me from these desert wanderings, Couldst thou my joy imagine—thou wouldst be Devil enough, I know, to grudge it me!

Meph. A superhuman joy! to lie by night In dew and darkness on the mountain height! Clasping earth, heaven, in ecstatic thought Dilating-to a godhead to be wrought! Pierce through the marrow of the earth, with all The thronging impulses to which thou'rt thrall, The whole six days' work in thy breast inclose,

Proudly enjoy I know not what delight, A love, whose rapture into all o'erflows

Your mortal birth forgotten, vanish'd quite, And then this lofty intuition—all. [With a gesture. I dare not mention how, at last to fall!

Faust. Shame on thee! Meph. This, then, likes you not; You have indeed a title got To cry, For shame! and Fie! on me, So modestly and morally! Chaste ears, it seems, must never know,

That which chaste hearts can ne'er forego! And, to be brief, I do not grudge The pleasure you may have in lying Unto yourself, if you should judge

Such self-delusion fortifying!

But long this course can never last, E'en now you're driven back again; If 'mid this sort of life were pass'd A longer time, you'd be o'ercast

With madness, horror, or mind-withering pain. Enough of this! your dear one, there, Sits dull within, with all things seeming

Wrapp'd in a dark and gloomy air, Her mind on you for ever dreaming; She has loved thee but over-well; Thy passion first was like the swell

Of the wild stream that rushes by, With melted snow-wreaths flushing high; The fulness of the flood thou'st pour'd

Into her heart, and now, adored! The torrent of thy love is dry!

Methinks, instead of thus, alone, Making the forest wild your throne, 'Twere better that you would reward The little monkey's warm, regard ! With her, time heavily and sadly weighs; Standing beside her window, still her gaze Is fix'd upon the clouds that roll and fall Afar, beyond the ancient city's wall; And "Were I but a bird," so runs her song Half through the night, and all the whole day long! Cheerful awhile, but mostly pensive, she Now seems as if outwept-and then will be Composed apparently—but lovesick ever !

Faust. Snake! Serpent! Good! if I can catch you! Meph. (aside). Faust.

Name that fair creature to me-get thee hence. And do not for her beauty wake the sense Of wild desire amid the thoughts that lie

Within my soul all half distractedly! [that you Meph. What will you then? she surely thinks Have now quite left her, and almost 'tis true.

Faust. I'm near her now-and should I e'er Be distant from her, I could ne'er Forget her, or decaying, find Her memory fading from my mind. Yea! when her lips their touch have lent Unto the elements adored,

I envy, in the sacrament, Even the body of the Lord!

Meph. Right! and I oft have envied you, in-The twin-pair that among the roses feed! [deed, Faust. Hence with thee, pander, leave me!

Meph. Soft and fair! You scold, and I from laughing can't forbear. The God who boy and maiden made

Well understood the worthy trade Of making time and place besides-away! A great thing this so much at heart to lay; You ought unto your love at once to hie, Into her chamber !- not, I think, to die !

Faust. What! in her arms are all the joys of heaven?

Oh! let the rapture be unto me given To glow with passion on her yielded breast! Feel I not ever with her grief distress'd? The all-scorn'd outcast, am I not,

The fugitive, the homeless one ? The monster of his kind, whose lot Of aim, and end, and peace hath none? Who, like a torrent dash'd and hurl'd From rock to rock, still hasteneth

In greedy fury, to be whirl'd Down the abyss that yawns beneath?

And she who stands beside this torrent wild. With thought as simple as a little child, Upon an alpine field her cottage placed, Her cares all in that little world embraced; Was't not enough, God-hated, then, that thou Shouldst seize the rocks and shatter them,-but

Her peace, too, thou must sap and overthrow ?

Hell! thou must also have this offering! Help me, then, devil! give thine aid to bring The term of anguish to a quicker date! Let what must come, come swiftly—let her fate Fall with mine own, and with the self-same crush Let us together to destruction rush!

Meph. There! how it seethes again, and glows

and burns!

Away! get in, you fool, and comfort her! When such a head no outlet way discerns, It deems directly that the end is near. To him of courage and good heart, success! There's devil enough sometimes amid your bearing;

I nothing know so flat and spiritless, As is a devil when he turns despairing!

MARGARET'S CHAMBER.

Margaret, alone at her spinning-wheel.

Marg. My heart is heavy, My peace is o'er; I shall find it never,-Oh, never more!

> Where I see him not, Seems the grave to be! Tuneless and harsh All the world to me.

> My poor, poor head, And my feeble thought, Are wandering now, And all distraught.

> > My heart is heavy, My peace is o'er; I shall find it never,-Oh, never more.

I gaze but for him, From my window-seat; From the threshold I stir not, Save him to meet!

His lofty bearing, His noble form! The smile of his mouth, And his eye-glance warm!

The flow of his speech, So enchanting is; His hand's soft pressure, And, ah! his kiss!

> My heart is heavy, My peace is o'er; I shall find it never, Oh, never more.

My bosom struggles To him-ah! where? Oh, might I but clasp him, And fold him there!

And might I but kiss him As in wish I may, My soul on his kisses Should die away!

SCENE .- MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET, FAUST.

Marg. Nay, Henri, promise me! Whate'er 1 can! Faust. Marg. How of religion, tell me, do you deem? Thou art a good, a kind, a loving man, But that, I think you hold in light esteem !

Faust. No more of that, my child-you prove

That I to thee am kind and good; I would for any whom I love,
Lay down my life, or shed my blood. I'd wither in the heart of none The faith and feeling that they own; Their church from no one would I steal.

Marg. That is not the right way to feel, For we must all believe it.

Must we so ? Faust. Marg. Ah! if my influence o'er you aught could do!

You honour not the holy Sacrament! Faust. I hold it in respect. But it is ne'er

With any wish, or a desire to share! Long is it since to mass or shrift you went!

Do you believe in God? My loved one,-who Faust. Dares say "I do believe in God"-for you May this of priests and sages ask,

And what they give thee for reply Will, to the questioner, seem a mask,

For scorn or mockery. Marg. Then you believe not!

Do not misconceive! Who dares name God, and say that "I believe?" And who can feel-feel through each sense and

thought, And yet affirm that "I believe him not?" The All-embracer,

The All-sustainer,

Say, does he not support, include, embrace, Thee, me, himself?

Doth not heaven arch itself, there, o'er our head? Lies not the firm-set earth, beneath outspread?

The eternal stars, with friendly rays, Do they not all for ever rise? And we ourselves, do we not gaze E'en now into each other's eyes?

And is not every feeling thronging now Through head and heart within thee-weaving still Invisibly and visibly, around,

About thee in eternal mystery? These, let thy heart absorb till it be full, And, in the feeling when thou'rt wholly blest, Call it whate'er thou wilt-heart, love, or God, Or happiness !- I cannot give it name;

Feeling is all in all—name is but sound, Or smoke, o'er-shadowing with misty veil The glow and warmth of heaven! Marg. All that is very good, and true;

Nearly the same the priest says too, Only in somewhat other words than you!

Faust. All hearts, in every clime and zone, Where'er the light of heaven doth shine, Speak forth that feeling—in the tone And form and language most their own;

Then wherefore should not I in mine?

Marg. So taken it may pass; but yet—in spite
Of all, there's something in it is not right!
For thou hast got no Christianity!

Faust. Dear child!

Marg. And long it has afflicted me,

To see thee in such company !

Faust. How so?

Marg. The man whom thou hast always with thee now,

I hate him from my inmost heart; In all my life I ne'er did chance On aught can such a pang impart As his repulsive countenance!

Faust. Dear silly thing! you need not fear.
Marg. Whenever he is present here,
The sight of him chills all my blood:
Of almost every one my thoughts are good;
But howsoe'er I long to meet with thee,
That man I with an innate horror see.
I hold him but a rogue besides,—in this
Heaven pardon me if I say aught amiss!

Faust. Yet that the world such oddities should

give Is necessary still.

Marg. I would not five
With one like him;—whene'er he cometh, he
Throws round him such a glance of mockery,
And scarcely hides the hate that in him lies;
You see he can with nothing sympathise.
It standeth written on his brow—he ne'er
Can love to any human being bear.
In thy embrace I feel so blest,

So happy when within thy arms, So unrestrain'd—by naught represt, My soul, to thee resign'd, so warms;

But in his presence doth all this depart, He shuts and withers up my very heart.

Faust. Misgiving angel!

Marg. And this feeling weighs
So heavily upon my heart—so sore—
That when by chance he but towards us strays,
I feel as if I loved e'en thee no more.
Where he would be I could not pray,
And that would eat my heart away.
And surely, Henri, it must be

The same when he is near, with thee!

Faust. You have a prejudice.

Marg. I now must go. Faust. And am I never, then, to know, Upon thy bosom one calm hour of rest,—
To mingle soul with soul, strain breast to breast?

Marg. Ah, if I did alone but sleep,
I'd gladly leave the fastenings slight,
And open to you e'en to-night;

But mother's slumber ne'er is deep, And were we found—I'm sure that I Upon the very spot should die.

Faust. No need, my love, for that to fear; I have a little phial here,—

Three drops but mingled in her drink Will nature veil in pleasant sleep, And so thy mother's eyes will sink

Into a slumber calm and deep.

Marg. What is there that I would not do for
But yet I hope it will not hurtful be! [thee?

Faust. If it were so, my love, would I

Advise you such a thing to try?

Marg. Gazing on thee, I know not what doth still
Impel me ever to perform your will;

I have already done so much for you, Scarce anything is left me now to do.

s left me now to do. [Exit.

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

Meph. The monkey! is she gone?
Faust.

Hast spied again?
Meph. Why, all that pass'd, I heard it pretty
You're catechised, sir Doctor! well, [plain.

The re tateensed, sir Doctor: wen,
I hope with good effect 'twill tell!
The girls have truly much concern
In doing all they can to learn,
Whether or not, in his belief, a man
With piety pursues the ancient plan;
For, if he bend submissively (think they)
In that, he'll yield to us the self-same way,

Faust. Thou monster! thou canst not perceive How such a true and loving heart,

Full of the faith she doth believe
Alone can happiness impart,
Must tremble with a good and hely for

Must tremble with a good and holy fear, That she must deem as lost the man she holds

most dear.

Meph. Thou sensual dotard! by the nose thou'rt

By a weak, silly girl!

Faust. Abortion, bred

From Filth and Fire!

Meph. In physiognomy,
How very knowing, too, she seems to be!
When I am by, she feels she knows not how,—
The girl in that some hidden sense doth show;
She feels I am a genus—and may be, [we—
Perhaps, the Devil himself.—This night, then,—

Faust. And what does it concern to you?

Meph. I have my pleasure in it, too.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

MARGARET and Bessy, with pitchers.

Bessy. What, have you nothing, then, of Barbara heard?

Marg. I go but little out; no, not a word.

Bessy. Sibylla told it me to-day;
At last she's thrown herself away!
This comes of being still the best,
Stuck up in pride above the rest.

Marg. How so ?

Bessy. The worst is but too plain to view, Now when she eats and drinks, she feedeth two.

Marg. Alas!

Bessy. She's rightly served! how long she's been Fondling and hanging on the fellow seen!

And then, what walkings forth were there, To village feast and dancing booth; And she herself, must everywhere

Be thought the first of all, forsooth. He treating her with cake and wine; She thinking, too, herself so fine! Upon her beauty still so vain; So shameless too, she'd even deign

Take presents of him;—then there still Was kissing and embracing—till The flower is gone!

Marg. Poor thing!

Bessy. And can it be, That you can pity her!—when such as we Were at the spinning-wheel, our mothers ne'er Let us go down by night;—but she stood there, Fondling and toying with her darling fair,

In the dark passage, on the doorway seat,
Thinking that every hour went by too fleet.
Now she will have a bringing down most rare;
She must at church do penance in a sheet!
Marg. Perchance he'll marry her!

Bessy. A fool were he! To a brisk young fellow, all the world is free;

Besides, he's off and gone!

Marg. That is not right.

Bessy. E'en should she get him, she's in evil plight;

The boys will tear her garland—and yet more, We'll bring cut straw, and spread it at her door.

Marg. (going to the house). How bitterly I once could rail,

If a poor maiden chanced to fail!
Not words enough my tongue could frame
When speaking of another's shame;
How black it seem'd! and then, howe'er
I strove to darken it, it ne'er
Seem'd black enough. So proud was I,
I bless'd myself, and walk'd so high;
And now myself I feel within
The sense that I am prey to sin;
Yet, everything that to it drove
Seem'd naught of guilt! Ah! all was love!

RECESS.

In a niche of the wall, a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa; pots of flowers before it.

MARGARET sets fresh flowers in the pots.

Marg. Mother of many sorrows! deign, oh deign! To turn thy face with pity on my pain! The sword hath enter'd in thy heart, Thou of a thousand pangs hast part; Thou lookest up, thou gazest on The death of HIM who was thy son!

Thy gaze doth to the Father rise,

And to his throne;
Thou for His grief dost breathe thy sighs,

And for thine own!

Who feels—who knows— How fiercely glows
The torment that doth pierce me to the bone?
How my poor heart, in throbbing, burns;
Ah! how it trembles, how it yearns,
Thou knowest—and but thou alone!

Where'er—where'er I go,
What woe, what woe
Within my bosom here—is stirring, waking!
Alas! alas! now scarce alone am I;
I weep, I weep, ah! bitterly I cry;
My heart, my very heart is in me breaking.

The flower-pots at my window
Were wet with my tears like dew,
As I in the early morning
Gather'd these flowers for you.

A cheerful beam in my chamber The sun at his rising shed; Already, in all my sorrow, I sat on my sleepless bed.

Help! save me from disgrace and death!—incline, Mother of many sorrows! turn thy glance, Thy pitying countenance, Upon this anguish and distress of mine!

NIGHT .- THE STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

VALENTINE (a soldier, MARGARET'S brother).

Val. When I sat 'mid a company
Where every one to boast is free,
And each companion loudly said
The praises of his favourite maid;
Each, with a brimming glass, his own
Loud commendations washing down;
My elbow on the table—I
Sat quiet in security,
And confidently listening
To all their boasts and swaggering;
Then, smiling, stroked my beard, and placed
A brimming goblet in my hand,
Saving, "To every one his taste,

A brimming goblet in my hand,
Saying, "To every one his taste,
But can a maid in all the laud
With my dear little Margaret stand,
Or hold a candle to her?" So
Kling, Klang,—round went it merrily;
And some would shout. "He's right, 1 know;

And some would shout, "He's right, 1 know;
The pearl of all her sex is she;"
Then all the boasters silent were,
And now!—Oh! I could rend my hair
Out by the roots, and rushing go
Against the walls myself to throw!
With sneering speech and lifted nose
Each churl will mock me as he goes,
While I must like a bankrupt sit,
At every chance-dropp'd word to sweat;
And could I crush them in my ire,
Yet could I never call them liar!
Who is't comes here? who's slinking hither?
Unless I err, there's two together.
If it is he, I'll at him drive;
He shall not leave the spot alive!

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES enter.

Faust. How, through the window of the sacristy,
The eternal taper's light doth outward gleam!
Fainter and fainter grows its sidelong beam,
Till darkness closes round it utterly!
So seems it as if all were night in me.

Meph. And I feel like a cat that amorously Creeps up the fire-ladders, and doth trace Around the walls with sly and stealthy pace; Yet very virtuously, ne'ertheless, A spice of thief-like joy, a little wantonness! So thrills already through each limb and vein The glorious May-day night, that comes again The day succeeding to the morrow;—there One knows for what the vigil doth prepare.

Faust. Meanwhile is that the treasure rising—1 Can in the distance by its light descry?

Meph. The pleasure may full soon be thine To raise the casket from its shrine; I lately glanced upon the hoard-Good lion-dollars are within it stored. Faust. And not a trinket-not a ring Wherewith to deck my lovely girl ? Meph. I saw within it some such thing ; A kind of band or string of pearl!
Faust. 'Tis well! if I my loved one see Without a gift, it grieveth me.

Meph. Yet ought it not your mind annoy, Some pleasure gratis to enjoy ! While shine the stars the heavens along, A very masterpiece I'll play her; I'll sing her quite a moral song, The better to betray her ! [He sings to the guitar.

> " Why art thou, Catherine, before The threshold of thy lover's door Thus by the dawn of day? A maid he'll let thee in ;-but ne'er From thence departing wilt thou e'er A maiden go away!

" Beware, beware! when the delight Is past and o'er-good night, good night, Poor simple, trusting thing! If thou dost love thyself-ne'er bless The spoiler with thy love, unless Thy finger bears the ring."

Val. (comes forward). Thou cursed rat-catcher! who art thou

Alluring with thy music now ! To the devil first the instrument!

Then with it be the singer sent!

Meph. All's up with the guitar—that's dash'd to shreds. Val. Now you shall have a round of cracking Meph. Come, Doctor! never flinch! to work! And as I tell you, all things carry;

Out quickly with your toasting-fork, But only thrust, for I will parry!

Val. Then parry that!

Meph.

Why not ? Val.

And this. Meph. Val. The Devil must be fighting here! what thrill

Is this? my hand is getting dead and lame.

Meph. (to Faust). Thrust home!

Wal. (falls).

All : woe .

Meph. There! now the clodpole 's tame! But hence! for we must quickly disappear; Already rings for us the murderous cry!

With the police my footing 's pretty fair, But with the blood-ban it were hard to vie!

[Exeunt. Mar. (at the window). Here, here, without

Marg. Bring a light! Mar. (still at the window). They swear and scuffle, shriek and fight!

Several Persons. One's dead!

Mar. (coming from the house). And are the murderers gone?

Marg. (also coming forward). Oh! who lies here?

The People. Thy mother's son! Mary. Almighty God! what misery! Val. I'm dying! that soon said may be, And sooner yet it will be done!

Peace, women, with your howling! hither! [They all go to him. And listen to me altogether! Hark, Margaret! you are young as yet-your skill Is scarce enough—you manage matters ill— I tell it you in confidence; Now you are once a whore, proceed, And be one without more pretence Be like the thing you are indeed! Marg. My brother! God! what wouldst thou Val. Leave God out of the game, I pray! What's done, alas! is done;—and now

E'en as they may must all things go; Thou secretly begin'st with one, Soon more to these will follow on; And when a dozen first caress thee, Then all the city may possess thee;

When Guilt, in birth, first sees the light, Only in secret is she shown, By every one the voil of night Around her head is thrown; Ay! all to stiffe her are fain, But still she grows and power doth gain; Then will she walk 'neath daylight's beam, Yet doth not any fairer seem; The fouler grows her countenance. The more she seeks the daylight's glance.

The time I can already see, When thee all honest hearts will spurn, And will aside, avoiding thee, As from a corse infectious turn!

Within thee shall thy heart despair, When people look thee in the face; No more the golden chain thou'lt wear,

Nor kneel thee at the holy place; No more, amid the dance, shall be Thy lace-work'd ruff a joy to thee; In some obscure and wretched cell. Thou wilt with beggars, cripples dwell; And even should thy God forgive, Thou, neath a curse on earth shalt live!

Mar. To Heaven's mercy recommend thy soul! Wouldst load thyself with slander, too ?

Thou foul And shameless woman! could I tear Thy wither'd form, I would not care For all my sins; for them I ne'ertheless Should hope to gain a full forgiveness!

Marg. My brother! Oh this dreadful pain! Val. Cease with your tears, and let them be! Then when thou didst thy honour stain,

Thou gavest the deepest stab to me! I, through the slumber of the grave, Go to my God, a soldier brave!

THe dies.

THE CATHEDRAL.

During the service. - Organ and Anthem. MARGARET among a number of people. Evil Spirit behind MARGARET.

Evil S. How different, Margaret, it was with thee. When, full of innocence, thou stood'st before The altar, and didst kneel thee at its foot, Lisping thy prayers from out the well-worn book, Half in the playfulness of childhood-half As if a sense of God were in thy soul!

How is it, Margaret, now? within thy heart What crime and evil doing ? Art praying for thy mother's soul, who slept, And from her sleep pass'd into weary pain
And lengthen'd suffering, by thee? Whose blood Is wet upon thy threshold? Beneath thy heart stirs there not, even now,

That which is torturing both itself and thee With a foreboding presence?

Marg.

Woe! ah woe! Would I were free of all these evil thoughts That through me pass, and will come over me, Spite of myself!

Choir. Dies iræ, dies illa

Organ plays. Solvet sæclum in favilla. Evil S. A horror seizes thee! the trumpet sounds.

The graves are heaving, and thy heart, awaked From out its slumber of the dust, and brought To life again, is trembling up, to meet

[gan's tone Its doom of fire! Marg. Oh! would I were from hence! the or-Appears to stifle me_the anthem nielts

My inmost heart.

Choir. Judex ergo cum sedebit Quidquid latet adparebit, Nil inultum remanebit.

Marg. I feel oppress'd! the pillars of the wall Close over me-the vaulted roof comes down And presses on me !—Air !

Evil S. Hide thee! yet shame and sin Rest not conceal'd or hidden. Air and light! Woe to thee!

Choir. Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus ? Quem patronum rogaturus?

Cum vix Justus sit securus.

Evil S. The glorified their countenances turn Away from thee; to stretch to thee the hand, The pure and stainless shudder! woe to thee!

Choir. Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus? Marg. Neighbour! your smelling-flask! [She falls senseless.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT .- THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS, DIS-TRICT OF SCHIRKE AND ELEND.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES. Meph. Are you not longing for a broomstick? I Would ride the roughest goat most willingly. Upon the road we pass, our way is long, And distant yet from what its end must be; Faust. While I upon my legs feel fresh and This trusty, knotted stick suffices me. [strong, Why make more short the track? to thread Each winding valley as we go,-Then, mounting, o'er the rocks to tread, Whence streamlets, ever bubbling, flow,

Their downward rushing course—that, that is bliss That lends enjoyment to a path like this; Already in the birchen tree

The quickening breath of spring is glowing; The very pine, too, seems to be The genial influence knowing. Will not the self-same power of spring

Work on our limbs its strengthening ? Meph. I nothing know of spring-time's heat, Within me all is wintry now,

And on my path I'd rather meet With winter's frost and winter's snow. How drearily upon the night The dull, red moon's imperfect disk Is rising with belated light, And shines so dimly that we risk

The stumbling up against a tree, Or on a rock, at every turn !-Let me a Wildfire call-I see

One yonder doth right gaily burn. Ho! Ho, friend, yonder; may I dare Request your company to-night? Why should you vainly blaze and flare? Be good enough our steps to light!

Wildfire. I hope I may, from reverence to you, My usual flickering tendency subdue;

Our common course is anything but straight. Meph. Ha! ha! he's thinking man to imitate! But i' the Devil's name now, go Straight on your path, or I will blow

Your flickering life out.

Well I know Wildfire. You're lord and master here, and therefore I To suit myself to you will freely try;

But think! the mountain's magic-mad to-night, And when a Wildfire is your guiding light, You must not ask for too much nicety!

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and WILDFIRE (in alternating Song).

The sphere of dreams-of magic-spell Now, it seemeth, do we tread; So, for your credit guide us well, That we afar betimes be led, Where regions wild and wasted lie.

Trees succeeding trees shoot by, See! how rapidly and swift! Every mountain summit bent, Boweth low each mountain clift; These snouts of rock, long, jagged, rent, How they're snorting! how they're blowing!

Through the turf, through pebbles flowing, Brook and streamlet hasten on Hear I the murmuring song they raise? Hear I soft love's complaining tone, The voices of those heavenly days? All that we hope, all love endears,
Breathes to us from that gentle strain, And like a tale of distant years, Their voice re-echoed sounds again.

Too-whoo! Too-whoo-it comes more near The pewitt, owl, and jay are here; Are they all then still awake Gleam Salamanders through the brake, Long of leg, with paunches wide? How the roots, like serpents, glide, Winding forth from rock and sands, Stretch'd in strange and fearful bands, Seemingly to terrify Or seize us as we pass them by ! From massy knots where life is living, Polype-like fibres stretch and stir, As if they with their arms were striving, To wind around the wanderer. Mice in legions run beneath, Many-hued, through moss and heath; In circling swarms the glow-worms fly, A confounding company!

Tell me! tell me! do we stand?
Or advance we o'er the land?
All things seem around to spin,
Trees and rocks distorted grin;
Wildfires, as they dancing beam,
Now divide—now swelling gleam!

Meph. Grasp my mantle firm and tight,
This rocky peak's a central height
From whence one wondering discerns
How Mammon in the mountain burns!

Faust. How strangely glimmers through the ground

A mournful light like morning's red; E'en where the gulfs are most profound, Its quivering ray is downward shed.

A mine-damp here,—here exhalations sweep,
Through veiling mist, here rays of light are

gleaning;
Now fine, and threadlike, o'er the earth they creep,
Then burst on high, like to a fountain streaming!
Here marks the light a winding trace

With hundred veins the valley through, Here gather'd in the narrow space

'Tis spent and scatter'd forth anew! There, near us, sparks are glittering bright Like upthrown showers of golden sand; But see! in all its craggy height

The mountain burneth like a brand!

Meph. Lights not Sir Mammon for the feast
Right gloriously his palace dome!

That thou hast seen it, think thee blest; See! the wild guests already come.

Faust. How furiously o'er all the storm-blast goes!

It strikes against my neck in heavy blows.

Meph. Grasp by the rock's old ribs, and grasp them tight,

Or it will sweep you down you gulf profound; A cloud-like mist hath thicken'd o'er the night. Hark! what loud crashings through the forest

sound!
The owls fly scared away; the whirlwind's stress
Bursts through the ever-verdant palaces,
Splintering their pillars! Listen! as they break,

The boughs and branches, how they crack and creak!

The groaning of the trunks, their mighty mourn,

The snapping of the trains, their inighty mourn The snapping of the roots asunder torn, As in a fearfully-entangled fall

Over each other, crashing go they all! And through the wreck and ravage-strew'd abysses

And through the wreck and ravage-strew'd abysses The wind-blast sweeps along and howls and hisses! Hear'st thou not voices there on high

In the distance—to us nigh? Yes! all the mountain range along Here streams a raving witches' song.

Witches (in chorus). The witches to the Brocken speed,

The stubble's yellow—green the seed! There all the bands together meet Sir Urian in the highest seat, Witch and goat together flying Over stock and stone are hieing.

Voices. Old Baubo comes—and comes alone— A farrow sow she rides upon.

Chorus. To whom is honour, honour pay—Old Mother Baubo, lead the way!
Our mother a good sow bestriding,
And all the witches after riding.

Voice. Which way hast thou come?

Voice. Over Ilsenstein's crest,
Where I just peep'd me into a shrick-owl's nest;
How her eyes glared at me!
Voice. To hell! away,

What a pace you are driving along to-day!

Voice. She's scratch'd my face in passing me,

Look at it—you the wound may see!

Chorus of Witches. The way is broad, the way is long,

What a mad and raving throng! The fork doth stick, the besom sweeps, The baby is stifled, the mother weeps.

Wizards (half chorus). Like snails within their The women get before us all, [shells we crawl, For in advancing to the house of iil They are a thousand steps before us still.

The other half. Quite so precise as that we do

not take it,
The woman in a thousand steps may make it;
But let a woman haste however she can.

But let a woman haste howe'er she can, In one sole bound 'tis finish'd by a man.

Voice (above). Come with us, come with us from Felsensee!

Voices (from below). There with you on high we would readily flee,

We wash and are clear from all soiling and stain, But ever unfruitful and barren remain.

Both Choruses. The winds are still—the stars And gladly hides the dreary moon, [have flown, With whizzing rush, the magic crew

Sparks by thousands onward strew. Voice (from below). Halt! halt!

Voice (from below). Who calls from the rocky cleft?

Voice (beneath). Oh! take me with you,—I here am left!

Three hundred years I've tried to get Up to the peak, nor reach'd it yet! I would that I with my fellows were!

Both Choruses. The broom can carry—the stick can bear,

The fork and goat cut through the air; Who cannot raise himself to-day, He for ever lost must lay.

A Half-witch (beneath). Long have I follow'd, hobbling on,

And yet how far the rest have gone! At home no quiet can I gain,

Nor any peace I here attain.

Chorus of Witches. The witch-salve stirs the witches' blood;

A rag to make our sail is good; To make a gallant ship and tight,

On any trough we call; Whoever cannot fly to-night

Will never fly at all.

Both Choruses. When we've flown around the
Descending, we the earth will seek; [peak,

The broad, wide heath shall cover'd be With all the swarm of witchery!

[They let themselves down.

Meph. There is a crowding, driving, clattering,

rustling,—
There is a whizzing, twirling, prattling, bustling!
Light, fire, and stink, and sparks that burning fly,
A very element of sorcery.

Stick close, or we shall quickly parted be ! Where art thou?

Faust. Here!

Meph. So soon so far from me?

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My power as master here, I must display,— Place! Squire Voland comes! sweet folks, make Give room, sweet people! Doctor! here, [way! Take hold of me, and at a spring

Take hold of me, and at a spring Quick let us of the crowd get clear; Even for me 'tis too bewildering. There's something yonder shining bright, And with a strange peculiar light, It draws me to yon thickets there—and so Come with me, come—we will among them go! Faust. Spirit of contradiction!—but go on!

For thou mayst lead me; it was wisely done
In truth—upon Walpurgis-night

Thus to the Brocken to repair, To seek for solitude outright, Directly we are there!

Meph. See! colour'd flames are burning high, There meets some merry company;

Among a few one 's ne'er alone.

Faust. I rather would have higher gone;
Smoke is drifting—fires are gleaming,
All the multitude is streaming,

Driving to the evil-one!

There many a riddle must be solved!

Meph. There, too,

Must many a riddle tie itself anew;

Let the great world e'en bluster as it may,

We here in peace and quietness will stay;

It is a saying of an ancient date,

That little worlds we form within the great.

Young witches I can yonder see Who show their beauty stripp'd and bare,

And witches old, who prudently

A veiling mantle round them wear.
If but for my sake, come! comply with all:
The pleasure will be great, the labour small.
I hear the music tuning round!
What a cursed jingling, jangling sound!
One must get used to't. Come with me,
Come! otherwise it cannot be.
I'll lead the way, and introducing you,
Place you beneath an obligation new.
No narrow space is that! What say you, friend?
Gaze onward! you can scarcely see the end;
A hundred fires are burning in a row—
They chat, they cook, they wildly dancing go,
Make love and drink—now, tell me where,

Than this, we could aught better see?

Faust. But mean you when we enter there
As wizard or as devil to be?

Meph. Indeed, much used am I to go About the world incognito,

But yet upon a levee-day
'Tis well one's orders to display.
I have no garter to denote

And tell to all the rank I bear, But you will find the cloven foot

To-night is honour'd everywhere.
See you this snail? she creeps this way,
And puts her feelers forth, to say
She finds out something in me. No! if I
Wish'd it, I could not who I am deny.
But now from fire to fire will we roam,—
I'll be the friend, and you the gallant—come!

[To some persons who are sitting round a few dying

Well, my old gentlemen! what do you here,
Thus at the end of all? If I had found you
Placed nicely in the midst, with all the cheer
And riot of the youthful tumult round you,

That were some praise;—one must possess At home enough of loneliness.

General. Who can his trust in nations place, Though for them he has all things done?

With them 'tis as with woman's race, By youth the prize is always won.

Minister. Now from the right are all men wide— For me! the good old times I praise

When we could all things rule and guide;
They were, in truth, the golden days.

Parvenu. We were no fools, yet oft, no doubt,

Did what we ought not to have done, And now have all things turn'd about, Just as we wish'd all change to shun! Author. Who in the present day will care,

To read a work of moderate sense? As for the rising race—they ne'er

Show'd such conceit and impudence!

Meph. (who suddenly appears extremely old).

Because to-night the last will be

That I the witches' mount shall climb,
The people everywhere, I see,

Are ready for the end of time; And as my cask runs low—I find The world too's on the tilt inclined!

A Witch (who is selling old clothes and jrippery). Do not, good sirs, thus pass me by, Nor lose this opportunity;

Look well upon my wares, and mark my hoard! Varieties among my stock abound,

No fellow to my shop on earth is found, And yet no article is in it stored, But at some time or other was made

But at some time or other was made The instrument of ill to man; No dagger, but adown its blade

A stream of staining blood has ran; No goblet but has pour'd a poisoning juice Into some body that in health did move;

No gem or jewel, but did once seduce
Some woman worthy of the glance of love!

There is no sword will meet your hand,
'Mid all the things that here you find,
That has not cut some holy band,

Or stabb'd a foeman from behind.

Meph. Cousin! you do not know such times as

these;

All done and happen'd—happen'd still and done. Betake yourself to selling novelties,—
By novelty alone is notice won.

Faust. This, with a vengeance, I a fair may call; I trust I may my senses keep unmoved!

Meph. Upwards the thronging mass is struggling all;

You think to shove—and you yourself are Faust. Who then is that? [shoved! Meph. Ah, mark her for your life, 'Tis Lilith.

Faust. Who ?

Meph. 'Tis LILITH—Adam's wife Before he we lded Eve; beware, beware, Of the excelling beauty of her hair, In which she shineth so surpassingly!

When a young man she may with that ensnare, She lets him not so soon again get free. Faust. There then sit two—one old, the other young,

They have already deftly danced and sprung.

Meph. No step or pause to-night! See! they

Another dance! come! with them let's join in!

Faust (dancing with the Young Witch). A beauteous dream once came to me, I in it saw an apple-tree;

Two luscious apples on it hung, They tempted me, I to them sprung.

The beautiful Witch. The apple age could man entice

Down from the days of Paradise; I feel me much rejoiced to know,

Such, too, within my garden grow.

Meph. (with the Old Witch). A wild, strange dream once came to me,

I in it saw a rifted tree;

The Old Witch. I to the cloven-footed knight My heartiest greetings give to-night;

Proctophantasmist. You cursed rabble! what is

it you dare ? Have you not all long since been made aware, That spirits stand not on such feet As those on which mankind must go? Yet here you're dancing, light and fleet,

Just as we common mortals do! The beautiful Witch (dancing). What does he do, then, at our ball?

Faust. He's present everywhere and censures all

How others dance, he must appraise and rate, And if of every step he cannot prate, It were as well the step had ne'er been ta'en; He loudest grumbles when we progress gain, Advancing forwards; if we traced, One dull, unvarying circle still,

In such a course as must be paced Around his old and worn-out mill, He'd call that right perhaps; especially If he might on the point consulted be.

Proctophantasmist. Still here !- it is unheardof ;-vanish ! go !

We have enlighten'd all the world, you know; This devil's crew-they lay no stress

On form or rule ;-we are so wise! And yet there's Tegel, ne'ertheless. Still sprite-disturb'd and haunted lies! And what a time have I not sweeping been At the delusion, yet 'tis never clean; It is unheard-of!

The beautiful Witch. Pray forbear! And cease, at least, to plague us here.

Proctophantasmist. I tell you, phantoms, to

your face,—my soul Will not, of spirits, ever brook controul; By my own spirit no such sway is wrought; [They dance onward.

To-night, I see I shall succeed in naught! Yet still myself in readiness I hold My journey ever onward to pursue, And hope, before my latest step I've told, To triumph o'er the devils and poets too.

Meph. [To FAUST, who has stepped aside out of the dance. Why hast thou let the beauteous maid withdraw, Who to thee, in the dance, so sweetly sang? Faust. Ah! in the middle of her song, I saw A dun-red mouse that from her mouth out-

sprang! Meph. Tush! to such trifles here no heed we pay,-

'Tis well you did not find the mouse was grey; I' the hour of bliss who for such things would care? Faust. Then saw I-

What? Faust. Mephisto', see'st thou there, Lone and far off, that figure pale and fair ?

With pain it moves, its step is sad and slow, It seems with chain'd and fetter'd feet to go; I must confess that it appears to me In figure like poor Margaret to be !

Meph. Gaze not upon it, for with ill 'tis fraught. 'Tis without life, a shape by magic wrought, An idol dead. To meet it is not good, Her chilling glance benumbs the human blood, And man is almost frozen into stone;

The fable of Medusa thou hast known. Faust. In truth the eyes she gazes with, are those

Of a dead corse no loving hand could close! That is the breast which Margaret yielded me, And that the form I clasp'd—that form so dear! Meph. Thou easy-cheated fool! 'Tis sorcery; She doth to every one the same appear!

The form of her he loves doth always borrow !. Faust. What rapture ! yet, alas ! what poignant I cannot, cannot, from that glance A moment turn my countenance : How wondrously the fairness of her neck,

That single, narrow, crimson line doth deck, No broader than a knife-back. Ah! most true!

Now that you mention it, I see it too; I can perceive she may, if so she will,

Her own head carry underneath her arm,-Perseus has cut it off for her. But still

Have such delusions for you such a charm? Come! up the hill! away, away, All is as merry here to-day As on the Prater! and unless I err Or am bewitch'd, I see a theatre!

What's here to do? Servibilis. Directly will be given A bran new piece—the newest piece of seven; It is a usage common with us here To let so many in a night appear A Dilettante's pen together tack'd it, And they are Dilettanti who will act it.

But, sirs, my absence pray allow, For I must to my post away; My Dilettante duty now,

To raise the curtain for the play. Meph. When on the Blocksberg hill I find You placed—'tis much unto my mind, It just the proper place must be, For you and all your company.



OR,

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING-FEAST.

INTERMEZZO.



WALPHRGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM.

INTERMEZZO.

Theatre-Manager. To-day then we for once Brave sons of Mieding we; [may rest, The lofty hill—the dew-damp vale,

Are all our scenery.

Herald. Before the bridal golden be Must fifty years departing flee; If the quarrel now has ceased,

The golden bridal likes me best. Oberon. Sprites! if ye are with me here,

Now be it testified,

To-day the fairy king and queen Their band anew have tied.

Puck. When Puck appears, and spins him And glides amid the dance, fround,

Behind him, with him to rejoice, Hundreds of sprites advance.

Ariel. Ariel wakes the fairy song, Heavenly clear it floats along;

It lureth triflers it is true,

But it lureth beauty too.

Oberon. Wedded-ones, who would agree, Learn ye from my queen and me; To make a couple love and smile,

We need but part them for awhile.

Titania. If the husband knits his brow, If the wife her airs should show, Seize them both and let them be Off convey'd immediately; To the southward bear her forth, And him to the extremest north.

Orchestra, tutti (fortissimo). Nose of gnat and snout of fly,

With all their consanguinity-Frogs the scatter'd leaves beneath, Crickets in the grass and heath, These must the musicians be To utter forth our minstrelsy.

Solo. See, the bag-pipe coming on, A soapen bubble thinly blown;

Schnick-schnack, schnick-schnack, how it goes Through its short and stumpy nose!

The Spirit that is fashioning itself. Spider's leg Toad-like belly fitted to't; [and spider's foot, For the little, little thing

Buddeth forth the little wing ; It makes no creature-but it will Bring forth a little poem still.

Pair of Lovers. Little step and lofty bound, Through honey-dew, and mist around, You trip it to me well and fair,

But you mount not in the air.

Curious Traveller. Is't not a masking mockery, Or is my eye-sight clear!

That the so beauteous Oberon To-night, too, should be here!

Orthodox. No claws or tail! and yet no doubt Upon the mind can be,

That even like the "Gods of Greece,"

A right-down devil is he.

Northern Artist. All that I can seize to-night Will be but sketches quick and slight; But I betimes will ready be

For journeying to Italy.

Purist. Alas! ill fortune hither leads me What rioting and revels here,

And out of all this crowd of witches,

Two alone do powder wear!

Young Witch. Your powder, like the petticoat, Is but for women old and grey,

So naked sit I on my goat,

And a stout body bare display.

Mother Witch. To squabble in a place like this

We've too much breeding got;

Though young and delicate you are, I hope you yet may rot.

Leader of the Band. Gnat's nose! Fly snout! see ye harm not!

Round about the naked swarm not! Frogs the scatter'd leaves beneath, Crickets in the grass and heath, I have to beg you all, you will

Keep time amid your music still. Weathercock (towards one side). Society of such

a kind As one would ever wish to find-Truly, here are beauteous brides, Throngs of bachelors besides; Man for man they here resort, People of most hopeful sort.

Weathercock (on the other side). If opens not

the earth to-night, To swallow up the whole outright, I with a light and rapid spring Right into hell myself will fling.

Xenien. We in our insect guise are here-With small sharp beaks we all appear, To Satan, our papa, to give Such honour as he should receive.

Hennings. See this tribe, all press'd together, How they're joking one another! I doubt not but at last you'll find Them saying that their hearts are kind.

Musaget. I like to lose myself among This witches' swarm-this witches' throng-Because they're easier to me To govern than the muses be. Ci-devant Genius of the Age. When we with proper people go, How soon a semebody we grow! Here! by my skirt be tow'd; You'll find the Blocksberg as you pass Is like the German mount Parnass, Its top is pretty broad. Curious Traveller. Say, who is yonder tall, stiff His very walk of pride it telleth; Iman? He sniffs at all that sniff he can, " For Jesuits he smelleth." Crane. In troubled waters and in clear, Me may you fishing see; E'en so this pious man is here In devil's company. Man of the World. Yes! for the pious, all can A vehicle of grace; Upon the Blocksberg's self they build, Full many a meeting-place. Dancer. Surely a chorus new succeeds, I hear the drums afar ! But startle not! among the reeds The one-voiced bitterns are. Dancing-Master.* How each one throws his legs Each getting on amidst the rout [about! As best he can—the crooked springs, The clumsy hops in awkward flings, And no one asks another, how Their flingings and their springings show. Fiddler. This pack of rascals! what a hate Each ragamuffin bears his mate! How gladly would they all bestow, Each upon each the deadly blow! In union they are only bound Together by the bagpipe's sound, As Orpheus' lyre, we are told, Together brought the brutes of old. Dogmatist. Neither a critic nor a doubt From my opinion puts me out; Yet something still the devil must be, Or how should one the devil see? Idealist. For once, then, phantasy I find Too powerful within my mind; If I am all—I must confess To-day 't must be in foolishness. Realist. The actual is a very plague,

Annoying here to meet; For the first time, I do not stand Quite steady on my feet. Supernaturalist. With much delight I'm here, These phantoms gladly mix-[and with Conclusions of good spirits, I Can from these devils fix. Sceptic. They follow by the flame, and think They near the treasure come; In German "devil" rhymes to "doubt," Here I am quite at home, Leader of the Band. Frog, the scatter'd leaves Cricket in the grass and heath, [beneath, Accurséd Dilettanti! Nose of gnat, and snout of fly, Buzzing low and buzzing high, Most tuneful Musicanti! The Clever Ones. Sansouci ! so they name the Who mirth in all things show; Feet are not used for walking now, So on our heads we go.

The Clumsy Ones. We've spunged full many a bit of yore, But that is now all past and o'er; We've danced our shoes through, and behold We now are dancing naked soled. Wildfires. From the place whence first we rose, The marshy quagmire, we advance, Yet soon the throng our presence knows The brightest gallants in the dance.

Falling Star. I have fallen from on high,
In starry brightness through the sky; Here crossways in the grass I've lain,-Who'll help me on my legs again? The Solid Ones. Place here! Place! Ho, spread The bending grass gives way-[ye wide ! 'Tis sprites that come, but ne'ertheless Plump, solid limbs have they. Puck. Your feet so heavy do not plant Like the heels of elephant, But let the sturdy Puck himself Be here to-day the stoutest elf. Ariel. If Nature kind your pinions gave-If, from the spirit, wings you have, Follow in my track so light Up you hill of roses bright!

Orchestra (pianissimo). Circling cloud and wreathing mist,
Descending, round us lay;
In the leaves the wind is dying,

O'er the reeds the breeze is sighing, And all has pass'd away!

^{*} This and the following stanza were not inserted in the early editions of Faust.

A GLOOMY DAY .- THE OPEN PLAIN.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. In misery! despairing! long wretched and erring upon earth, and now a prisoner! For dreadful sufferings, shut in a dungeon as a mis-doer, the dear, unhappy creature! To this! even unto this! Worthless, traitorous devil? and this thou hast hidden from me? Stand! stand but before me! Ay! roll thy hellish eyes, in fury, in thy head! Stand, and brave me with thine insupportable presence? Imprisoned! in helpless, remediless misery! Delivered o'er to evil spirits, and to unpitying, sentence-passing man! And me, the while, thou wert lulling in vapid, tasteless dis-sipations, hiding from me her growing wretchedness, and leaving her, without help, to perish!

Meph. She is not the first.

Faust. Dog! abhorred monster!—Oh! thou infinite spirit! Change! change the reptile again into that dog-like form, in which he so often walked before me on my evening path, rolling before the feet of the harmless wanderer, that he might fasten on his shoulders when he fell! Change him again to his most frequently chosen form, that he may crouch on his belly in the dust before me, and that I may spurn him, the reprobate, with my foot! Not the first! Oh misery, misery! by no human soul can it be conceived, that more than one created being could ever have sunk to such a depth of wretchedness, that the first, in the writhing agonies of death, should not have atoned for the guilt of all succeeding it, in the eyes of the everpardoning! The misery of this single one harrows up my soul, the very depths of my being, and thou art coldly grinning over the doom of thousands.

Meph. Now again we are at our wit's end already; there, where the sense of you men gives way from over-stretching. Why didst thou mate thyself with us, if thou canst not go through with it? Wouldst thou fly, and art not secure from giddiness? Thrust we ourselves on thee, or didst thou

press thyself on us?

Faust. Gnash not so thy devouring teeth at I loathe thee !-O great and glorious spirit; thou who hast deigned to make thyself visible to me; thou who knowest my heart and my soul, why, why didst thou unite me to this companion of shame, who feedeth on evil and rejoices in destruction?

Meph. Hast thou finished ?

Faust. Save her! Free her! or woe unto thee! The most fearful curse be upon thee for thousands

Meph. I cannot draw back the bolts, nor loosen the bands of the avenger. Save her! Who thrust her downward to destruction! Was it I or thou?

[FAUST gazes wildly around him. Art thou grasping at the thunder? Well is it, ye miserable mortals, that it is not given you! To smite to pieces the innocent opposer! That is ever the tyrant's mode of wreaking his rage at difficulties.

Faust. Bring me thither, where she is-she shall be free!

Meph. And the risk to thyself which thou runnest into! The guilt of blood, and from thy hand, lies yet upon the town. Over the abode of the slain, sweep avenging spirits, lying in wait for the back-returning murderer.

Faust. And that too was by thee! The death and murder of a world upon thee, monster! Lead

me thither, I say, and free her!

Meph. I will conduct thee there, and what I can do, hearken! Have I all power in heaven and on earth? The senses of the gaoler I will becloud; possess yourself then of the keys, and bear her forth by the hand of man. I will watch ! The magic steeds are ready, this can 1 do.

Faust. Up and away!

NIGHT .- THE OPEN PLAIN.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES (rushing past on black horses). Faust. What are these hovering round the Raven-stone?

Meph. I know not what they're shaping and

preparing.

Faust. They wave up, wave down—they bend, they stoop.

Meph. A band of witches.

Faust. They sprinkle and charm!

Meph. On! On!

THE PRISON.

FAUST (before an iron door, with a bunch of keys and a lamp).

Faust. A long unwonted tremor on me falls-All that mankind can feel of misery, All human anguish fasteneth on me! Here is she bound behind these dreary walls; An innocent delusion has been all The crime and guilt for which her life must fall.

To go to her thou dost in doubt delay! Again then to behold her dost thou fear? Thou'rt hesitating, while her hour is near;

Thy dallying lingers death along-away! [He grasps the lock. A singing from within.

My mother, the harlot, Who kill'd me-and he, My father, the rogue, Who hath eaten me! My sister she took Up every bone, In a cool shady nook She laid them down.

From them upward, upward springing, From the spot on which they lay, I rose a pretty wood-bird singing As I flew—away! away!

Faust She dreams not that her lover, listening, Hears the straw rustle and the fetters ring!

[He enters. Marg. (hiding her face on the pallet). Woe, woe is me! they come, Oh, bitter death! Faust. (softly). Be still! be still, I come to set thee free.

Marg. (throwing herself before him). If thou'rt a man, and breathest human breath,

Feel for my misery!

Faust. The gaoler fast in slumber lies, And thou wilt wake him with thy cries!

[He takes hold of her chains to unlock them. Marg. (on her knees). Who, headsman, could unto thee give

O'er me this dreadful power? Oh! pity me, and let me live!

Thou comest for me at midnight's hour;

Will day break not be time enough !-- and I So young, so young, and yet so soon to die ! I was fair, too, and that was my undoing. Torn is the garland-they the flowers are strewing; The friend so near me once, is far away; Seize not so roughly on me_spare me yet; What have I done to thee? Oh! do not let

My anguish vainly for your mercy pray! I never saw you in my life I'm sure. Faust. And I must all this misery endure !

Marg. I'm wholly in thy power-but let me first Give suck unto my infant ! I have nurs'd And rock'd it to its quiet rest

The whole night through upon my breast; They took my babe from me away,

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To do me wrong and make me wild; And now the wicked people say That I have slain my child!

Gladness will never more possess my heart! Songs do they sing about me, as they go; 'Tis wicked of them, and an evil part,

There's an old story hath its ending so; Who bid them say how it applies?

Faust. See! at thy feet a lover lies! To loose the yoke of misery.

[Throws himself on the ground. Marg. (throws herself beside him). Yes! let us

kneel together-we Will pray the holy saints-but see ! Beneath the steps, around the threshold, wreathe The flames of hell! see how they boil and seethe! The Evil one within

Fearfully raging makes a hideous din! Faust. (aloud). Margaret! Margaret! Marg. (listening). My lover's voice! Where is he? Where?

I hear [She springs to her feet. The chains full off.

I heard him call! I'm free, I'm free! No one shall stay, none hinder me.

Unto his neck I'll fly Upon his breast will lie ;-

He called on me; and from the threshold's cell, Through all the howls and clattering of hell, Sounding the grim, infernal mockery through, The sweet, the loving tone again I knew! Faust. Tis I.

Marg. Is't thou ? Oh, say so once again ! [embracing him.

'Tis he! 'Tis he! where now is all my pain, The anguish of the dungeon and the chain? 'Tis thou! thou com'st to rescue me;

Yes, I am sav'd! Again I see The street where first we met_and there, The cheerful little garden, where

Myself and Martha stayed for thee! Faust. (endeavouring to lead her out). Come!

come with me, my love, away! Marg. (caressing him). Oh! go not yet! I always stay

With such delight where'er thou art! Faust. Unless thou hastenest to depart, We shall most bitterly our lingering pay.

Marg. Ah! how is this? Canst thou no longer kiss ? Short as the time thou'st been from me away To kiss hast thou forgotten? As I lay

Hanging upon thy bosom thus, -oh ! why Feel I so sad, when once my heart to bless

There came upon me from your words, your eye, So full a heaven of joy and happiness?

And thou didst kiss as if thou wouldst have ta'en Away my breath! Come kiss me; or again I will kiss thee! [Embracing him.

Ah, woe! thy lips are cold,

Are cold and dumb! Where is it thou hast left thy love of old? This change-whence has it come?

Thy love! Ah! who has robb'd me of it?

[She turns away from him. Faust. Hence, Take courage, love, and come with me away!

With love a thousand, thousand-fold intense I'll clasp thee; do but come! 'tis all I pray. Marg. (turning to him). And is it thou? and

is it thou indeed? Faust. 'Tis I-come with me!

Marg. By thy hand I'm freed! Thou dost unlock the fetters and the chain, And to thy bosom foldest me again;

How is't thou dost not shrink from me in fear ? And dost thou know whom thou art freeing here? Faust. Come! come! already wears away

The darkness of the night profound!

Marg. My mother did I slay! My child have drown'd!

Was it not given to us both? To thee? Is it thyself? Oh, that it true can be E'en now I scarce can deem;

Thy hand !—'tis not a dream,
'Tis thy dear hand! but ah! 'tis damp—begone; There's blood upon it! wipe the stain away!

Ah! God! What hast thou done? Put up thy sword I pray!

Faust. Let what is past, be past. Thou kill'st me.

Thou must stay here, and I will show How all the graves prepared must be To-morrow morning soon, you know Care must be ta'en for them by thee! My mother's place must be the best,

Beside her let my brother lay, A little from them let me rest, But only not too far away! Upon my breast my child must be, No other now will sleep with me-Ah! once unto thy side to press And nestle—that was happiness! But mine it never more will be;

There's something draws me unto thee, And yet I feel as if it were in vain, It seems as if you thrust me back again!

And yet 'tis thou-looking so good, so kind! If thou dost find,-Faust.

If thou dost feel that it is I, Come with me, come !

From hence to fly? Faust. To Freedom-yes, into the boundless air!

Is the grave there? Marg. Waits Death without? Then come! From hence into the peaceful bed,

Where rests for evermore the head, But farther, not a single step I'll roam.

Thou'rt going from me now, away; Oh, Henri! could I go with thee! Faust. Come! if you will, my love, you may!

If thou dost only wish it-see, Here ready stands the open door!

Marg. I dare not go! for me is hope no more.

What would it help me if I fled? They watch for me the country through; It is so hard to beg one's bread! And with an evil conscience too! In a strange land to roam and stray, It is such pain and wretchedness! And let me do whate'er I may They'd seize upon me ne'ertheless! Faust. I shall be with thee! Quick! away!

Save thy poor child! the pathway keep That upward by the brook doth sweep! Across the little bridge,

Among the trees! To the left! 'tis in the pool! Quick! seize it! seize! It struggles still-and tries Again to rise; Save! save it!

Faust. Calm thyself I pray—and see, Take but a single step and thou art free! Marg. Would that we had but pass'd the hill! There sits my mother on a stone; My head, my brain, grows cold and chill ;-

There sits my mother, all alone; She waveth to and fro,

And now is still, nor nod nor sign is making ; Her head doth heavy grow-She slept so long, her slumber knew no waking.

That we the hours might enjoy she slept— Ah, those were pleasant times!

Faust. Since I have wept,-Implored, in vain_I will no more delay-I'll even risk the bearing thee away! Marg. No force! release me! let me go!

And grasp me not thus murderously! I have in other times, you know,

Done every thing to pleasure thee! Faust. Day breaks apace! My Love, my love-The day! Yes, it is growing light—it brings to me The day which is my last ;-it was to be

My marriage morning! unto no one say Thou wast with Margaret so soon! Woe to my garland! all is done; Again we shall each other see, But at the dance it will not be.

The crowd is gathering—but no sound is there! The streets-the square-

Cannot the thousands hold-

The staff is broken and the bell has toll'd; How do they seize upon me! bind me fast-Swift, swiftly to the seat of blood they haste! Already am I there-and now the shine Of that keen glaive,

Seems glancing for each neck, though drawn alone for mine!

Dumb lies the world as the unspeaking grave ! Faust. Oh! had I ne'er been born! Meph. (appears without). Up! Up! away-Or you are lost; how weak is this delay!

So long with prating and with loitering there: My horses shudder in the morning air; Day dawns!

Marg.What rises from the earth?

'Tis he! 'tis he-oh, drive him forth-What on the place of holiness would HE? Is it for me he cometh?

Faust. Thou shalt live!

Marg. All-judging God !-to thee Myself I give!

Meph. Come! or I'll leave you with her in the

Marg. My father! I am thine; Oh! save and bless!

Ye angels! guard me—and ye Heavenly things Around me spread your all-protecting wings! Henri! I shudder as I gaze on thee!

Meph. She's JUDGED! Voice from Above. Is SAV'D!

Meph. (to Faust.) Come hither! here, to me! [Vanishes with Faust.

Voice from Within (dying away). Henri! Henri!

NOTES

THE DEDICATION.

THE Dedication, in the original, is written in the measure once so generally used by the Italian Poets, and which Byron has rendered familiar to us by his Beppo and Don Juan. Many years elapsed between the commencement of Faust and its completion; as it approached its conclusion, the mind of the poet might naturally revert to the friends among whom its earlier scenes were conceived and executed, and as memory calls their forms around him, to them he dedicates the result of the task they had once cheered by their approbation and applause. The passage in which the poet expresses a yearning for "the still, pensive spirit-land" (jenem stillen, ernsten Geisterreich), has been quoted as one of the few in which Goethe expresses an aspiration towards the "world beyond,"though he appears (from a conversation on the death of Wieland, recorded by Falk), to have been a firm believer in the immortality of the soul. It will be seen, however, that the passage is retrospective, inspired by the feelings of memory and love; and that the "Spirit realm" he yearns to enter, is that of the past rather than the future. The vivid manner in which the past may be recalled in

the present, either by dreams or in periods of abstraction, when the mind is the least affected by what is most actual in the circumstances external to it, is frequently alluded to by poets:—

"This bodiless creation, extasy Is very cunning in."

Lucretius proposes as one of the subjects of his inquiry :-

"Quæ res, nobis vigilantibus obvia, menteis Terrificet, morbo affectis, somnoque sepultis; Cernere uti videamur eos, audireque coram, Morte obit 1, quorum tellus amplectitur ossa."

Sir Walter Scott expresses the same thought more fully in describing the dreams of the Knight of Snowdoun (Lady of the Lake, Canto I.)

"Again return'd the scenes of youth,
Of confident, undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead,
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday."

"The Dedication to Faust certainly proves that this poem, as well as Hermann and Dorothea, were his most cherished productions. It was first published in the Cotta edition of 1816."—Dr. Koller.

The concluding lines of Rogers's Italy are in a strain of feeling similar to the sentiment of this Dedication:—

"'Tis now long since; And now while yet 'tis day would he withdraw, Who, when in youth he strung his lyre, address'd A former generation. Many an eye Bright as the brightest now, is closed in night, And many a voice once eloquent, is mute, That, when he came, disdain'd not to receive His lays with favour."

To those who think that a translation should follow the original in form as well as subject, the following version, in the same measure as the German, may appear preferable to that given in the text:—

"Approach ye then once more, dim, shadowy train?
As once before my troubled gaze ye flew?
Shall I this once your fleeting forms retain?
Is my heart still to its delusion true?
Still press ye forward? Well, resume your reign,
As rising from the mist ye meet my view.
With youthful feelings is my bosom bounding
Thrill'd by the magic breath your forms surrounding.

Forms known in early, happy days, you bring
And with you many much lov'd shades arise;
Like worn traditions, half forgotten, spring
First love, and friendship, once more to mine eyes;
Old pangs awake—and voiced with sorrowing,
Life's mazy path again before me lies,
Those naming, who of happy hours bereft
Have vanish'd from the scene where I am left.

They do not hear, alas! the following lay,
The souls who listen'd to my earliest song,
Those echoes of my heart have died away,
And far dispersed is all that friendly throng,
To stranger-erowds my grief I now betray,
Whose very praise seems to my heart a wrong;
And those whom once my song could wake to mirth,
If yet they live, are scatter'd o'er the earth.

And now a yearning long unfelt, I feel
For the soft stillness of that spirit-land!
In half-form'd tones my lisping lay doth steal
Around like harp-notes which the winds command,
I tremble—tears fast following tears, reveal
That the stern heart is quell'd, is soft and bland—
The present—dimly, as afar, I see;
But all the past, appears reality."

THE PRELUDE IN THE THEATRE,

Manager, Theatre-poet, Merryman.

The first of these three characters requires no comment, but the other two have not exactly their parallels among the members of a dramatic establishment in England. A poet is, or was, a more regular appendage to a German theatre than an English one. With us the writer of a play is not, as an author, connected with the theatre; he may sometimes, indeed, be a player also, but then he has a two-fold capacity, each distinct from the other. The business of a German Theatre-poet appears to be the furnishing dramatic material to the actors, on demand, and suitable to the moment, in a more certain manner than could be done by authors of equal, or perhaps superior powers, who write only by the inspiration of their genius, and whose productions may be very good in themselves, but badly timed, "like your old courtier's cap, riehly suited but unsuitable." He is in fact kept in regular pay by a theatre

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for his dramatic contributions, as a newspaper pays an editor for political ones; the condition of each situation being alike in this, that the right article must be furnished at the right time, which can only be done by those to whom practice has given readiness in directing their thoughts at once into the required channel, and the power of expressing those thoughts, such as they are, rapidly, forcibly, and clearly. In both cases a knowledge of the public at large, or that smaller section of it that constitutes a theatre audience, is necessary. It may easily be conceived that a delicate and poetic mind will find such task work and drudgery inexpressibly revolting to it, especially if it is compelled to direct its own efforts according to the sordid views of another. This is the situation of the "Poet" in the present dialogue; he thinks of what is noble and exalting in his art-the Manager only of what will fill the house and his treasury; it is only after the most painful struggles that the Poet can stoop to let his Pegasus be harnessed.

Shakspeare, when he first became connected with the stage, is supposed to have altered, amended, and retouched the plays of other authors, and that similar labour, when performed by other men, was occasionally paid for, there is conclusive proof; but it does not appear that the theatres of that period, retained a person quite identical with the "Theatre-Poet" of this prelude. Ben Jonson, as the "Court-Poet," writing the masques and allegories for the Court Revels, approaches the character more nearly.

The term "Merryman," does not adequately render the Lustige-person of the author. That word, however, is the only one we have that can be used for it, "Clown," or "Merry Andrew," not being admissible. The character understood by these three designations is merely the buffoon of our itinerant mountebanks and troops of cquestrians, with more activity of body than brain, and whose jokes are principally of a practical kind. The Lustigeperson of the German stage is the actor who in As You Like It, would be cast for Touchstone, or for Master Lancelot, in the Merchant of Venice, or for any other of the immortal clowns of Shakspeare, for these deal out satire and philosophy amid their rich and easy humour; they "make their folly their stalking horse, and under cover of that do shoot their wit." They are of a very different order to the Merryman of the Circus, or the Clown of the Pantomime, and to possess the qualities necessary to play them well, may excuse a little vanity in the possessor. In this, the Lustige-person before us does not seem deficient; he is fully alive to his own importance, and, it will be seen, agrees better with the worldliness of the Manager, than the refinements of the poet; he lives in and for the present, and has an especial contempt for the voice of posterity.

There is a passage in the works of that admirable French political writer, Paul Louis Courier, which explains the character of the Lustige-person of a different grade of society. Courier's style is in some degree like that of our Fonblanque, and on that account he was once called the Lustig, or the Jester of the National party; this is his reply:-" To abuse I am silent; but he calls me Lustig, and it is on this I take him. In speaking of me, he says, and thinks he says well, 'The Loustic of the National party,' while in so saying, the good man, he makes a mistake without suspecting it. The word is foreign, and when we borrow terms from foreigners they ought not to be altered. The Germans say Lustig, not Loustic, and I verily believe he does not know what the Lustig is. In a German regiment, he is the joker, the jolly fellow, who amuses every body and makes the regiment laugh; I ought to say only the privates and the subaltern officers, for all the others are nobles, and laugh, as is proper they should do, separately and apart. On a march, when the Lustig laughs, all the column laughs also, and cries out, What has he said?' Such a fellow must be no fool. It needs considerable talent to make men laugh who are beaten with the flat of the sabre, and are chastised with the stick; more than one journalist would find himself puzzled to do it. The Lustig diverts their attention, amuses them, sometimes prevents them from hanging themselves when they cannot desert, and for a moment consoles them for the stick, black bread, fetters, and the insolence of aristocratio officers. Is this the office he has given me? I shall have plenty of work in it, but I will do my best.—Lettres Particulières; Lettre 2d.

Our posts and boards are up, &c.

The Theatre is evidently by this only a temporary erection, for the use of an itinerating company.

When ere 'tis four, and yet in open day.

The performances at the German theatres commence at an earlier hour than in our playhouses. The opening of a box-door will in summer time let a stream of sunshine into the pit, a rather novel appearance to an Englishman, who rarely sees the interior of a theatre till darkness has set in.

As in some famine's sharp distress The mob throngs round a Baker's door.

An illustration drawn probably from the accounts of the bakers' queues, during the French revolution; when the purchasers of bread were served in rotation, and gathered outside the doors of the bakers in anxious and famishing numbers.

> What is it climbs Olympus' height, Makes Gods, &c.

Shelley claims even higher powers for the true poet; in a seautiful passage on the influence of the poetic spirit, he says—"Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

FREQUENTLY as poets have made use of the music of the spheres, they have never drawn from it a strain of more surpassing beauty and sublimity, than the song of the archangels with which this prologue opens. I speak, of course, of the original, to which all translations appear weak and inadequate; though in most of them the sense has been preserved, yet all of the beauty that depends on language, the material of the poet, is necessarily lost, or but imperfectly imitated. The archangels gazing on the sun and stars, as they roll through illimitable space, and listening to their eternal harmony, describe the angels themselves as deriving power and strength from a spectacle which it is not permitted to mortality to behold; if the soul of man is strengthened and ennobled by all that carries it out of, and beyond the sphere to which his mortal nature confines it, then the mere reading this glorious hymn, if read with a capacity for feeling its sublimity, effects in us what the near view of suns and spheres in their splendour and majesty may be supposed to effect in angelic natures; our minds are raised, strengthened, and ennobled, and we feel conscious of powers to do, to feel, and to enjoy, that cannot on this earth be called into their full activity. Their hour is not yet come. To awaken this better soul within us, is the chief office of the poet, and it is his almost exclusively.

The idea of the first verse is probably to be found in that text of the Scripture which speaks of the time "When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." The similarity of the prologue in its main incident—the permission given to the tempter—to the first chapter of Job, has frequently been pointed out by commentators.

There seems to have been, from the earliest ages of which we have any record, a natural tendency to connect the idea of music with the motion of the spheres; philosophers have accounted for it by a natural relation which

seems to exist between regularity and harmony; but poets have interpreted more literally, and in countless instances have wedded the visible beauty of motion with the audible beauty of sound. One sublime example has already been quoted from the Scriptures (a great part of which is the purest and most exalted poetry the earth possesses), and from profane, or rather, (as we dislike this word when applied to the high priests of intellect,) from secular poets, the instances in which this union has been alluded to are numberless. If anything of excelling beauty is quoted on any subject, it will be found that it has been said by Shakspeare; the lines, therefore, in which he has expressed this idea will probably occur to every one:—

"See how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-cycd cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Goethe represents the sun as pouring forth his song amid the chorus of each "kindred star," and Shakspeare imagines every orb to be "quiring to the Young-eyed Cherubim," who in the same manner may be supposed to render back the song.

No poet has more frequently referred to this celestial harmony than Shelley, and numerous passages might be quoted from him, but one will suffice:

"Ione. Even whilst we speak
New notes arise. What is that awful sound?
Panthea, 'Tis the deep music of the rolling world
Kindling within the strings of the waved air,
Æolian modulations.

Ione. Listen too, How every pause is filled with under notes, Clear, silver, icy, keen, awakening tones, Which pierce the sense, and live within the soul, As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air, And gaze upon themselves within the sen."

The passage in Milton's "Ode on the Nativity," in which he speaks of

" Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,"

will occur to every reader. In Allan Cunningham's "Lives of the British Painters," in his biography of William Blake, an engraver and poet of genius, whom genius did not save from poverty nor talents from neglect, he gives some specimens of his verse; in one of his short poems he addresses the Muses, whom he supposes have deserted the earth, and the opening stanza contains the idea of the "ancient melody" of the sun:—

"Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceas'd."

That heavenly ray, He reason calls, but uses so that he Grows the most brutish of the brutes to be.

The same sentiment, and almost in the very words of Mephistopheles, was used by Sir William Molesworth, in his speech at the "Peace meeting," at Leeds, in November last; "Are we," said the honourable haronet, "are we rational beings? Do we vaunt our superiority over the brute creation, and attribute our superiority to our intelligence, and power of calculating consequences? And yet do we only employ the prerogatives of reason to live in a more bestial manner than any beast."

Know that of all the spirits who deny, The jesting scoffer is the least offending.

" Jesting scoffer" in this passage does not completely express the meaning of der schalk in the original; it was

formerly a term applied to a Jester or Court Fool; but as this is not exactly the character of Mephistopheles, the word required some qualification, and the term "scoffer" may be fairly used, as it would imply the possession of some degree of malignity; at present the word schalk is used in Germany in a very vague and indefinite sense. There is probably something of contempt expressed in the use of such a term by the Lord, to Mephistopheles, as describing one who, though denying, is too impotent effectually to oppose, and who by venting his enmity in scoffs and sneers, may even become an instrument of good, by waking in man a more lively activity. "Jesting Fool!

FAUST'S STUDY.

The opening soliloquy of Manfred has been compared with the opening of this scene, but there is not much resemblance between them. Faust asks from the world of spirits higher and fuller knowledge than that which the learning of this earth can give; Manfred demands from supernatural agency only "self-oblivion"—a craven's prayer.

Poverty and neglect are additional bitters in the cup of Faust, but Manfred possesses wealth, and rank, and honours. Faust looks back with regret on a life spent in acquiring useless knowledge; but the retrospect of Manfred is darkened by the memory of crimes, vague, indeed, and unnamed, but which we may suppose to be of the deepest guiltiness. There is no reason to imagine that the life of Faust, up to the period of his meeting with the Tempter, was different to that led by many of the devoted schoolmen of the middle ages, full of self-sacrifice and self-denial. Except in a deep sense of the beautiful in nature, which is common to both, the characters of Manfred and Faust have but little resemblance to each other. The "Faustus" of Christopher Marlowe has furnished Goethe with several hints for his chief character, though our old dramatist has made his scholar more according to the vulgar idea of a sorcerer than the German poet.

Burns up the heart within my breast.

Mr. Boileau in his remarks on Hayward's Faust, doubts if '' burns up the heart" would be English! Coleridge can answer him:—

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
My heart within me burns."—Ancient Mariner,

Then I have neither goods nor gold.

I think it is Shelley who has a passage resembling this:—
"Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,

Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, exceeding wealth,
The sage in contemplation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd;
Nor wealth, nor power, nor love, nor leisure,—
Others I see whom these surround,
Smiling, who live and call life, pleasure;

To me this cup is dealt in quite a different measure." Shelley, though not compelled to write for his bread, seems to have had a keen perception of the ills of poverty; he has a fine passage on this subject in his Rosatind and Helen:—

"Thou know'st what a thing is poverty
Among the fallen on evil days;
"Tis crime and fear and infamy
And houseless want in frozen years
Wandering ungarmented, and pain,
And worse than all, that inward stain,
Foul self-contempt, which drowns in sneers
Youth's starlight smile and makes it tears."

Inscribed by Nostradamus' hand.

The person alluded to under the name of Nostradamus, was born in 1503, at St. Remy in Provence; his real name

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was Michael Notre Dame. After studying medicine he became what is described by the undignified title of quack, and also addicted himself to astrology. He enjoyed considerable reputation, and was employed and patronised by Henry II., and Charles IX., of France. He was the author of a book of prophecies, which seem to have been as celebrated in France as those of Thomas the Rhymer in Scotland. The work was under the prohibition of the court of Rome even solate as 1781, as it contained some predictions of the decay of the papal power. Nostradamus died in 1655. The book in which Faust contemplates the mysterious sign, doubtless derived additional value from being "inscribed by Nostradamus' hand," and not the work of a copyist. In the German Conversations Lexicon, there is a fuller account of this personage.

The Sign of the Macrocosm.

This is supposed to be a sign or hieroglyphic of the universe, or the whole of nature; the second sign—that of the Microcosm, which Faust confesses he is more capable of comprehending, represents the earth or the world, and the power which he summons in a visible shape, is its spirit. The whole scene is emblematical of the impotence of man to grasp or raise himself to an idea of the mysteries of Being, even of the nature of his own world. "This knowledge is too high for me, I cannot attain unto it." The intelectual desire, and the intellectual power, are both far stronger in Faust than in the generality of men, but while the desire is boundless, the power is limited, and in the struggle between the two, the eternal conflict of Faust's soul consists.

Thou hollow skull! what meanings lurk Beneath that grin?

The expression of grim mockery which appears in the physiognomy (if it may be so called) of a skull, has been noticed by Shakspeare; "where be your gibes now? your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfallen!"

And again;

"within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp."

And, by Byren;

"Death laughs! go, ponder o'er the skeleton,
With which men image out the unknown thing!"

Ye instruments of brass and steel.

"Proteus transform'd to metal did not make
More figures or more strange;—nor did he take
Such shapes of unintelligible brass,
Or heap himself in such a horrid mass
Of tin and iron, not to be understood,
And forms of unimaginable wood,
To puzzle Tubal-Cain, and all his brood;
Great screws, and cones, and wheels, and grooved blocks."

Shelley.

That which thy sires to thee have handed down.

This and the following lines have caused considerable dispute. If the inheritance referred to is merely the goods and chattels he has just mentioned, then the passage may be merely a recommendation to enjoyment of the goods the gods have provided—the carpe diem of Horace expressed in a German couplet. But the better interpretation seems to be, that Faust is speaking of intellectual treasures, which, though derived from the past, must be made our own by thought and contemplation in the present.

But dare burst ope those gates which all Would willingly slink by.

" Is it sin

To rush into the secret house of death Ere death dare come to us?" "It is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change."

Antony and Ctcopatra.

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BEFORE THE GATE.

Coarseness I dislike of every kind.

"Oh! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio!" That which to the man of soul and feeling is life and enjoyment, is to the pedant merely coarseness and vulgarity.

Great man! what feelings must be thine?

In the dramatic fragment which Bulwer has appended to his novel of Eugene Aram, the respect paid to the scholar is of the same description as that proffered to Faust in the present scene.

To me the multitude's applause Sounds as in mockery or scorn.

In the old play of Marlowe, Faustus expresses similar dissatisfaction at the result of his medical studies;

"The end of physic is our bodies' health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy bills hung up for monuments
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been cured?
Yet thou art still but Faustus and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again.—
Then this profession were to be esteem'd,—
Physic farewell!"

There was a lion red, a lover brave

Goethe at one period of his life was a reader of works on Alchemy, and, in this and the following lines, has probably thrown into rhyme one of the countless fantastic recipes, in which these writers were equally successful in concealing their knowledge and their ignorance. They cannot be understood without a key, and with one, they would probably not be worth understanding. In a note appended by Mr. Hayward to this passage, he gives the interpretation of the passage as explained to him by Mr. Griffiths of Kensington, "who once delivered an extremely interesting lecture on alchemical signs at the Royal Institution." He states, that the "lion red" is red mercury or cinnabar, and that it is termed a "lover brave," from the eagerness with which it absorbs or devours every pure metallic body. The "lily" means a preparation of antimony or lilium Paracelsi. The other terms, descriptive of the operations to which these compounds were subjected, are explained in a similar manner, and the whole passage, deprived of obscurity, he gives thus:-" There was red mercury, a powerfully acting body, united with the tincture of antimony, at a gentle heat of the water-bath. Then being exposed to the heat of the open fire in an aludel, a sublimate filled its heads in succession, which, if it appeared with various hues, was the desired medlcine." The term " medicine," it should be observed, is not used in the sense of a remedy for any particular disorder, but was the name applied both to the elixir vitæ and the philosopher's stone, the two grand objects of the alchemists' search. The world, or that portion of it that has bestowed any thought on the matter, has had considerable respect for these old enthusiasts. They worked in a profound belief of the truth of their theory, and many of them were men of great attninments. What they sought for, inexhaustible wealth and immortality, might well justify the wildest ambition. The pursuit, however, at last degenerated into a mere means of cheating and money-making, for an exposure of which, the reader is referred to Chaucer's "Chanone's Yemanne's Tale," or Ben Jonson's "Alchemist;" the latter is a masterly exposure of the rascalities of these "Greeks of the lower empire." The last of the alchemists is said to have committed suicide about the beginning of the last century; but, as astrology still lingers among us, perhaps there are alchemists walking in their

vain shadow even now. Some writers have, indeed, contended, that more may be said to justify their theory than is generally supposed; Sir David Brewster, in his Martyrs of Science, recently published, says, "The conduct of the scientific alchemists of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries presents a problem of very difficult solution. When we consider that a gas, a fluid, and a solid, may consist of the very same ingredients in different proportions; that a virulent poison may differ from the most wholesome food only in the difference of quantity of the very same elements; that gold and silver. and lead and mercury, and indeed all the metals, may be extracted from transparent crystals, which scarcely differ in their appearance from a piece of common salt or a bit of sugar-candy; and that diamond is nothing more than charcoal, we need not greatly wonder at the extravagant expectation that the precious metals and the noblest gems might be procured from the basest materials. These expectations, too, must have been often excited by the startling results of their daily experiments. The most ignorant compounder of simples could not fail to witness the magical transformations of chemical action; and every new product must have added to the probability that the tempting doublets of gold and silver might be thrown from the dice-box with which he was gambling.

"But when the precious metals were found in lead and copper by the action of powerful re-agents, it was natural to suppose that they had been actually formed during the process; and men of well-regulated minds even might bave thus been led to embark in new adventures to procure a more copious supply, without any insult being offered to sober reason, or any injury inflicted on sound

morality.

" When an ardent and ambitious mind is once dazzled with the fascination of some lofty pursuit, where gold is the object or fame the impulse, it is difficult to pause in a doubtful career, and to make a voluntary shipwreck of the reputation which has been staked. Hope still cheers the aspirant from failure to failure, till the loss of fortune and the decay of credit disturb the serenity of his mind. and hurry him on to the last resource of baffled ingenuity and disappointed ambition. The philosopher thus becomes an impostor; and by the pretended transmutation of the baser metals into gold, or the discovery of the philosopher's stone, he attempts to sustain his sinking reputation and recover the fortune he has lost. The communication of the great secret is now the staple commodity with which he is to barter, and the grand talisman with which he is to conjure. It can be imparted only to a chosen few -to those among the opulent who merit it by their virtues, and can acquire it by their diligence; and the Divine vengeance is threatened against its disclosure.'

The dazzling power of the dream they walked in, and its utter vanity, are beautifully constrasted by Shelley, in

his" Alastor;

"Oh! that the dream Of dark magician in his vision'd cave, Raking the cinders of a crucible For life and power, e'en while his feeble hand Shakes in his last decay, were the true law Of this so lovely world."

Bathed in eternal sunshine I should greet A stilly world in silence at my feet; Each gentle valley, &c.

Some passages from Wordsworth's "Evening Ode" may be compared with these reflections of Faust while gazing at the setting sun, for the sake of observing how the same spectacle affects two minds of the highest order, but differently constituted:—

- " Par distant images draw nigh, Call'd forth by wondrous potency, Of beamy radiance that imbues Whate'er it strikes with gemlike hucs.
- "Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve, But long as godlike wish or hope divine Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe That this magnificence is wholly thine!

From worlds not quicken'd by the sun A portion of the gift is won, An intermingling of heaven's pomp is spread On ground which British shepherds tread.

"And if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges, to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop, no record hath told where,
And tempting fancy to ascend
And with immortal spirits blend!
Wings at my shoulders seem to play,
But rooted here I stand and gaze,
On those bright steps that heavenward raise
Their practicable way!"

His conclusion is in a different spirit to that of Faust :-

"From thee if ever I would swerve,
Oh let thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost and fruitlessly deplored,
Which at this moment in my waking sight
Appears to shine by miracle restored!
My soul though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth;
"Is past—the visionary glory fades,
And night approaches with her shades."

Yes, were a magic mantle but mine own To bear me far away, &c.

It will be seen that this very wish is fulfill'd, a mantle being the means by which Mephistopheles transports Faust to the scene of debauchery in Auerbach's Cellar.

FAUST'S STUDY.

The alternate change in the measure of the verse in the opening of this scene, as the calmer mood of Faust is disturbed by the restlessness of his diabolical companion, is very striking.

Of the four I use the spell.

The four spirits, of fire, air, earth, and water.

Mephistopheles in the dress of a travelling scholar.

The travelling scholar is a character now numbered with the things that were. They did not bear the best of characters; the title was probably assumed by men who had no right to it, but who found it, like the rank of "captain" among ourselves, "convenient for travelling."

The wizard's foot upon the surface pressed.

The wizard's foot is a pentagram, or sign with five points, formed by two intersecting triangles.

At morn I only wake to find New horrors, &c.

"I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me. When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day." "When I say, my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions; so that my soul chooseth strangling and death, rather than life."—Job chap. vii.

Coleridge has vividly described the pains of sleep, such as we suppose may have been felt by Faust:—

"But yesternight I yell'd aloud,
In anguish and in agony,
Upstarting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me;
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorn'd, those only strong;
Thirst of revenge and powerless will,
Still baffled and yet burning still,

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Desire with loathing strangely mix'd, On wild or hateful objects fix'd, Fantastic passion, maddening brawl, And shame and terror over all. Deeds to be hid which were not hid, Which all confused I could not know, Whether I suffer'd or I did,

For all seem'd guilt, remorse and woe! My own or others, still the same, Life stifling fear, soul stifling shame!

* * * * *

Sleep, the wide blessing, seem'd to me
Distemper's worst calamity;

* * * * * *

Such punishments I said were due
To natures deepest stain'd with sin,
For aye intempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within,
The horrer of their deeds to view;
Such griefs with such men well agree,

But wherefore, wherefore, fall on me?" Thus, Being as a load I bear.

"Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life to the bitter in soul? Which long for death, but it cometh not, and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave."—Job, Chap. iii.

Oh that my soul had gently sunk Enrapt, &c.

Hamlet expresses the same wish :-

" Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt, Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!"

And all who have contemplated suicide have probably longed for the possibility of a "painless extinction," as a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"Many a time
I have been half in love with easeful death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain."—Keats.

My curse descend on all that twines Its jugglery, &c.

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, quoth my Uncle Toby, but it was nothing to this!" Every higher principle of man's nature is included in this fearful curse. Lear's curse on his daughters, and Timon's imprecation on the men of Athens, are perhaps the strongest anathemas to be found in Shakspeare. The curse invoked by the lost souls in the third canto of Dante's Inferno, is also tolerably comprehensive:—

"They gnash'd their teeth in rage Soon as they heard the sentence; they blasphemed Their God, their parents, and all human race, Their clime, their lineage, and their breath of life."

Descend on Patience last and worst.

"Patience, and patience! Hence! that word was made For brutes of burden, not for birds of prey; Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine; I am not of thine order."—Manyred.

Woe, Woe! Ah woe, thou hast destroy'd A beauteous world, &c.

The beautiful world which Faust has destroyed is his moral and intellectual nature, which the curse of his passion has shattered to chaos. The spirits, therefore, exhort him to build it again within him, that he may be a perfect man and not a wreck. Mephistopheles interprets their exhortations to his own wishes; but when he claims them for spirits of his own, he merely supports his character of "a liar from the beginning."

From this earth flows each rapture that is mine

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"This world is the nurse of all we know; This world is the mother of all we feel,"—Shelley.

Whene'er I say

To one brief moment, stay! thou art so fair!

This challenge is here accepted by Mephistopheles, and gained by him in the second part of the poem, but the soul of Faust nevertheless escapes him.

This very day, then, at the Doctor's feast.

It seems as if Goethe had intended to write a scene similar to one that occurs in Marlowe's play, where Faustus plays off some very common-place sorcery; it would have probably occupied the space of the scene in Auerbach's Cellar.

A roll of parchment, when 'Tis stamp'd and blotted o'er with ink, &c.

"Is not parchment made of sheepskins?
Ay, my lord, and of calves' skins too.
They are sheep and calves that seek out
assurance in that.—Humlet

By the great spirit am I spurn'd.

Faust alludes to his scornful rejection when he asserted equality with the spirit of the earth.

With youthful blood, but little gold, And every wish to learn, I've come!

The whole of this scene with the scholar is a satire upon the systems of instruction pursued in the universities of Germany, of which Goethe had not the highest opinion.

Your meaning, sir, I cannot quite discern.

Perhaps the reader, in some passages of the translation, may be in the same predicament as the scholar.

AUERBACH'S CELLAR.

This place of entertainment is still in existence at Leipsic, and in making it the scene of revelry into which Faust is brought, Goethe has only followed the traditions of the place. Faust takes but a small part in the carousal, and in Retzsch's outline of this scene, he is represented as leaning abstractedly against a table, apart from the group of revellers. These drinking cellars are very common in Germany and Switzerland. The largest I ever saw is that beneath the Kornhaus, or public granary, at Berne, into which the visitor descends by a long flight of steps; in summer it strikes a chill as you descend, but its immense vats contain a sovereign remedy for the sensation. Specimens of the small drinking cellar, or Wirthschaft, may be met with in abundance in the same city; in the main streets they are nearly as numerous as the houses.

Are you from Rippach lately.

Hans von Rippach, or John of Rippach, was, among the students at Leipsic, a fictitious personage, something like our "Duke Humphrey," or nobody. To inquire of any one if he has supped with Hans von Rippach is a piece of banter, of which Mephistopheles, by his ready answer, shows that he is perfectly aware.

Once on a time there was a king Who had a wondrous flea.

The song of Mephistopheles is well adapted to the place and company, and though rather coarse, is a clever satire on the vanity and presumption of worthless favourites and parvenus.

The knave is stabbing free.

In the original "der Kerlist vogelfrei," the knave is outlawed—and an outlaw is one "whom any man finding might kill."

THE WITCH'S KITCHEN.

There is much in this scene which is totally unintelligible, and though glimpses of meaning may be, perhaps, discerned, it may save much labour to know, that the author meant the witch's "one times one," and some other passages to be what they are—nonsense. In this scene, Mephistopheles assails the soul of Faust by every unhallowed artifice. With the potion that he drinks, youth returns to his body and his passions, but his intellect remains as before, matured, ambitious, soaring in its tendency, and frequently amid all the intoxications of sorcery, self-accusing, and repentant.

Those who wish to see this scene as well as read it, must go to the outline illustrations of Retzsch.

> In those soft limbs reposing must I see The immost essence of each brighter heaven.

"Dorothea
This hour is to die here.
Antoninus. Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman.

The expression occurs several times in the same writer.
"Whence that completed form of all completeness?

Massinger's Virgin Martyr.

Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where,
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?"—Keats.

THE STREET.

Connecting the opening of this scene with the words of Mephistopheles at the end of the scene preceding it, it may be doubted whether Margaret is intended in beauty to be really the "model of all womankind," though Faust evidently thinks so. It does not appear that it was her form Faust saw in the mirror. It must be borne in mind, that he is now a young man, every outward trace of the philosopher and schoolman "declined into the vale of years," has disappeared; Retzsch represents him in this scene, as a young, gay, and beardless gallant.

MARGARET'S CHAMBER.

Faust's soliloquy at the opening of this scene has been compared with that of Iachimo, in the chamber of Imogene, in Cymbeline, but the contemplations of Iachimo are not quite so abstracted.

PROMENADE.

This scene explains the mode in which Margaret is deprived of the jewels by the pious scruples of her mother, which by the bad advice of the accommodating Martha, induces her to indulge herself by wearing the second set in secret, and unknown to her parent. Her innocence is thus partially undermined by the agency of the evil one, before her acquaintance with Faust extends beyond the casual meeting in the street. Though the rage of Mephistopheles at the loss of the casket may be affected to enhance the value of his gifts, it exhibits him in a miscrably petty and contemptible point of view; Faust might well, in a previous scene, call him a "poor devil!"

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

The dialogue between Mephistopheles and Martha, in which he moves her to sorrow and anger, and raises her expectations only to disappoint them, by speaking of her husband's repentance, of his conduct, and his dying accusations, his suddenly acquired wealth, and his extravagance, closely resembles the sceno between Tubal and

Shylock in the Merchant of Venice, excepting that Tubal tortures the usurer unconsciously, while Mephistophelos does it purposely, and only, it would seem, to gratify his malignity. The scene is very sklifully written. Martha's catalogue of her husband's "only" faults, is rather amusing, as it includes all the worst and most destructive vices.

FOREST AND CAVERN.

"The poet does not paint the scenes of sorcery and enchantment which should have followed the interview in the garden, and occupied the interval between that scene and the present. On the contrary he shows us Faust already satiated with his happiness. He begins also to feel with bitter sorrow the weight of the chain, by which he is united to such a being as Mephistopheles, who, skilful in tormenting, throws on him the keenest raillery. The sublime or generous emotions, which move the soul of his victim, he degrades beneath the most brutal instinct. It is a picture of Psyche tortured by demons; it is a terrible example of the celestial soul struggling with earthly passions The most powerful image which the evil spirit employs to drive Faust to despair is the description of the sorrow into which he is plunging Margaret, though at the same time he inflames, with infern address, the passion that is to prove the destruction of the unfortunate girl. In fact, Margaret believes she is already forgotten; alone in her chamber, she neglects her person and her occupations, and feeds upon the memory of the past, and the hope of the future."-Madame Voiart.

Her mind on you for ever dreaming.

** And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun, And she forgot the blue above the trees, And she forgot the dells where waters run, And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze; She had no knowledge when the day was done, And the new morn she saw not."—Kcats' Isabella.

RECESS.

The term rendered by the word "Recess," is Zwinger, a word which has caused much dispute as to its meaning. Retzsch's engraving of this scene renders it perfectly intelligible. It is a niche or recess in a wall adjoining the church, containing a statue of the Mater dolorosa. What may have been the origin of the word may be more difficult to decide.

NIGHT.-BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

You cursed Ratcatcher! who art thou Alluring with your music now?

It is a common superstition in Germany that some ratcatchers can charm the vermin to follow them by music; among the minor poems of Goethe is one called the Ratcatcher (Rattenfanger,) founded on the same belief; it begins;

"Ich bin der wohl bekannte Sänger Der vielgereis'te Rattenfänger;"

It appears, however, that he can also charm prettier things than rats;—

"Und waren Mädchen noch so blöde Und waren Weiber noch so spröde; Doch allen wird so liebebang Bey Zaubersaiten und Gesang."

WALPURGIS' NIGHT.

The festival of the saint who converted the Saxon people to Christianity is held on the first of May. She was a female named Walpurgis, or more correctly perhaps, Val

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purgis; in one collection of German Tales she is called Walburga. The range of the Hartz mountains has for ages been the "chosen seat" of superstition, and the legends connected with the various localities are of the wildest character. Science has recently laid its disenchanting hand on the "spectre of the Brocken;" it is now classed "in the dull catalogue of common things," and accounted for by reflection and refraction, or phenomena of that kind. The Blocksberg is the highest mountain of the range, and is supposed to be the spot on which all the witches, wizards, and "juggling fiends" of Germany hold a yearly gathering on the night of the first of May. How it came to be fixed on the festival of a saint is not explained. The Blocksberg, like the mountains or mountain ranges of other countries where Druidism prevailed, was the last strong-hold of the Druids, when the progress of Christianity was weakening their influence on the minds of the people. The performance of their rites among the wilds of the mountains was taken for the orgics of sorcerers by the peasantry. Goethe has written a poem on this tradition, called the "First Walpurgis Night," in which the Druids propose to cheat and scare the Christians "with the devil that they fable," by assuming hideous disguises, and approaching with fire and loud noise and outcries. Schirke and Elend are the names of two villages in the neighbourhood of the Brocken mountain.

"The ruin of Margaret being completed, Mephistopheles thenceforth troubles himself no more about her, his end is accomplished; it is now the perdition of Faust that he seeks to consummate. To ensure the confusion of his soul, and to pervert his noblest impulses, he leads him to the Witch's Sabbath, held among the summits of the Hartz. The horrors and dangers of the path are increased around the wanderers by the darkness and the tempest of the night. The trees mean, shaken by the storm, their branches are shattered, the 'owls fly scared away,' the unchained winds roll the clouds in whirling masses, and in the midst of this disorder of nature, the whole length of the mountain-chain re-echoes with the magic song of the sorecers who, from all parts, flock to the nocturnal orgic of Mammon."—Madame Voiart.

Trees and rocks distorted grin.

Throughout this scene the grotesque, the horrible, and the sublime, are mingled together; the idea in this line is not very intelligible, though I conclude it to mean that the rapidity with which objects are whirled past, gives them a distorted appearance, equivalent to the grin on a human countenance. Poets have often given human action to inanimate objects, with the happiest effect; thus Wordsworth says of trees in autumn, that they

"In frenzied numbers tear The lingering remnant of their yellow hair."

The whirlwind's stress
Bursts through the ever verdant palaces
Splintering their pillars.

"A whirlwind roar'd Impetuous, warring with fierce elements; Which bursts the blustering forests, smites away The branches, shattering, hurling them afar."

Dante's Inferno, c. 9.

As in a fearfully entangled fall.

Shelley's translation of these two lines is equal, if not superior, to the original, for the "stormy music" of their rythm;

> " Over each other crack and crash they all In terrible and intertangled fall."

The original is,

"Im fürchterlich-verworrenen Falle Uber einander krachen sie Alle."

It will be seen that Shelley has transposed them, putting the second line first, and has improved the effect of his translation by so doing. The rhymes being the same both in the German and the English, every translator would naturally use them, thus producing two lines generally resembling those of Shelley, but easily distinguished from his by their inferiority. The first translator of such a passage will probably render it the best, as his successors not wishing to be thought copyists, will differ from him purposely, and in proportion as they differ will be inferior.

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Over Ilsenstein's crest.

Ilsenstein is the name of a rock in the Brocken.

From Felsensee.

"From the lake of the rocks;" like Ilsenstein, it is the name of a spot in the neighbourhood.

Place! Squire Voland comes!

Squire Voland is one of the names of the devil in German legendary lore.

'Tis Lilith !

Lilith is a formidable spectre, said by Jewish superstition to watch for and kill children, like the Striges and Lamia of the Romans:

"Pransæ Lamiæ vivum pucrum extrahat alvo."

Horace.

"The Talmudists say that Adam had a wife, called Lilis, before he married Eve, and of her he begat nothing but devils."—Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

I in it saw a rifted tree.

The lines, the absence of which is marked with stars, are left imperfect in the original; from what is given of them a meaning might be supplied, but as they are not worth translating, I have not attempted it. The same liberty is taken a little farther on in a speech of Mephistopheles, of which four lines are omitted; they are very obscure and very coarse, and may be spared by the reader without regret.

Proctophantasmist.

Mr. Hayward states that the individual meant by this personage, is Nicolai of Berlin, a writer who for nearly twenty years had, by his criticisms in a periodical, which he partly conducted, a considerable influence on German Literature. They were written in a cold prosaic spirit, and he had frequent disputes with the writers of the time, among them Wieland and Goethe.

Tegel.

Tegel is a little place some ten miles from Berlin, where, in the year 1799, an affair occurred something like that of our own Cock-lane flost, which terrified the people of Berlin notwithstanding their enlightenment by such writers as Nicolai. Mr. Hayward gives a long note on this affair, and on Nicolai himself.

Mephisto? scest thou there Lone and far off that figure pale and fair?

Amid the wild and grotesque enchantments of the Witch's Kitchen, Faust is captivated by the visionary form of a beautiful woman; in the unearthly revelry of the Witches' Sabbath, he is roused from the delusions of the scene by another apparition, beautiful still, but how milke the form which he saw in the magic mirror! This is invested with the fascination of horror, as the first was with the attractions of grace. From the eagerness shown by Mephistopheles to avert his gaze and attention from it, it does not seem to have been conjured up by the Evil One, but rather to be sent by a better power to recall the mind of Faust to the victim of his passions, whom the intoxications of sorcery had made him for awhile forget, and whom it is not the wish of Mephistopheles that he should remember. The warning is sefectual: the unholy tunuit

of the infernal revel appears to have no more attractions for him, for the scene abruptly closes, and his inquiries probably force from the tempter the intelligence that produces the terrible scene of denunciation and hatred which follows the intermezzo.

The eyes she gazes with are those Of a dead corse.

"Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,
There is no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost glare with."—Macbeth.

How wondrously the fairness of her neck That sing!e, narrow, crimson line doth deck No broader than a knife back!

The apparitions of persons who have been beheaded are supposed to appear with this token of the manner of their death. So in Southey's Collequies he thus introduces his shadowy interlocutor; "Is it Sir Thomas More?—The same, he made answer, and lifting up his chin, displayed a circle round his neck, brighter in colour than the ruby. The marks of martyrdom, continued he, are our insignia of honour. Fisher and I have the purple collar, as Friar Forest and Cranmer have the robe of fire."

In an engraved portrait of Lady Jane Grey, which the translator once met with, a small necklace was so disposed round her throat that nothing appeared but a single narnow circle, the rest being concealed by a robe. Whether it was meant as a reference to this superstition, did not appear, but it seemed not unlikely. It is worth notice, that in the opening of the scene in which Margaret's brother is killed, Mephistopheles speaks of a necklace as one of the articles in the casket along with the "lion-dollars;"

"I saw within it some such thing, A sort of band or string of pearl."

This has been explained as a sneering allusion to the awful vision seen by Faust on Walpurgis night, but the inference appears to me to be overstrained.

THE INTERMEZZO;

OR, OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING FEAST.

The Intermezzo has not the least connexion with the story of the Drama, and consists of a number of light and graceful verses put into the mouths of a strange variety of beings, human and spiritual. Their meaning, if ever they were intended to have any, is very obscure, and the satirical allusions are far from being generally understood even in Germany; it is only a well-educated few who are well acquainted with the literary and courtly history of the time in which they were written, who can be said to understand them, but to these, it is said, the verses afford the highest gratification. The allusions in the opening to the quarrel between Oberon and Titania are sufficiently intelligible, and are probably suggested by Wieland's Oberon.

A golden bridal is celebrated on the fiftieth Anniversary of a couple's marriage. The silver bridal is the twenty-fifth celebration of the same event.

Brave Mieding's sons are we.

Mieding was the scene painter of the Theatre at Weimar. On his death Goethe enshrined his memory in a beautiful little poem, or lament. He must have been a man of superior qualities.

It would be an endless task to cite all the meanings that have been given to the different verses or the names of the speakers, if they can be so called. Perhaps the following extract from Mr. Boileau, author of the Nature and Genius of the German Language, will prove that the undertaking would be in vain.

"This intermezzo in general appears to be a mere freak of Goëthe's fancy. He very likely had in his mind one of the songs which were sung by students in the German

Universities fifty or sixty years ago, the burthen of which song was the following barbarous Latin;

Ecce quam bonum Bonum et jucundum Habitare fratres in unum!

Every one of the carousing party was obliged to sing an impromptu of four German lines exactly in the metre of this intermezzo. The more the verse was ridiculous and absurd, the greater was the mirth which it created. I remember for instance.

Der Teufel fuhr zum Thor hinein Mit hundert Kariolen; Man fragte was das sollte seyn? Die Häscher will ich holen!

'The devil drove through the gate into the town with one hundred cabriolets, and when he was asked what that was for, his answer was; I come to fetch the constables away.'

This of course tickled the fancy of riotous students, who frequently came in contact with the constables of the University.

Goethe's verses all along this intermezzo are not many degrees superior. He probably wrote them in a merry mood, as Voltaire did his Pucelle d'Orléans, bentonly upon amusing himself and making others laugh, always remembering the observation of the Prince de Ligne, 'qu'il n'y a que les bétiese qui fassent rire.' Not that I mean to deny the stanzas of this intermezzo being interspersed with satirical strokes and sprightly allusions, to which Goethe never would furnish a key."

A GLOOMY DAY .- THE OPEN PLAIN.

This is the only scene in the drama that is written in prose. A "gloomy day" is the fitting time for such a dialogue. The bond which unites Faust to Mephistopheles has now become quite insupportable to him; his passion is fearful, and he seems to terrify rather than persuade Mephistopheles into compliance with his will.

The next scene, where they are discovered rushing along on the magic steeds, is intended, as well as the pale fettered figure on the Brocken, to shadow forth the approaching doom of Margaret. The "raven-stone" is a name given in Germany to the gibbet.

THE PRISON.

The wish expressed by Faust to feel within himself "all human wee," is in this seene accomplished, and, too ambitious of emotion, he finds his misery insupportable; he does not wish for death, but regrets that he ever lived. "Oh! had I ne'er been born."

From the song sung by Margaret at the opening of the scene, and her incapability of recognising Faust, it is at once evident that Margaret is distracted. His voice recalls her to herself, but with reason returns the consciousness of guilt; the frenzy of passion has passed away, and she prefers death to a guilty liberty.

The staff is broken.

The breaking a staff was once the last formality of a trial, and intimated that the sentence was irrevocably spoken. The form is still preserved in our state trials; the breaking the staff was the last ceremony performed by Lord Denman, as High Steward in the affair of Lord Cardigan.

To the seat of blood they haste.

Beheading is still the capital punishment of Germany; the blood-seat (Blutstuhl) is a sort of chair or seat to which females are fastened and undergo the sentence; males are made to kneel on a heap of sand.

The following remarks on the character of Margaret, in

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reference to this scene, are extracted from the London and Westminster Review, vols. 3 and 25, p. 387. "Civil law absolves the madman from any responsibility of his acts; we may hope that divine law will absolve the moral madman, the fanatic, from the responsibility of his acts. Margaret labours under a charm, under a frenzy, under the fanaticism of love; she thinks it her duty to obey blindly, to sacrifice soul as well as life to him who sways her affections. Certainly a grievous mistake; but do we, can we cease to admire her as an angel of innocence after as before her fall? We appeal to any person who has read 'Faust' if Margaret is not always uppermost in our affections. At last the charm is broken, 'Thy lips are cold,' says she; Faust loves her no longer, and Margaret, steeped in crime to the lips-Margaret, who has poisoned her mother, drowned her child, whose hands are spotted with the blood of her brother, can still say to Faust,

'Faust! mir schaudert vor dir!'

'Faust, I shudder at thee!'

Margaret labours not under vice, her body sins from un-

conscious error—but her soul is always pure, and her soul was innocent till under the sword of the executioner."

In a note to the foregoing extract, an explanation of the conclusion of this scene is given; it is, says the writer, the soul of Margaret that is judged. "The charm of love is broken, her moral sight restored, and the door of the prison thrust open. On one side she has presented to her life and sin, and on the other certain death. She decides without any hesitation, for death against sin. Mephistopheles has lost the soul, and with the concentrated wrath of disappointment he cries, 'She is judged.'- 'Is saved,' adds the voice from Heaven. * * * * The scene changes after Faust has disappeared and follows him. From within is now from the interior of the prison, and the voice from the prison dies away upon the ears of Faust, who is rapidly moving away. The 'Hither to me' implies that he follows the evil spirit; but he is not yet lost, for his good angel can still call after him 'Henry' to win him back. The voice is Margaret's; but the poet, by not attributing it expressly to Margaret, wishes us to take it in the more general sense of the warning of Faust's good angel."

APPENDIX.

As some German reader may feel a curiosity to see a specimen of one of the numerous "Fausts" already published here, the following is extracted from the poem of Nicholas Lenau. It is a passage from a solloquy, in which Faust expresses the causes of his discontent; he would rather not exist at all, than not feel within himself all the joy and all the sorrow of the world. Every kiss given on earth he wishes to feel thrilling through his frame, and every earthly sorrow he wishes to feel gnawing at his heart; this is unnatural exaggeration, and is a rich specimen of "o'erdoing Termagant."

"So lang ein Kuss auf Erden glüht Der nicht durch meinem Seele sprüht; So lang ein Schmerz auf Erden klagt, Der nicht an meinem Herzen nagt; So lang Ich nicht allwaltend bin, War Ich viel lieber ganz dahin!— Ila! wie das Meer tobt Himmelwärts, Und widerhallt in dir, O Herz! Ich fühl's es ist derselbe drang

Der hier in meinem Herzen lebt Und der die Flut zum Himmei hebt, Die Sehnsucht nach dem Untergang. Es ist das ungeduldig Zanken Hindurchzubrechen alle Sehranken, Im freudensvollen Todesfalle, Zusammenstürzen Alle—Alle."—

* * * * * * *
"O, greife weiter, weiter Sturm,
Und nimm auf deine starken Schwingen,
Den höchsten Stern—den tiefsten Wurm.
Uns endlich Alle heimzubringen!"

In this Poem, Faust, wearied of the pursuit of knowledge, falls at last into the clouds and mists of sophism; he persuades himself that all is nothing, that life is but a dream, a delusion, a cheat, and he ends by committing suicide; the following is his last speech:—

"Du böser Geist! heran! Ich spotte dein,
Du Lügengeist, Ich lache unserm Bunde!
Den nur der Schein geschossen mit dem Schein,
Hörst du!—wir sind getrennt von dieser Stunde!
In schwarz und bang entflattert deiner Kraft,
Bin Ich ein Traum, entflattert deiner Haft,
Ich bin ein Traum mit Lust, und Schuld, und Schmerz,
Und träume mir das Messer in das Herz."

[Er erstickt sich.

MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS.

It is supposed that Faust, the Doctor, died about 1560; the Tragedy of Marlowe was first printed in 1604, but was written and acted two or three years earlier. Marlowe, then, seems to have been the first

who took the character for the subject of a drama. An analysis of the piece, and a few extracts from it, may prove interesting, for the purpose of comparison with the work of Goethe. It opens with a speech from the chorus, explaining the birth and parentage of Faustus, and the superiority of his acquirements:—

"Now is he born of parents base of stock, In Germany, within a town called Rhodes; At riper years to Wittenberg lie went, Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him up. So much he profits in Divinity, That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name, Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute In the heavenly matters of Theology; Till swoll'n with cunning, and a self-conceit, His waxen wings did mount above his reach, And melting heavens conspired his overthrow; In falling to a devilish exercise, And glutted now with learning's golden gifts, He surfeits on the cursed Neeromaney."

The play then begins with a soliloquy of Faust, in his study, reasoning on the value of the different branches of human learning, Logic, Medicine, Law, and Divinity, but he is dissatisfied with them all, and declares his preference for Magic, as bestowing power, and procuring enjoyment:—

"Oh! what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obey'd in their several provinces,
But his dominion, that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as does the mind of man."

Wagner his servant enters, whom he despatches to his friends, Valdes and Cornelius, two students in supernatural lore, whose assistance he intends to request. After Wagner has gone, a good Angel and a bad enter, one exhorting him to lay aside his magical books, and cease his inquaries, the other urging him to proceed. He is unshaken in his determination, and his anticipations of the enjoyment he shall derive from the possession of unearthly power, have a rich and glowing air of luxuriousness:—

"Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please, Resolve me of all ambiguities? Perform what desperate enterprise I will? I'll have them fly to India for gold, Ransack the ocean for orient pearl, And search all corners of the new-found world For pleasant fruits and princely delicates."

He desires also knowledge as well as enjoyments, for he says,

"I'll have them read me strange philosophy; And tell the secrets of all foreign kings." A conference with Valdes and Cornelius follows, in which they set forth the advantages of the pursuit of Magic; Valdes speaks of the command to be obtained over spirits, whom they shall be able to make

"guard us when we please, Like Almain ritters, with their horseman's staves, Or Lapland giants trotting by our sides;

occasionally, too, in more attractive shapes,

"Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids, Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows, Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love."

They agree to dine together and have a further consultation, and the scene closes. After a short scene between Wagner and two Scholars, follows the summoning of Lucifer by Faust, amid thunder and lightning; a demon rises, but in too hideous a shape, and Faust commands him to take the form of a Franciscan friar; he, however, does not choose to obey, but appears as Mephistopheles. Faust commands him to do him service, but Mephistopheles says he cannot comply unless he has the permission of Lucifer, his prince. Faust asks.

"Did he not charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No; I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring raise thee? Speak!

Meph. That was the cause, but yet per accidens;

For when we hear one racke the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures, and his Saviour Christ,

We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;

Nor will we come unless he use such means,

Whereby he is in danger to be dammed."

Faust expresses his determination "had he as many souls as there be stars," to forfeit them for twentyfour years of pleasure and voluptuousness, and Mephistopheles is required to obtain the permission of Lucifer to the compact, and dismissed. After another scene of miserable buffoonery between Wagner and a Clown, Faust appears in his study, awaiting the appearance of the Fiend, and struggling with remorse. He is again visited by the two Angels, and receives their different exhortations. He continues unchanged, and on the arrival of Mephistopheles, he signs a bond with his blood, giving over his soul to the Evil One at the end of twenty-four years, on the condition of having unlimited power and enjoyment during the term. The deed is given at length, in due legal form. As Faust signs, the blood which he procures by stabbing his arm, flows into the form of letters, and he reads the inscription Homo fuge! On this Mephistopheles raises a number of spirits " with crowns and rich apparel," who dance to "delight his mind." After the document is regularly "signed, scaled, and delivered," Mephistopheles bids Faust ask him what question he will, when he requires to know the "whereabout" of hell. The reply of Mephistopheles has both moral and poetic beauty :--

"Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed In one self-place; but where we are is hell; And where hell is, there must we ever be: And to be short, when all the world dissolves, And every creature shall be purified, All places shall be hell that are not heaven."

Faust desires the possession of beauty, and the Fiend promises compliance:—

"She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have; Were she as chaste as was Penelope, As wise as Saha, or as beautiful As was bright Lucifer before his fall."

He then gives him a magic book and departs.

The next scene shows Faust and the fiend in conference, Faust being again a prey to remorse for the step he has taken, but the only reply he receives to his complaint, is,

"'Twas thine own seeking, Faustus, thank thyself."

The two opposing Angels enter, and Faust again becomes unrepentant:—

"My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent;
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven;
Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have done the deed,
Had not much pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love, and Æneas' death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistopheles?

Faust and Mephistopheles then hold a long dispute on the obscurities of the old astronomy, and the scene closes with a masque of the Seven Deadly Sins.

The next scene presents Faust in Rome, where Pope Adrian has degraded his rival, Bruno, and calls a council of Cardinals to search the statutes for tle punishment accorded to the assumption of the papal dignity without election of the Church. Faust despatches Mephistopheles to throw the consulting cardinals into a deep sleep, and himself and the fiend, disguised as two of the holy body, return to the pope declaring their sentence to be death to Bruno. pope delivers him to their care, and they send him on a flying steed to Germany, to the emperor. A banquet follows, at which Faustus, at his own request, remains invisible, and plays various fantastic tricks, such as snatching away the plate and cup of his holiness whenever he attempts to eat or drink, concluding by giving the successor of St. Peter a knock-down blow, for all which misdeeds he is formally cursed with "bell, book, and candle." The scene then shifts to Germany, where he is warmly received by the emperor, for whom he raises the forms of Darius, and Alexander "and his paramour," perhaps Campaspe—and revenges some slighting remark of one of the courtiers by fixing a pair of stag's horns on his head. This leads to a plot on Faust's life, by this courtier (Benvolio) and his companions; Faust enters, with what the stage direction calls "a false head," which they cut off, and while they are exulting in the success of their plot, he springs up uninjured, and delivers them over to Mephistopheles, and "other devils," to be tormented. He afterwards sells a bundle of straw to a horse-dealer, to whom it appears to be a horse, but on riding his bargain into a stream it disappears, and there is nothing left but a bundle of straw, floating away. He does various other tricks, but it must be confessed these scenes, as well as those between the subordinate characters, are totally destitute of interest or humour. At a feast which he gives to two or three scholars, he, at their request, raises the form of Helen, in all her beauty, of whom he becomes enamoured. In the second part of the Faust of Goethe, he makes him raise the shades of Helen and Paris, in presence of the court, and in the same manner he becomes struck with her loveliness. But, to return to Marlowe's play; after Helen has disappeared and the scholars taken their leave, an old man enters, who begs Faustus, while there is yet time, to repent, but Mephistopheles threatens him with instant destruction if he docs, and his remorse disappearing, he requires the fiend to procure him the possession of Helen. His wish is instantly complied with, and Helen appears between two Cupids. Faust breaks out into the following impassioned address:—

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships, And burnt the topless towers of Ilium? Sweet Helen! make me immortal with a kiss! Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies; Come! Helen! come, give me my soul again. Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in those lips, And all is dross that is not Helena."

"Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air, Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars; Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter, When he appear'd to hapless Semele; More lovely than the monarch of the sky In wanton Arethusa's azure arms; And none but thou shall be my paramour."

The two first lines of this last passage breathe an intense appreciation of the beautiful, and a rare power of expression—none but a true poet could have written them. They resemble, and indeed contain, the main idea of Byron's celebrated lines,

" She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies;"

but Marlowe has clothed it in language more soft and exquisite in its harmony and expression than the modern bard. This is the last pleasure Faust derives from his art; the term has almost expired, and as it draws to a close, his remorse and terrors increase to a fearful degree. He tells the scholars who come to visit him what he has done:—

"Lucifer and Mephistopheles! Oh, Gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my ounning! All. God forbid! Faust. God forbade it, but Faustus hath done it.

They depart to offer up their prayers for him, and leave him to wrestle with his agony alone. The Good and Bad Angels visit him, one reminding him of what he has lost, and the other showing him what is to come. The description of the infernal tortures, given by the Bad Angel, reads like a passage from Dante. As they vanish, the clock strikes eleven, and Faust's concluding soliloquy is only interrupted by the striking of the bell, which speaks the lapse of the short remainder of the term with horrible distinctness, while he prays for an hour-a moment's respite-and calls upon the mountains to cover him; As the clock strikes twelve, he is torn in pieces. The two scholars return in the morning, and gather up his mangled limbs, the play concluding with a few lines, spoken by a Chorus :-

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight, And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful torture may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things:
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,
To practise more than heavenly power permits."

The first two lines of this passage are used by Mr. Horne, in the conclusion of his fine dramatic sketch, the "Death of Marlowe." This old play of "Faustus" has been translated into German.

Friedrich SCHILLER'S TRAGEDIES:

THE PICCOLOMINI;

AND

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

Translated from the German,

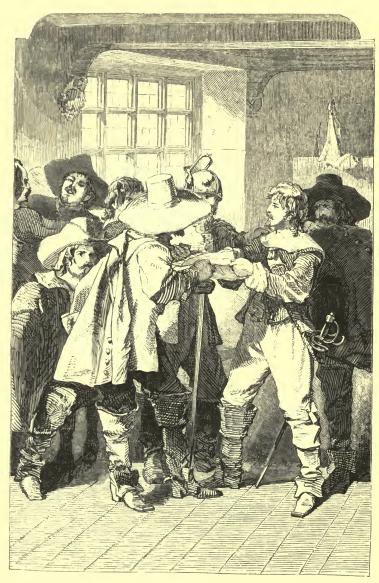
BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORICAL SKETCH.







"Look, that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening."—AcT ii., Scene 13.

THE

TRAGEDIES OF SCHILLER.

THE PICCOLOMINI AND WALLENSTEIN.



F. VON SCHILLER.

TRANSLATED BY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

Ar the period of the Reformation, when the world awoke from a sleep of ages at the trumpet-toned summons of the intrepid Luther, the inhabitants of Bohemia were among the first to embrace the doctrines he promulgated. Bohemia suffered, in common with other Protestant states, from the persecution of the Catholics; but, adhering closely to their religion, they absolutely refused to march against the Protestant princes who had associated together under the title of the Smalcaldic League, and, taking arms against their sovereign, Ferdinand of Austria, prepared to join their fellow Protestants; but so many delays took place, that the decisive battle of Muhlberg, fought in 1547, and in which Charles V. entirely defeated the princes of the League, occurred before the Bohemian troops had joined the army. They immediately dispersed, and supplicated the mercy of their incensed sovereign, but in vain. Ferdinand gladly seized the opportunity of establishing his power, and he abolished many of their privileges, abridged others, and new-modelled the constitution according to his pleasure. He punished many of the insurgents with death, others with confiscation of their goods, or perpetual banishment. He disarmed the whole population, established oppressive garrisons, and loaded his people with taxes; all which, although it produced the silence of terror, by no means served to extinguish the fire of freedom.

The peace of Augsburg, which was finally ratified by the Emperor in 1555, put an end for a time to the contest between the Protestants and Catholics, but only to break out again with redoubled violence. Tranquillity was maintained throughout the reigns of Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, the successor of Charles V., and Maximilian II., whose mild sway went far to calm the stormy spirits of the age; but under the feeble administration of his son Rudolph, disputes again ran high, and the princes again began to band themselves together. Frederick IV., Elector of the Palatinate, headed the Protestant "Union," and Maximilian of Bavaria was the chief of the Catholic "League." The better to strengthen himself against his brother Mathias, who had rebelled against him, and finally possessed himself of all the power of the empire, Rudolph granted to the Bohemians a charter, known as "The Letter of Majesty," confirming all their ancient privileges and granting them entire freedom in their religion. Mathias succeeded to the titles of emperor and king, on the death of Rudolph, (the power he was already possessed of,) and, having no children, adopted Ferdinand of Gratz, Archduke of Carniola and Styria—a disciple of the Jesuits, and a staunch Catholic—as his successor on the throne of Bohemia; and he succeeded in persuading the people to ratify this choice, but not before Ferdinand had signed a document, freeing them from their allegiance as subjects, in the event of his infringing any of those rights which the coronation oath would call upon him to maintain. The violation of this agreement produced "the Thirty Years' War."

The charter granted by Rudolph to the Bohemians provided that "the Protestants should have the full right to build new schools and churches, not only in the towns, but in the country." Two new churches, built at Brunau and Clostergraben, were violently seized upon by the Catholic clergy, who pulled down one and shut up the other. A complaint was made to the Lords of the Council, the Emperor's representatives at Prague, who threw the deputies into prison. The Protestant members of the states, then assembled at Prague, upon this sent a remonstrance to the Emperor, who refused all redress, and declared that the states had abused the charter, and that the deputies were rebels and traitors. A copy of the imperial letter, and permission to return the next day and deliver their reply, were conceded to the deputation from the Protestant states, who proceeded to hold a meeting at the house of Count Thurn, where it was resolved to inform the Lords of the Council, "that after the signature of the great charter by the Emperor, no order or decree, tending to endanger the liberties of the Protestant religion, could be received or obeyed;" and eight of the principal members were deputed to deliver this answer.

On the next morning, the 23rd of May, 1618, the deputation, each man in full armour, proceeded to the castle, followed by an immense multitude, all in arms, calling aloud for vengeance, many of whom thrust themselves into the hall of audience along with the deputies. The discussion, although begun in a temperate tone, soon became stormy. There were present at the board two members particularly obnoxious, Slavata and Martinez, whom it had been previously determined to remove, should they appear. Reproaches were showered upon them, which were retorted; and at length the fiery Neuzel of Raupowna exclaimed, "Wherefore all this delay? Let them be thrown out of the window, according to the good old Bohemian fashion." The words were no sooner spoken than the deed was done; and not only Slavata and Martinez, but Fabricius the secretary, who had crept under the table, were precipitated from the windows. Sternberg and Lob-Kowitz were saved by their friends, who hurried them into snother room. Fortunately there was a large mound of loose rubbish under the windows, and the unlucky councillors received little damage from their tumble, and notwithstanding they were fired at, they all escaped. This unfortunate affair proved very injurious to the Protestant cause, and gave its enemies a handle against them which they did not fall to make use of.

A humble apology and justification was sent to Vienna, but the states were careful to put themselves in a posture of defence. Some of the Catholic clergy were banished, and all the Jesuits were expelled. Count Thurn was put at the head of the army, and alliances were formed with Silesia and Lusatia, and application made to other

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states; negotiations were attempted without success, and hostilities commenced. The Catholics of Bohemia, being equally interested with the Protestants in the maintenance of the charter, joined in opposing the Emperor; and Count Mansfeld, the celebrated Condottieri leader, brought 4000 men to their aid, and captured Pilsen, the second town in the country, and the last which adhered to the Austrians. They endeavoured to persuade the famous Wallenstein, the favourite hero of the Germans, and whose fortunes form the subject of the beautiful drama to which these remarks are introductory, and who at this time was in command of the provincial militia of Moravia, to declare in their favour, but he remained stedfast to the Emperor, and was in consequence obliged to withdraw from Olmutz, carrying with him, however, the public treasure, which he delivered to the Emperor at Vienna.

Here we must pause for a moment to take a retrospect of the career of this extraordinary man, of whose earlier life very little isknown, and who had at this period only just begun to be known and esteemed as a commander. Albrecht Eusebius Wenzeslaus of Waldstein or Wallenstein, was born at Humanie in Bohemia, on the 15th of September 1583, of an ancient and noble but impoverished family; and as he was the youngest of six sons, his share of patri mony was but small. He was originally bred a Protestant, but the early loss of his parents threw him upon the protection of a maternal uncle, a Catholic, who placed him at the College of Nobles at Olmutz, established by the Jesuits, who found him an easy convert. He was from his boyhood averse to learning, fond of arms, and ambitious of command; his active, powerful, and inquiring mind was incessantly occupied in procuring a knowledge of men and manners, and before entering on any profession he was able to gratify this disposition by foreign travel. He early entered the army, in what capacity is not known, but he met with little encouragement; and served several campaigns against the Turks, before he attained the command of a company of foot. The want of money was probably the cause of his bad success, for at that period military rank could, as with us at this day, be purchased. His first step to fortune was the marriage of a wealthy widow, somewhat advanced in years. He lived retired with her, upon her estates, which devolved to him upon her death, which happened within a few years, but at what precise time is not ascertained. He is entirely lost to history for ten years, from 1607 to 1617, when, in his thirty-third year. he reappeared, and raised at his own expense a corps of horsemen, whom he led to the assistance of Perdinand of Gratz, who was then at war with the Venetians. His successful conduct on this occasion, the splendour of his troops, the liberality of their pay, and the magnificence of his style of living, drew all eyes upon him. The Emperor invited him to Vienna, created him a count, gave him a chamberlain's key, and the important command of the Moravian militia. He now married his second wife, Isabella Catherine, Countess of Harrach, daughter of Count Harrach the Imperial minister; a lady who not only brought him a great accession of fortune, but of influence also. We may here remark that Mr. Coleridge has in his translation fallen into an error in making it appear that the Countess Tertsky was the sister of this lady. She was the sister of Wallenstein himself; and the mistake appears to have crept into the manuscript copy used by Mr. Coleridge, by some inadvertency, as in the printed copies, which were not published when the translation was made, the fact is correctly stated.

Wallenstein had now begun his career of glory. On his return from Olmutz he raised a troop of cultaissiers, and joining General Bocquoi, took an active part in the contest.

Ferdinand of Gratz succeeded to the Austrian dominions on the 20th March 1618, but it was a troubled inheritance. The Bohemians had now two armies: one under Count Mansfeld, the other under Count Thurn; which latter was closely investing Vienna, when news arrived of the total defeat of Mansfeld by Bocquoi and Wallenstein, which forced Thurn to withdraw, and Ferdinand was delivered from great jeopardy. On the 29th of August, Ferdinand was elected emperor, and about the same time the Bohemians openly renounced their allegiance to him, and called Frederick V., the Elector Palatine, and husband of Elizabeth of England, to the throne. His story is well known. Abandoned by the allies, who, by the treaty of Ulm, agreed to give him no assistance except in defence of his native dominions, Maximilian, the chief of the League, who had entered into strict alliance with Ferdinand, turned all his forces against him; and the defeat of Bethlem Gabor becquoi and Wallenstein left their troops at liberty to attack Bohemia, and their united forces routed the army of Prince Christian of Anhalt, on the 8th November, 1620, and drove Frederick from his throne, and the battle of Prague restored Ferdinand to his dominions, when he commenced a dreadful persecution of the Protestants.

Wallenstein retired to his estates, and occupied himself in the acquisition of the enormous wealth for which he was afterwards distinguished, and which he effected by the purchase of confiscated estates. The deaths of Bocquoi and Dampier, the two best generals in the Austrian service, again called Wallenstein to the field, and in 1621 and 1623 he distinguished himself by defeating the armies of Bethlem Gabor. In reward of his services he was created Count Palatine and Duke of Friedland, with the right of striking coin and granting patents of nobility. In possession of vast estates, he occupied himself incessantly with their improvement; and although he lived with princely magnificence, every detail of his expense was managed with the most scrupulous economy. Meantime Tilly was occupied in the reduction of the Palatinate, but when this had been effected, and Mansfeld and the Duke of Brunswick driven out, the states began to take the alarm at the growing power of Ferdinand, and taking arms, an army of 60,000 men was quickly brought together. They entered into an alliance with the King of Denmark, and called, though vainly, upon England for assistance. The war began, but with small success. Tilly called for reinforcements, but the Emperor could not respond. His resources were utterly exhausted, and Bethlem Gabor found employment for every man be could command. At this crisis Wallenstein came forward, and offered to raise and equip an army of 50,000 men at his own expense. His offer was accepted; and it was stipulated that he should be allowed to nominate his own officers, and was besides empowered to reward himself and his followers out of the property that might be confiscated in the conquered countries,-powers that necessarily gave him a wonderful ascendancy over his troops. Adventurers hastened to the standard of the princely general, and 20,000 were collected in a month; and he marched from Eger on the 3rd of September 1625, at the head of 30,000 men, upon the frontiers of Lower Saxony. This extraordinary achievement excites our surprise, and it seems hard to believe how a private individual could command sufficient means to raise, support, and pay such a body of troops. It is true they lived at free quarters and levied very heavy contributions wherever they went; yet Wallenstein's private advances were also enormous, especially for the provision of supplies and military stores, to every detail of which he himself gave the most minute attention.

It is impossible here to give a history of the Thirty Years' War. Our object has been merely to recall to the recollection of the reader, such of its events as led to the position in which the Empire was at the opening of Schiller's drama, and to show the steps by which Wallenstein attained his perilous elevation. Our notice of the passing events can therefore only be cursory. The efforts of Wallenstein cleared Germany of hostile armics, and rendered Ferdinand sole master of the country. He pushed his conquests to the sea; state after state submitted,

and were compelled to support the troops, who tyrannized over them and levied the most unsparing contributions. A thick crop of confiscations was reaped by the conquerors, and their chief was rewarded by the rich duchy of Mecklenburg, whose legitimate sovereign was expelled to make way for the haughty soldier. He now prepared to prosecute the war by sea, and tempted the king of Sweden with the offer of both Denmark and Norway, if he would join the Emperor; buthe was above temptation. A peacewith Denmark was at length concluded at Lubeck, in January 1629, and peace might also have been enjoyed by Germany if Ferdinand had not issued a decree commanding all property formerly belonging to the church to be restored. The grievance also of supporting the law-less bands of troops scattered over the country, lax in discipline and accustomed to free quarters, was dreadful. Their excesses led to complaints against their chief, and a diet assembled at Ratisbon strongly urged the Emperor to deprive Wallenstein of his command. Ferdinand was extremely anxious to obtain the election of his son as King of Hungary, and prevailed on Wallenstein to comply. He retired in 1630 to Gitchen, where he resided in princely state and attended by a large retinue.

Meantime war was declared by Gustavus Adolphus, who entered Germany and was opposed by Tilly with various success. At length Tilly lost the famous battle of Breitenfeld, fought on the 7th December 1631, and was soon afterwards slain in another battle near Augsburg, and Gustavus traversed Germany victoriously. Wallenstein was now once more summoned to the field. He again came forward, but limited his service to three months, in which space he promised to raise an army, and his name gathered one amounting to 40,000 men in that short time. He then resigned his command, and the Emperor was reduced to entreaties, before he would comply with his request and lead the troops to action. At length, upon the terms that he should be made commander-in-chief, with absolute power over all the Austrian and Spanish troops in Germany; that neither the King of Hungarynor the Emperor were to appear with the army, still less to exercise over it any act of authority; that the Emperor was to dispose of no military appointment, to confer no reward; that no pardon which he might grant should be valid without the sanction of the Duke of Friedland; that whatever might be conquered and confiscated was to be appropriated at the sole will and pleasure of the commander-in-chief, without the interference of any other authority; that as a certain reward of his services one of the hereditary provinces of the house of Austria, as an extraordinary reward one of the provinces of the empire, should be conferred upon him; that all the Austrian dominions were to be open for the reception of the army, in case retreat should become necessary; that on the conclusion of a peace, he was to be confirmed in the possession of the duchy of Mecklenburg; and that timely notice was to be given him, should it again be thought expedient to remove him from the command, he consented to lead the troops to action.

Never before were such terms dictated by a subject to a sovereign; and deeply humiliated must Ferdinand have felt, when necessity compelled him to assent to them, and thus to render himself almost a cipher in the empire. Wallenstein was in very ill-health, suffering most severely from the gout, and there is little reason to doubt that his reluctance to assume the command was not feigned, although Schiller viewed his conduct in a different light. The very extravagance of his demands may have arisen from the hope that they would be denied. But when they were granted, he at once exerted himself with all his accustomed vigilance and energy. On the 4th of May 1632, he attacked Arnheim's army before Prague, defeated him, and, following up his successes, quickly drove out all the enemy's forces from Bohemia. He wished now to earry the war into Saxony, and thus draw Gustavus from the centre of Germany; but at the carnest request of the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria, the haughty Maximilian, whose machinations had been the chief cause of his former dismissal from command, he consented to seek the Swedes instead of forcing the Swedes to seek him. At Egra he experienced a proud triumph; Maximilian joined him with his army, which was put under the sole command of Wallenstein, and a formal instrument was executed by which both parties bound themselves to forget and forgive the past

Wallenstein conducted the campaign with extraordinary prudence; and Gustavus first experienced defeat before Nurenberg, where he suffered a reverse in an attempt to escape from the blockade by which Wallenstein attempted to subdue him in his lines by starvation. After a campaign conducted with masterly skill on both sides, Gustavus took up a position at Naumberg, and Wallenstein judging that he intended to remain there, as he had before Nurenberg, ventured to dispatch Pappenheim to the relief of Cologne, and to distribute many other of his troops in distant quarters; and in consequence, he was but ill prepared to meet Gustavus when he advanced to the famous field of Lutzen. His energy was taxed to its uttermost, and the hard-fought battle of Lutzen (6th November 1632,) was, although he experienced defeat, glorious rather than dishonourable. After rallying his troops, he took up winter quarters and occupied his time so diligently, that by the spring his army amounted to 40,000 men well equipped. In the course of the ensuing campaign, Wallenstein appears to have endeavoured to effect a peace by detaching Saxony from the Swedes; and he proposed to Arnheim the Saxon general to join with him in expelling the Swedes, "and then," said he, "we shall be able to make a peace among ourselves."

The transactions of this period are involved in much obscurity, and our knowledge of them a good deal depends upon the statements of Arnheim, "in whom," said Cardinal Richelieu, "the court of Rome lost a most accomplished Jesuit." It is certain that Arnheim reported to Oxenstiern, the Swedish commander, that Wallenstein was determined to take vengeance on the house of Austria, for the affront he had suffered when he was deprived of his command; that he intended to seize on Bohemia, restore the ancient privileges of the people, and then march to Vienna, and compel the Emperor to make peace,—a story altogether improbable, and so treated by Oxenstiern; who said, if it was a jest, it was a very bad one. With the hope of effecting a peace, Wallenstein consented to repeated truces, and his communication with the enemy caused his fidelity to be suspected; the emperor was perhaps afraid of a peace which would leave his too powerful subject unemployed. Reports of his ambitious designs became so prevalent, that applications and offers of assistance were made to him from France, to which he returned no answer. The last truce expired, and hostilities were again actively commenced, and successfully carried on, by Wallenstein. He drove the Swedes into a corner, and was in a fair way of reducing them altogether, when he was recalled to the defence of Bavaria, which was attacked by the Duke of Weimar. The reports which had been circulated to the prejudice of Wallenstein were given credit to by Ferdinand, although, when Wallenstein complained of them, he denied having heard them. He began to interfere with the arrangements of the army, and by so doing caused not only Wallenstein, but the officers, to complain. They began to be discontented, and forwarded a remonstrance against the measures adopted by the court, referring to their own sacrifices, and the want of pay. The rest of the story it is needless to detail; it is the subject of Schiller's drama, and all the attendant circumstances are fully detailed there. He however gives credit to the reality of Wallenstein's guilt, and also to the substitution of the false paper at the banquet of Illo, both which circumstances are very doubtful, and are certainly not borne out by any sufficient evidence; and it should be remembered that it was at the earnest

request of his officers, who without his aid thought their just claims would never be admitted, that he consented to abide by them, upon the condition that they would abide by him; a compact certainly not unjustifiable, under the very peculiar relations in which both army and general stood with their sovereign.

It is not our purpose here to enter into a discussion upon Wallenstein's designs or conduct; we have merely detailed the leading facts of his career, our only intention being to point out his position at the time the drama of "The Piccolomini" opens. Neither is it our province to proceed farther with an outline of the war. It is sufficient here to state, that upon the death of Wallenstein, the King of Hungary took the command of the forces, whose murmurings were pacified with money, whilst the active agents in the destruction of the dreaded chieftain were richly rewarded. After a continued struggle, in which each party alternately gained and lost the advantage, and in which both France and Spain took part, the disastrous war of thirty years, which reduced Germany from plenty and prosperity to the brink of ruin, and the miseries of disorder and poverty, was at length closed by the treaty of peace concluded at Munstgr on the 24th of October 1648, by which liberty of conscience was secured to the Protestants, and the states of Europe were settled, as respects territory, in nearly the same manner as they remained until the commencement of the French Revolution.

PREFACE.

The two Dramas,—Piccolomini, or the first part of Wallenstein, and The Death of Wallenstein, are introduced in the original manuscript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled Wallenstein's Camp. This is written in rhyme, and in nine-syllable verse, in the same *lilling* metre (if that expression may be permitted) with the second Ecloque of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.

This prelude possesses a sort of broad humour, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false idea both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable, from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions, of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their idea of that author from The Robbers, and The Cabal and Love, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the Dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are Historical Dramas, taken from a popular German History; that we must, therefore, judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or, by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar Dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from Lear or Othello, but from Richard the Second, or the three parts of Henry the Sixth. We scarcely expect rapidity in an Historical Drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters, whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages whose excellence will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the Astrological Tower, and the reflections of the Young Lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the Scene in the first Act of the first Play, between Questenberg, Max. and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the Scene of the setting sun in the Robbers, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the first Scene of the fifth Act of the concluding Play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A Translator stands connected with the original Author by a certain law of subordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellences than defects: indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labour will mingle with the feelings that arise from an after-view of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the Translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the Translator of a living Author is encumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render his original faithfully, as to the sense of each passage, he must, necessarily, destroy a considerable portion of the spirit; if he endeavour to give a work executed according to laws of compensation, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible. S. T. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty-years' War.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, Lieutenant-General.

MAX. Piccolomini, his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.

COUNT TERTSKY, the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.

ILLO, Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.

IBOLANI, General of the Croats.

Butler, an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.

TIEFENBACH, DON MARADAS,

GOETZ, KOLATTO, Generals under Wallenstein.

NEUMANN, Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertsky. Von Questenberg, the War Commissioner, Imperial Envoy.

GENERAL WRANGEL, Swedish Envoy.

BAPTISTA SENI, an Astrologer.

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, Wife of Wallenstein.

THEKLA, her daughter, Princess of Friedland.

The Countess Terrsky, sister of the Duchess.

A CORNET.

COLONELS and GENERALS (several).

PAGES and ATTENDANTS belonging to Wallenstein.

ATTENDANTS and Hoboists belonging to Tertsky.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR, to Count Tertsky.

VALET DE CHAMBRE of Count Piccolomini.

, Piecolariani was not

THE PICCOLOMINI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An old Gothic Chamber in the Council House at Pilsen, decorated with Colours and other War Insignia.

ILLO with BUTLER and ISOLANI.

TLLO.

Ye have come too late-but ye are come! The [distance, Count Isolan, excuses your delay.

ISOLANI.

Add this too, that we come not empty-handed. At Donauwerth 1 it was reported to us, A Swedish caravan was on its way Transporting a rich cargo of provision, Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize !-We bring it hither-

Just in time to banquet The illustrious company assembled here.

BUTLER.

'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

The very churches are all full of soldiers. [Casts his eye round.

And in the Council-house too, I observe, You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we sol-Must shift and suit us in what way we can. I diers

ILLO.

We have the colonels here of thirty regiments. You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach, Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam, The Piccolomini, both son and father-You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

BUTLER.

Expect not Galas.

ILLO (hesitating). How so? Do you know-

ISOLANI (interrupting him). Max. Piccolomini here? - 0 bring me to him. I see him yet ('tis now ten years ago, We were engaged with Mansfeldt hard by Dessau), I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him, Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown, And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,

Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe. The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear He has made good the promise of his youth, And the full hero now is finish'd in him.

ILLO.

You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess² From Cärnthen. We expect them here at noon.

BUTLER. Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither? He crowds in visitants from all sides.

So much the better! I had framed my mind To hear of nought but warlike circumstance, Of marches, and attacks, and batteries: And lo! the Duke provides, that something too Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present To feast our eyes.

ILLO (who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to Butler, whom he leads a little on one side).

And how came you to know That the Count Galas joins us not?

BUTLER.

Because

He importuned me to remain behind.

ILLO (with warmth). And you !-You hold out firmly !

[Grasping his hand with affection. Noble Butler!

After the obligation which the Duke Had laid so newly on me

I had forgotten

A pleasant duty—Major General, I wish you joy!

ISOLANI.

What, you mean, of his regiment? I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter, The Duke has given him the very same In which he first saw service, and since then, [ment, Work'd himself, step by step, through each prefer From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives A precedent of hope, a spur of action To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance An old deserving soldier makes his way.

² The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled Princes and Princesses,

¹ A town about twelve German miles N.E. of Ulm.

BUTLER.

I am perplex'd and doubtful, whether or no I dare accept this your congratulation. The Emperor has not yet confirm'd the appointment.

Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there, Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers!

ILLO.

Ay, if we would but so consider it !-If we would all of us consider it so! The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke Comes all-whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

ISOLANI (to ILLO).

My noble brother! did I tell you how The Duke will satisfy my creditors? Will be himself my banker for the future, Make me once more a creditable man !-And this is now the third time, think of that! This kingly-minded man has rescued me From absolute ruin, and restored my honour.

O that his power but kept pace with his wishes! Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers. But at Vienna, brother !-here's the grievance .-What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten His arm, and where they can, to clip his pinions. Then these new dainty requisitions ! these, Which this same Questenberg brings hither !-

BUTLER.

These requisitions of the Emperor, I too have heard about them; but I hope The Duke will not draw back a single inch!

Not from his right most surely, unless first -From office !

BUTLER (shocked and confused). Know you aught then ? You alarm me.

ISOLANI (at the same time with BUTLER, and in a hurrying voice). We should be ruin'd, every one of us!

TLTO.

No more !

Ay!

Yonder I see our worthy friend 1 approaching With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

BUTLER (shaking his head significantly). I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II.

Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI and QUESTENBERG. OCTAVIO (still in the distance.) Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors! Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp, Which held at once so many heads of heroes. [Approaching nearer.

Welcome, Count Isolani!

My noble brother, Even now am I arrived; it had been else my duty-

OCTAVIO. And Colonel Butler-trust me, I rejoice Thus to renew acquaintance with a man Whose worth and services I know and honour.

1 Spoken with a speer.

See, see, my friend!

There might we place at once before our eyes The sum of war's whole trade and mystery— [To Questenberg, presenting Butler and Isolani

at the same time to him.

These two the total sum-Strength and Dispatch.

QUESTENBERG (to OCTAVIO). And lo! betwixt them both experienced Prudence! OCTAVIO (presenting QUESTENBERG to BUTLER

and Isolani). The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Questen-The bearer of the Emperor's behests,

The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers, We honour in this noble visitor. [Universal silence.

ILLO (moving towards QUESTENBERG). 'Tis not the first time, noble Minister, You have shown our camp this honour.

QUESTENBERG.

Once before

I stood before these colours.

ILLO.

Perchance too you remember where that was. It was at Znäim 2 in Moravia, where You did present yourself upon the part Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke That he would straight assume the chief command.

QUESTENBERG.

To supplicate? Nay bold General! So far extended neither my commission (At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

ILLO.

Well, well, then-to compel him, if you choose. I can remember me right well, Count Tilly Had suffer'd total rout upon the Lech. Bavaria lay all open to the enemy, Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing-Onwards into the very heart of Austria. At that time you and Werdenberg appear'd Before our General, storming him with prayers, And menacing the Emperor's displeasure, Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

ISOLANI (steps up to them). Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough, Wherefore with your commission of to-day You were not all too willing to remember Your former one.

QUESTENBERG.

Why not, Count Isolan ? No contradiction sure exists between them. It was the urgent business of that time To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand; And my commission of to-day instructs me To free her from her good friends and protectors,

A worthy office! After with our blood We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon, To be swept out of it is all our thanks, The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

QUESTENBERG. Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer Only a change of evils, it must be

Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.

What? 'Twas a favourable year; the boors Can answer fresh demands already.

2 A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay,

If you discourse of herds and meadow-grounds-ISOLANI.

The war maintains the war. Are the boors ruin'd? The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

QUESTENBERG. And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

ISOLANI. Poh! we are all his subjects.

QUESTENBERG.

Yet with a difference, General! The one fill With profitable industry the purse, The others are well skill'd to empty it. The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough Must reinvigorate his resources.

ISOLANI.

Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see [Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of QUESTENBERG.

Good store of gold that still remains uncoin'd.

QUESTENBERG. Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

There! The Stawata and the Martinitz, On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces, To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians. Those minions of court favour, those court harpies, Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens Driven from their house and home-who reap no Save in the general calamity-[harvests Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock The desolation of their country-these, Let these, and such as these, support the war, The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

BUTLER.

And those state-parasites, who have their feet So constantly beneath the Emperor's table, Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they Snap at it with dogs' hunger—they, forsooth, [ing! Would pare the soldier's bread, and cross his reckon-

ISOLANI.

My life long will it anger me to think, How when I went to court seven years ago, To see about new horses for our regiment, How from one antechamber to another They dragg'd me on, and left me by the hour To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering Feast-fatten'd slaves, as if I had come thither A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour That fall beneath their tables. And, at last, Whom should they send me but a capuchin! Straight I began to muster up my sins For absolution but no such luck for me! This was the man, this capuchin, with whom I was to treat concerning the army horses: And I was forced at last to quit the field, The business unaccomplish'd. Afterwards The Duke procured me in three days, what I Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

QUESTENBERG. .

Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to us:

Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

ILLO.

War is a violent trade : one cannot always

Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle Must not be blacken'd into sacrilege. If we should wait till you, in solemn council, With due deliberation had selected The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils, I' faith we should wait long .-"Dash! and through with it!"-That's the better

watch-word.

Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature To make the best of a bad thing once past. A bitter and perplex'd "what shall I do ?" Is worse to man than worst necessity.

QUESTENBERG.

Av, doubtless, it is true : the Duke does spare us The troublesome task of choosing.

Yes, the Duke Cares with a father's feelings for his troops; But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

QUESTENBERG.

His cares and feelings all ranks share alike, Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISOLANI.

And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

QUESTENBERG (with a sneer). Count! this comparison you make, not I.

BUTLER. 1140

Why, were we all the Court supposes us, 'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

QUESTENBERG.

You have taken liberty-it was not given you. And therefore it becomes an urgent duty To rein it in with curbs. 155100

OCTAVIO (interposing and addressing QUESTENBERG). My noble friend,

This is no more than a remembrancing That you are now in camp, and among warriors. The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom. Could he act daringly, unless he dared Talk even so? Une rune and Talk even so? Une rune and Talk even so? The boldness of this worthy officer, [Pointing to Butler.]

Which now has but mistaken in its mark, Preserved, when nought but boldness could preserve it,

To the Emperor his capital city, Prague, In a most formidable mutiny

Of the whole garrison. [Military music at a distance. Hah! here they come!

TLLO.

The sentries are saluting them: this signal Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

OCTAVIO (to QUESTENBERG). 'Twas he Then my son Max. too has returned. Fetch'd and attended them from Cärnthen hither.

ISOLANI (to ILLO).

Shall we not go in company to greet them?

Well, let us go .- Ho! Colonel Butler, come. [To OCTAVIO.

You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet The noble Envoy at the General's palace. [Exeunt all but QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO:

QUESTENBERG (with signs of aversion and astonishment).

What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio! What sentiments! what fierce, uncurb'd defiance! And were this spirit universal...

OCTAVIO.

Hm! [army.

You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the

QUESTENBERG.

Where must we seek then for a second host
To have the custody of this? That Illo
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then
This Butler too—he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCTAVIO.

Quickness of temper—irritated pride;
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in him.

QUESTENBERG (walking up and down in evident disquiet).

Friend, friend!

O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffer'd Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There We saw it only with a courtier's eyes, Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne. We had not seen the War-chief, the Commander, The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here, 'T is quite another thing.

Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!
This walk which you have ta'en me through the
Strikes my hopes prostrate.

[camp

OCTAVIO.

Now you see yourself

Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The least suspicion of the General
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would '
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

QUESTENBERG.

Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted This madman with the sword, and placed such In such a hand! I tell you, he 'll refuse, [power Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders. Friend, he can do 't, and what he can, he will. And then the impunity of his defiance—Oh! what a proclamation of our weakness!

OCTAVIO.

D'ye think too, he has brought his wife and daughter Without a purpose hither? Here in camp! And at the very point of time, in which We're arming for the war? That he has taken These, the last pledges of his loyalty, Away from out the Emperor's domains—This is no doubtful token of the nearness Of some eruption?

QUESTENBERG.

How shall we hold footing Beneath this tempest, which collects itself And threats us from all quarters? The enemy Of the empire on our borders, now already The master of the Danube, and still farther, And farther still, extending every hour!

In our interior the alarum-bells
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—
All orders discontented—and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army
Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline,
Loosen'd, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sovereign, the blind instrument
Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will he wields!

OCTAVIO.

Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon.
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:
And many a resolute, who now appears
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden
Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out
The true name of his crime! Remember too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintain'd
Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprise: you know
I hold him all encompass'd by my listeners.
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 't is doing—
No step so small, but instantly I hear it;
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

QUESTENBERG.

'T is quite

Incomprehensible, that he detects not The foe so near!

OCTAVIO.

Beware, you do not think,
That I by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces:
Or with the substance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No—
Compell'd alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits!

QUESTENBERG.
It is the visible ordinance of Heaven.

OCTAVIO.

I know not what it is that so attracts And links him both to me and to my son. Comrades and friends we always were-long habit, Adventurous deeds performed in company, And all those many and various incidents Which store a soldier's memory with affections, Had bound us long and early to each other-Yet I can name the day, when all at once His heart rose on me, and his confidence Shot out into sudden growth. It was the morning Before the memorable fight at Lützner. Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out, To press him to accept another charger. At distance from the tents, beneath a tree, I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him, And had related all my bodings to him, Long time he stared upon me, like a man Astounded: thereon fell upon my neck, And manifested to me an emotion That far outstripped the worth of that small service. Since then his confidence has follow'd me With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

You lead your son into the secret ?

OCTAVIO.

No!

QUESTENBERG. What! and not warn him either what bad hands His lot has placed him in?

I must perforce Leave him in wardship to his innocence. His young and open soul-dissimulation Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance Alone can keep alive the cheerful air, The unembarrass'd sense and light free spirit, That make the Duke secure.

QUESTENBERG (anxiously). My honour'd friend! most highly do I deem Of Colonel Piccolomini-yet-if-Reflect a little-

OCTAVIO.

I must venture it.

Hush !-There he comes !

SCENE IV.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

MAX.

Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father! [He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes Questenberg, and draws back with a cold and reserved air.

You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

OCTAVIO.

How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor. Attention, Max. an old friend merits-Reverence Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.

MAX. (drily). Von Questenberg !—Welcome—if you bring with Aught good to our head-quarters.

QUESTENBERG (seizing his hand).

Nay, draw not Your hand away, Count Piccolomini! Not on mine own account alone I seized it, And nothing common will I say therewith.

[Taking the hands of both. Octavio-Max. Piccolomini! O saviour names, and full of happy omen! Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,

While two such stars, with blessed influences Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX. Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part. You came not here to act a panegyric. You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us-I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCTAVIO (to Max.). He comes from court, where people are not quite So well contented with the Duke, as here.

MAX. What now have they contrived to find out in him? That he alone determines for himself What he himself alone doth understand! Well, therein he does right, and will persist in 't. Heaven never meant him for that passive thing That can be struck and hammer'd out to suit Another's taste and fancy. He 'll not dance

To every tune of every minister:

It goes against his nature—he can't do it. He is possess'd by a commanding spirit, And his too is the station of command. And well for us it is so ! There exist Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use Their intellects intelligently.—Then Well for the whole, if there be found a man, Who makes himself what nature destined him, The pause, the central point to thousand thousands-Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column, Where all may press with joy and confidence. Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if Another better suits the court-no other But such a one as he can serve the army.

QUESTENBERG.

The army? Doubtless!

OCTAVIO (to QUESTENBERG).

Hush! Suppress it friend! Unless some end were answer'd by the utterance.-Of him there you 'll make nothing.

MAX. (continuing).

In their distress

They call a spirit up, and when he comes, Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him

More than the ills for which they call'd him up. The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be Like things of every day.—But in the field, Ay, there the Present Being makes itself felt. The personal must command, the actual eye Examine. If to be the chieftain asks All that is great in nature, let it be Likewise his privilege to move and act In all the correspondencies of greatness. The oracle within him, that which lives, He must invoke and question-not dead books, Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO.

My son! of those old narrow ordinances Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights Of priceless value, which oppress'd mankind Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors. For always formidable was the league And partnership of free power with free will. The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds, Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid, Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.

My son! the road, the human being travels, That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth

follow The river's course, the valley's playful windings, Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines, Honouring the holy bounds of property! And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

QUESTENBERG.

O hear your father, noble youth! hear him, Who is at once the hero and the man.

OCTAVIO.

My son, the nurseling of the camp spoke in thee! A war of fifteen years Hath been thy education and thy school. Peace hast thou never witness'd! There exists An higher than the warrior's excellence. In war itself war is no ultimate purpose. The vast and sudden deeds of violence,

Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment, These are not they, my son, that generate The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty! Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect! Builds his light town of canvas, and at once The whole scene moves and bustles momently, With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel

The motley market fills; the roads, the streams Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hur-But on some morrow morn, all suddenly, [ries! The tents drop down, the horder renews its march. Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie, And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

MAX.

O let the Emperor make peace, my father! Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel For the first violet of the leafless spring, Pluck'd in those quiet fields where I have journey'd!

OCTAVIO.

What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

MAX.

Peace have I ne'er beheld? I have beheld it. From thence am I come hither: O! that sight, It glimmers still before me, like some landscape, Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape! My road conducted me through countries where The war has not yet reach'd. Life, life, my father-My venerable father, Life has charms Which we have ne'er experienced. We have been But voyaging along its barren coasts, Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates, That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship, House on the wild sea with wild usages, Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays Where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing. Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing, Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

OCTAVIO, (attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness). And so your journey has reveal'd this to you?

'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me, What is the meed and purpose of the toil, The painful toil, which robb'd me of my youth, Left me a heart unsoul'd and solitary, A spirit uninform'd, unornamented! For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum, The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet, The unvaried, still returning hour of duty, Word of command, and exercise of arms—There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this, To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!

Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—This cannot be the sole felicity,

These cannot be man's best and only pleasures!

Much hast thoulearnt, my son, in this short journey.

O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier Returns home into life; when he becomes A fellow-man among his fellow-men.

In the original, Den blut'gen Lorbeer geb'ich hin mit Freuden F\u00fcrs erste Veillehen, das der M\u00e4rz uns bringt, Das d\u00fcrftige P\u00edand der neuverj\u00fcngten Erde. The colours are unfurl'd, the cavalcade Marshals, and now the buzz is hush'd, and hark! Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, The caps and helmets are all garlanded [home! With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields. The city gates fly open of themselves, They need no longer the petard to tear them. The ramparts are all filled with men and women, With peaceful men and women, that send onwards Kisses and welcomings upon the air, Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures. From all the towers rings out the merry peal, The joyous vespers of a bloody day.

O happy man, O fortunate! for whom The well-known door, the faithful arms are open, The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

QUESTENBERG (apparently much affected).

Of such a distant, distant time, and not Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day. MAX. (turning round to him, quick and vehement). Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna! I will deal openly with you, Questenberg. Just now, as first I saw you standing here, (I'll own it to you freely) indignation Crowded and press'd my inmost soul together. 'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye !- and the warrior, It is the warrior that must force it from you. Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him, Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons, And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy; Which yet's the only way to peace: for if War intermit not during war, how then And whence can peace come ?-Your own plagues

O that you should speak

fall on you!

Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.

And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;

My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,

And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye

Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [Exit.

SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

Alas, alas! and stands it so?

[Then in pressing and impatient tones.
What friend! and do we let him go away

In this delusion—let him go away?
Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes upon the spot?

OCTAVIO (recovering himself out of a deep study).

He has now open'd mine,

And I see more than pleases me. QUESTENBERG.

What is it?

octavio.

Curse on this journey!

But why so? What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are open'd now, and I must use them. Come!
[Draws Questenberg on with him.

QUESTENBERG.

What now? Where go you then?

OCTAVIO.

To her herself.

QUESTENBERG.

To-

OCTAVIO (interrupting him, and correcting himself). To the Duke. Come let us go—'Tis done, 'tis done, I see the net that is thrown over him. Oh! he returns not to me as he went.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay, but explain yourself.

OCTAVIO.

And that I should not Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.

I should have warn'd him! Now it is too late.

QUESTENBERG.

But what's too late? Bethink yourself, my friend, That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

OCTAVIO (more collected).

Come! to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour Which he appointed you for audience. Come! A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

[He leads QUESTENBERG. 67].

- all

SCENE W.)

Changes to a spacious Chamber in the House of the Duke of Friedland.—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters Sent, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heavens.

FIRST SERVANT.

Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, "Stand to your arms!" They will be here in a minute.

SECOND SERVANT.

Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions.

THIRD SERVANT.

Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

FIRST SERVANT.

Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

SECOND SERVANT.

Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a hum. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

My son, there's nothing insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

FIRST SERVANT (to the second).
Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

SENI (counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats). Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.

Treally traple of each bet the client of the country of the countr

Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seyen, The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve. SECOND SERVANT.

And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that now.

SENI.

Eleven is transgression; eleven oversteps The ten commandments.

SECOND SERVANT.

That's good! and why do you call five an holy number?

SENI.

Five is the soul of man: for even as man Is mingled up of good and evil, so The five is the first number that's made up Of even and odd.

SECOND SERVANT.

The foolish old coxcomb!

FIRST SERVANT.

Ay! let him alone though. I like to hear him; there is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

THIRD SERVANT.

Off, they come.

SECOND SERVANT.

There! Out at the side-door.

[They hurry off. SENI follows slowly. A Page brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table near the Duke's chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.

SCENE VII.

Wallenstein, Duchess.

WALLENSTEIN.

You went then through Vienna, were presented To the Queen of Hungary?

DUCHESS.

Yes; and to the Empress too,
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

WALLENSTEIN.

And how was it received, That I had sent for wife and daughter hither To the camp, in winter-time?

DUCHESS.

I did even that Which you commission'd me to do. I told them, You had determined on our daughter's marriage, And wish'd, ere yet you went into the field, To show the elected husband his betrothed.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did they guess the choice which I had made?

DUCHESS.

They only hoped and wish'd it may have fallen Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.

And you-what do you wish, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.
Your will, you know, was always mine.

wallenstein (after a pause).

Well then?

And in all else, of what kind and complexion Was your reception at the court?

[The Duchess casts her eyes on the ground, and remains silent.

Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

DUCHESS.

O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.

A canker-worm, my lord, a canker-worm Has stolen into the bud.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so!
What, they were lax! they fail'd of the old respect!

Not of respect. No honours were omitted, No outward courtesy; but in the place Of condescending, confidential kindness, Familiar and endearing, there were given me Only these honours and that solemn courtesy. Ah! and the tenderness which was put on, It was the guise of pity not of favour. No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so-Not wholly so should she have been received.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest They rail'd at it, no doubt. [conduct,

O that they had! I have been long accustomed to defend you, To heal and pacify distemper'd spirits.

No; no one rail'd at you. They wrapp'd them up,
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!— Here is no every-day misunderstanding, No transient pique, no cloud that passes over; Something most luckless, most unhealable, Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary Used formerly to call me her dear aunt, And ever at departure to embrace me-

WALLENSTEIN.

Now she omitted it?

DUCHESS (wiping away her tears after a pause). She did embrace me,

But then first when I had already taken My formal leave, and when the door already Had closed upon me, then did she come out In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself, And press'd me to her bosom, more with anguish Than tenderness.

WALLENSTEIN (seizes her hand soothingly). Nay, now collect yourself. And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein, And of our other friends there?

> DUCHESS (shaking her head). I saw none.

> > WALLENSTEIN.

The Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont To plead so warmly for me ?-

Silent, silent!

WALLENSTEIN.

These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

And were it-were it, my dear lord, in that Which moved about the court in buzz and whis-But in the country let itself be heard [per, Aloud-in that which Father Lamormain In sundry hints and-

> WALLENSTEIN (eagerly). Lamormain! what said he?

> > DUCHESS.

That you 're accused of having daringly O'erstepp'd the powers entrusted to you, charged With traitorous contempt of the Emperor And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian, He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers-That there's a storm collecting over you Of far more fearful menace than that former one Which whirl'd you headlong down at Regensburg. And people talk, said he, of-Ah!-Stifling extreme emotion.

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

I cannot utter it!

WALLENSTEIN. Proceed!

DUCHESS.

They talk-

WALLENSTEIN.

Well!

DUCHESS.

Of a second-(catches her voice and hesitates).

WALLENSTEIN. Second-

DUCHESS.

More disgraceful

-Dismission.

WALLENSTEIN.

Talk they?

[Strides across the Chamber in vehement agitation. O! they force, they thrust me With violence, against my own will, onward!

DUCHESS (presses near to him, in entreaty.) O! if there yet be time, my husband! if By giving way and by submission, this Can be averted—my dear lord, give way! Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart, It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor Before whom you retreat. O let no longer Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning With abhorr'd venomous glosses. Stand you up Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth, And drive before you into uttermost shaine [we—These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have You know it!-The swift growth of our good for-It hath but set us up a mark for hatred. What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour Stand not before us!



Enter the Countess TERTSKY, leading in her hand the Princess THEKLA, richly adorned with Brilliants.

Countess, Thekla, Wallenstein, Duchess.

COUNTESS.

How, sister! What, already upon business; [Observing the countenance of the Duchess. And business of no pleasing kind I see, Ere he has gladden'd at his child. The first Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!

This is thy daughter. [Thekla approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some

time lost in the feeling of her presence.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me: I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCHESS.

'T was but a little child when you departed To raise up that great army for the Emperor: And after, at the close of the campaign, When you return'd home out of Pomerania, Your daughter was already in the convent, Wherein she has remain'd till now.

WALLENSTEIN.

The while

We in the field here gave our cares and toils To make her great, and fight her a free way To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature Within the peaceful silent convent walls Has done her part, and out of her free grace Hath she bestow'd on the beloved child The godlike; and now leads her thus adorn'd To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

DUCHESS (to THEKLA).

Thou wouldst not have recognised thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scaree eight
When last she saw your face. [years,

THEKLA.

O yes, yes, mother!

At the first glance!—My father is not alter'd. The form that stands before me falsifies No feature of the image that hath lived So long within me!

WALLENSTEIN.

The voice of my child!

[Then after a pause.

I was indignant at my destiny,
That it denied me a man-child to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illume my soon extinguish'd being
In a proud line of princes.
I wrong'd my destiny. Here upon this head,
So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it,
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows,

[He clasps her in his arms as Piccolomini enters.

SCENE JX. W

Enter Max. Piccolomini, and some time after Count Tertsky, the others remaining as before.

COUNTESS.

There comes the Paladin who protected us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max.! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou The morning star of my best joys!

MAX.

My General-

WALLENSTEIN.

Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee, I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound The father to thee, Max.! the fortunate father, And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

MAX.

My prince!

You made no common hurry to transfer it.

I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce deliver'd
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry

A splendid richly-plated hunting dress
So to remunerate me for my troubles——
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favour
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.
No! 't was not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good-fortune!

[Terrsky enters, and delivers letters to the Duke, which he breaks open hurryingly.

COUNTESS (to Max.).

Remunerate your trouble! For his joy

He makes you recompense. 'T is not unfitting

For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel

So tenderly—my brother it beseems

To show himself for ever great and princely.

THERTA.

Then I too must have scruples of his love: For his munificent hands did ornament me Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

MAX.

Yes; 't is his nature ever to be giving And making happy.

[He grasps the hand of the Duchess with still increasing warmth.

How my heart pours out Its all of thanks to him! O! how I seem To utter all things in the dear name Friedland. While I shall live, so long will I remain The captive of this name: in it shall bloom My every fortune, every lovely hope. Inextricably as in some magic ring In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

COUNTESS (who during this time has been anxiously watching the Duke, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters.)

My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

WALLENSTEIN (turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the Duchess).

Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.,
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[Max. Piccolomini offers the Duchess his arm; the Countess accompanies the Princess.

TERTSKY (calling after him). Max., we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE X. J

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN (in deep thought, to himself). She hath seen all things as they are—It is so, And squares completely with my other notices. They have determined finally in Vienna, Have given me my successor already; It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand, The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their saviour, He's the new star that 's rising now! Of us They think themselves already fairly rid, And as we were deceased, the heir already Is entering on possession—Therefore—despatch!

[As he turns round he observes TERTSKY, and gives him a letter.

Count Altringer will have himself excused, And Galas too-I like not this!

TERTSKY.

And if

Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away, One following the other.

WALLENSTEIN.

Altringer

Is master of the Tyrol passes. I must forthwith Send some one to him, that he let not in The Spaniards on me from the Milanese. -Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader In contraband negociations, he Has shown himself again of late. What brings he From the Count Thur?

TERTSKY.

The Count communicates, He has found out the Swedish chancellor At Halberstadt, where the convention's held, Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have No further dealings with you.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why so?

TERTSKY.

He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches: That you decoy the Swedes-to make fools of them; Will league yourself with Saxony against them, And at last make yourself a riddance of them With a paltry sum of money.

WALLENSTEIN.

So then, doubtless, Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects That I shall yield him some fair German tract For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last On our own soil and native territory May be no longer our own lords and masters! An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off, Off, off! away! we want no such neighbours.

TERTSKY.

Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land-It goes not from your portion. If you win The game, what matters it to you who pays it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this. Never shall it be said of me, I parcell'd My native land away, dismember'd Germany, Betray'd it to a foreigner, in order To come with stealthy tread, and filch away My own share of the plunder—Never! never! No foreign power thall strike root in the empire, And least of all, these Goths! these hunger-wolves! Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances Toward the rich blessings of our German lands! I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets, But not a single fish of all the draught Shall they come in for.

TERTSKY.

You will deal, however, More fairly with the Saxons? they lose patience While you shift ground and make so many curves. Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you. There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim-neither knows What he should think of your procrastinations. And in the end I prove the liar; all Passes through me. I have not even your hand-

writing.

WALLENSTEIN.

I never give my hand-writing; thou knowest it.

TERTSKY.

But how can it be known that you're in earnest, If the act follows not upon the word? You must yourself acknowledge, that in all Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy, You might have done with safety all you have done, Had you meant nothing further than to gull him For the Emperor's service.

WALLENSTEIN (after a pause, during which he looks narrowly on TERTSKY).

And from whence dost thou know That I'm not gulling him for the Emperor's service? Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you? Dost thou know me so well? When made I thee The intendant of my secret purposes! I am not conscious that I ever open'd My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I would, [true, I could repay him with usurious interest For the evil he hath done me. It delights me To know my power; but whether I shall use it, Of that, I should have thought that thou couldst No wiselier than thy fellows. [speak

TERTSKY.

So hast thou always played thy game with us. [Enter ILLO,

SCENE XX.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN. How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

ILLO.

You'll find them in the very mood you wish. They know about the Emperor's requisitions, And are tumultuous.

> WALLENSTEIN. How hath Isolan

Declared himself?

ILLO.

He's your's, both soul and body, Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

WALLENSTEIN.

And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

WALLENSTEIN. You mean, then, I may venture somewhat with them!

-If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN. Not more assured of mine own self.

TERTSKY.

And yet I would you trusted not so much to Octavio, The fox!

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou teachest me to know my man? Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old Besides, I have his horoscope: [warrior. We both are born beneath like stars-in short, [With an air of mystery. To this belongs its own peculiar aspect, If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——

ILLO.

There is among them all but this one voice, You must not lay down the command. I hear They mean to send a deputation to you.

WALLENSTEIN.

If I'm in aught to bind myself to them, They too must bind themselves to me.

ILLO.

Of course.

WALLENSTEIN.

Their words of honour they must give, their oaths, Give them in writing to me, promising Devotion to my service unconditional.

ILLO.

Why not?

TERTSKY.

Devotion unconditional?
The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premises.
With this reserve——

WALLENSTEIN (shaking his head).
All unconditional!
No premises, no reserves.

1

ILLO.

A thought has struck me. Does not Count Tertsky give us a set banquet This evening?

TERTSKY.

Yes; and all the Generals Have been invited.

ILLO (to WALLENSTEIN).

Say, will you here fully Commission me to use my own discretion? I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour, Even as you wish

WALLENSTEIN.

Gain me their signatures! How you come by them, that is *your* concern.

LLO.

And if I bring it to you, black on white, That all the leaders who are present here Give themselves up to you, without condition; Say, will you then—then will you show yourself In earnest, and with some decisive action Make trial of your luck?

WALLENSTEIN.
The signatures!

Gain me the signatures.

ILLO.

Seize, seize the hour, Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty. To make a great decision possible, O! many things, all transient and all repaid, Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met May by that confluence be enforced to pause Time long enough for wisdom, though too short, Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple! This is that moment. See, our army chieftains, Our best, our noblest, are assembled around you Their king-like leader! On your nod they wait. The single threads, which here your prosperous Hath woven together in one potent web [fortune Instinct with destiny, O let them not Unravel of themselves. If you permit

These chiefs to separate, so unanimous Bring you them not a second time together. 'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship, And every individual's spirit waxes In the great stream of multitudes. Behold They are still here, here still! But soon the war Bursts them once more asunder, and in small Particular anxieties and interests Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream, Will become sober, seeing but himself. Feel only his own weakness, and with speed Will face about, and march on in the old High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road, And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is not yet come.

TERTSKY.

So you say always.

But when will it be time?

WALLENSTEIN.

When I shall say it.

You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your Venus! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you, is Doubt.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter, That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth. Thy visual power subdues no mysteries; Mole-eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth, Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan Lead-colour'd shine lighted thee into life. The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see, With serviceable cunning knit together The nearest with the nearest; and therein I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er Full of mysterious import Nature weaves, And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder, That from this gross and visible world of dust Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds, Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers Move up and down on heavenly ministeries— The circles in the circles, that approach The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit-These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye, Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[He walks across the Chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds.

The heavenly constellations make not merely The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely Signify to the husbandman the seasons Of sowing and of harvest. Human action, That is the seed too of contingencies, Strew'd on the dark land of futurity In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate. Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time, To watch the stars, select their proper hours, And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses, Whether the enemy of growth and thriving Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner. Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile Do you your part. As yet I cannot say What I shall do—only, give way I will not.

Depose me too they shall not. On these points You may rely.

PAGE (entering).
My Lords, the Generals.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let them come in.

SCENE XH. VI

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO,—To them enter QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI, BUILER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, and three other Generals. WALLENSTEIN motions QUESTENBERG, who in consequence takes the chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank. There reigns a momentary silence.

WALLENSTEIN.

I have understood, 't is true, the sum and import Of your instructions, Questenberg; have weighed And formed my final, absolute resolve: [them, Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals Should hear the will of the Emperor from your mouth.

May't please you then to open your commission Before these noble Chieftains ?

QUESTENBERG.

I am ready
To obey you; but will first entreat your Highress,
And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,
The Imperial dignity and sovereign right [tion.
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presump-

WALLENSTEIN.

We excuse all preface.

QUESTENBERG.

When his Majesty
The Emperor to his courageous armies
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
A most experienced and renown'd commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence
To give thereby to the fortune of the war
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
Was favourable to his royal wishes.
Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons, [lands
The Swede's career of conquest check'd! These
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the streams of Germany forced hither
The scattered armies of the enemy;
Hither invoked as round one magic circle
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstein,
Yea, and that never-conquer'd King himself;
Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
The fearful game of battle to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

May't please you, to the point.

QUESTENBERG.

In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
After this day of triumph, this proud day,
March'd toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,
And vanish'd from the theatre of war?

While the young Weimar hero forced his way
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed
He marched, and now at once 'fore Regensburg
Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.
Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince

Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need; [land, The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Fried-Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty He superadds his own, and supplicates Where as the sovereign lord he can command. In vain his supplication! At this moment The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge, Barters the general good to gratify Private revenge—and so falls Regensburg.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., to what period of the war alludes he? My recollection fails me here.

MAX

He means

When we were in Silesia.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so!

But what had we to do there?

MAX.

To beat out The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

WALLENSTEIN.

True;

In that description which the Minister gave, I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.

[To Questenberg.

Well, but proceed a little.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes; at length

Beside the river Oder did the Duke
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
Deliver'd that long-practised stirrer-up
Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands;
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
The arch-foe of his Emperor.

WALLENSTEIN (laughs).
I know,

I know you had already in Vienna Your windows and balconies all forestail'd To see him on the executioner's cart.

I might have lost the battle, lost it too With infamy, and still retain'd your graces—But, to have cheated them of a spectacle, Oh! that the good folks of Vienna never, No, never can forgive me!

QUESTENBERG.

So Silesia

Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke Into Bavaria, now press'd hard on all sides. And he did put his troops in motion: slowly, Quite at his ease, and by the longest road He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever He hath once seen the enemy, faces round, Breaks up the march, and takes to winter-quarters.

WALLENSTEIN.

The troops were pitiably destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
His troops are made of? An't we men? subjected
Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?

O miserable lot of the poor soldier! Wherever he comes in, all flee before him, And when he goes away, the general curse Follows him on his route. All must be seized, Nothing is given him. And compell'd to seize From every man, he's every man's abhorrence. Behold, here stand my Generals, Karaffa! Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.

BUTLER.

Already a full year.

WALLENSTEIN.

And 't is the hire That constitutes the hireling's name and duties, The soldier's pay is the soldier's covenant1.

QUESTENBERG.

Ah! this is a far other tone from that, In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

WALLENSTEIN.
Yes! 't is my fault, I know it: I myself Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him. Nine years ago, during the Danish war, I raised him up a force, a mighty force, Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony The fury goddess of the war march'd on, E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing The terrors of his name. That was a time! In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine Honour'd with festival and celebration-And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title Of the third jewel in his crown! But at the Diet, when the Princes met At Regensburg, there, there the whole broke out, There 't was laid open, there it was made known, Out of what money-bag I had paid the host. And what was now my thank, what had I now, That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign, Had loaded on myself the people's curses, And let the Princes of the empire pay The expenses of this war, that aggrandizes The Emperor alone—What thanks had I! What ? I was offer'd up to their complaints, Dismiss'd, degraded!

QUESTENBERG.

But your Highness knows What little freedom he possess'd of action In that disastrous diet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and hell! I had that which could have procured him freedom. No! Since 't was proved so inauspicious to me To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost, I have been taught far other trains of thinking Of the empire, and the diet of the empire. From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff, But now I hold it as the empire's general-For the common weal, the universal interest,

1 The original is not translatable into English:

-Und sein Sold

Muss dem Soldaten werden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:

And that for which he sold his services, The soldier must receive-

but a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

And no more for that one man's aggrandizement! But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?

QUESTENBERG.

First, his Imperial Majesty hath will'd That without pretexts of delay the army Evacuate Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN.

In this season? And to what quarter wills the Emperor That we direct our course?

QUESTENBERG.

To the enemy. His Majesty resolves, that Regensburg Be purified from the enemy ere Easter. That Lutheranism may be no longer preach'd In that cathedral, nor heretical Defilement desecrate the celebration Of that pure festival.

WALLENSTEIN.

My generals,

Can this be realised?

'T is not possible.

BUTLER.

It can't be realised.

QUESTENBERG.

The Emperor Already hath commanded colonel Suys

To advance toward Bavaria.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did Suys?

QUESTENBERG.
That which his duty prompted. He advanced!

WALLENSTEIN.

What! he advanced? And I, his general, Had given him orders, peremptory orders, Not to desert his station! Stands it thus With my authority! Is this the obedience Due to my office, which being thrown aside, No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak! You be the judges, generals! What deserves That officer who, of his oath neglectful, Is guilty of contempt of orders ?

ILLO.

Death.

WALLENSTEIN (raising his voice, as all, but ILLO had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous). Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (after a long pause). According to the letter of the law, Death.

ISOLANI.

Death.

BUTLER. Death, by the laws of war.

[QUESTENBERG rises from his seat, WALLENSTEIN follows; all the restrise.

WALLENSTEIN.

To this the law condemns him, and not I. And if I show him favour, 't will arise From the reverence that I owe my Emperor.

QUESTENBERG. If so, I can say nothing further-here! WALLENSTEIN.

I accepted the command but on conditions:
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
If I stand warranter of the event,
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all
The means thereto. What render'd this Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquer'd upon earth?
This—that he was the monarch in his army!
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point! The best is yet to come.
Attend now, generals!

QUESTENBERG.

The Prince Cardinal
Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
Through Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis the Emperor's will you grant him a detachment,
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes! I understand!—Eight regiments! Well, Right well concerted, father Lamormain!
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should I see it coming. [be!

QUESTENBERG.

There is nothing coming.
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity!——

WALLENSTEIN

What then? What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be suffer'd To understand, that folks are tired of seeing The sword's hilt in my grasp: and that your court Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use The Spanish title, to drain off my forces, To lead into the empire a new army Unsubjected to my control? To throw me Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you To venture that. My stipulation runs, That all the Imperial forces shall obey me Where'er the German is the native language. Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals That take their route as visitors, through the empire, There stands no syllable in my stipulation. No syllable! And so the politic court Steals in a tiptoe, and creeps round behind it; First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with, Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow And make short work with me. What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy? Straight-forward, man! His compact with me pinches The Emperor. He would that I moved off!-Well !—I will gratify him!

Here there commences an aditation among the Generals, which increases continually.

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes! I see not yet, by what means they will come at The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain The recompense their services demand. Still a new leader brings new claimants forward, And prior merit superannuates quickly. There serve here many foreigners in the army, And were the man in all else brave and gallant,

I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
After his pedigree or catechism.
This will be otherwise, i' the time to come.
Well—me no longer it concerns. [He seats himself.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Forbid it Heaven, that it should come to this!

Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—

The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

ISOLANI.

It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

WALLENSTEIN.
Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!
What we with toil and foresight have built up,
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
What then? another chieftain is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
Will flock from all sides to the Emperor,
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

[During this speech, Isolani, Tertsky, Illo, and Maradas talk confusedly with great agitation.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (busily and passionately going from one to another, and soothing them).

Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!

Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,

Till we have met and represented to you Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends! I hope all may yet be set right again.

TERTSKY.

Away! let us away! in the antechamber Find we the others. [They go.

BUTLER (to QUESTENBERG).

If good counsel gain

Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!
You will be cautious how you show yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from mal-treatment.

[Commotions heard from without.

WALLENSTEIN.

A salutary counsel——Thou, Octavio!

Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.

Farewell, Von Questenberg!

[QUESTENBERG is about to speak.

Nay, not a word.

Not one word more of that detested subject!
You have perform'd your duty—We know how
To separate the office from the man.

[As QUESTENBERG is going off with OCTAVIO; GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO, press in; several other Generals following them.

GOETZ.

Where's he who means to rob us of our general?

TIEFENBACH (at the same time).
What are we forced to hear? That thou wilt leave us?

KOLATTO (at the same time).
We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

WALLENSTEIN (with stateliness, and pointing to ILLO).

There! the Field-Marshal knows our will. [Exit. [While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.

ACT III

SCENE L

A small Chamber.

ILLO and TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Now for this evening's business! How intend you To manage with the generals at the banquet?

ILLO.

Attend! We frame a formal declaration, Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves Collectively, to be and to remain His both with life and limb, and not to spare The last drop of our blood for him, provided So doing we infringe no oath or duty, We may be under to the Emperor.—Mark! This reservation we expressly make In a particular clause, and save the conscience. Now hear! this formula so framed and worded Will be presented to them for perusal Before the banquet. No one will find in it Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further! After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let A counterfeited paper, in the which This one particular clause has been left out, Go round for signatures.

How? think you then That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath, Which we had trick'd them into by a juggle?

ILLO.

We shall have caught and caged them! Let them

Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave Loud as they may against our treachery At court their signatures will be believed Far more than their most holy affirmations. Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely Will make a virtue of necessity.

TERTSKY.

Well, well, it shall content me; let but something Be done, let only some decisive blow Set us in motion.

ILLO.

Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade The Duke that they are his-Let him but act In his determined mood, as if he had them, And he will have them. Where he plunges in, He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

His policy is such a labyrinth, That many a time when I have thought myself Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me Ignorant of the ground where I was standing. He lends the enemy his ear, permits me To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sesina Himself comes forward blank and undisguised; Talks with us by the hour about his plans. And when I think I have him-off at once-He has slipp'd from me, and appears as if He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend! His soul is occupied with nothing else, [dreams, Even in his sleep-They are his thoughts, his That day by day he questions for this purpose The motions of the planets-

TERTSKY.

Ay! you know This night, that is now coming, he with SENI Shuts himself up in the astrological tower To make joint observations-for I hear, It is to be a night of weight and crisis; And something great, and of long expectation, Is to make its procession in the heaven.

Come! be we bold and make despatch. The work In this next day or two must thrive and grow More than it has for years. And let but only Things first turn up auspicious here below-Mark what I say-the right stars too will show themselves.

Come, to the generals. All is in the glow, And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

TERTSKY.

Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay And wait here for the Countess Tertsky. Know, That we too are not idle. Break one string, A second is in readiness.

Yes! yes! I saw your lady smile with such sly meaning. What's in the wind?

Hush! she comes. A secret. [Exit ILLO.

SCENE II.

(The Countess steps out from a Closet.)

COUNT and COUNTESS TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Well—is she coming—I can keep him back No longer.

COUNTESS.

She will be here instantly,

You only send him.

TERTSKY.

I am not quite certain I must confess it, Countess, whether or not We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby.

No ray has broke out from him on this point. You have o'er-ruled me, and yourself know best, How far you dare proceed.

I take it on me. [Talking to herself while she is advancing. Here's no need of full powers and commissions-My cloudy Duke! we understand each other-And without words. What, could I not unriddle, Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither, Why first he, and no other, should be chosen

To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her To a bridegroom, whom no one knows—No! no!—This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother! But it beseems thee not, to draw a card At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains Mutely delivered up to my finessing——Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke In her who is thy sister.—— [Friedland!

SERVANT (enters).

The commanders!

Take care you heat his fancy and affections—Possess him with a reverie, and send him, Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that He may not boggle at the signature.

COUNTESS.
Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.

TERTSKY.

All rests upon his undersigning.

COUNTESS (interrupting him).

Go to your guests! Go-

ILLO (comes back).

Where art staying, Tertsky? The house is full, and all expecting you.

TERTSKY.

Instantly! instantly! [To the Countess. And let him not

Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion
In the old man—

COUNTESS.

A truce with your precautions! [Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.

SCENE III.

Countess, Max. Piccolomini.

MAX. (peeping in on the stage shily.)
Aunt Tertsky! may I venture?

[Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.

She's not here!

Where is she?

COUNTESS.

Look but somewhat narrowly In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie Conceal'd behind that screen,

MAX.

There lie her gloves! [Snatches at them, but the Countess takes them herself. You unkind Lady! You refuse me this—You make it an amusement to torment me.

COUNTESS.

And this the thank you give me for my trouble?

MAX.

O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—
With such poor stealth to hazard words and
These, these are not my habits! [glances—

COUNTESS.

Many new habits to acquire, young friend!
But on this proof of your obedient temper I must continue to insist; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.

MAX.

But wherefore comes she not?

Where is she?

Into my hands you must place it Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed, More zealously affected to your interest? No soul on earth must know it—not your father. He must not, above all.

MAX.

Alas! what danger? Here is no face on which I might concentre All the enraptured soul stirs up within me. O Lady! tell me. Is all changed around me? Or is it only I?

I find myself,
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanish'd to? There was a time
When even, methought, with such a world, as this,
I was not discontented. Now how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are such wearying toys!

COUNTESS.

But, gentle friend!

I must entreat it of your condescension,
You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour
With one short glance or two this poor stale world,
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.

MAX.

Something, I can't but know, is going forward round me. I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
In wild uncustomary movements. Well, In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me. Where think you I have been, dear lady! Nay, No raillery. The turmoil of the camp, The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in, The pointless jest, the empty conversation, Oppress'd and stifled me. I gasp'd for air—I could not breathe—I was constrain'd to fly, To seek a silence out for my full heart; And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness. No smiling, Countess! In the church was I. There is a cloister here to the heaven's gate,² Thither I went, there found myself alone. Over the altar hung a holy mother; A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend That I was seeking in this moment. Ah, How oft have I beheld that glorious form In splendour, 'mid ecstatic worshippers; Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

¹ In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

² I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original.—Es ist ein Kloster hier zur Himmelspforts.

COUNTESS.

Enjoy your fortune and felicity! Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active. Only be manageable when that friendship Points you the road to full accomplishment. How long may it be since you declared your passion?

Brows I'm

This morning did I hazard the first word.

COUNTESS.

This morning the first time in twenty days !

MAX.

'T was at that hunting-castle, betwixt here And Nepomuck, where you had join'd us, and-That was the last relay of the whole journey! In a balcony we were standing mute, And gazing out upon the dreary field: Before us the dragoons were riding onward, The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy The inquietude of parting lay upon me, And trembling ventured I at length these words: This all reminds me, noble maiden, that To-day I must take leave of my good fortune. A few hours more, and you will find a father, Will see yourself surrounded by new friends, And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger, Lost in the many-"Speak with myaunt Tertsky!" With hurrying voice she interrupted me. She falter'd. I beheld a glowing red Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer Did I control myself.

[The Princess THEKLA appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the Countess,

but not by Piccolomini.

With instant boldness I caught her in my arms, my mouth touch'd hers; There was a rustling in the room close by; It parted us-'Twas you. What since has hap-You know. [pen'd,

COUNTESS (after a pause, with a stolen glance at Thekla).

And is it your excess of modesty; Or are you so incurious, that you do not Ask me too of my secret ?

Of your secret ?

COUNTESS.

Why, yes! When in the instant after you I stepp'd into the room, and found my niece there, What she in this first moment of the heart Ta'en with surprise-

> MAX. (with eagerness). Well?

SCENE IV.

THEKLA hurries forward), Countess, Max. Piccolomini.

THEKLA (to the Countess). Spare yourself the trouble:

That hears he better from myself.

MAX. (stepping backward).

My Princess! What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky? | Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart

THEKLA (to the Countess).

Has he been here long?

COUNTESS.

Yes; and soon must go.

Where have you stay'd so long?

THEKLA.

Alas! my mother

Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer, Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX.

Now once again I have courage to look on you. To-day at noon I could not. The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you Hid the beloved from me.

Then you saw me With your eye only-and not with your heart ?

MAX.

This morning, when I found you in the circle Of all your kindred, in your father's arms, Beheld myself an alien in this circle, O! what an impulse felt I in that moment To fall upon his neck, to call him father! But his stern eye o'erpower'd the swelling passion, It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants, That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows, They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban [he Of excommunication round you,-wherefore Dress up the angel as for sacrifice, And cast upon the light and joyous heart The mournful burthen of his station? Fitly May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

Hush! not a word more of this mummery; You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.

[To the Countess. He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not? 'T is you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy! He had quite another nature on the journey So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent. [To Max. It was my wish to see you always so, And never otherwise!

You find yourself In your great father's arms, beloved lady! All in a new world, which does homage to you, And which, were't only by its novelty, Delights your eye.

THEKLA.

Yes; I confess to you That many things delight me here: this camp, This motley stage of warriors, which renews So manifold the image of my fancy, And binds to life, binds to reality, What hitherto had but been present to me As a sweet dream!

MAX.

Alas! not so to me. It makes a dream of my reality. Upon some island in the ethereal heights I've lived for these last days. This mass of men Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge That, reconducting to my former life, Divides me and my heaven.

The game of life

The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game, Which having once review'd, I turn more joyous Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

[Breaking off, and in a sportive tone. In this short time that I've been present here, What new unheard-of things have I not seen! And yet they all must give place to the wonder Which this mysterious castle guards.

COUNTESS (recollecting).

And what Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted With all the dusky corners of this house.

THEKLA (smiling).

Ay, but the road thereto is watch'd by spirits,
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

COUNTESS (laughs).
The astrological tower!—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach?

A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, open'd me the doors.

MAX.
That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

THEKLA.

He question'd me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

COUNTESS.

He wish'd

To erect a figure for your horoscope.

THEKLA

My hand too he examined, shook his head With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought, Did not square over truly with his wishes.

COUNTESS.

Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower? My highest privilege has been to snatch A side-glance, and away!

THEKLA.

It was a strange Sensation that came o'er me, when at first From the broad sunshine I stepp'd in; and now The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after The closing door, was gone; and all about me "T was pale and dusky night, with many shadows Fantastically cast. Here six or seven Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me In a half-circle. Each one in his hand A sceptre bore, and on his head a star; And in the tower no other light was there But from these stars: all seem'd to come from them. "These are the planets," said that low old man,
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you, Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy, With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn. He opposite, the king with the red light, An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars; And both these bring but little luck to man." But at his side a lovely lady stood, The star upon her head was soft and bright, On that was Venus, the bright star of joy. And the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.

Quite in the middle glitter'd silver bright A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien; And this was Jupiter, my father's star: And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

MAX.

O never rudely will I blame his faith In the might of stars and angels! 'T is not merely The human being's Pride that peoples space With life and mystical predominance: Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love This visible nature, and this common world, Is all too narrow; yea, a deeper import Lurks in the legend told my infant years Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn. For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans, And spirits; and delightedly believes Divinities, being himself divine. The intelligible forms of ancient poets. The fair humanities of old religion, The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty, That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain, Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring, Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanish'd.

Vanish'd.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Youder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'T is Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!

THEKLA.

And if this be the science of the stars, I too, with glad and zealous industry, Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith. It is a gentle and affectionate thought, That in immeasurable heights above us, At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven, With sparkling stars for flowers.

COUNTESS.

Not only roses, But thorns too hath the heaven, and well for you Leave they your wreath of love inviolate: What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune, The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

MAX.

Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close. Blest be the General's zeal: into the laurel Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish Will have remain'd for his great heart! Enough Has he perform'd for glory, and can now Live for himself and his. To his domains Will he retire; he has a stately seat Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg, And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—Even to the foot of the huge mountains here Stretches the chase and covers of his forests: His ruling passion, to create the splendid He can indulge without restraint; can give A princely patronage to every art,

No more of talk, where god or angel guest With man, as with his friend familiar, used To sit indulgent. Paradise Lost, B. IX. And to all worth a Sovereign's protection. Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses-

COUNTESS.

Yet I would have you look, and look again, Before you lay aside your arms, young friend! A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it, That you should woo and win her with the sword.

MAX.

O, that the sword could win her!

COUNTESS.

What was that?

Did you hear nothing? Seem'd, as if I heard Tumult and larum in the banquet-room. [Exit Countess.

SCENE V.

THERLA and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (as soon as the Countess is out of sight, in a quick low voice to Piccolomini).

Don't trust them! They are false!

MAX.

Impossible!

THEKLA.

Trust no one here but me. I saw at once, They had a purpose.

Purpose! but what purpose? And how can we be instrumental to it?

THEKLA.

I know no more than you; but yet believe me: There's some design in this! to make us happy, To realise our union—trust me, love! They but pretend to wish it.

But these Tertskys-Why use we them at all? Why not your mother? Excellent creature! she deserves from us A full and filial confidence.

She doth love you, Doth rate you high before all others_but_ But such a secret—she would never have The courage to conceal it from my father. For her own peace of mind we must preserve it A secret from her too.

MAX.

Why any secret? I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do. I'll throw me at your father's feet—let him Decide upon my fortunes !- He is true, He wears no mask-he hates all crooked ways-He is so good, so noble!

THEKLA (falls on his neck). That are you!

MAX

You knew him only since this morn! but I. Have lived ten years already in his presence. And who knows whether in this very moment He is not merely waiting for us both To own our loves, in order to unite us? You are silent ?-You look at me with such a hopelessness! What have you to object against your father? THEKLA.

I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied-He has no leisure time to think about The happiness of us two. [Taking his hand tenderly. Follow me!

Let us not place too great a faith in men. These Tertskys—we will still be grateful to them For every kindness, but not trust them further Than they deserve ;--and in all else rely-On our own hearts!

MAX.

O! shall we e'er be happy? THEKLA.

Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine? Am I not thine? There lives within my soul A lofty courage—'t is love gives it me! I ought to be less open-ought to hide My heart more from thee-so decorum dictates: But where in this place couldst thou seek for truth, If in my mouth thou didst not find it?

SCENE VI.

To them enters the Countess Tertsky. COUNTESS (in a pressing manner). Come!

My husband sends me for you—It is now The latest moment.

[They not appearing to attend to what she says, she steps between them.

Part you!

THEKLA.

O, not yet!

It has been scarce a moment.

COUNTESS

Ay! Then time Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!

There is no hurry, aunt.

COUNTESS.

Away! away! ou. Twice already The folks begin to miss you. His father has ask'd for him.

THEKLA.

Ha! his father!

COUNTESS,

You understand that, niece!

Why needs he

To go at all to that society? 'T is not his proper company. They may Be worthy men, but he's too young for them. In brief, he suits not such society.

COUNTESS.

You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

THEKLA (with energy).
Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning. Leave him here wholly! Tell the company-

What! have you lost your senses, niece?-Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

MAX. (to THEKLA). Lady, I must obey, Farewell, dear lady! [Thekla turns away from him with a quick motion. What say you then, dear lady?

THERLA (without looking at him).
Nothing. Go!

MAX.

Can I, when you are angry-

[He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.

COUNTESS.

Off! Heavens! if any one should come! Hark! What's that noise! It comes this way.—Off!

[Max. tears himself awdy out of her arms, and goes. The Countess accompanies him. THEKLE for loves him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after the has played a while an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.

THEKLA (plays and sings).

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might;

And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,

The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.\footnote{1}

I found it not in my power to translate this song with literal fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic movement; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA (spielt und singt).

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn, Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün; Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht, Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,

Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:

Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

THEKLA (plays and sings).

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discoloured with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of "The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Margaret" has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threat'ning,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan!

Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching, Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,

Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,

In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss.

Both living and loving.

SCENE VIII

Countess (returns), THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him, Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it, And'so must be flung after him! For you, Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought, It had been more beseeming to have shown your-More chary of your person.

THEKLA (rising).
And what mean you?

COUNTESS.

I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten Who you are, and who he is. But perchance That never once occurr'd to you.

THEKLA.

What then?

That you're daughter of the Prince Duke Friedland.

THEKLA.

Well-and what farther?

COUNTESS.

What? a pretty question!

THEKLA.

He was born that which we have but become. He's of an ancient Lombard family, Son of a reigning princess.

COUNTESS.

Are you dreaming? Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth! We shall no doubt right courteously entreat him To honour with his hand the richest heiress In Europe.

THEKLA.

That will not be necessary.

COUNTESS.

Methinks 't were well though not to run the hazard.

THEKLA.

His father loves him; Count Octavio Will interpose no difficulty——

COUNTESS.

His!

His father ! his! But yours niece, what of yours?

THEKLA.

Why I begin to think you fear his father. So anxiously you hide it from the man! His father, his, I mean.

COUNTESS (looks at her as scrutinizing).

Niece, you are false.

THEKLA.

Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

COUNTESS.

You hold your game for won already. Do not Triumph too soon!—

THERLA (interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her.)

Nay now, be friends with me.

COUNTESS.

It is not yet so far gone.

THEKLA.

I believe you.

COUNTESS

Did you suppose your father had laid out His most important life in toils of war, Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss, Had banish'd slumber from his tent, devoted His noble head to care, and for this only, To make a happier pair of you? At length To draw you from your convent, and conduct In easy triumph to your arms the man [thinks, That chanced to please your eyes! All this, me-He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

THEKLA.

That which he did not plant for me might yet Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord. And if my friendly and affectionate fate, Out of his fearful and enormous being, Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

COUNTESS.

Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes. Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art. Into no house of joyance hast thou stepp'd, For no espousals dost thou find the walls Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing. Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou That all these thousands are here congregated To lead up the long dances at thy wedding! Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought, Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance Lies the great destiny of all our house. Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling, O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof, Thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty-his Who where he moves creates the wonderful. Not to herself the woman must belong, Annex'd and bound to alien destinies. But she performs the best part, she the wisest, Who can transmute the alien into self, Meet and disarm necessity by choice; And what must be, take freely to her heart, And bear and foster it with mother's love.

THEKLA.

Such ever was my lesson in the convent. I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty! His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me From the far distance, waken'd in my soul No other thought than this—I am appointed To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

COUNTESS.

That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it. I and thy mother gave thee the example.

THEKLA.

My fate hath shown me him, to whom behoves it That I should offer up myself. In gladness Him will I follow.

COUNTESS.

Not thy fate hath shown him! Thy heart, say rather—'t was thy heart, my child!

THEKLA.

Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses. I am all his! His present—his alone, Is this new life, which lives in me? He hath A right to his own creature. What was I Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

COUNTESS.

Thou wouldst oppose thy father then, should he Have otherwise determined with thy person?

[Thekla remains silent. The Countess continues.

Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child, His name is Friedland.

THEKLA.

My name too is Friedland. He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUNTESS.

What? he has vanquish'd all impediment, And in the wilful mood of his own daughter Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child! As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone; The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child, I will not frighten thee. To that extreme, I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet Unknown to me: 't is possible his aims May have the same direction as thy wish. But this can never, never be his will That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes, Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden: And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices The highest love can bring, must pay for it. Exit COUNTESS

THEKLA (who during the last speech had been standing evidently lost in her reflections). I thank thee for the hint. It turns My sad presentiment to certainty. And it is so!—Not one friend have we here, Not one true heart! we 've nothing but ourselves! O she said rightly—no auspicious signs Beam on this covenant of our affections. This is no theatre, where hope abides:

The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here; And Love himself, as he were arm'd in steel, Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[Music from the banquet-room is heard.

There's a dark spirit walking in our house, And swiftly will the Destiny close on us. It drove me hither from my calm asylum, It mocks my soul with charming witchery, It lures me forward in a scraph's shape, I see it near, I see it nearer floating, It draws it pulls me with a god-like power—And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—I have no power within me not to move!

[The music from the banquet-room becomes louder O when a house is doom'd in fire to perish, Many and dark heaven drives his clouds together, Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights, Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms, 'And fiends and angels, mingling in their fury, Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice.

[Exit THERLA.

SCENE VIII C e S

A large Saloon lighted up with festal Splendour; in the midst of it, and in the centre of the Slage, a Table richly set out, at which eight Generals are sitting, among whom are Octavio Piccolomini, Tertsky, and Maradas. Right and left of this, but farther back, two other Tables, at each of which six Persons are placed. The Middle Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a

¹ There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a faithful translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude. fourth Table, with the same number of Persons. More forward stands the Sideboard. The whole front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in motion. The Band of Music belonging to Tertent's Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage, Max. Piccolomini appears, Tertent advances towards him with a Paper, Isolani comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-up.

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAK. PICCOLOMINI.

ISOLANI.

Here, brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?

been?

Off to thy place—quick! Tertsky here has given The mother's holiday wine up to free booty. Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle. Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving At yonder table ducal crowns in shares; There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up, With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's, And al! the great Bohemian feodalities. Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up For thee—who knows? off—to thy place! quick! march!

THEFENBACH and GOETZ (call out from the second and third tables).

Count Piccolomini!

TERTSKY.

Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth, The wording satisfies you. They've all read it, Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe His individual signature.

"Ingratis servire nefas."

ISOLANI.

That sounds to my ears very much like Latin, And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

TERTSKY.

No honest man will serve a thankless master.

MAX.

"Inasmuch as our supreme Commander, the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and each in particular, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as our oath to the Emperor will permit it. (These last words are repeated by Isolann.) In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

TERTSKY.

Now !- are you willing to subscribe this paper ?

ISOLANI.

Why should he not? All officers of honour Can do it, ay, must do it.—Pen and ink here!

TERTSKY.

Nay, let it rest till after meal.

ISOLANI (drawing Max. along). Come, Max.

Come, Max.
[Both seat themselves at their table.

SCENE +X.
TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

TERTSKY (beckons to NEUMANN who is waiting at the side-table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage).

Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it. It may be changed for the other?

NEUMANN.

I have copied it Letter by letter, line by line; no eye Would e'er discover other difference, Save only the omission of that clause, According to your Excellency's order.

TERTSKY.

Right! lay it yonder, and away with this—
It has performed its business—to the fire with it—
[Neumann lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side-table.

SCENE X.

ILLO (comes out from the second Chamber), TERTSKY.

ILLO.

How goes it with young Piccolomini!

TERTSKY.

All right, I think. He has started no objection.

ILLO.

He is the only one I fear about— He and his father. Have an eye on both!

TERTSKY.

How looks it at your table: you forget not To keep them warm and stirring?

ILLO.

O, quite cordial,
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have

them.
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. "Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,"
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward,
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?" Trust me, Count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

TERTSKY.

And Butler ?

How goes it there ? Hush !

SCENE XI.

To them enter Butler from the second table.

BUTLER.

Don't disturb yourselves.
Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.
Good luck be to the schem; and as to me,
[With an air of mystery.

You may depend upon me.

ILLO (with vivacity).

May we, Butler?

BUTLER.

With or without the clause, all one to me? You understand me? My fidelity
The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!
Tell him so! I'm the Emperor's officer,
As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
The Emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,
As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord.

TERTSKY.

You would make a good exchange. No stern economist, no Ferdinand, Is he to whom you plight your services.

BUTLER (wiln a haughty look).

I do not put up my fidelity
To sale, Count Tertsky! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.—
But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
I bring myself together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.

ILLO.

Who is ignorant, That the whole army look to Colonel Butler, As to a light that moves before them?

BUTLER.

Ey?
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my old good name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
Start not at what I say, sir Generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect [or That this your game had crook'd my judgment—That fickleness, quick blood, or such like cause,
Has driven the old man from the track of honour,
Which he so long had trodden. Come, my friends!
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
Because I know and have looked steadily
At that on which I have determined.

TLLO.

Say, And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?

BUTLER.

A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm yours With all I have. Not only men, but money Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs! I've earn'd and laid up somewhat in his service, I lend it him; and is he my survivor, It has been already long ago bequeathed him. He is my heir. For me, I stand alone Here in the world; nought know I of the feeling That binds the husband to a wife and children. My name dies with me, my existence ends.

ILLO.

'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions!

BUTLER.

I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
From lowest stable duty I climb'd up,
Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,

The plaything of a whimsical good fortune. And Wallenstein too is a child of luck; I love a fortune that is like my own.

ILLO.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

BUTLER.

This is an awful moment! to the brave,
To the determined, an auspicious moment.
The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
That Mansfeldt, wanted but a longer life
To have mark'd out with his good sword a lordship
That should reward his courage. Who of these
Equals our Friedland? there is nothing, nothing
So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

TERTSKY.

That's spoken like a man!

BUTLER.

Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly. Come, to the company!

TERTSKY.

Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!

Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!

Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[Excunt, each to his table.

SCENE XII.

The Master of the Cellar advancing with Neumann, Servants passing backwards and forwards.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The best wine! O: if my old mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer! 'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I will tell you, sir officer, it looks no good.

NEUMANN.

Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR,

You think so !—Well, well! much may be said on that head.

FIRST SERVANT (comes). Burgundy for the fourth table.

Now, sir lieutenant, if this an't the seventieth flask-

FIRST SERVANT.

Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (continuing his discourse to Neumann).

They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the count, loiter on the brink—(to the Servants.)—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks!

Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

RUNNER (comes).

The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William-there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

The same !- a health is to go round in him.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups).

This will be something for the tale-bearersthis goes to Vienna.

NEUMANN.

Permit me to look at it .-- Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look!—There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

NEUMANN.

But what is the cup there on the banner?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian-Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege: for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

NEUMANN.

And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

That signifies the Bohemian letter-royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph-a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermark has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar-and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter-royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his seissars.

NEUMANN.

Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well. well! they fought for a good cause though-There! carry it up!

NEUMANN.

Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look there! That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

[Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three-and-twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday-from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[Health drank aloud at the second table. The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

[At the third and fourth table. Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurra! [Music strikes up.

FIRST SERVANT.

Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

SECOND SERVANT (comes in running).
Did you hear? They have drank the Prince of Weimar's health.

THIRD SERVANT.

The Swedish Chief Commander!

FIRST SERVANT (speaking at the same time). The Lutheran!

SECOND SERVANT.

Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Po, po! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not! -You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called to.

SECOND SERVANT.

[To the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner.

Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way-'tis a flask of Frontignac! -Snapped it up at the third table-Canst go off with it?

RUNNER (hides it in his pocket). All right! [Exit the Second Servant.

THIRD SERVANT (aside to the First).

Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to father Quivoga-He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (to NEUMANN). Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

NEUMANN.

Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (impatiently).
Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend, nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these outlandish fellows 1 are little better than rogues.

NEUMANN.

Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the

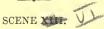
MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

[Taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket. My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket. [Tertsky hurries in, fetches away the Paper and calls to a Servant for Pen and Ink, and goes to the back of the Stage.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (to the Servants).

The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off and move

[They rise at all the tables, the Servants hurry off the front of the Stage to the Tables; part of the guests come forward.



OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI enters in conversation with MARADAS, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the Stage on one side of the Proscenium. On the side directly opposite, Max. Piccolomini, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the Stage, is filled up by Butler, Isolani, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, and KOLATTO.

ISOLANI (while the Company is coming forward). Good-night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General !- I should rather say, good morning.

GOETZ (to TIEFENBACH).

Noble brother! (making the usual compliment after meals).

TIEFENBACH.

Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, Heaven rest her soul, taught her !- Ah! that was a housewife for you!

TIEFENBACH.

There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

OCTAVIO (aside to MARADAS).

Do me the favour to talk to me-talk of what you will - or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. (He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.)

ISOLANI (on the point of going). Lights! lights!

1 There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. "Die Welschen alle," &c. which word in classical German means the Italians alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the vulgar use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means outlandish nuts-Wallæ nuces, in German " Welsche Nüsse."

TERTSKY (advances with the Paper to ISOLANI). Noble brother; two minutes longer!-Here is something to subscribe.

ISOLANI.

Subscribe as much as you like-but you must excuse me from reading it.

There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your

[ISOLANI hands over the Paper to Octavio respectfully.

Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here. (OCTAVIO runs over the Paper with apparent indifference. Tertsky watches him at some distance.)

GOETZ (to TERTSKY).

Noble Count! with your permission - Good night.

TERTSKY.

Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (To the Servants) .- Ho!

GOETZ.

Excuse me—an't able.

TERTSKY.

A thimble-full! GOETZ.

Excuse me.

TIEFENBACH (sits down). Pardon me, nobles !- This standing does not agree with me.

TERTSKY.

Consult only your own convenience, General!

TIEFENBACH.

Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

Poor legs! how should they! Such an unmerciful load! (Octavio subscribes his name, and reaches over the Paper to Tertsky, who gives it to Isolani; and he goes to the table to sign his name.)

TIEFENBACH.

'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers-ice and snow-no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ.

Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice inquiries about the season.

TERTSKY (observing Isolani, whose hand trembles excessively so that he can scarce direct his pen.

Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother ?-Dispatch it.

ISOLANI.

The sins of youth! I have already tried the chalybeate waters. Well-I must bear it.

[Tertsky gives the Paper to Maradas; he steps to the table to subscribe.

OCTAVIO (advancing to BUTLER).

You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

BUTLER.

I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

OCTAVIO (stepping nearer to him friendlily).

Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much-honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation-that's my taste!

BUTLER.

And mine too, when it can be had.

[The paper comes to Tiefenbach, who glances over it at the same time with Goetz and Kolatto. MARADAS in the mean time returns to Octavio. All this takes place, the conversation with BUTLER proceeding uninterrupted.

OCTAVIO (introducing MARADAS to BUTLER). Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer.

BUTLER bows.

OCTAVIO (continuing).
You are a stranger here—'t was but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'T is a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings !—Come, be my visitor. (Butler makes a low bow.) Nay, without compliment !- For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

BUTLER (coldly).

Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant General!

> [The paper comes to Butler, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the Piccolominis, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the seene, remain alone.

OCTAVIO (after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him). You were long absent from us, friend !

I-urgent business detained me.

And, I observe, you are still absent!

You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

OCTAVIO (advancing still nearer). May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you? Tertsky knows it without

What does Tertsky know?

OCTAVIO.

He was the only one who did not miss you.

ISOLANI (who has been attending to them from some

distance, steps up).
Well done, father! Rout out his haggage! Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

TERTSKY (with the paper). Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed ?

OCTAVIO.

All.

TERTSKY (calling aloud). Ho! Who subscribes ?

BUTLER (to TERTSKY). Count the names. There ought to be just thirty. TERTSKY.

Here is a cross.

TIEFENBACH.

That 's my mark.

ISOLANI. He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

OCTAVIO (presses on to MAX.). Come, general! let us go. It is late.

TERTSKY.

One Piccolomini only has signed.

ISOLANI (pointing to MAX.).

Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening. (MAX. receives the paper from TERTSKY, which he looks upon vacantly).

SCENE XIV.

To these enter Illo from the inner room. He has in his hand a golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking; GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.

ILLO.

What do you want? Let me go.

GOETZ and BUTLER.

Drink no more, Illo! For Heaven's sake, drink no more.

ILLO (goes up to Octavio, and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks).

Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me-Devil take me !-and I never loved you !- I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (Embracing him repeatedly.) You have not a (Embracing him repeatedly.) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain —and I 'll strangle him !—my dear friend!

TERTSKY (whispering to him).

Art in thy senses? For Heaven's sake, Illo, think where you are!

ILLO (aloud).
What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? (Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.) Not a sneaker among us, thank Heaven!

TERTSKY (to Butler. eagerly).

Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler !

BUTLER (to ILLO).

Field Marshal! a word with you. (Leads him to the side-board.)

ILLO (cordially).

A thousand for one; Fill-Fill it once more up to the brim. To this gallant man's health!

ISOLANI (to MAX. who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes).

Slow and sure, my noble brother ?- Hast parsed it all yet ?-Some words yet to go through ?-Ha?

MAX. (waking as from a dream). What am I to do?

TERTSKY, and at the same time ISOLANI. Sign your name. (OCTAVIO directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety.)

MAX. (returns the paper.)

Let it stay till to-morrow. It is business-to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me tomorrow.

Nay, collect yourself a little.

ISOLANI.

Awake man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldst be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

TERTSKY (to OCTAVIO).

Use your influence. Instruct him.

OCTAVIO.

My son is at the age of discretion.

ILLO (leaves the service-cup on the sidebeard).

What's the dispute?

TERTSKY.

He declines subscribing the paper.

I-say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to itand so must you .- You must subscribe.

Illo, good night!

ILLO.

No! You come not off so! The Duke shall learn who are his friends. (All collect round Illo and MAX.)

MAX.

What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows-what need of this

This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners,-Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards-nothing pleases him but what 's outlandish.

TERTSKY (in extreme embarrassment, to the Commanders, who at Illo's words give a sudden start, as preparing to resent them).

It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

ISOLANI (with a bitter laugh). Wine invents nothing: it only tattles.

He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso-

TERTSKY (interrupting him). He is stark mad-don't listen to him!

ILLO (raising his voice to the highest pitch). Unless they can slip out by a proviso.—What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

MAX. (has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper).

What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious - I must look closer at it.

TERTSKY (in a low voice to ILLO).

What are you doing, Illo ? You are ruining us.

TIEFENBACH (to KOLATTO).

Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

Why, I seemed to think so too.

ISOLANI.
What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

TIEFENBACH.

Before supper there was a certain proviso therein, or short clause, concerning our duties to the Emperor.

BUTLER (to one of the Commanders).

For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

ISOLANI (to one of the Generals).

Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

TERTSKY (to GOETZ).

Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so,-I am his man.

TIEFENBACH.

Softly, softly! 'T was but a word or two.

MAX. (having read the paper gives it back). Till to-morrow, therefore!

ILLO (stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to Max. with one hand, and his sword in the other).

Subscribe-Judas!

ISOLANI.

Out upon you, Illo!

OCTAVIO, TERTSKY, BUTLER (all together). Down with the sword !

MAX. (rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to COUNT TERTSKY).

Take him off to bed.

[Max. leaves the stage. ILLo cursing and raving is held back by some of the Officers, and amidst a universal confusion the Curtain drops.



SCENE I.

A Chamber in Piccolomini's Mansion .- It is Night. OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. A Valet de Chambre with Lights.

-And when my son comes in, conduct him What is the hour ? [hither.

VALET.

'T is on the point of morning.

OCTAVIO.

We mean not to undress. Set down the light. You may retire to sleep.

> [Exit Valet. Octavio paces, musing, across the chamber; Max. Piccolomini enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in

> > MAX.

Art thou offended with me ? Heaven knows That odious business was no fault of mine. 'T is true, indeed, I saw thy signature, What thou hadst sanction'd, should not, it might

Have come amiss to me. But-'t is my nature-Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow My own light, not another's.

OCTAVIO (goes up to him and embraces him). Follow it,

O follow it still further, my best sou! To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully Guided thee than the example of thy father.

MAX.

Declare thyself less darkly.

I will do so. For after what has taken place this night, There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two. [Both seat themselves.

Max. Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of The oath that was sent round for signatures ?

I hold it for a thing of harmless import, Although I love not these set declarations.

OCTAVIO.

And on no other ground hast thou refused The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

It was a serious business--I was absent-The affair itself seem'd not so urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.

Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.

Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini: He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

I know not what thou meanest.

I will tell thee. Fain would they have extorted from thee, son, The sanction of thy name to villany;

Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen, Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!

MAX. (rises).

Octavio!

OCTAVIO.

Patience! Seat yourself. Much yet Hast thou to hear from me, friend!—hast for years Lived in incomprehensible illusion. Before thine eyes is Treason drawing out As black a web as e'er was spun for venom: A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding. I dare no longer stand in silence—dare No longer see thee wandering on in darkness, Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

My father ! Yet, ere thou speakest, a moment's pause of If your disclosures should appear to be [thought! Conjectures only-and almost I fear They will be nothing further-spare them! I Am not in that collected mood at present, That I could listen to them quietly.

OCTAVIO.

The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light, The more impatient cause have I, my son, To force it on thee. To the innocence And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted With calm assurance—but I see the net Preparing-and it is thy heart itself Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret, [Fixing his eye steadfastly on his son's face.

Which thou concealest, forces mine from me. Max. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground embarrassed.

OCTAVIO (after a pause).

Know, then, they are duping thee !—a most foul

With thee and with us all-nay, hear me calmly-The Duke even now is playing. He assumes The mask, as if he would forsake the army; And in this moment makes he preparations That army from the Emperor to steal, And carry it over to the enemy!

That low Priest's legend I know well, but did not Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.

That mouth, From which thou hearest it at this present moment, Doth warrant thee that it is no Priest's legend.

MAX.

How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke; What, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream That he can lure away full thirty thousand Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers, More than a thousand noblemen among them, From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure And make them all unanimous to do [them, A deed that brands them scoundrels?

OCTAVIO.

Such a deed,

With such a front of infamy, the Duke No ways desires __what he requires of us Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing He wishes, but to give the Empire peace. And so, because the Emperor hates this peace, Therefore the Duke—the Duke will force him to it. All parts of the Empire will he pacify, And for his trouble will retain in payment (What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!

MAX.

Has he, Octavio, merited of us, That we—that we should think so vilely of him?

OCTAVIO.

What we would think is not the question here, The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs! Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee, In what ill credit with the Court we stand. But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks, What base intrigues, what lying artifices, Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed— Loosed all the bands, that link the officer To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier Affectionately to the citizen. Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers The state he's bound to guard. To such a height 'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor Before his armies—his own armies—trembles; Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears The traitors' poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring-Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans-No! from his own troops hide and hurry them!

MAX.

Cease, cease! thou torturest, shatterest me. I know That oft we tremble at an empty terror; But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

OCTAVIO.

It is no phantasm. An intestine war, Of all the most unnatural and cruel, Will burst out into flames, if instantly We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals Are many of them long ago won over; The subalterns are vacillating—whole Regiments and garrisons are vacillating. To foreigners our strongholds are entrusted; To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole Force of Silesia given up: to Tertsky Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani, To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

MAX.

Likewise to both of us.

OCTAVIO.

Because the Duke
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the princedoms, Glatz
And Sagan; and too plain I see the angel
With which he doubts not to catch thee.

MAX.

No! no!

I tell thee_no!

OCTAVIO.

O open yet thine eyes!

And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us
Hither to Pilsen?—to avail himself
Of our advice?—O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice?—Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and
Decline we that—to be his hostages.

Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof; Thy father, too, thou wouldst not have seen here, If higher duties had not held him fetter'd.

MAX.

He makes no secret of it—needs make none— That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it. He needs our aidance to maintain himself— He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair That we too should do somewhat now for him.

OCTAVIO.

And know'st thou what it is which we must do? That Illo's drunken mood betray'd it to thee. Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen? The counterfeited paper—the omission Of that particular clause, so full of meaning, Does it not prove, that they would bind us down To nothing good?

MAX.

That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick
Of Illo's own device. These underhand
Traders in great men's interests ever use
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the Duke at variance with the court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee! For this is not a time for tenderness.

Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act. I therefore will confess to thee, that all Which I've entrusted to thee now—that all Which seems to thee so unbelievable, That—yes, I will tell thee—(a pause)—Max.! I had it all

From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it,

MAX. (in excessive agitation).
No !—no !—never!

OCTAVIO.

Himself confided to me What I, 'tis true, had long before discover'd By other means—himself confided to me, That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes; And, at the head of the united armies, Compel the Emperor—

MAY

He is passionate,
The Court has stung him—he is sore all over
With injuries and affronts; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me:
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he showed me
His written evidences—showed me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promise of aidance, and defined the amount.

MAX.

It cannot be !—can not be !—can not be !
Dost thou not see, it cannot !
Thou wouldst of necessity have shown him
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
Had taken thee for his better genius, or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

OCTAVIO.

I have laid open my objections to him, Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness; But my abhorrence, the full sentiment Of my whole heart—that I have still kept sacred To my own consciousness.

And thou hast been So treacherous? That looks not like my father! I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me Evil of him; much less can I now do it, That thou calumniatest thy own self.

OCTAVIO. I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

MAX.

Uprightness merited his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

MAX.

Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy Of thee, Octavio!

OCTAVIO. Gave I him a cause

To entertain a scruple of my honour?

MAX.

That he did not, evinced his confidence.

Dear son, it is not always possible Still to preserve that infant purity Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart, Still in alarum, for ever on the watch Against the wiles of wicked men: e'en Virtue Will sometimes bear away her outward robes Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity. This is the curse of every evil deed, That, propagating still, it brings forth evil. I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms: I but perform my orders; the Emperor Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy, Far better were it, doubtless, if we all Obey'd the heart at all times; but so doing, In this our present sojourn with bad men, We must abandon many an honest object. Tis now our call to serve the Emperor; By what means he can best be served—the heart May whisper what it will-this is our call!

It seems a thing appointed, that to-day I should not comprehend, not understand thee. The Duke, thou say'st, did honestly pour out His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose; And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
For a good purpose! Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend, thou stealest not from me— Let me not lose my father!

OCTAVIO (suppressing resentment). As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have Yet somewhat to disclose to thee. [After a pause. Duke Friedland

Hath made his preparations. He relies Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided, And thinks to fall upon us by surprise. Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already The golden circle in his hand. He errs, We too have been in action-he but grasps His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

MAX.

O nothing rash, my sire! By all that's good Let me invoke thee-no precipitation!

With light tread stole he on his evil way, And light tread hath Vengeance stolen on after Unseen she stands already, dark behind him-But one step more—he shudders in her grasp! Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As y Thou know'st but his ostensible commission: He brought with him a private one, my son! And that was for me only.

May I know it?

OCTAVIO (seizes the patent).

Max! [A pause.

-In this disclosure place I in thy hands The Empire's welfare and thy father's life: Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein: A powerful tie of love, of veneration, Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth. Thou nourishest the wish,—O let me still Anticipate thy loitering confidence! The hope thou nourishest to knit thyself Yet closer to him-

Father-

OCTAVIO.

O my son!

I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I Equally sure of thy collectedness? Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance, To enter this man's presence, when that I Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

MAX.

According

As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime. [Octavio takes a paper out of his escrutoire, and gives it to him.

What? how? a full Imperial patent!

OCTAVIO.

Read it.

MAX. (just glances on it). Duke Friedland sentenced and condemn'd!

OCTAVIO.

Even so.

MAX. (throws down the paper). O this is too much! O unhappy error!

OCTAVIO.

Read on. Collect thyself.

MAX. (after he has read further, with a look of affright and astonishment on his father.) How! what! Thou! thou!

OCTAVIO.

But for the present moment, till the King, Of Hungary may safely join the army, Is the command assign'd to me.

And think'st thou. Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him? O never hope it !- Father! father! father! An inauspicious office is enjoin'd thee.
This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it? The mighty in the middle of his host,

Surrounded by his thousands, him wouldst thou Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all octavio. [of us.

What hazard I incur thereby, I know. In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty Will cover with his shield the Imperial house, And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness. The Emperor hath true servants still; and even Here in the camp, there are enough brave men Who for the good cause will fight gallantly. The faithful have been warn'd—the dangerous Are closely watch'd. I wait but the first step, And then immediately—

MAX

What! on suspicion?

Immediately?

OCTAVIO.

The Emperor is no tyrant.

The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.

The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.

Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,

He will be silently displaced from office,

And make way to his Emperor's royal son.

An honourable exile to his castles

Will be a benefaction to him rather

Than punishment. But the first open step—

MAX.

What callest thou such a step? A wicked step Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily, Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, howsoever punishable were Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps Which he hath taken openly, permit A mild construction. It is my intention To leave this paper wholly uninforced Till some act is committed which convicts him Of high-treason, without doubt or plea, And that shall sentence him.

MAX.

But who the judge? OCTAVIO.

Thyself.

MAX.

For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.

Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.

After the counter-promise of this evening,
It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with us;
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition,
Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced
marches

To the Bohemian forests. What this purports Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion, This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st, Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

MAX. (with enthusiasm).
Thy judgment may mistake; my heart can not.
[Moderates his voice and manner.

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine; But they expound not Friedland—I have faith; For as he knits his fortunes to the stars, Even so doth he resemble them in secret, Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!

Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved. These smokes at once will kindle into flame—The edges of this black and stormy cloud Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view The Unapproachable glide out in splendour.

OCTAVIO.

I will await it.

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO and Max. as before. To them the Valet of the Chamber.

OCTAVIO.

How now, then !

VALET.

A despatch is at the door.

OCTAVIO.

So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

That he refused to tell me.

OCTAVIO.

Lead him in:

And, hark you—let it not transpire.

Exit Valet; the cornet steps in.

OCTAVIO.

Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?
Give me your letters.

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general

Trusted it not to letters.

OCTAVIO.

And what is it?

CORNET.

He hade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?

My son knows all.

CORNET. We have him.

OCTAVIO.

CORNET.

Whom?
Sesina,

The old negociator.

OCTAVIO (eagerly).

And you have him?

CORNET.

In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand Found and secured him yester morning early; He was proceeding then to Regensburg, And on him were despatches for the Swede.

OCTAVIO.

And the despatches-

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general Sent them that instant to Vienna, and

The prisoner with them.

OCTAVIO.

This is, indeed, a tiding!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Enclosing weighty things.—Was much found on

him?

CORNET.

I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.

None in the Duke's own hand?

CORNET.

Not that I know.

OCTAVIO.

And old Sesina?

CORNET.

He was sorely frighten'd, When it was told him he must to Vienna. But the Count Altringer bade him take heart, Would he but make a full and free confession.

OCTAVIO.

Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard That he lay sick at Linz.

CORNET.

These three days past
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-general,
At Frauenburg. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men;
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.

OCTAVIO.

In a few days may great events take place. And when must you return?

CORNET

I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.

Remain till evening.

Cornet signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going. No one saw you—ha?

CORNET.

No living creature. Through the cloister wicket The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

OCTAVIO.

Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself conceal'd I hold it probable, that yet ere evening I shall despatch you. The development Of this affair approaches: ere the day, That even now is dawning in the heaven, Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.

[Exit Cornet.

SCENE III.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear; For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

MAX. (who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in a violent and visible struggle of feelings, at length starts as one resolved).

I will procure me light a shorter way.
Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Where now ?- Remain here.

MAX.

To the Duke.

OCTAVIO (alarmed). What-

MAX. (returning).

If thou hast beheved that I shall act
A part in this thy play—
Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.
My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,

False with the heart_I may not, cannot be: Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me-As his friend trust me-and then lull my conscience With such low pleas as these :- "I ask him not-He did it all at his own hazard-and My mouth has never lied to him."-No, no ! What a friend takes me for, that I must be.

—I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended Will I demand of him that he do save His good name from the world, and with one stride Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours. He can, he will !- I still am his believer. Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him. How far may not this Tertsky have proceeded-What may not he himself too have permitted Himself to do, to snare the enemy The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save His own mouth shall convict him-nothing less ! And face to face will I go question him. OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt?

MAX.

I will, as sure as this heart beats.

I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee. I calculated on a prudent son, Who would have bless'd the hand beneficent That pluck'd him back from the abyss-and lo! A fascinated being I discover, Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders, Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal. Go, question him !- Be mad enough, I pray thee. The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor, Go, give it up free booty !- Force me, drive me To an open breach before the time. And now, Now that a miracle of Heaven had guarded My secret purpose even to this hour, And laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes, Let me have lived to see that mine own son, With frantic enterprise, annihilates My toilsome labours and state-policy.

MAN

Ay—this state-policy? O how I curse it! You will some time, with your state-policy, Compel him to the measure : it may happen, Because ye are determined that he is guilty, Guilty ye'll make him. (All retreat cut off, You close up every outlet, hem him in Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him-Yes, ye,—ye force him, in his desperation, To set fire to his prison. Father! father! That never can end well—it cannot—will not! And let it be decided as it may, I see with boding heart the near approach Of an ill-starr'd, unblest catastrophe. For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall, Will drag a world into the ruin with him. And as a ship (that midway on the ocean Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven; So will he, falling, draw down in his fall All us, who're fix'd and mortised to his fortune. Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me, That I must bear me on in my own way. All must remain pure betwixt him and me; And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known Which I must lose my father, or my friend.

[During his exit the curtain drops.

SCENE I.

A Room fitted up for astrological labours, and provided with celestial Charts, with Globes, Telescopes, Quadrants, and other mathematical Instruments .- Seven Colossal Figures, representing the Planets, each with a transparent Star of a different Colour on its Head, stand in a semicircle in the Back-ground, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the Eye .- The Remainder of the Scene, and its Disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act .-There must be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on occasions.

In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or

Wallenstein at a black Table, on which a Speculum Astrologicum is described with Chalk. Seni is taking Observations through a window.

WALLENSTEIN.

All well-and now let it be ended, Seni.-Come, The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour. We must give o'er the operation. Come, We know enough.

SENI.

Your Highness must permit me Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising: Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

WALLENSTEIN.

She is at present in her perigee, And shoots down now her strongest influences.

[Contemplating the figure on the table. Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction, At length the mighty three corradiate : And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter And Venus, take between them the malignant Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel Into my service that old mischief-founder: For long he view'd me hostilely, and ever With beam oblique, or perpendicular, Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan, Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing Their blessed influences and sweet aspects. Now they have conquer'd the old enemy, And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me. SENI (who has come down from the window). And in a corner house, your Highness-think of

That makes each influence of double strength.

WALLENSTEIN.

And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect, The soft light with the vehement—so I love it. Son is the heart, Luna the head of heaven, Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI.

And both the mighty Lumina by no Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus, Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.

WALLENSTEIN.

The empire of Saturnus is gone by; Lord of the secret birth of things is he; Within the lap of earth, and in the depths Of the imagination dominates; And his are all things that eschew the light. The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance, For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now, And the dark work, complete of preparation, He draws by force into the realm of light. Now must we hasten on to action, ere The scheme, and most auspicious positure Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight; For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not. There is some one knocking there. See who it is.

TERTSKY (from without).

Open, and let me in.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay—'t is Tertsky.

What is there of such urgence? We are busy.

TERTSKY (from without). Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.

It suffers no delaying.

WALLENSTEIN.

Open, Seni!

[While Seni opens the door for Tertsky, Wallenstein dra@the gurtain over the figures

Tertsky (enters).

Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.

Galas has given him up to the Emperor. [SENI draws off the black table, and exit.

Steel Cale and Section

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY. WALLENSTEIN (to TERTSKY).
Who has been taken? Who is given up? TERTSKY.

The man who knows our secrets, who knows every Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon, Through whose hands all and every thing has pass'd-

WALLENSTEIN (drawing back).
Nay, not Sesina !—Say, No! I entreat thee.

TERTSKY.

All on his road for Regensburg to the Swede He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent, Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him. There must have been found on him my whole packet To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim: All this is in their hands; they have now an insight Into the whole-our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III.

To them enters ILLO.

ILLO (to TERTSKY).

Has he heard it?

TERTSKY. He has heard it.

ILLO (to WALLENSTEIN).

Thinkest thou still To make thy peace with the Emperor, to regain His confidence ?-E'en were it now thy wish To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know

THE PROCOLOMINI.

What thou hast wish'd: then forwards thou must Retreat is now no longer in thy power. [press;

TERTSKY.

They have documents against us, and in hands, Which show beyond all power of contradiction-

WALLENSTEIN.

Of my hand-writing-no iota. I punish for thy lies.

And thou believest, That what this man, that what thy sister's husband. Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning ? His word must pass for thy word with the Swede, And not with those that hate thee at Vienna?

In writing thou gavest nothing-But bethink thee. How far thou ventured'st by word of mouth With this Sesina! And will he be silent? If he can save himself by yielding up Thy secret purposes, will he retain them ?

ILLO.

Thyself dost not conceive it possible; And since they now have evidence authentic How far thou hast already gone, speak !-tell us, What art thou waiting for ? thou canst no longer Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue Thou 'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

WALLENSTEIN.

In the army Lies my security. The army will not Abandon me. Whatever they may know, The power is mine, and they must gulp it down-And substitute I caution for my fealty, They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

ILLO.

The army, Duke, is thine now-for this moment-'T is thine: but think with terror on the slow, The quiet power of time. From open violence The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee To-day_to-morrow: but grant'st thou them a respite.

Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing, With wily theft will draw away from thee One after the other-

WALLENSTEIN.

'T is a cursed accident!

Oh! I will call it a most blessed one, If it work on thee as it ought to do, Hurry thee on to action—to decision— The Swedish General-

WALLENSTEIN.

He 's arrived! Know'st thou What his commission is

To thee alone Will he entrust the purpose of his coming.

WALLENSTEIN.

A cursed, cursed accident! Yes, yes, Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.

TERTSKY. He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel, His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself At thy cost, think you he will scruple it? And if they put him to the torture, will he, Will he, that dastardling, have strength enough-

WALLENSTEIN (lost in thought). Their confidence is lost-irreparably! And I may act what way I will, I shall Be and remain for ever in their thought A traitor to my country. How sincerely Soever I return back to my duty, It will no longer help me

Ruin thee.

That it will do! Not thy fidelity, Thy weakness will be deem'd the sole occasion-WALLENSTEIN (pacing up and down in extreme

agitation).

What! I must realize it now in earnest, Because I toy'd too freely with the thought? Accursed he who dallies with a devil! And must I-I must realize it now-Now, while I have the power, it must take place?

ILLO.

Now-now-ere they can ward and parry it! WALLENSTEIN (looking at the paper of signatures). I have the Generals' word—a written promise! Max. Piccolomini stands not here-how's that?

TERTSKY

It was-he fancied-

ILLO.

Mere self-willedness. There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you

WALLENSTEIN.

He is quite right-there needeth no such thing. The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders-Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance, And openly resist the imperial orders. The first step to revolt's already taken.

Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy To lead them over to the enemy Than to the Spaniard.

I will hear, however,

What the Swede has to say to me.

ILLO (eagerly to TERTSKY Go. call him!

He stands without the door in waiting.

WALLENSTEIN.

Stay!

Stay yet a little. It hath taken me All by surprise, -it came too quick upon me; 'T is wholly novel, that an accident, With its dark lordship, and blind agency, Should force me on with it.

First hear him only, And after weigh it. Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN (in soliloquy). Is it possible?

Is 't so? I can no longer what I would? No longer draw back at my liking? I Must do the deed, because I thought of it? And fed this heart here with a dream? Because I did not scowl temptation from my presence, Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,

Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain, And only kept the road, the access open? By the great God of Heaven! It was not My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve. I but amused myself with thinking of it. The free-will tempted me, the power to do Or not to do it.—Was it criminal To make the fancy minister to hope, To fill the air with pretty toys of air, And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me! Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not The road of duty close beside me_but One little step, and once more I was in it! Where am I? Whither have I been transported? No road, no track behind me, but a wall, Impenetrable, insurmountable, Rises obedient to the spells I mutter'd And meant not-my own doings tower behind me. [Pauses and remains in deep thought.

A punishable man I seem; the guilt, Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me The equivocal demeanour of my life Bears witness on my prosecutor's party. And even my purest acts from purest motives Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss. Were I that thing for which I pass, that traitor, A goodly outside I had sure reserved, Had drawn the coverings thick and double round Been calm and chary of my utterance; But being conscious of the innocence Of my intent, my uncorrupted will, I gave way to my humours, to my passion: Bold were my words, because my deeds were not. Now every planless measure, chance event, The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph, And all the May-games of a heart o'er-flowing, Will they connect, and weave them all together Into one web of treason; all will be plan, My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark, Step tracing step, each step a politic progress; And out of all they'll fabricate a charge So specious, that I must myself stand dumb. I am caught in my own net, and only force, Nought but a sudden rent can liberate me. [Pauses again.

How else! since that the heart's unbiass'd instinct Impell'd me to the daring deed, which now Necessity, self-preservation, orders. Stern is the On-look of Necessity, Not without shudder may a human hand Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny. My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom: Once suffer'd to escape from its safe corner Within the heart, its nursery and birth-place, Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs For ever to those sly malicious powers Whom never art of man conciliated.

[Paces in agitation through the chamber, then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloguy.

What is thy enterprise? thy aim? thy object? Hast honestly confess'd it to thyself? Power seated on a quiet throne thou 'dst shake, Power on an ancient consecrated throne, Strong in possession, founded in old custom; Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots Fix'd to the people's pious nursery-faith. This, this will be no strife of strength with strength. That fear'd I not. I brave each combatant, Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,

Who, full himself of courage, kindles courage In me too. 'T is a foe invisible, The which I fear-a fearful enemy, Which in the human heart opposes me, By its coward fear alone made fearful to me. Not that, which full of life, instinct with power, Makes known its present being; that is not The true, the perilously formidable. O no! it is the common, the quite common, The thing of an eternal yesterday, What ever was, and evermore returns, Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 't was sterling! For of the wholly common is man made, And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them, Who lay irreverent hands upon his old House furniture, the dear inheritance From his forefathers! For time consecrates; And what is grey with age becomes religion. Be in possession, and thou hast the right, And sacred will the many guard it for thee! [To the PAGE, who here enters.

The Swedish officer ?-Well, let him enter. [The Page exit, Wallenstein fixes his eye in decd thought on the door

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN and WRANGEL.

WALLENSTEIN (after having fixed a searching look on him.)

Your name is Wrangel?

WRANGEL.

Gustave Wrangel, General

Of the Sudermanian Blues.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was a Wrangel Who injured me materially at Stralsund, And by his brave resistance was the cause Of the opposition which that sea-port made.

WRANGEL. It was the doing of the element With which you fought, my Lord! and not my The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom: The sea and land, it seem'd, were not to serve

One and the same. WALLENSTEIN (makes the motion for him to take a

seat, and seats himself.) And where are your credentials? Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

WRANGEL.

There are so many scruples yet to solve

WALLENSTEIN (having read the credentials.) An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General! The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils His late departed Sovereign's own idea In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

WRANGEL.

He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven, Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's Pre-eminent sense and military genius; And always the commanding Intellect, He said, should have command, and be the King.

MIL PICCOLOMNI.

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WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, he might say it safely.—General Wrangel, [Taking his hand affectionately.

Come, fair and open.—Trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Eh! that did you experience
Both in Silesia and at Nuremberg;
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back-door or other.
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to this present step: and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.

WRANGEL.

Confidence will come

Has each but only first security.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me; And, I confess—the gain does not lie wholly To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks, If I can play false with the Emperor, Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like With the enemy, and that the one too were Sooner to be forgiven me than the other.

Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

WRANGEL.

I have here an office merely, no opinion.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost: I can no longer honourably serve him. For my security, in self-defence, I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

WRANGEL.

That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forced to it. [After a pause.

What may have impell'd Your princely Highness in this wise to act Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor, Beseems not us to expound or criticise. The Swede is fighting for his good old cause, With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,

This opportunity, is in our favour,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without questioning;
And if all have its due and just proportions—

WALLENSTEIN.

Of what then are ye doubting? Of my-will?

Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor,
Would he trust me with sixteen thousand men,
That I would instantly go over to them
With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

WRANGEL.

Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief, To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.

'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment, How some years past, beyond all human faith, You call d an army forth, like a creation:

But yet—

WALLENSTEIN. But yet?

WRANGEL.
But still the Chancellor thinks,
It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them—

WALLENSTEIN.
What now? Out with it, friend?

WRANGEL

To break their oaths.

WALLENSTEIN.

And he thinks so?—He judges like a Swede, And like a Protestant. You Lutherans Fight for your Bible. You are interested About the cause; and with your hearts you follow Your banners.—Among you, whoe'er deserts To the enemy, hath broken covenant [fancies. With two Lords at one time.—We've no such

WRANGEL.

Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here No house and home, no fire-side, no altar?

WALLENSTEIN.

I will explain that to you, how it stands:—
The Austrian has a country, ay, and loves it,
And has good cause to love it—but this army,
That calls itself the Imperial, this that houses
Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;
This is an outeast of all foreign lands,
Unclaim'd by town or tribe, to whom belongs
Nothing, except the universal sun.

WRANGEL.

But then the Nobles and the Officers? Such a desertion, such a felony, It is without example, my Lord Duke, In the world's history.

WALLENSTEIN.

They are all mine— Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms. Not me, your own eyes you must trust.

[He gives him the paper containing the written eath. Wrangel reads it through, and, having read it, lays it on the table, remaining silent.

So then?

Now comprehend you?

WRANGEL.

Comprehend who can!
My Lord Duke; I will let the mask drop—yes!
I've full powers for a final settlement.
The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from
With fifteen thousand men, and only waits [here
For orders to proceed and join your army.
Those orders I give out, immediately
We're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

What asks the Chancellor?

WRANGEL (considerately).
Twelve regiments, every man a Swede—my head
The warranty—and all might prove at last
Only false play——

WALLENSTEIN (starting). Sir Swede!

WRANGEL (calmly proceeding).

Am therefore forced
T' insist thereon, that he do formally,

Irrevocably break with the Emperor, Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come, brief, and open! What is the demand?

WRANGEL.

That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments Attached to the Emperor, that he seize Prague, And to the Swedes give up that city, with The strong pass Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is much indeed!
Prague!—Egra's granted—But—but Prague!—
I give you every security
Which you may ask of me in common reason—
But Prague—Bohemia—these, sir General,
I can myself protect.

WRANGEL.

We doubt it not.
But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.

WALLENSTEIN.
'Tis but reasonable.

WRANGEL.

And till we are indemnified, so long Stays Prague in pledge.

WALLENSTEIN.

Then trust you us so little?

WRANGEL (rising).

The Swede, if he would treat well with the German, Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been call'd Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire From ruin—with our best blood have we sealed The liberty of faith, and gospel truth. But now already is the benefaction No longer felt, the load alone is felt .-Ye look askance with evil eye upon us, As foreigners, intruders in the empire, And would fain send us, with some paltry sum Of money, home again to our old forests. No, no! my Lord Duke! no!-it never was For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver, That we did leave our King by the Great Stone'. No, not for gold and silver have there bled So many of our Swedish Nobles-neither Will we, with empty laurels for our payment, Hoist sail for our own country. Citizens Will we remain upon the soil, the which Our Monarch conquer'd for himself, and died.

WALLENSTEIN.

Help to keep down the common enemy, And the fair border land must needs be yours.

WRANGEL.

But when the common enemy lies vanquish'd, Who knits together our new friendship then? We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede

Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on— Secret negotiations with the Saxons. Who is our warranty, that we are not The sacrifices in those articles . Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

WALLENSTEIN (rises).
Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
Of Prague no more.

WRANGEL.

Here my commission ends.

WALLENSTEIN.

Surrender up to you my capital! Far liever would I face about, and step Back to my Emperor. WRANGEL.

If time yet permits-

WALLENSTEIN.

That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

WRANGEL.

Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer; No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.

[Wallenstein is struck, and silenced. My lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you At present do mean honourably by us. Since yesterday we're sure of that—and now This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing Stands in the way of our full confidence. Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor Contents himself with Albstadt; to your Grace He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side. But Egra above all must open to us,

WALLENSTEIN.

You,

You therefore must I trust, and you not me? I will consider of your proposition.

Ere we can think of any junction.

WRANGEL.

I must entreat, that your consideration Occupy not too long a time. Already Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke! Crept on into the second year. If nothing Is settled this time, will the Chancellor Consider it as broken off for ever.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye press me hard. A measure such as this, Ought to be thought of.

WRANGEL.

Ay! but think of this too,
That sudden action only can procure it
Success—think first of this, your Highness.

[Exit Wrangel.

SCENE VI.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, and ILLO (re-enter.)

ILLO.

Is't all right?

TERTSKY.

Are you compromised?

This Swede Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

As yet is nothing settled: and (well weighed) I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

TERTSKY.

How? What is that?

WALLENSTEIN.

Come on me what will come,

The doing evil to avoid an evil Cannot be good!

TERTSKY.

Nay, but bethink you, Duke

WALLENSTEIN.

To live upon the mercy of these Swedes! [it. Of these proud-hearted Swedes!—I could not bear

ILLO.

Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant? Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

mission

¹ A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

SCENE VII.

To these enter the Countess Textsky.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who sent for you? There is no business here For women.

COUNTESS.

I am come to bid you joy.

WALLENSTEIN. COUNTESS.

Use thy authority, Tertsky; bid her go.

Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you: You know it is the weapon that destroys me. I am routed, if a woman but attack me: I cannot traffic in the trade of words With that unreasoning sex.

I had already

Given the Bohemians a king.

WALLENSTEIN (sarcastically).

They have one,

In consequence, no doubt.

COUNTESS (to the others).

Ha! what new scruple?

TERTSKY.

The Duke will not.

COUNTESS.

He will not what he must!

It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced, When folks begin to talk to me of conscience, And of fidelity.

COUNTESS.

How ? then, when all Lay in the far-off distance, when the road Stretch'd out before thine eyes interminably, Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now, Now that the dream is being realised, The purpose ripe, the issue ascertain'd, Dost thou begin to play the dastard now? Plann'd merely, 't is a common felony; Accomplish'd, an immortal undertaking: And with success comes pardon hand in hand; For all event is God's arbitrement.

SERVANT (enters).

The colonel Piccolomini.

COUNTESS (hastily). -Must wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

I cannot see him now. Another time.

SERVANT.

But for two minutes he entreats an audience: Of the most urgent nature is his business.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who knows what he may bring us! I will hear him.

COUNTESS (laughs). Urgent for him, no doubt? but thou mayst wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

COUNTESS.

Thou shalt be inform'd hereafter. First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

[Exit Servant.

WALLENSTEIN.

If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder Way of escape were possible—I still Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

Desirest thou nothing further? Such a way Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off. Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away All thy past life; determine to commence A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too, As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vieuna-Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne; Take a full coffer with thee-say aloud, Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty; Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

For that too 't is too late. They know too much ; He would but bear his own head to the block.

COUNTESS.

I fear not that. They have not evidence To attaint him legally, and they avoid The avowal of an arbitrary power. They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance. I see how all will end. The King of Hungary Makes his appearance, and 't will of itself Be understood, that then the Duke retires. There will not want a formal declaration: The young King will administer the oath To the whole army; and so all returns To the old position. On some morrow morning The Duke departs; and now 't is stir and bustle Within his castles. He will hunt, and build; Superintend his horses' pedigrees Creates himself a court, gives golden keys, And introduceth strictest ceremony In fine proportions, and nice etiquette; Keeps open table with high cheer: in brief, Commenceth mighty King-in miniature. And while he prudently demeans himself. And gives himself no actual importance, He will be let appear whate'er he likes: And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear A mighty Prince to his last dying hour ? Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others, A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd, An over-night creation of court-favour, Which with an undistinguishable ease' Makes Baron or makes Prince.

WALLENSTEIN (in extreme agitation). Take her away.

Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

COUNTESS.

Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave, So ignominiously to be dried up? Thy life, that arrogated such an height To end in such a nothing! To be nothing, When one was always nothing, is an evil That asks no stretch of patience, a light cvil; But to become a nothing, having been-

WALLENSTEIN (starts up in violent agitation). Show me a way out of this stifling crowd, Ye powers of Aidance! Show me such a way As I am capable of going.—I Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler; I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say To the good luck that turns her back upon me,

THE PICCODOMINI.

Magnanimously: "Go; I need thee not." Cease I to work, I am annihilated. Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun, If so I may avoid the last extreme; But ere I sink down into nothingness, Leave off so little, who began so great Ere that the world confuses me with those Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles, This age and after ages 1 speak my name With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemp-For each accursed deed! **Ition**

COUNTESS.

What is there here, then, So against nature? Help me to perceive it! O let not Superstition's nightly goblins— Subdue thy clear bright spirit! Art thou bid To murder?—with abhorr'd accursed poniard, To violate the breasts that nourish'd thee ? That were against our nature, that might aptly Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken2. Yet not a few, and for a meaner object, Have ventured even this, ay, and perform'd it. What is there in thy case so black and monstrous? Thou art accused of treason-whether with Or without justice is not now the question-Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly Of the power which thou possessest Friedland!

Tell me where lives that thing so meek and tame, That doth not all his living faculties Put forth in preservation of his life? What deed so daring, which necessity And desperation will not sanctify?

WALLENSTEIN.

Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me: He loved me; he esteem'd me; I was placed The nearest to his heart. Full many a time We like familiar friends, both at one table, Have banqueted together. He and I-And the young kings themselves held me the bason Wherewith to wash me—and is 't come to this?

COUNTESS.

So faithfully preservest thou each small favour, And hast no memory for contumelies? Must I remind thee, how at Regensburg This man repaid thy faithful services? All ranks and all conditions in the empire Thou hadst wrong'd, to make him great,-hadst loaded on thee,

On thee, the hate, the curse of the whole world. No friend existed for thee in all Germany, And why? because thou hadst existed only For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone Clung Friedland in that storm which gather'd

At Regensburg in the Diet-and he dropp'd thee! He let thee fall! he let thee fall a victim To the Bavarian, to that insolent! Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,

1 Could I have hazarded such a Germanism, as the use of the word after-world, for posterity,-" Es spreche Welt und Nachwelt meinen Namen "-might have been rendered with more literal fidelity:-Let world and afterworld speak out my name, etc.

2 I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with a literal translation of this line,

Die Eingeweide schaudernd aufzuregen.

Thou wert let drop into obscurity.-Say not, the restoration of thy honour Has made atonement for that first injustice. No honest good-will was it that replaced thee;

39

The law of hard necessity replaced thee, Which they had fain opposed, but that they could WALLENSTEIN.

Not to their good wishes, that is certain, Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted For this high office; and if I abuse it, I shall therein abuse no confidence.

COUNTESS.

Affection! confidence!—they needed thee. Necessity, impetuous remonstrant! Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy, Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol Ever seeks out the greatest and the best, And at the rudder places him, e'en though She had been forced to take him from the rabble-She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee In this high office; it was she that gave thee Thy letters patent of inauguration. For, to the uttermost moment that they can, This race still help themselves at cheapest rate With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach Of extreme peril, when a hollow image Is found a hollow image and no more, Then falls the power into the mighty hands Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born, Who listens only to himself, knows nothing Of stipulations, duties, reverences, And, like the emancipated force of fire, Unmaster'd scorches, ere it reaches them, Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

WALLENSTEIN.

'T is true! they saw me always as I am-Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain. I never held it worth my pains to hide The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

COUNTESS

Nay rather—thou hast ever shown thyself A formidable man/without restraint; Hast exercised the full prerogatives Of thy impetuous nature, which had been Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not thou Who hast still remain'd consistent with thyself, But they are in the wrong, who fearing thee, Entrusted such a power in hand they fear'd. For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right Is every individual character That acts in strict consistence with itself. Self-contradiction is the only wrong. Wert thou another being, then, when thou Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire, And sword, and desolation, through the Circles Of Germany, the universal scourge, Didst mock all ordinances of the empire, The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst, Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy, All to extend thy Sultan's domination ? Then was the time to break thee in, to curb Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance. But no, the Emperor felt no touch of conscience; Whatserved him pleased him, and without a murmur He stamp'd his broad seal on these lawless deeds. What at that time was right, because thou didst it For him, to day is all at once become Opprobrious, foul because it is directed Against him .- O most flimsy superstition !

WALLENSTEIN (rising). I never saw it in this light before, 'T is even so. The Emperor perpetrated Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderly. And even this prince's mantle, which I wear, I owe to what were services to him, But most high misdemeanors 'gainst the empire.

COUNTESS.

Then betwixt thee and him (confess it Friedland!) The point can be no more of right and duty, Only of power and the opportunity. That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat, Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest Of the now empty seat. The moment comes; It is already here, when thou must write The absolute total of thy life's vast sum. The constellations stand victorious o'er thee, The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions, And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry courses

Hast thou thy life-long measured to no purpose? The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?

[Pointing to the different objects in the room. The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven, Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed These seven presiding Lords of Destiny-For toys? Is all this preparation nothing? Is there no marrow in this hollow art, That even to thyself it doth avail Nothing, and has no influence over thee In the great moment of decision ?---

WALLENSTEIN (during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passion; stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the Countess). Send Wrangel to me-I will instantly

Despatch three couriers

ILLO (hurrying out). God in heaven be praised! WALLENSTEIN.

It is his evil genius and mine. Our evil genius! It chastises him Through me, the instrument of his ambition; And I expect no less, than that Revenge E'en now is whetting for my breast the poniard. Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope

To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime Has, in the moment of its perpetration, Its own avenging angel-dark misgiving, An ominous sinking at the inmost heart. He can no longer trust me-Then no longer Can I retreat—so come that which must come.— Still destiny preserves its due relations, The heart within us is its absolute Vicegerent. TO TERTSKY.

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to The couriers.—And despatch immediately A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

[To the Countess, who cannot conceal her triumph No exultation! weman, triumph not! For jealous are the Powers of Destiny. Joy premature, and shouts ere victory, Encroach upon their rights and privileges. We sow the seed, and they the growth determine. [While he is making his exit the curtain drops

NORMAN ACT II

SCENE I.

Scene, as in the preceding Act.

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

WALLENSTEIN (coming forward in conversation). He sends me word from Linz, that he lies sick; But I have sure intelligence, that he Secretes himself at Frauenburg with Galas. Secure them both, and send them to me hither. Remember, thou takest on thee the command Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly Make preparation, and be never ready; And if they urge thee to draw out against me, Still answer yes, and stand as thou wert fetter'd. I-know, that it is doing thee a service To keep thee out of action in this business. Thou lovest to linger on in fair appearances; Steps of extremity are not thy province, Therefore have I sought out this part for thee. Thou wilt this time be of most service to me By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know What is to do.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Now go, Octavio. This night must thou be off, take my own horses: Him here I keep with me-make short farewell-

Trust me, I think we all shall meet again In joy and thriving fortunes.

> OCTAVIO (to his son). I shall see you

Yet ere I go.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI. MAX. (advances to him).

My General!

WALLENSTEIN. That am I no longer, if Thou stylest thyself the Emperor's officer.

MAX. Then thou wilt leave the army, General?

WALLENSTEIN. I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

And thou wilt leave the army?

WALLENSTEIN. Rather hope I

To bind it nearer still and faster to me. [He seats himself.

Yes, Max.; I have delay'd to open it to thee, Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike. Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily

The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is To exercise the single apprehension Where the sums square in proof; But where it happens, that of two sure evils One must be taken, where the heart not wholly Brings itself back from out the strife of duties, There 'tis a blessing to have no election, And blank necessity is grace and favour. -This is now present : do not look behind thee, It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards! Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act! The Court-it hath determined on my ruin, Therefore I will to be beforehand with them. We'll join the Swedes-right gallant fellows are And our good friends. [He stops himself, expecting Piccolomini's answer.

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not. I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[Herises, and retires at the back of the stage. MAX. remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion WAL-LENSEIN returns, and places himself before him.

WEAV

My General, this day thou makest me Of age to speak in my own right and person, For till this day I have been spared the trouble To find out my own road. Thee have I follow'd With most implicit unconditional faith, Sure of the right path if I follow'd thee. To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer Me to myself, and forcest me to make Election between thee and my own heart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to day;
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

MAX.

War! is that the name? War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence. Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is. Is that a good war, which against the Emperor Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army? O God of heaven! what a change is this. Beseems it me to offer such persuasion To thee, who like the fix'd star of the pole Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean? O! what a rent thou makest in my heart! The ingrain'd instinct of old reverence, The holy habit of obediency, Must I pluck live asunder from thy name? Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me-It always was as a god looking at me! Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:-The senses still are in thy bonds, although, Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max. hear me.

O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,

It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone,
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

WALLENSTEIN.
The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self

Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
The extreme, can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.

MAX.

O that is never possible for thee!

'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name
Is their poor saving, their last worthless keep,
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems
But he, who once hath acted infamy, [highest!
Does nothing more in this world.

WALLENSTEIN (grasps his hand).
Calmly, Max. !

Much that is great and excellent will we Perform together yet. And if we only Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended. Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now, That yet was deeply sullied in the winning. To the evil spirit doth the earth belong, Not to the good. All, that the powers divine Send from above, are universal blessings: Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes, But never yet was man enrich'd by them : In their eternal realm no property Is to be struggled for—all there is general. The jewel, the all-valued gold we win From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature, That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light. Not without sacrifices are they render'd Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

MAX.

Whate'er is human, to the human being Do I allow-and to the vehement And striving spirit readily I pardon The excess of action; but to thee, my General! Above all others make I large concession. For thou must move a world, and be the master He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction. So be it then! maintain thee in thy post By violence. Resist the Emperor, And if it must be, force with force repel: I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it. But not-not to the traitor-yes !- the word Is spoken out-Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon. That is no mere excess! that is no error Of human nature—that is wholly different, O that is black, black as the pit of hell! [WALLENSTEIN betrays a sudden agitation.

Thou canst not hear it named, and wilt thou do it?

O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst, I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna: I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor. He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye, And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late. Thou knowest not what has happen'd.

MAX.

Were it too late, and were things gone so far, That a crime only could prevent thy fall, Then-fall! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st, Lose the command. Go from the stage of war. Thou canst with splendour do it-do it too With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others, At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee. My destiny I never part from thine.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones Left fast behind by my post couriers, Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[Max. stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish. Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced. I cannot give assent to my own shame And ruin. Thou-no-thou canst not forsake me! So let us do, what must be done, with dignity, With a firm step. What am I doing worse Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon, When he the legions led against his country, The which his country had deliver'd to him ? Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost, As I were, if I but disarm'd myself. I trace out something in me of his spirit; Give me his luck, that other thing I'll bear.

[Max. quits him abruptly. Wallenstein, startled and overpowered, continues looking after him. and is still in this posture when TERTSKY enters.

> SCENE III. WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

> > TERTSKY.

Max. Piccolomini just left you?

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is Wrangel? TERTSKY.

He is already gone.

WALLENSTEIN. In such a hurry ?

TERTSKY.

It is as if the earth had swallow'd him. He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him. I wish'd some words with him—but he was gone. How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay, I half believe it was the devil himself; A human creature could not so at once Have vanish'd.

ILLO (enters).

Octavio ?

Is it true that thou wilt send

TERTSKY. How, Octavio! Whither send him!

WALLENSTEIN. He goes to Frauenburg, and will lead hither The Spanish and Italian regiments

ILLO.

No!

Nay, Heaven forbid!

WALLENSTEIN. And why should Heaven forbid?

Him !-that deceiver! Wouldst thou trust to him The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee, Now, in the very instant that decides us-

TERTSKY.

Thou wilt not do this !- No ! I pray thee, no ! WALLENSTEIN.

Ye are whimsical.

O but for this time, Duke, Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should I not trust him only this time, Who have always trusted him? What, then, has happen'd,

That I should lose my good opinion of him? In complaisance to your whims, not my own, I must, for sooth, give up a rooted judgment. Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

TERTSKY.

Must it be he-he only? Send another.

WALLENSTEIN.

It must be he, whom I myself have chosen; He is well fitted for the business. Therefore I gave it him.

Because he's an Italian-Therefore is he well fitted for the business!

WALLENSTEIN.

I know you love them not_nor sire nor son-Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly Esteem them, love them more than you and others, E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights, Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies, In what affect they me or my concerns? Are they the worse to me because you hate them ! Love or hate one another as you will, I leave to each man his own moods and likings; Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

ILLO.

Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always Lurking about with this Octavio.

WALLENSTEIN,

It happen'd with my knowledge and permission.

I know that secret messengers came to him From Galas-

> WALLENSTEIN. That's not true.

> > ILLO.

O thou art blind.

With thy deep-seeing eyes!

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wilt not shake My faith for me-my faith, which founds itself On the profoundest science. If't is false, Then the whole science of the stars is false; For know, I have a pledge from Fate itself, That he is the most faithful of my friends.

ILLO.

Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false?

WALLENSTEIN.

There exist moments in the life of man, When he is nearer the great Soul of the world Than is man's custom, and possesses freely The power of questioning his destiny: And such a moment 't was, when in the night Before the action in the plains of Lützen, Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts, I look'd out far upon the ominous plain. My whole life, past and future, in this moment Before my mind's eye glided in procession, And to the destiny of the next morning The spirit, fill'd with anxious presentiment, Did knit the most removed futurity. Then said I also to myself, "So many Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars, And as on some great number set their All Upon thy single head, and only man The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day Will come, when Destiny shall once more scatter All these in many a several direction: Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee." I yearn'd to know which one was faithfullest Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny, Give me a sign! And he shall be the man, Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first To meet me with a token of his love: And thinking this, I fell into a slumber. Then midmost in the battle was I led' In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult! Then was my horse kill'd under me : I sank ; And over me away all unconcernedly, Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces I lay, and panted like a dying man; Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm: It was Octavio's-I awoke at once, 'T was broad day, and Octavio stood before me. "My brother," said he, "do not ride to-day
The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the horse Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother! In love to me. A strong dream warn'd me so." It was the swiftness of this horse that snatch'd me From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons. My cousin rode the dapple on that day, And never more saw I or horse or rider.

ILLO.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN (significantly).

There's no such thing as chance.
In brief, 't is sign'd and seal'd that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more.

[He is retiring. TERTSKY.

This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

And he shall never stir from here alive.

WALLENSTEIN (stops and turns himself round). Are ye not like the women, who for ever Only recur to their first word, although One had been talking reason by the hour! Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved. The inner world, his microcosmus, is The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally. They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—No juggling chance can metamorphose them. Have I the human kernel first examined? Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE H. V

A Chamber in Piccolomini's Dwelling-House.

Octavio Piccolomini, Isolani, entering.

ISOLANI.

Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

OCTAVIO (with an air of mystery).

But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI (assuming the same air of mystery).
Will it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about
To make the attempt? In me, friend, you may place
Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.

That may happen.

ISOLANI.

Noble brother, I am
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.
The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.
God knows it is so; and I owe him all——
He may rely on my fidelity.

OCTAVIO.

That will be seen hereafter.

ISOLANI

Be on your guard,
All think not as I think; and there are many
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
That those stolen signatures bind them to nothing.

OCTAVIO

I am rejoiced to hear it.

ISOLANI.

You rejoice!

CTAVIO

That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants, And loving friends.

ISOLANI.

Nay, jeer not, I entreat you. They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

OCTAVIO.

I am assured already. God forbid That I should jest!—In very serious earnest, I am rejoiced to see an honest cause So strong.

ISOLANI.

The Devil !—what !—why, what means this ?
Are you not, then—For what, then, am I here?

OCTAVIO.

That you may make full declaration, whether You will be call'd the friend or enemy Of the Emperor.

ISOLANI (with an air of defiance).

That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
To put that question to me.

OCTAVIO.

Whether, Count, That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

ISOLANI (stammering).
Why,—why—what! this is the Emperor's hand and seal!
"Whereas, the officers collectively

Throughout our army will obey the orders Of the Lieutenant-general Piccolomini.

As from us ourselves."—Hem!—Yes! so!—Yes! yes!—

I-I give you joy, Lieutenant-general!

OCTAVIO.

And you submit you to the order ?

[____

But you have taken me so by surprise— Time for reflection one must have——

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes.

ISOLANI.

My God! But then the case is-

OCTAVIO.

Plain and simple.
You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,

Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

ISOLANI.

Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of treason?

OCTAVIO.

That is the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—Means to lead over to the enemy [full—The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and Say, will you break your oath to the Emperor? Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you?

ISOLANI.

What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say, To his Imperial Majesty? Did I say so!—When, when have I said that?

OCTAVIO.

You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant I wait to hear, Count, whether you will say it.

ISOLANI.

Ay! that delights me now, that you yourself Bear witness for me that I never said so.

OCTAVIO.

And you renounce the Duke then?

ISOLANI.

If he's planning Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

OCTAVIO.

And are determined, too, to fight against him?

He has done me service—but if he's a villain, Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubb'd off.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced that you are so well disposed.

This night, break off in the utmost secrecy

This night, break off in the utmost secrecy
With all the light-arm'd troops—it must appear
As came the order from the Duke himself.
At Frauenburg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.

BOLANI.

It shall be done.—But you'll remember me With the Emperor—how well-disposed you found me.

OCTAVIO.

I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[Exit Isolani. A Servant enters.]

What, Colonel Butler!—Show him up.

ISOLANI (returning).
Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.

OCTAVIO.

No excuses!

ISOLANI.

I am a merry lad, and if at time A rash word might escape me 'gainst the Court Amidst my wine—You know no harm was meant.

OCTAVIO.

You need not be uneasy on that score. That has succeeded. Fortune favour us With all the others only but as much.

SCENE VA

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

BUTLER.

At your command Lieutenant-general.

OCTAVIO.

Welcome, as honour'd friend and visitor.

BUTLER.

You do me too much honour.

OCTAVIO (after both have seated themselves).
You have not [day-

Return'd the advances which I made you yester-Misunderstood them as mere empty forms. That wish proceeded from my heart—I was In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time In which the honest should unite most closely.

BUTLER.

'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

OCTAVIO.

True! and I name all honest men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with those acts
To which his character deliberately
Impels him; for alas! the violence
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts
The very best of us from the right track. [Galas
You came through Frauenburg. Did the Count
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

BUTLER.

His words were lost on me.

OCTAVIO

It grieves me sorely, To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.

I had myself the like to offer.

BUTLER.

Spare Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

OCTAVIO.

The time is precious—let us talk openly. You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein Meditates treason—I can tell you further He has committed treason; but few hours Have past, since he a covenant concluded With the enemy. The messengers are now Full on their way to Egra and to Prague. To-morrow he intends to lead us over To the enemy. But he deceives himself; For Prudence wakes—The Emperor has still Many and faithful friends here, and they stand In closest union, mighty though unseen. This manifesto sentences the Duke—Recalls the obedience of the army from him, And summons all the loyal, all the honest, To join and recognize in me their leader.

Choose-will you share with us an honest cause? Or with the evil share an evil lot.

BUTLER (rises).

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO. Is that your last resolve?

BUTLER.

It is.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast That rashly utter'd word remains interr'd. Recallit, Butler! choose a better party: You have not chosen the right one.

BUTLER (going).

Any other

Commands-for me, Lieutenant-general?

OCTAVIO.

See your white hairs: Recal that word!

BUTLER.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

What! Would you draw this good and gallant In such a cause? Into a curse would you [sword Transform the gratitude which you have earn'd By forty years' fidelity from Austria?

BUTLER (laughing with bitterness). Gratitude from the House of Austria. [He is going. OCTAVIO (permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him).

Butler !

BUTLER.

What wish you? OCTAVIO.

How was't with the Count?

BUTLER.

Count? what?

OCTAVIO (coldly).

The title that you wish'd, I mean.

BUTLER (starts in sudden passion).

Hell and damnation!

OCTAVIO (coldly). You petition'd for it-

And your petition was repell'd-Was it so?

Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunish'd. Draw!

OCTAVIO.

Nay! your sword to 'ts sheath! and tell me calmly, How all that happen'd. I will not refuse you Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!

BUTLER. Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness For which I never can forgive myself. Lieutenant-general! Yes-I have ambition. Ne'er was I able to endure contempt. It stung me to the quick, that birth and title Should have more weight than merit has in the army. I would fain not be meaner than my equal, So in an evil hour I let myself Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!

But yet so hard a penance it deserved not. It might have been refused; but wherefore barb And venom the refusal with contempt? Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn

The grey-hair'd man, the faithful veteran?

Why to the baseness of his parentage Refer him with such cruel roughness, only Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself? But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm Which wanton Power treads on in sport and insult.

OCTAVIO.

You must have been calumniated. Guess you The enemy who did you this ill service?

Be't who it will-a most low-hearted scoundrel, Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard, Some young squire of some ancient family, In whose light I may stand, some envious knave, Stung to his soul by my fair self-earn'd honours!

OCTAVIO.

But tell me! did the Duke approve that measure? BUTLER.

Himself impell'd me to it, used his interest In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

OCTAVIO.

Ay? are you sure of that?

BUTLER.

I read the letter.

OCTAVIO.

And so did I-but the contents were different. [BUTLER is suddenly struck.

By chance I'm in possession of that letter-Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you. [He gives him the letter.

BUTLER.

Ha! what is this?

OCTAVIO.

I fear me, Colonel Butler, An infamous game have they been playing with

The Duke, you say, impell'd you to this measure? Now, in this letter talks he in contempt Concerning you, counsels the minister To give sound chastisement to your conceit, For so he calls it.

[Butler reads through the letter, his knees tremble, he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it. You have no enemy, no persecutor; There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe The insult you received to the Duke only. His aim is clear and palpable. He wish'd To tear you from your Emperor-he hoped To gain from your revenge what he well knew (What your long-tried fidelity convinced him) He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason. A blind tool would he make you, in contempt Use you, as means of most abandon'd ends. He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded In luring you away from that good path On which you had been journeying forty years!

BUTLER (his voice trembling). Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?

OCTAVIO.

More than forgive you. He would fain compensate For that affront, and most unmerited grievance Sustain'd by a deserving, gallant veteran. From his free impulse he confirms the present, Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose. The regiment, which you now command, is your's.

[BUTLER attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries to speak, and cannot. At length he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to Piccolomini.

OCTAVIO.

What wish you! Recollect yourself, friend.

BUTLER.

Take it.

OCTAVIO.

But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

BUTLER.

O take it!

I am no longer worthy of this sword.

Receive it then anew from my hands-and Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

BUTLER.

-Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!

OCTAVIO.

You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the Duke!

BUTLER.

Break off from him!

What now? Bethink thyself.

BUTLER (no longer governing his emotion). Only break off from him? He dies! he dies!

OCTAVIO.

Come after me to Frauenburg, where now All who are loyal, are assembling under Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others I've brought to a remembrance of their duty: This night be sure that you escape from Pilsen.

BUTLER (strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to OCTAVIO with resolved counte-

Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak Of honour to you, who once broke his troth.

He, who repents so deeply of it, dares.

Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!

OCTAVIO.

What's your design?

BUTLER.

Leave me and my regiment.

OCTAVIO.

I have full confidence in you. But tell me What are you brooding?

BUTLER.

That the deed will tell you. Ask me no more at present. Trust to me. Ye may trust safely. By the living God Ye give him over, not to his good angel! Farewell. [Exit BUTLER.

SERVANT (enters with a billet). A stranger left it, and is gone. The Prince-Duke's horses wait for you below. [Exit Servant.

"Be sure make haste! Your faithful Isolan." -O that I had but left this town behind me. To split upon a rock so near the haven!-Away! This is no longer a safe place for me! Where can my son be tarrying ?

SCENE VI

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Max. enters almost in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.

OCTAVIO (advances to him).

I am going off, my son.

[Receiving no answer, he takes his hand. My son, farewell.

MAX.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO. Thou wilt soon follow me?

MAX.

I follow thee?

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way. [OCTAVIO drops his hand, and starts back. O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere, Ne'er had it come to this-all had stood otherwise. He had not done that foul and horrible deed, The virtuous had retain'd their influence o'er him: He had not fallen into the snares of villains. Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice Didst creep behind him-lurking for thy prey? O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil! Thou misery-making dæmon, it is thou That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth, Sustainer of the world, had saved us all! Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee! Wallenstein has deceived me-0, most foully! But thou hast acted not much better.

Son!

My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!

MAX. (rises, and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion).

Was't possible? hadst thou the heart, my father, Hadst thou the heart to drive it to such lengths, With cold premeditated purpose? Thou-Hadst thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall. Octavio, 'twill not please me.

God in Heaven!

MAX.

O, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature. How comes suspicion here—in the free soul? Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all Lied to me, all that I e'er loved or honour'd. No! no! not all! She-she yet lives for me. And she is true, and open as the Heavens! Deceit is everywhere, hypocrisy, Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury: The single holy spot is our love, The only unprofaned in human nature.

OCTAVIO.

Max. !-we will go together. 'Twill be better.

What? ere I've taken a last parting leave, The very last-no never!

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyself

The pang of necessary separation. Come with me! Come, my son!

[Attempts to take him with him.

MAX.

No! as sure as God lives, no!

OCTAVIO (more urgently). Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

Command me what is human. I stay here.

OCTAVIO.

Max.! In the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

MAX.

No Emperor has power to prescribe me Laws to the heart; and wouldst thou wish to rob Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me, Her sympathy? Must then a cruel deed Be done with cruelty? The unalterable Shall I perform ignobly-steal away, With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No! She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish, Hear the complaints of the disparted soul, And weep tears o'er me. Oh! the human race Have steely souls—but she is as an angel. From the black deadly madness of despair Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt not tear thyself away; thou canst not. O, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.

Squander not thou thy words in vain.
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.

OCTAVIO (trembling, and losing all self-command). Max.! Max.! if that most damned thing could be. If thou-my son-my own blood-(dare I think it?) Do sell thyself to him, the infamous, Do stamp this brand upon our noble house, Then shall the world behold the horrible deed And in unnatural combat shall the steel Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

MAX.

O hadst thou always better thought of men, Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion! Unholy miserable doubt! To him Nothing on earth remains unwrench'd and firm, Who has no faith.

And if I trust thy heart, Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

MAX.

The heart's voice thou hast not o'erpower'd-as Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

OCTAVIO. O, Max.! I see thee never more again!

Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

OCTAVIO.

go to Frauenburg—the Pappenheimers I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Tsokana And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee. They love thee, and are faithful to their oath, And will far rather fall in gallant contest Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.

Rely on this, I either leave my life In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

OCTAVIO.

Farewell, my son!

MAX.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO. How! not one look

Of filial love? No grasp of the hand at parting? It is a bloody war to which we are going, And the event uncertain and in darkness. So used we not to part—it was not so! Is it then true? I have a son no longer?

[Max. falls into his arms, they hold each other for a long time in a speechless embrace, then go away at different sides. (The Curtain drops.)

Endy Act II

all in - waller True,

THE

DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

WALLENSTEIN, Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty-years' War. DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, Wife of Wallenstein.

THEKLA, her Daughter, Princess of Friedland. The Countess Tertsky, Sister of the Duchess. LADY NEUBRUNN.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, Lieutenant General.

Max. Piccolomini, his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.

Count Tertsky, the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.

ILLO, Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.

Butler, an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.

GORDON, Governor of Egra.

MAJOR GERALDIN. CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.

CAPTAIN MACDONALD.

NEUMANN, Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Terteky. SWEDISH CAPTAIN.

SENI.

BURGOMASTER of Egra.

Anspessade of the Cuirassiers.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, Belonging to the Duke.

Cuirassiers, Dragoons, Servants.

ACT 11

SCENE I.

A Chamber in the House of the Duchess of Friedland.

Countess Tertsky, Thekla, Lady Neubrunn (the two latter sit at the same table at work).

COUNTESS (watching them from the opposite side). So you have nothing to ask me-nothing? I have been waiting for a word from you. And could you then endure in all this time Not once to speak his name ?

> [THEKLA remaining silent, the Countess rises and advances to her.

Why, how comes this?

Perhaps I am already grown superfluous, And other ways exist, besides through me? Confess it to me, Thekla: have you seen him?

THEKLA.

To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

COUNTESS.

And not heard from him, either? Come, be open.

THEKLA.

No syllable.

COUNTESS.

And still you are so calm?

THEKLA.

I am.

COUNTESS.

May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn.

[Exit Lady Neubrunn. You'll not be frighten'd-

SCENE II.

The Countess, THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

It does not please me, Princess, that he holds Himself so still, exactly at this time.

Exactly at this time ?

He now knows all:

'Twere now the moment to declare himself.

THEKLA.

If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

COUNTESS.

'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us. Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart Is now no more in nonage: for you love, And boldness dwells with love-that you have proved.

Your nature moulds itself upon your father's More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you

Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.

THEKLA.

Enough: no further preface, I entreat you. At once, out with it! Be it what it may, It is not possible that it should torture me More than this introduction. What have you To say to me? Tell me the whole, and briefly!

COUNTESS.

THEKLA.

Name it, I entreat you.

COUNTESS.

It lies within your power to do your father A weighty service—

THEKLA.

Lies within my power?

UNTESS.

Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him Indissolubly to your father.

THEKLA

I 3

What need of me for that? And is he not Aiready link'd to him?

COUNTESS.

He was.

THEKLA.

And wherefore Should he not be so now—not be so always?

COUNTESS.

He cleaves to the Emperor too.

THEKL

Not more than duty

And honour may demand of him.

COUNTESS.

We ask

Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour. Duty and honour!

Those are ambiguous words with many meanings. You should interpret them for him: his love Should be the sole definer of his honour.

THEKLA

How?

COUNTESS.

The Emperor or you must he renounce.

THEKLA.

He will accompany my father gladly In his retirement. From himself you heard, How much he wish'd to lay aside the sword.

COUNTESS.

He must not lay the sword aside, we mean; He must unsheath it in your father's cause.

THEKLA.

He'll spend with gladness and alacrity His life, his heart's-blood in my father's cause, If shame or injury be intended him.

COUNTESS.

You will not understand me. Well, hear then:—Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery——

THEKLA.

Alas, my mother!

COUNTESS.

There needs a great example to draw on The army after him. The Piccolomini Possess the love and reverence of the troops; They govern all opinions, and wherever They lead the way, none hesitate to follow. The son secures the father to our interests—You've much in your hands at this moment.

THEKLA.

My miserable mother! what a death-stroke Awaits thee!—No! she never will survive it. COUNTESS.

She will accommodate her soul to that Which is and must be. I do know your mother The far-off future weighs upon her heart With torture of anxiety; but is it Unalterably, actually present, She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

THEKLA.

O my foreboding bosom! Even now, E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror! And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp; I knew it well—no sooner had I enter'd, An heavy ominous presentiment Reveal'd to me, that spirits of death were hovering Over my happy fortune. But why think I First of myself? My mother! O my mother!

COUNTESS.

Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting! Preserve you for your father the firm friend, And for yourself the lover, all will yet Prove good and fortunate.

THEKLA.

Prove good! What good! Must we not part?—part ne'er to meet again!

COUNTESS.

He parts not from you! He can not part from you.

THEKLA.

Alas for his sore anguish! It will rend His heart asunder.

COUNTESS.

If indeed he loves you,

His resolution will be speedily taken.

THEKLA.

His resolution will be speedily taken— O do not doubt of that! A resolution! Does there remain one to be taken?

COUNTESS.

Hush!

Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.

THEKLA.

How shall I bear to see her?

COUNTES

Collect yourself.

SCENE III.

To them enter the Duchess.

DUCHESS (to the COUNTESS).

Who was here, sister? I heard some one talking, And passionately too.

COUNTESS.

Nay! There was no one.

DUCHESS.

I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise Scatters my spirits, and announces to me The footstep of some messenger of evil. And you can tell me, sister, what the event is? Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure, And send the horse-regiments to the Cardinal? Tell me, has he dismiss'd Von Questenberg With a favourable answer?

COUNTESS

No, he has not.

DUCHESS.

Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose
him:

The accursed business of the Regensburg diet Will all be acted o'er again!

COUNTESS.

No! never!

Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.

[Thekla, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon her mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.

DUCHESS.

Yes, my poor child!

Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother In the Empress!

O that stern unbending man!

In this unhappy marriage what have I

Not suffer'd, not endured? For even as if

I had been link'd on to some wheel of fire

That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous cnward,

I have pass'd a life of frights and horrors with him,

And ever to the brink of some abyss

With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.

Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my sufferings

Presignify unhappiness to thee, Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits

There lives no second Friedland: thou, my child, Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.

THEKLA.

O let us supplicate him, dearest mother! Quick! quick! here's no abiding-place for us. Here every coming hour broods into life Some new affrightful monster.

DUCHESS.

Thou wilt share An easier, calmer lot, my child! We too, I and thy father, witness'd happy days. Still think I with delight of those first years, When he was making progress with glad effort, When his ambition was a genial fire, Not that consuming flame which now it is. The Emperor loved him, trusted him: and all He undertook could not but be successful. But since that ill-starr'd day at Regensburg, Which plunged him headlong from his dignity, A gloomy uncompanionable spirit, Unsteady and suspicious, has possess'd him. His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer Did he yield up himself in joy and faith To his old luck, and individual power; But thenceforth turn'd his heart and best affections All to those cloudy sciences, which never Have yet made happy him who follow'd them.

COUNTESS.

You see it, sister! as your eyes permit you. But surely this is not the conversation To pass the time in which we are waiting for him. You know he will be soon here. Would you have Find her in this condition? [him

DUCHESS.

Come, my child!

Come wipe away thy tears, and show thy father
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevell'd.

Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform
Thy gentle eye.—Well now—what was I saying?
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

COUNTESS.

That is he, sister !

THEKLA (to the Countess, with marks of great oppression of spirits).

Aunt, you will excuse me? (Is going.)

COUNTESS.

But whither? See, your father comes.

THEKLA.

I cannot see him now.

COUNTESS.

Nay, but bethink you.

THEKLA.

Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

COUNTESS.

But he will miss you, will ask after you.

DUCHESS.

What now? Why is she going?

COUNTESS.

She's not well.

DUCHESS (anxiously). What ails then my beloved child?

[Both follow the Princess, and endeavour to detain her. During this Wallenstein appears, engaged in conversation with Illo.

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THERLA.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the camp?

ILLO.

It is all quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

In a few hours may couriers come from Prague With tidings, that this capital is ours. Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops Assembled in this town make known the measure And its result together. In such cases Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost Still leads the herd. An imitative creature Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other, Than that the Pilsen army has gone through The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen They shall swear fealty to us, because The example has been given them by Prague. Butler, you tell me, has declared himself?

ILLO.

At his own bidding, unsolicited, He came to offer you himself and regiment.

WALLENSTEIN.

I find we must not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itself
Be listen'd to in the heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying Spirit counterfeit
The voice of Truth and inward Revelation,
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I
To intreat forgiveness, for that secretly
I 've wrong'd this honourable gallant man,
This Butler: for a feeling, of the which
I am not master (fear I would not call it),
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.

And this same man, against whom I am warn'd, This honest man is he, who reaches to me The first pledge of my fortune.

And doubt not

That his example will win over to you The best men in the army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go and send

Isolani hither. Send him immediately. He is under recent obligations to me: With him will I commence the trial.

[Exit Illo.

Wallenstein (turns himself round to the females). Lo, there the mother with the darling daughter: For once we'll have an interval of rest-Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour In the beloved circle of my family.

COUNTESS.

FT is long since we've been thus together, brother. WALLENSTEIN (to the Countess aside). Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?

COUNTESS.

Not yet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me, For there is a good spirit on thy lips. Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill; She says a voice of melody dwells in thee, Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice Will drive away from me the evil dæmon That beats his black wings close above my head.

DUCHESS.

Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father Hear some small trial of thy skill.

THEKLA.

My mother!

DUCHESS.

Trembling ! Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer Thy father.

THEKLA.

O my mother! I—I cannot.

COUNTESS.

How, what is that, niece?

THEKLA (to the Countess). O spare me_sing-now-in this sore anxiety, Of the o'erburthen'd soul-to sing to him, Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong Into her grave.

DUCHESS.

How, Thekla! Humoursome? What! shall thy father have express'd a wish In vain?

COUNTESS.

Here is the lute.

THEKLA.

My God! how can I-[The orchestra plays. During the ritornello THEKLA expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings; and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.

DUCHESS.

My child! O she is ill-

WALLENSTEIN.

What ails the maiden?

Say, is she often so ?

COUNTESS.

Since then herself

Has now betray'd it, I too must no longer Conceal it.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

COUNTESS. She loves him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Loves him! Whom?

COUNTESS.

Max. does she love! Max. Piccolomini Hast thou ne'er noticed it? Nor yet my sister?

DUCHESS.

Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart! God's blessing on thee, my sweet child! Thou

Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

COUNTESS.

This journey, if 't were not thy aim, ascribe it To thine own self. Thou shouldst have chosen To have attended her. another

WALLENSTEIN.

And does he know it?

COUNTESS.

Yes, and he hopes to win her.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hopes to win her!

Is the boy mad?

COUNTESS.

Well-hear it from themselves.

WALLENSTEIN.

He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter! Ay !—The thought pleases me. The young man has no grovelling spirit.

COUNTESS.

Since

Such and such constant favour you have shown him.

WALLENSTEIN.

He chuses finally to be my heir. And true it is, I love the youth ; yea, honour him. But must he therefore be my daughter's husband! Is it daughters only? Is it only children That we must show our favour by?

DUCHESS.

His noble disposition and his manners-

WALLENSTEIN.

Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

DUCHESS.

Then

His rank, his ancestors_

WALLENSTEIN.

Ancestors! What?

He is a subject, and my son-in-law I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high, Lest we should fall too low.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? have I paid
A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to close the mighty part I play
In Life's great drama, with a common kinsman?
Have I for this—

[Stops suddenly, repressing himself.

She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth;
And I will see a crown around her head,
Or die in the attempt to place it there.
I hazard all—all! and for this alone,
To lift her into greatness—

Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking—
[He recollects himself.

And I must now, like a soft-hearted father, Couple together in good peasant-fashion
The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—
And I must do it now, even now, when I
Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine
My full accomplish'd work—no! she is the jewel,
Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,
And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me
For less than a king's sceptre.

DUCHESS.

O my husband! You're ever building, building to the clouds, Still building higher, and still higher building, And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.

WALLENSTEIN (to the Countess). Have you announced the place of residence Which I have destined for her?

COUNTESS.

No! not yet.
'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.

DUCHESS.

How? Do we not return to Karn then?

WALLENSTEIN.

No.

And to no other of your lands or seats?

You would not be secure there.

DUCHESS.

Not secure In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's Protection?

WALLENSTEIN.
Friedland's wife may be permitted
No longer to hope that.

DUCHESS.

O God in heaven!

And have you brought it even to this!

WALLENSTEIN.

You'll find protection.

In Holland

DUCHESS.

In a Lutheran country? What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?

WALLENSTEIN.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

DUCHESS.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg?
The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

DUCHESS (casting a look of terror on the Duke and the Countess).

Is it then true? It is. You are degraded?

Deposed from the command? O God in heaven!

COUNTESS (aside to the DUKE).

Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she cannot.

Support the real truth.

SCENE V.

To them enter Count Tentsky.

COUNTESS.

-Tertsky!

What ails him? What an image of affright? He looks as he had seen a ghost.

TERTSKY (leading Wallenstein aside). Is it thy command that all the Croats—

WALLENSTEIN.
TERTSKY.

Mine!

We are betray'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

They are off! This night

The Jägers likewise—all the villages In the whole round are empty.

WALLENSTEIN.

Isolani?

TERTSKY.

Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ιŝ

TERTSKY.

No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodate? They are vanish'd both of them.

SCENE VI.

To them enter ILLO.

ILLO.

Has Tertsky told thee?

TERTSKY.
He knows all.

ILLO.

And likewise

That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz, Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee.

TERTSKY.

Damnation!

WALLENSTEIN (winks at them).

Hush!

COUNTESS (who has been watching them anxiously from the distance and now advances to them).

Tertsky! Heaven! What is it? What has happen'd?

WALLENSTEIN (scarcely suppressing his emotions). Nothing! let us be gone!

TERTSKY (following him).

Theresa, it is nothing.

COUNTESS (holding him back).

Nothing? Do I not see, that all the life-blood Has left your checks—look you not like a ghost? That even my brother but affects a calmness?

PAGE (enters).

An Aide-de-Camp inquires for the Count Tertsky.

[Tertsky follows the Page.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go, hear his business.

[To ILLO.

This could not have happen'd So unsuspected without mutiny.
Who was on guard at the gates?

ILLO.

'Twas Tiefenbach.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,
And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him.

ILLO (is going).

Stop!

Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

ILLO.

Him I met:

He will be here himself immediately.
Butler remains unshaken.

[ILLO exit. Wallenstein is following him.

COUNTESS.

Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him! There's some misfortune.

DUCHESS (clinging to him).
Gracious heaven! What is it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife! We are in camp, and this is nought unusual; Here storm and sunshine follow one another With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits Champ the curb angrily, and never yet Did quiet bless the temples of the leader. If I am to stay, go you. The plaints of women Ill suit the scene where men must act.

[He is going: Tertsky returns.

TERTSKY.

Remain here. From this window must we see it.

WALLENSTEIN (to the Countess).

Sister, retire!

COUNTESS.

No-never.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis my will.

TERTSKY (leads the Countess aside, and drawing her attention to the Duchess).

Theresa!

DUCHESS.

Sister, come! since he commands it.

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN (stepping to the window). What now, then?

TERTSKY.

There are strange movements among all the troops, And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously, With gloomy silentness, the several corps Marshal themselves, each under its own banners. Tiefenbach's corps make threat'ning movements; The Pappenheimers still remain aloof [only In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

WALLENSTEIN.

Does Piccolomini appear among them?

TERTSKY.

We are seeking him: he is no where to be met with.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did the Aide-de-Camp deliver to you?

TERTSKY.

My regiments had despatch'd him; yet once more They swear fidelity to thee, and wait The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

WALLENSTEIN.

But whence arose this larum in the camp? It should have been kept secret from the army, Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

TERTSKY.

O that thou hadst believed me! Yester evening Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker, That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen. Thou gavest him thy own horses to flee from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

TERTSKY.

Thou didst confide in Isolani too; And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was but yesterday I rescued him From abject wretchedness. Let that go by; I never reckon'd yet on gratitude. And wherein doth he wrong in going from me? He follows still the god whom all his life He has worshipp'd at the gaming-table. With My Fortune, and my seeming destiny, He made the bond, and broke it not with me. I am but the ship in which his hopes were stow'd, And with the which well-pleased and confident He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it In eminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks, And hurries to preserve his wares. As light As the free bird from the hospitable twig Where it had nested, he flies off from me: No human tie is snapp'd betwixt us two. Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man. Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life Impress their characters on the smooth forehead, Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth: Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul Warmeth the inner frame.

TEDTELLA

Yet, would I rather Trust the smooth browthan that deep furrow'd one

SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.

ILLO (who enters agitated with rage). Treason and mutiny!

TERTSKY.

And what further now?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders To go off guard-Mutinous villains!

TERTSKY.

Well!

WALLENSTEIN.

What followed?

ILLO.

They refused obedience to them.

TERTSKY.

Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gently! what cause did they assign?

ILLO.

No other,

They said, had right to issue orders but Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN (in a convulsion of agony). What? How is that?

He takes that office on him by commission, Under sign-manual of the Emperor.

TERTSKY.

From the Emperor-hear'st thou, Duke?

ILLO.

At his incitement

The Generals made that stealthy flight-

Duke! hear'st thou!

ILLO.

Caraffa too, and Montecuculi, Are missing, with six other Generals, All whom he had induced to follow him. This plot he has long had in writing by him From the Emperor; but't was finally concluded With all the detail of the operation Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.

> [WALLENSTEIN sinks down into a chair and covers his face.

> > TERTSKY.

O hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX.

To them enter the Countess.

COUNTESS.

This suspense, This horrid fear-I can no longer bear it. For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place?

ILLO.

The regiments are all falling off from us.

Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

COUNTESS

O my foreboding!

[Rushes out of the room.

TERTSKY.

Hadst thou but believed me! Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The stars lie not; but we have here a work Wrought counter to the stars and destiny. The science is still honest: this false heart Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven. On a divine law divination rests Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles Out of her limits, there all science errs. True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition Never by such suspicion t' have affronted The human form, O may that time ne'er come In which I shame me of the infirmity. The wildest savage drinks not with the victim, Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword. This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed: 'T was not thy prudence that did conquer mine; A bad heart triumph'd o'er an honest one. No shield received the assassin stroke; thou plungest

Thy weapon on an unprotected breast-Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.

To these enter Butler.

TERTSKY (meeting him).

O look there! Butler! Here we've still a friend!

WALLENSTEIN (meets him with outspread arms, and embraces him with warmth).

Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun Looks out upon us more revivingly In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

My General: I come-

WALLENSTEIN (leaning on Butler's shoulders). Know'st thou already?

That old man has betray'd me to the Emperor. What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship. We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one

One morsel shared! I lean'd myself on him, As now I lean me on thy faithful shoulder. And now in the very moment, when, all love, All confidence, my bosom beat to his, He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife Slowly into my heart.

[He hides his face on Butler's breast.

Forget the false one.

What is your present purpose?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well remember'd! Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends, Still loved by Destiny; for in the moment, That it unmasks the plotting hypocrite, It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.

Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loss Was that which struck the pang: O no! histreason Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him! Dear to my heart, and honour'd were they both, And the young man-yes-he did truly love me, He-he-has not deceived me. But enough, Enough of this-Swift counsel now beseems us. The Courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague I expect him every moment: and whatever He may bring with him, we must take good care To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then! Despatch some messenger you can rely on To meet him, and conduct him to me. [ILLO is going.

BUTLER (detaining him). My General, whom expect you then?

WALLENSTEIN.

The Courier

Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

BUTLER (hesitating).

Hem!

WALLENSTEIN.

And what now?

BUTLER.

You do not know it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well?

BUTLER. From what that larum in the camp arose?

WALLENSTEIN.

From what?

BUTLER.

That Courier-

WALLENSTEIN (with eager expectation).

Is already here.

TERTSKY and ILLO (at the same time). Already here?

WALLENSTEIN. My Courier ?

BUTLER.

For some hours.

WALLENSTEIN.

And I not know it?

BUTLER.

The centinels detain him

In custody.

ILLO (stamping with his foot). Damnation!

BUTTED

And his letter Was broken open, and is circulated Through the whole camp.

WALLENSTEIN.

You know what it contains .

BUTLER.

Question me not!

TERTSKY. Illo! alas for us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hide nothing from me_I can hear the worst. Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely. BUTLER.

Yes! Prague is lost. And all the several regiments At Budweiss, Tabor, Brannau, Konigingratz, At Brun and Znaym, have forsaken you, And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsky, And Illo have been sentenced.

> [TERTSKY and ILLO express alarm and fury. WAL-LENSTEIN remains firm and collected.

> > WALLENSTEIN.

'T is decided! T is well! I have received a sudden cure From all the pangs of doubt: with steady stream Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure! In the night only Friedland's stars can beam Lingering irresolute, with fitful fears I drew the sword-'t was with an inward strife, While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife

Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears! I fight now for my head and for my life.

[Exit Wallenstein; the others follow him.

SCENE XI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY (enters from a side-room). I can endure no longer. No!

Looks around her. Where are they!

No one is here. They leave me all alone, Alone in this sore anguish of suspense. And I must wear the outward show of calmness Before my sister, and shut in within me The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom. It is not to be borne.—If all should fail; If—if he must go over to the Swedes, An empty-handed fugitive, and not As an ally, a covenanted equal, A proud commander with his army following ; If we must wander on from land to land, Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness An ignominious monument -- But no ! That day I will not see! And could himself Endure to sink so low, I would not bear To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.

Countess, Duchess, Thekla.

THEKLA (endeavouring to hold back the Duchess). Dear mother, do stay here!

No! Here is yet Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me. Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her Full of suspense and anguish roam about From room to room ?-Art thou not full of terror? And what import these silent nods and gestures Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?

THEKLA.

Nothing:

Nothing, dear mother ?

DUCHESS (to the Countess).

Sister, I'will know.

COUNTESS.

What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner Or later she must learn to hear and bear it.

T is not the time now to indulge infirmity; Courage beseems us now, a heart collect, And exercise and previous discipline Of fortitude. One word, and over with it! Sister, you are deluded. You believe, The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not Deposed—he is—

THEKLA (going to the Countess).

What ? do you wish to kill her?

COUNTESS.

The Duke is-

THEKLA (throwing her arms round her mother).

O stand firm! stand firm, my mother!

COUNTESS.

Revolted is the Duke; he is preparing To join the enemy; the army leave him, And all has fail'd.

Mark scalar

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SCENE 13

A spacious Room in the Duke of Friedland's Palace.

WALLENSTEIN (in armour). Thou hast gain'd thy point, Octavio! Once more Almost as friendless as at Regensburg. [am I There I had nothing left me, but myself-But what one man can do, you have now experience. The twigs have you hew'd off, and here I stand A leafless trunk. But in the sap within Lives the creating power, and a new world May sprout forth from it. Once already have I Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone! Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted; Beside the Lech sunk Tilly, your last hope; Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent, Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna In his own palace did the Emperor tremble. Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude Follow the luck: all eyes were turn'd on me, Their helper in distress: the Emperor's pride Bow'd itself down before the man he had injured. 'Twas I must rise, and with creative word Assemble forces in the desolate camps. I did it. Like a god of war, my name Went through the world. The drum was beatand, lo!

The plough, the workshop is forsaken, all Swarm to the old familian long-loved banners; And as the wood-choir rich in melody Assemble quick around the bird of wonder, — When first his throat swells with his magic song, So did the warlike youth of Germany Crowd in around the image of my eagle. I feel myself the being that I was. It is the soul that builds itself a body, And Friedland's camp will not remain unfill'd. Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true! They are accustom'd under me to conquer, But not against me. If the head and limbs Separate from each other, 'twill be soon Made manifest, in which the soul abode.

(ILLO and TERTSKY enter.)

Courage, friends! Courage! We are still unvanquish'd;

I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertsky, Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops; And an host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow. I was not stronger, when nine years ago I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope, To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

SCEVELIX

Wallenstein, Illo, Tertsky. (To them enter Neumann, who leads Tertsky aside, and talks with him.)

TERTSKY.

What do they want?

WALLENSTEIN.
What now?

TERTSKY.

Ten Cuirassiers

From Pappenheim request leave to address you In the name of the regiment.

WALLENSTEIN (hastily to Neumann).

Let them enter.

[Exit NEUMANN.

May end in something. Mark you. They are still Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENEVIV

Wallenstein, Tertsky, Illo, ten Cuirassiers (led by an Anspessade 1, march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the Duke, and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again).

ANSPESSADE.

Halt! Front! Present!

wallenstein (ufter he has run through them with his eye, to the Anspessade).

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggen in Thy name is Mercy. [Flanders:

> ANSPESSADE. Henry Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with an hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

ANSPESSADE.

'Twas even so, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

1 Anspessade, in German Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard. ANSPESSADE.

That which I asked for: the honour to serve in this corps.

WALLENSTEIN (turning to a second).

Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Yes, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (A pause.) Who sends you?

ANSPESSADE.

Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piecolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

ANSPESSADE.

Because we would first know whom we serve.

WALLENSTEIN.

Begin your address.

ANSPESSADE (giving the word of command). - Shoulder your arms!

WALLENSTEIN (turning to a third). Thy name is Risbeck; Cologne is thy birth-place.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

Risbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nüremberg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

It was not I, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother too: Where did he stay?

THIRD, CUIRASSIER.

He is stationed at Olmütz with the Imperial

He is stationed at Olmütz with the Imperia army.

WALLENSTEIN (to the ANSPESSADE). Now then—begin.

ANSPESSADE. .

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor Commanding us—

WALLENSTEIN (interrupting him).
Who chose you?

ANSPESSADE.

Every company

Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN.

Now! to the business.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor Commanding us collectively, from thee All duties of obedience to withdraw, Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what did you determine?

ANSPESSADE.

At Brannau, Budweiss, Prague and Olmütz, have

Obey'd already; and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscano, instantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trumped up Spanish story!

[With warmth.

Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is, For we have found thee still sincere and true: No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt The gallant General and the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN.

Therein I recognise my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE.

And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee: Is it thy purpose merely to preserve In thine own hands this military sceptre, Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor Made over to thee by a covenant? Is it thy purpose merely to remain Supreme commander of the Austrian armies?-We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee Thy honest rights against all opposition. And should it chance, that all the other regiments Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty, Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces, Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true, That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid! Then we too will forsake thee, and obey That letter-

WALLENSTEIN. Hear me, children!

ANSPESSADE.

Yes, or no 4-

There needs no other answer.

WALLENSTEIN.

You're men of sense, examine for yourselves; Ye think, and do not follow with the herd: And therefore have I always shown you honour Above all others, suffer'd you to reason; Have treated you as free men, and my orders Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—

ANSPESSADE.

Most fair and noble has thy conduct been To us, my General! With thy confidence Thou hast honour'd us, and shown us grace and favour

Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest. We follow not the common herd. We will Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not A treason which thou meditatest—that Thou meanest not to lead the army over To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

WALLENSTEIN.

Mc, me are they betraying. The Emperor Hath sacrificed me to my enemies, And I must fall, unless my gallant troops Will rescue me. See! I confide in you. And be your hearts my strong-hold! At this breast The aim is taken, at this hoary head. This is your Spanish gratitude, it is is our Requital for that murderous fight at Lutzen!

For this we threw the naked breast against The halbert, made for this the frozen earth Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream

Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious: With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfeldt Through all the turns and windings of his flight; Yea, our whole life was but one restless march; And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travell'd O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now, That we have well nigh finish'd the hard toil, The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons, With faithful indefatigable arm Have roll'd the heavy war-load up the hill Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away The honours of the peace, an easy prize! He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks The olive branch, the hard-earned ornament Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet.

ANSPESSADE.

That shall he not, while we can hinder it! No one, but thou, who hast conducted it With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war. Thou led'st us out into the bloody field Of death; thou and no other shalt conduct us home. Rejoicing to the levely plains of peace-Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil-

WALLENSTEIN.

What! Think you then at length in late old age To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not. Never, no never, will you see the end Of the contest! you and me, and all of us, This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace, Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I Endeavour'd after peace, therefore I fall. For what cares Austria, how long the war Wears out the armics and lays waste the world? She will but wax and grow amid the ruin, And still win new domains.

[The Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures. Ye're moved - I see

A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors! Oh that my spirit might possess you now Daring as once it led you to the battle! Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms, Protect me in my rights; and this is noble! But think not that you can accomplish it. Your scanty number! to no purpose will you Have sacrificed you for your General.

[Confidentially. No! let us tread securely, seek for friends; The Swedes have proffer'd us assistance, let us Wear for a while the appearance of good will, And use them for your profit, till we both Carry the fate of Europe in our hands, And from our camp to the glad jubilant world Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

ANSPESSADE.

Tis then but mere appearances which thou Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes? This is the only thing which we desire To learn from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

What care I for the Swedes? I hate them as I hate the pit of hell, Aud under Providence I trust right soon To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.

My cares are only for the whole: I have A heart-it bleeds within me for the miseries And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans. Ye are but common men, but yet ye think With minds not common; ye appear to me Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye A little word or two in confidence! See now! already for full fifteen years The war-torch has continued burning, yet No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German, Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way To the other, every hand's against the other. Each one is party and no one a judge. Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel

This tangle, ever tangling more and more. It must be cut asunder. I feel that I am the man of destiny, And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

> SCENE HE. XVI To these enter BUTLER.

BUTLER (passionately). General!

This is not right!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is not right? BUTLER.

It must needs injure us with all honest men.

WALLENSTEIN.

But what?

BUTLER. It is an open proclamation Of insurrection.

> WALLENSTEIN. Well, well-but what is it?

> > BUILER.

Count Tertsky's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle From off the banners, and instead of it Have rear'd aloft thy arms.

> ANSPESSADE (abruptly to the Cuirassiers). Right about! March!

> > WALLENSTEIN.

Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it! [To the Cuirassiers, who are retiring,

Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this; Hark !- I will punish it severely. Stop! They do not hear. (To ILLO). Go after them, assure

And bring them back to me, cost what it may. [ILLO hurries out.

This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler! You are my evil genius, wherefore must you Announce it in their presence? It was all In a fair way. They were half won! those madmen With their improvident over-readiness-A cruel game is Fortune playing with me. The zeal of friends it is that razes me, And not the hate of enemies.

SCENEVAL

To these enter the Duchess, who rushes into the Chamber. THEKLA and the Countess follow her.

DUCHESS.

O Albrecht!

What hast thou done?

WALLENSTEIN.

And now comes this beside.

COUNTESS.

Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power. They know all.

DUCHESS.

What hast thou done?

COUNTESS (to TERTSKY) Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?

TERTSKY.

All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands, The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.

COUNTESS.

That lurking hypocrite, Octavio! Count Max. is off too.

Where can be be? He's Gone over to the Emperor with his father. [THEKLA rushes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her face in her bosom.

DUCHESS (enfolding her in her arms). Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!

WALLENSTEIN (aside to TERTSKY). Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg Be their attendant; he is faithful to us; To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow. [To Illo, who returns.

Thou hast not brought them back?

Hear'st thou the uproar? The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini, Their colonel, they require: for they affirm, That he is in the palace here, a prisoner; And if thou dost not instantly deliver him, They will find means to free him with the sword. [All stand amazed.

TERTSKY. What shall we make of this?

WALLENSTEIN.

Said I not so? O my prophetic heart! he is still here. He has not betray'd me-he could not betray me. I never doubted of it.

> COUNTESS. If he be

Still here, then all goes well; for I know what [Embracing Thekla.

Will keep him here for ever.

TERTSKY.

It can't be.

His father has betray'd us, is gone over To the Emperor—the son could not have ventured To stay behind.

> THEKLA (her eye fixed on the door). There he is!



To these enter Max. Piccolomini.

Yes! here he is? I can endure no longer To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lark In ambush for a favourable moment: This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.

[Advancing to Thekla, who has thrown herself into her mother's arms.

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me! Confess it freely before all. Fear no one. Let who will hear that we both love each other. Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery, Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns It dares act openly.

[He observes the Countess looking on Thekla with expressions of triumph.

No, Lady! No!

Expect not, hope it not. I am not come To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever. For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee! Thekla, I must—must leave thee! Yet thy hatred Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me One look of sympathy, only one look. Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, [Grasps her hand. Thekla!

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot! Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla! That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced

That I can not act otherwise.

[THEKLA, avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father. MAX. turns round to the Duke, whom he had not till then perceived.

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought. I trusted never more to have beheld thee. My business is with her alone. Here will I Receive a full acquittal from this heart-For any other I am no more concern'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think'st thou, that fool-like, I shall let thee go, And act the mock-magnanimous with thee? Thy father is become a villain to me; I hold thee for his son, and nothing more: Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given Into my power. Think not, that I will honour That ancient love, which so remorselessly He mangled. They are now past by, those hours Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and ven-

Succeed-'tis now their turn-I too can throw All feelings of the man aside-can prove Myself as much a monster as thy father!

MAX. (calmly).

Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou hast power. Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage. What has detain'd me here, that too thou know'st. [Taking THEKLA by the hand.

See, Duke! All-all would I have owed to thee, Would have received from thy paternal hand The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee. Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust Their happiness, who most are thine. Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity. Like as the blind irreconcileable

Fierce element, incapable of compact, Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.¹

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art describing thy own father's heart. The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpower'd me. He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul Still to and fro he pass'd, suspected never! On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been To Ferdinand what Octavio was to me, War had I ne'er denounced against him. No, I never could have done it. The Emperor was My austere master only, not my friend. There was already war 'twixt him and me When he deliver'd the Commander's Staff Into my hands; for there's a natural Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion; Peace exists only betwixt confidence And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders The future generations.

MAX.

I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!

¹ I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss, had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original, with a literal translation.

Weh denen, die auf Dieh vertraun, an Dieh Die siehre Hütte ihres Glückes lehnen, Gelockt von deiner geistlichen Gestalt. Schnell unverhofft, bei nächtlich stiller Weile Gährts in dem tückschen Feuerschlunde, ladet Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg Treibt über alle Pfianzungen der Menschen Der wilde Strom in grausender Zerstörung.

WALLENSTEIN.

Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz, Wie Du's Beschreibst, so ist's in seinem Eingeweide, In dieser schwarzen Heuchlers Brust gestaltet. O, mich hat Höllenkunst getäuscht! Mir sandte Der Abgrund den verflecktessen der Geister, Den Lügenkundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn Als Breund an meiner Seite. Wer vermag Der Hölle Macht zu widerstehn! Ich zog Den Basilisken auf an meinem Busen, Mit meinem Herzblut nährt ich ihn, er sog Sich sehwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten, Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn, Weit offen liess ich des Gedankens Thore, Und warf die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg, Am Sternenhimmel, etc.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee, against thee lean the secure but of their fortune, allured by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation. - WALLENSTEIN. Thou art portraying thy father's heart; as thou describest, even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's breast. O, the art of hell has deceived me! The Abyss sent up to me the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in lies, and placed him as a friend by my side, Who may withstand the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him; he sucked himself glutfull at the breasts of my love. I never harboured evil towards him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise fore-sight. In the starry heaven, &c.—We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by SCHILLER.

Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place; one crime

Drags after it the other in close link.
But we are innocent: how have we fallen
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?
To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?

Why must our fathers' Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,

Who love each other?

WALLENSTEIN,

Max., remain with me.
Go you not from me, Max.! Hark! I will tell thee— How when at Prague, our winter-quarters, thou Wert brought into my tent a tender boy, Not yet accustom'd to the German winters; Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours; Thou wouldst not let them go.-At that time did I take thee in my arms, And with my mantle did I cover thee; I was thy nurse, no woman could have been A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed To do for thee all little offices, However strange to me; I tended thee Till life return'd; and when thine eyes first open'd, I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have Alter'd my feelings towards thee? Many thousands Have I made rich, presented them with lands; Rewarded them with dignities and honours: Thee have I loved: my heart, my self, I gave To thee! They all were aliens: THOU wert Our child and inmate. Max.! Thou canst not leave me;

It cannot be; I may not, will not think That Max. can leave me.

MAX.
O my God!

WALLENSTEIN.

I have

Held and sustain'd thee from thy tottering child-What holy bond is there of natural love, [hood. What human tie, that does not knit thee to me? I love thee, Max.! What did thy father for thee, Which I too have not done, to the height of duty? Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor; He will reward thee with a pretty chain Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee; For that the friend, the father of thy youth, For that the holiest feeling of humanity, Was nothing worth to thee.

MAX.

O God! how can I.

Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it,

My oath—my duty—honour—

WALLENSTEIN.

How? Thy duty?

Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max.! bethink thee
What duties mayst thou have? If I am acting
A criminal part toward the Emperor,
It is my crime, not thinc. Dost thou belong

² This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original—

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, Du warst Das Kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. O si sic omnia!

To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander? Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world, That in thy actions thou shouldst plead free agency? On me thou'rt planted, I am thy Emperor; To obey me, to belong to me, this is Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee! And if the planet, on the which thou livest And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts, It is not in thy choice, whether or no Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward Together with his ring and all his moons. With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest; Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee, For that thou heldst thy friend more worth to thee Than names and influences more removed. For justice is the virtue of the ruler, Affection and fidelity the subject's. Not every one doth it beseem to question The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty-let The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCENE MM.

To these enter NEUMANN.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

NEIDMANN.

The Pappenheimers are dismounted, And are advancing now on foot, determined With sword in hand to storm the house, and free The Count, their colonel.

> WALLENSTEIN (to TERTSKY). Have the cannon planted.

I will receive them with chain-shot.

Exit Tertsky Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go Neumann! 'T is my command that they retreat this moment, And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure. [NEUMANN exit. ILLO steps to the window-

COUNTESS.

Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

ILLO (at the window).

Hell and perdition!

WALLENSTEIN. What is it?

ILLO.

They scale the council-house, the roof's uncover'd They level at this house the cannon-

Madmen!

ILLO.

They are making preparations now to fire on us.

DUCHESS AND COUNTESS.

Merciful Heaven!

MAX. (to WALLENSTEIN). Let me go to them!

WALLENSTEIN.

Not a step!

MAX. (pointing to THEKLA and the DUCHESS.) But their life! Thine!

WALLENSTEIN.

What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsky? | Your messenger.

SCENE WAREN

To these Terrsky (returning).

TERTSKY.

Message and greeting from our faithful regiments. Their ardour may no longer be curb'd in. They intreat permission to commence the attack; And if thou wouldst but give the word of onset, They could now charge the enemy in rear, Into the city wedge them, and with ease O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

O come!

Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully; We are the greater number. Let us charge them, And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? shall this town become a field of slaughter, And brother-killing Discord, fire-eyed, Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage? Shall the decision be deliver'd over To deaf remorseless Rage, that hears no leader? Here is not room for battle, only for butchery. Well, let it be! I have long thought of it, So let it burst then!

[Turns to MAK

Well, how is it with thee? Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away! Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me, Front against front, and lead them to the battle; Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learn'd somewha under me,

I need not be ashamed of my opponent, And never had'st thou fairer opportunity To pay me for thy schooling.

Is it then, Can it have come to this ?- What! Cousin, Cousin Have you the heart?

MAX.

The regiments that are trusted to my care I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsc True to the Emperor, and this promise will I Make good, or perish. More than this no duty Requires of me. I will not fight against thee, Unless compell'd; for though an enemy, Thy head is holy to me still.

> [Two reports of cannon. ILLO and TERTSKY hurn to the spindorn.

> > WALLENSTEIN.

What's that?

TERTSKY.

He falls.

WALLENSTEIN. Falls! Who?

Tiefenbach's corps

Discharged the ordnance.

WALLENSTEIN. Upon whom?

ILLO.

On Neumann

WALLENSTEIN (starting up).

Ha! Death and hell! I will—

TERTSKY.

Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?

DUCHESS and COUNTESS.

No!

For God sake, no!

ILLO.

Not yet, my General!

COUNTESS.

O, hold him! hold him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave me-

MAX.

Do it not;

Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time—

WALLENSTEIN.

Away! too long already have I loiter'd. They are embolden'd to these outrages, Beholding not my face. They shall behold My countenance, shall hear my voice—— Are they not my troops? Am I not their General, And their long-fear'd commander! Let me sec, Whether indeed they do no longer know That countenance, which was their sun in battle! From the balcony (mark!), I show myself To these rebellious forces, and at once Revolt is mounded, and the high-swoln current Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[Exit Wallenstein; Illo, Tertsky, and Butler follow.

SCENE IX.

Countess, Duchess, Max. and Thekla.

COUNTESS (to the DUCHESS).

Let them but see him—there is hope still, sister.

DUCHESS

Hope! I have none!

MAX. (who during the last scene has been standing at a distance in a visible struggle of feelings, advances).

This can I not endure.

With most determined soul did I come hither;
My purposed action seem'd unblameable
To my own conscience—and I must stand here
Like one abhorr'd, a hard inhuman being:
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themselves audible within my bosom.
My soul's benighted; I no longer can
Distinguish the right track. O, well and truly
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
I know not what to do.

COUNTESS.

What! you know not?
Does not your own heart tell you? O! then I
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted

Against our General's life, has plunged us all In misery—and you're his son! 'T is your's To make the amends—Make you the son's fidelity Outweigh the father's treason, that the name Of Piccolomini be not a proverb Of infamy, a common form of cursing To the posterity of Wallenstein.

MAX.

Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow! It speaks no longer in my heart. We all But utter what our passionate wishes dictate: O that an angel would descend from Heaven, And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted, With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.

[His eyes glance on THEKLA

What other angel seek I? To this heart,
To this unerring heart, will I submit it;
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless.
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the disquieted and guilty—canst thou
Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,
And I am the Duke's—

COUNTESS.

Think, niece-

MAX.

Think nothing, Thekla! Speak what thou feelest.

COUNTESS.

Think upon your father,

MAX

I did not question thee, as Friedland's daughter. Thee, the beloved and the unerring god Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake? Not whether diadem of royalty Be to be won or not—that mightst thou think on. Thy friend, and his soul's quiet, are at stake. The fortune of a thousand gallant men, Who will all follow me; shall I forswear My oath and duty to the Emperor? Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp The parricidal ball? For when the ball Has left its cannon, and is on its flight, It is no longer a dead instrument! It lives, a spirit passes into it, The avenging furies seize possession of it, And with sure malice guide it the worst way

THEKLA.

MAX. (interrupting her).

Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla. I understand thee. To thy noble heart
The hardest duty might appear the highest.
The human, not the great part, would I act.
Even from my childhood to this present hour,
Think what the Duke has done for me, how

loved me,
And think too, how my father has repaid him.
O likewise the free lovely impulses
Of hospitality, the pious friend's
Faithful attachment, these too are a holy
Religion to the heart; and heavily
The shudderings of nature do avenge
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,
And let thy heart decide it.

0 ! Max .-

THEKLA

O, thy own Hath long ago decided. Follow thou Thy heart's first feeling——

COUNTESS.

Oh! ill-fated woman!

THEKLA.

Is it possible, that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou wouldst still

have acted

Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

MAX.

Then I

Must leave thee, must part from thee!

THEKLA.

Being faithful

To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me:
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide for ever
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;
But we belong not to our houses—Go!
Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause
From our unholy and unblessed one!
The curse of Heaven lies upon our head:
'T is dedicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me:

My destiny will quickly be decided.

[Max. clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion. There is heard from behind the Scene a loud wild, long continued cry, Vivat Ferdinandus! accompanied by warlike Instruments. Max. and Thekla remain without motion in each other's embraces.

SCENE SE XXI

To the above enter TERTSKY.

COUNTESS (meeting him).
What meant that cry? What was it!

TERTSKY.

All is lost !

COUNTESS.

What! they regarded not his countenance?

TERTSKY.

'T was all in vain.

DUCHESS.
They shouted Vivat!

TERTSKY.

To the Emperor.

...

COUNTESS.

The traitors!

TERTSKY.

Nay! he was not once permitted Even to address them. Soon as he began, With deafening noise of warlike instruments They drown'd his words. But here he comes. SCENEXXIL

To these enter Wallenstein, accompanied by Illo and Butler.

WALLENSTEIN (as he enters).
Tertsky!

TERTSKY.

My General?

WALLENSTEIN.

Let our regiments hold themselves
In readiness to march; for we shall leave
Pilsen cre evening.

[Exit Tertsky]

Butler!

BUTLER.

Yes, my General.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Governor of Egra is your friend
And countryman. Write to him instantly
By a post courier. He must be advised,
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

BUTLER.

It shall be done, my General!

WALLENSTEIN (steps between Max. and Thekla, who have remained during this time in each other's arms).

Part!

MAX.

O God!

[Cuirassiers enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March. which seem to address Max.

WALLENSTEIN (to the Cuirassiers). Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him No longer.

[He turns away, and stands so that Max. cannot pass by him nor approach the Princess.

MAX.

Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live Without thee! I go forth into a desert, Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn Thine eyes away from me! O once more show me Thy ever dear and honour'd countenance.

[Max. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled: he turns to the Countess.

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

[The Countess turns away from him; he turns to
the Duchess.

My mother!

DUCHESS.

Go where duty calls you. Haply The time may come, when you may prove to us A true friend, a good angel at the throne Of the Emperor.

MAX.

You give me hope; you would not Suffer me wholly to despair. No! no! Mine is a certain misery—Thanks to Heaven! That offers me a means of ending it.

[The military music begins again. The stage fills more and more with armed men. Max. sees BUTLER and addresses him.

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful To your new lord, than you have proved yourself To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promise me, Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman. He is attainted, and his princely head Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder. Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship, And those whom here I see—

[Casting suspicious looks on ILLO and BUTLER.

ILLO.

Go—seck for traitors
In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away! away! and free us
From his detested sight! Away!

[Max. attempts once more to approach Thekla. Wallenstein prevents him. Max. stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the mean time the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below lowder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.

MAX.

Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish Trumpets,

And all the naked swords, which I see here, Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you? You come to tear me from this place! Beware, Ye drive me not to desperation.—Do it not! Ye may repent it!

The stage is entirely filled with armed men. Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down! Think what ye're doing. It is not well done To chuse a man despairing for your leader; You tear me from my happiness. Well, then, I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark! For your own ruin you have chosen me: Who goes with me, must be prepared to perish.

[He turns to the back-ground, there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the Cuirassiers; they surround him, and carry him off in wiid tunull. Wallenstein remains immovable. Thekla sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.

Endy Act Hr

ACT WALL

SCENE I.

The Burgomaster's House at Egra.

BUTLER (just arrived).

Here then he is, by his destiny conducted. Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile, And here upon the borders of Bohemia Must sink.

Thou hast foresworn the ancient colours, Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes. Profaner of the altar and the hearth, Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, be-

The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II.

BUTLER and GORDON.

GORDON.

Is it you?

How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!

His princely head attainted! O my God!

BUTLER.

You have received the letter which I sent you By a post-courier?

GORDON.

Yes: and in obedience to it Open'd the stronghold to him without scruple; For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me I when even now I saw
The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
For truly, not like an attainted man,
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;

His wonted majesty beam'd from his brow,
And calm, as in the days when all was right,
Did he receive from me the accounts of office.
"Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension:
But sparing and with dignity the Duke
Weigh'd every syllable of approbation,
As masters praise a servant who has done
His duty, and no more.

BUTLER.

"Tis all precisely
As I related in my letter. Friedland
Has sold the army to the enemy,
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.
On this report the regiments all forsook him,
The five excepted that belong to Tertsky,
And which have follow'd him, as thou hast seen.
The sentence of attainder is pass'd on him,
And every loyal subject is required
To give him in to justice, dead or living.

GORDON.

A traitor to the Emperor—Such a noble!

Of such high talents! What is human greatness!

I often said, this can't end happily.

His might, his greatness, and this obscure power
Are but a cover'd pit-fail. The human being
May not be trusted to self-government.

The clear and written law, the deep trod foot-marks
Of ancient custom, are all necessary
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.

The authority entrusted to this man
Was unexampled and unnatural,
It placed him on a level with his Emperor,
Till the proud soul unlearn'd submission. Wo
is me;

I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem Might none stand firm. Alas! dear General, We in our lucky mediocrity. Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate, What dangerous wishes such a height may breed In the heart of such a man.

BUTLER.

Spare your laments
Till he need sympathy; for at this present
He is still mighty, and still formidable.
The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,
And quickly will the junction be accomplish'd.
This must not be! The Duke must never leave
This strong-hold on free footing; for I have
Pledged life and honour here to hold him prisoner,
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

GORDON.

O that I had not lived to see this day! From his hand I received this dignity, He did himself entrust this strong-hold to me, Which I am now required to make his dungeon. We subalterns have no will of our own: The free, the mighty man alone may listen To the fair impulse of his human nature. Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law, Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at!

BUTLER.

Nay! let it not afflict you, that your power Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error! The narrow path of duty is securest.

GORDON.

And all then have deserted him, you say? He has built up the luck of many thousands; For kingly was his spirit: his full hand Was ever open! Many a one from dust

Hath he selected, from the very dust
Hath raised him into dignity and honour.
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

BUTLER.

Here's one, I see.

GORDON.

I have enjoy'd from him
No grace or favour. I could almost doubt,
If ever in his greatness he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was first deliver'd.

BUTLER.

Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him?

GORDON (pauses, reflecting—then as in deep dejection).

If it be so—if all be as you say—
If he've betray'd the Emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
The strong-holds of the country to the enemy—
Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him!
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
To be the instrument of his perdition;
For we were pages at the court of Bergau
At the same period; but I was the senior.

BUTLER.

I have heard so-

GORDON.

'Tis full thirty years since then. A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends: Yet even then he had a daring soul:

His frame of mind was serious and severe Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects. He walk'd amidst us of a silent spirit, Communing with himself; yet I have known him Transported on a sudden into utterance Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendour, His soul reveal'd itself, and he spake so That we look'd round perplex'd upon each other, Not knowing whether it were craziness, Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.

BUTLER.

But was it where he fell two story high From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep.

And rose up free from injury? From this day (It is reported) he betrayed clear marks Of a distemper'd fancy.

GORDON.

He became
Doubtless more self-enwrapt and melancholy;
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transform'd him.
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder;
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator.
And now is all, all this too little for him;
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,

BUTLER.

And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

No more, he comes.

SCENE III.

To these enter Wallenstein, in conversation with the Burgomaster of Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

You were at one time a free town. I see, Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms. Why the half eagle only?

BURGOMASTER.

We were free, But for these last two hundred years has Egra Remain'd in pledge to the Bohemian crown; Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half Being cancell'd till the empire ransom us, If ever that should be.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your cars
To no designing whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be?

BURGOMASTER.

We totter under them. The garrison Lives at our costs.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will relieve you. Tell me, There are some Protestants among you still?

[The Burgomaster hesitates.

Yes, yes; I know it. Many lie conceal'd Within these walls—Confess now—you yourself—
[Fisce his eye on him. The Burdonaster alarmed Be not alarm'd. I hate the Jesuits,

Could my will have determined it, they had Been long ago expell'd the empire. Trust me-Mass-book or bible-'tis all one to me. Of that the world has had sufficient proof. I built a church for the Reform'd in Glogau At my own instance. Harkye, Burgomaster! What is your name ?

> BURGOMASTER. Pachhalbel, may it please you.

WALLENSTEIN.

Harkye !-But let it go no further, what I now Disclose to you in confidence.

[Laying his hand on the Burgomaster's shoulder with

a certain solemnity.

The times Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster -The high will fall, the low will be exalted. Harkye! But keep it to yourself! The end Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy— A new arrangement is at hand. You saw The three moons that appear'd at once in the Heaven?

BURGOMASTER.

With wonder and affright!

WALLENSTEIN.

Whereof did two-Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers, And only one, the middle moon, remain'd Steady and clear.

BURGOMASTER.

We applied it to the Turks.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Turks! That all?-I tell you, that two empires Will set in blood, in the East and in the West, And Luth'ranism alone remain.

[Observing Gordon and Butler. I' faith,

'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard This evening, as we journey'd hitherward; 'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here ? GORDON.

Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.

BUTLER. It seem'd to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

WALLENSTEIN. 'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.

How strong is the garrison?

Not quite two hundred Competent men, the rest are invalids.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim? GORDON.

Two hundred arquebusiers have I sent thither To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! I commend your foresight. At the works You have done somewhat?

GORDON.

Two additional batteries I caused to be run up. They were needless. The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, General!

WALLENSTEIN. You have been watchful in your Emperor's service. I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel.

[To BUTLER.

Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim With all the stations in the enemy's route.

[To Gorden.

Governor, in your faithful hands I leave My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival Of letters to take leave of you, together With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.

To these enter COUNT TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Joy, General; joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

WALLENSTEIN. And what may they be !

TERTSKY.

There has been an engagement At Neustadt; the Swedes gain'd the victory.

WALLENSTEIN.

From whence did you receive the intelligence ?

TERTSKY.

A countryman from Tirschenseil convey'd it. Soon after sunrise did the fight begin! A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau Had forced their way into the Swedish camp; The cannonade continued full two hours; There were left dead upon the field a thousand Imperialists, together with their Colonel; Further than this he did not know.

WALLENSTEIN.

How came

Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer, But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there. Count Galas' force collects at Frauenburg, And have not the full complement. Is it possible, That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward? It cannot be.

> TERTSKY. We shall soon know the whole,

For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.

To these enter 1110.

ILLO (to WALLENSTEIN).

A courier, Duke! he wishes to speak with thee.

TERTSKY (eagerly). Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

WALLENSTEIN (at the same time). Whence comes he? What does he bring?

From the Rhinegrave.

And what he brings I can announce to you Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes; At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini Throw himself on them with the cavalry;

A murderous fight took place! o'erpower'd by numbers

The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader, [WALLENSTEIN shudders and turns pale.

Were left dead on the field.

WALLENSTEIN (after a pause in a low voice). Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him. [WALLENSTEIN is going, when LADY NEUBRUNN rushes

into the room. Some servants follow her and run across the stage.

NEUBRUNN.

Help! Help!

ILLO and TERTSKY (at the same time). What now?

NEUBRUNN.

The Princess!

WALLENSTEIN and TERTSKY.

Does she know it?

NEUBRUNN (at the same time with them). She is dying!

[Hurries off the stage, when Wallenstein and Tertsky follow her.

SCENE VI.

BUTLER and GORDON.

GORDON.

What's this?

BUTLER.

She has lost the man she loved-Young Piccolomini who fell in the battle.

GORDON.

Unfortunate Lady!

BUTLER.

You have heard what Illo Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors, And marching hitherward.

GORDON.

Too well I heard it.

BUTLER.

They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five Close by us to protect the Duke. We have Only my single regiment; and the garrison Is not two hundred strong.

GORDON.

'Tis even so.

BUTLER.

It is not possible with such small force To hold in custody a man like him.

GORDON.

I grant it.

Soon the numbers would disarm us, And liberate him.

GORDON.

It were to be fear'd.

BUTLER (after a pause). Know, I am warranty for the event; With my head have I pledged myself for his,

Must make my word good, cost it what it will, And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner, Why-death makes all things certain!

GORDON.

Butler! What? Do I understand you? Gracious God! You could-

BUTLER.

He must not live.

And you can do the deed!

BUTLER.

This morning was his last. Either you or I.

GORDON.

You would assassinate him.

BUTLER.

'Tis my purpose.

GORDON.

Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

BUTLER. Such is his evil destiny!

Your General!

The sacred person of your General!

My General he has been.

That 't is only

An "has been" washes out no villany. And without judgment pass'd?

BUTLER.

The execution

Is here instead of judgment.

GORDON.

This were murder,

Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

BUTLER.

His guilt is clear, the Emperor has pass'd judg-And we but execute his will.

We should not

Hurry to realize a bloody sentence. A word may be recall'd, a life can never be.

BUTLER.

Despatch in service pleases sovereigns.

GORDON.

No honest man's ambitious to press forward To the hangman's service.

And no brave man loses His colour at a daring enterprise.

GORDON.

A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.

BUTLER.

What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle The unextinguishable flame of war?

GORDON.

Seize him, and hold him prisoner-do not kill him! BUTLER.

Had not the Emperor's army been defeated, I might have done so.—But 'tis now past by.

GORDON.

O, wherefore open'd I the strong-hold to him?

His destiny and not the place destroys him.

GORDON.

Upon these ramparts, as beseem'd a soldier, I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!

BUTLER.

Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perish'd!

GORDON.

Doing their duty-that adorns the man! But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it. BUTLER (brings out a paper).
Here is the manifesto which commands us
To gain possession of his person. See—
It is addressed to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?

GORDON.

I?-Gracious God!

BUTLER.

Take it on yourself.

Come of it what may, on you I lay it.

GORDON.

O God in heaven!

BUTLER.

Can you advise aught else Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose? Say if you can. For I desire his fall,

Not his destruction.

GORDON.

Merciful heaven! what must be I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart Within my bosom beats with other feelings!

BUTLER.

Mine is of harder suff! Necessity [Illo In her rough school hath steel'd me. And this And Tertsky likewise, they must not survive him.

GORDON.

I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts 'Impell'd them, not the influence of the stars. 'Twas they who strew'd the seeds of evil passions In his calm breast, and with officious villany Water'd and nursed the pois'nous plants. May they Receive their earnests to the uttermost mite!

BUTLER.

And their death shall precede his! We meant to have taken them alive this evening Amid the merry-making of a feast, And keep them prisoners in the citadels. But this makes shorter work. I go this instant To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.

To these enter ILLO, and TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors,
Illo!

Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend! What! meet such news with such a moody face?

ILLO

It lies with us at present to prescribe [traitors, Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless Those skulking cowards that deserted us; One has already done his bitter penance, The Piccolomini: be his the fate Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long Fretted and toil'd to raise his ancient house From a Count's title to the name of Prince; And now must seek a grave for his only son.

Twas pity, though! A youth of such heroic
And gentle temperament! The Duke himself,
"Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

ILLO.

Hark ye, old friend! That is the very point That never pleased me in our General—He ever gave the preference to the Italians. Yea, at this very moment, by my soul! He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over, Could he thereby recal his friend to life.

TERTSKY.

Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening's business

Is, who can fairly drink the other down—Your regiment, Illo! gives the entertainment. Come! we will keep a merry carnival—The night for once be day, and 'mid full glasses Will we expect the Swedish avant-garde.

TLLO

Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends! This sword
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.

GORDON.

Shame, shame! what talk is this, My Lord Field Marshal? Wherefore foam you so Against your Emperor?

BUTLER.

Hope not too much From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs! How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns; The Emperor still is formidably strong.

ILLO.

The Emperor has soldiers, no commander, For this King Ferdinand of Hungary Is but a tyro. Galas? He's no luck, And was of old the ruiner of armies. And then this viper, this Octavio, Is excellent at stabbing in the back, But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

TERTSKY.

Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed; Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the Duke! And only under Wallenstein can Austria Be conqueror.

ILLO.

The Duke will soon assemble
A mighty army: all comes crowding, streaming
To banners, dedicate by destiny,
To fame, and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again! he will become
Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who 've now deserted him,
Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them,
For lands will he present to all his friends,
And like a King and Emperor reward
True services; but we 've the nearest claims.

[70 Gordon,

You will not be forgotten, Governor! He'll take you from this nest, and bid you shine In higher station: your fidelity Well merits it.

GORDON.

I am content already,
And wish to climb no higher; where great height is,
The fall must needs be great. "Great height,
great depth."

ILLO.

Here you have no more business, for to-morrow The Swedes will take possession of the citadel. Come, Tertsky, it is supper-time. What think you? Nay, shall we have the State illuminated In honour of the Swede? And who refuses To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

TERTSKY.

Nay! Nay! not that, it will not please the Duke-

ILLO.

What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare Avow himself Imperial where we've the rule. Gordon! good night, and for the last time, take A fair leave of the place. Send out patroles To make secure, the watch-word may be alter'd At the stroke of ten; deliver in the keys To the Duke himself, and then you've quit for ever Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

TERTSKY (as he is going, to BUTLER). You come, though, to the castle?

BUTLER

At the right time. [Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.

SCENE VIII.

GORDON and BUTLER.

GORDON (looking after them).
Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!
They rush into the outspread net of murder,
In the blind drunkenness of victory;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain,
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's
blood.—

BUTLER.

Do as ne order'd you. Send round patroles, Take measures for the citadel's security; When they are within I close the castle-gate That nothing may transpire.

GORDON (with earnest anxiety).
Oh! haste not so!

Nay, stop; first tell me-

BUTLER

You have heard already, To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night Alone is ours. They make good expedition. But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

GORDON.

Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler, I pray you, promise me!

BUTLER.

The sun has set;
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarm'd into our hands,
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes—
The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,
The Duke was ever a great calculator;
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,
To move and station, as his game required.
Other men's honour, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience
Still calculating, calculating still;
And yet at last his calculation proves
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!
His own life will be found among the forfeits.

GORDON.

O think not of his errors now! remember His greatness, his munificence; think on all The lovely features of his character, On all the noble exploits of his life, And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen Arrest the lifted sword.

BUTLER

It is too late.

I suffer not myself to feel compassion,

Dark thoughts and bloody are my duty now:

[Grasping Gordon's hand.

Gordon! 't is not my hatred (I pretend not To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him) Yet 't is not now my hatred that impels me

Yet 't is not now my harred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hostile concurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-work'd¹ pappet
Of the blind Power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What too would it avail him, if there were
A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.

GORDON.

If your heart speak to you, Follow its impulse. 'T is the voice of God. Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous Bedew'd with blood—his blood? Believe it not!

BUTLER.

You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen,

That the Swedes gain'd the victory, and hasten With such forced marches hitherward? Fain would I

Have given him to the Emperor's mercy.—Gordon! I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom The honour of my word,—it lies in pledge— And he must die, or——

[Passionately grasping Gordon's hand. Listen then, and know!

1 am dishonour'd if the Duke escape us.

GORDON.

O! to save such a man-

7

What!

GORDON.

It is worth A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded! Our own heart, and not other men's opinions, Forms our true honour.

BUTLER (with a cold and haughty air).

He is a great Lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.
This is what you would say? Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honour—
So that the man of princely rank be saved!

So that the man of princely rank be saved!
We all do stamp our value on ourselves:
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.—
There does not live on earth the man so station'd,
That I despise myself compared with him.

1 We doubt the propriety of putting so blasphemous a sentiment in the mouth of any character. T.

Man is made great or little by his own will; Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

CORDON.

I am endeavouring to move a rock. Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings. I cannot hinder you, but may some God Exit Gordon. Rescue him from you!

BUTLER (alone).

I treasured my good name all my life long; The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel, So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon!

He prizes above all his fealty; His conscious soul accuses him of nothing ; In opposition to his own soft heart He subjugates himself to an iron duty. Me in a weaker moment passion warp'd; I stand beside him, and must feel myself The worse man of the two. What, though the world Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet One man does know it, and can prove it too-High-minded Piccolomini! There lives the man who can dishonour me! This ignominy blood alone can cleanse! Duke Friedland, thou or I-Into my own hands Fortune delivers me-The dearest thing a man has is himself.

(The curtain drops.)

LER, MAJOR, and GERALDIN.

Find me twelve strong Dragoons, arm them with For there must be no firing-Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room, And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in And cry_" Who is loyal to the Emperor ?" I will overturn the table-while you attack Illo and Tertsky, and despatch them both. The castle-palace is well barr'd and guarded, That no intelligence of this proceeding May make its way to the Duke .- Go instantly : Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux And the Macdonald ?-

They 'll be here anon. Exit GERALDIN.

BUTLER.

Here's no room for delay. The citizens Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages And golden times. Arms too have been given out By the town-council, and a hundred citizens Have volunteer'd themselves to stand on guard. Despatch! then be the word; for enemies Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVERBUX, and MACDONALD.

MACDONALD.

Here we are, General.

DEVEREUX. What's to be the watchword?

BUTLER. Long live the Emperor!

> BOTH (recoiling). How !

BUTLER.

Live the House of Austria!

ACT IV.

DEVEREUX. Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland ! MACDONALD.

Have we not march'd to this place to protect him ?

Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy! DEVEREUX.

Why, yes! in his name you administer'd 🕒 Our oath.

> MACDONALD. And followed him yourself to Egra.

BUTLER. I did it the more surely to destroy him.

DEVEREUX.

So then !

MACDONALD. An alter'd case!

> BUTLER (to DEVEREUX). Thou wretched man!

So easily leavest thou thy oath and colours?

DEVEREUX. The devil !- I but follow'd your example, If you could prove a villain, why not we?

MACDONALD. We've nought to do with thinking-that's your business.

You are our General, and give out the orders; We follow you, though the track lead to hell.

BUTLER (appeased). Good then! we know each other.

MACDONALD.

I should hope so.

DEVEREUX.

Soldiers of fortune are we-who bids most, He has us.

MACDONALD.

'T is e'en so !

Well, for the present Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

DEVEREUX.

We wish no other.

Ay, and make your fortunes

MACDONALD.

That is still better.

BUTLER. Listen!

вотн.

We attend.

BUTLER.

It is the Emperor's will and ordinance To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland, Alive or dead.

DEVEREUX.

It runs so in the letter.

MACDONALD.

Alive or dead—these were the very words.

BUTLER

And he shall be rewarded from the State In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.

DEVEREUX.

Ay! that sounds well. The words sound always well

That travel hither from the Court. Yes! yes! We know already what Court-words import. A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour, Or an old charger, or a parchment patent, And such like.—The Prince-Duke pays better.

MACDONALD.

Yes,

The Duke's a splendid paymaster.

BUTLER.

All over

With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set.

MACDONALD.

And is that certain?

BUTLER.

You have my word for it.

DEVEREUX.

His lucky fortunes all past by ?

BUTLER.

For ever:

He is as poor as we.

MACDONALD.

As poor as we?

DEVEREUX.

Macdonald, we'll desert him.

BUTLER.

We'll desert him?

Full twenty thousand have done that already; We must do more, my countrymen! In short—We—we must kill him.

BOTH (starting back).
Kill him!

BUTLER.

Yes, must kill him;

And for that purpose have I chosen you.

BOTH.

Us!

You, Captain Devereux, and thee Macdonald.

DEVEREUX (after a pause).

Choose you some other.

BUTLER.

What ? art dastardly ?

Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for— Thou conscientious, of a sudden? DEVERBUX.

Nay,

To assassinate our Lord and General-

MACDONALD.

To whom we 've sworn a soldier's oath-

BUTLER.

The oath

Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

DEVEREUX.

No, no! it is too bad!

MACDONALD.

Yes, by my soul!

It is too bad. One has a conscience too-

DEVEREUX

If it were not our Chieftain, who so long Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty.

BUTLER

Is that the objection?

DEVEREUX.

Were it my own father,
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,
It might be done perhaps—But we are soldiers,
And to assassinate our Chief Commander,
That is a sin, a foul abomination,
From which no Monk or Confessor absolves us.

BUTLER

I am your Pope, and give you absolution. Betermine quickly!

T will not do.

T WIII not do.

MACDONALD.

Twen't do!

Well, off then! and—send Pestalutz to me.

DEVEREUX (hesitates).

The Pestalutz—

MACDONALD.

What may you want with him ?

BUTLER.

If you reject it, we can find enough-

DEVEREUX.

Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty As well as any other. What think you, Brother Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

Why, if he must fall, And will fall, and it can't be otherwise,

One would not give place to this Pestalutz.

DEVEREUX (after some reflection).

When do you purpose he should fall?

BUTLER.

This night.

To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

DEVEREUX.

You take upon you all the consequences !

BUTLER.

I take the whole upon me.

DEVEREUX.

And it is

The Emperor's will, his express absolute will? For we have instances, that folks may like The murder, and yet hang the murderer.

BUTLER.

The manifesto says-"alive or dead." Alive-'t is not possible-you see it is not.

DEVEREUX.

Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come at him?

The town is filled with Tertsky's soldiery.

MACDONALD.

Ay! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo-

With these you shall begin-you understand me ?

DEVEREUX.

How? And must they too perish!

BUTTER. MACDONALD.

They the first.

Hear, Devereux! A bloody evening this.

DEVEREUX.

Have you a man for that? Commission me-

'T is given in trust to Major Geraldin; This is a carnival night, and there 's a feast Given at the castle—there we shall surprise them, And hew them down. The Pestalutz and Lesley Have that commission-soon as that is finish'd-

DEVEREUX.

Hear, General! It will be all one to you-Hark ye, let me exchange with Geraldin.

BUTLER.

'T will be the lesser danger with the Duke. DEVEREUX.

Danger! The devil! What do you think me, General?

'T is the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.

BUTLER.

What can his eye do to thee ?

DEVEREUX.

Death and hell! Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General! But 't is not eight days since the Duke did send me Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat Which I have on! and then for him to see me Standing before him with the pike, his murderer, That eye of his looking upon this coat-Why-why-the devil fetch me! I'm no milk-sop!

BUTLER.

The Duke presented thee this good warm coat, And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience To run him through the body in return. A coat that is far better and far warmer Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle. How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt. And treason.

DEVEREUX.

That is true. The devil take Such thankers! I'll despatch him.

BUTLER.

And wouldst quiet Thy conscience, thou hast nought to do but simply Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed With light heart and good spirits.

DEVEREUX.

You are right. That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat-So there 's an end of it.

MACDONALD.

Yes, but there 's another

Point to be thought of.

And what's that, Macdonald? MACDONALD.

What avails sword or dagger against him? He is not to be wounded-he is-

BUTLER (starting up).
What?

MACDONALD.

Safe against shot, and stab and flash! Hard frozen, Secured, and warranted by the black art! His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

DEVEREUX.

In Inglestadt there was just such another: His whole skin was the same as steel; at last We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.

MACDONALD.

Hear what I 'll do.

DEVEREUX. Well?

MACDONALD

In the cloister here There 's a Dominican, my countryman. I 'll make him dip my sword and pike for me In holy water, and say over them One of his strongest blessings. That 's probatum! Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

BUTLER.

So do, Macdonald! But now go and select from out the regiment Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows, And let them take the oaths to the Emperor. Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds Are pass'd, conduct them silently as may be To the house-I will myself be not far off.

DEVEREUX.

But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon, That stand on guard there in the inner chamber ?

BUTLER.

I have made myself acquainted with the place. I lead you through a back-door that 's defended By one man only. Me my rank and office Give access to the Duke at every hour. I 'll go before you-with one poniard-stroke Cut Hartschier's windpipe, and make way for you.

DEVERBUX.

And when we are there, by what means shall we

rine Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming The servants of the Court: for he has here A numerous company of followers?

BUTLER.

The attendants fill the right wing: he hates bustle, And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

DEVEREUX.

Were it well over-hey, Macdonald? I Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows!

MACDONALD.

And I too. 'Tis too great a personage. People will hold us for a brace of villains.

BUTLER.

In plenty, honour, splendour-You may safely Laugh at the people's babble.

DEVEREUX.

Squares with one's honour—if that be quite certain—

BUTLER.

Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand

His Crown and Empire. The reward can be No small one.

DEVEREUX.

And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?

BUTLER.

Yes !- Yes !- to rob him of his Crown and Life.

DEVEREUX.

And he must fall by the executioner's hands, Should we deliver him up to the Emperor Alive?

BUTLER.

It were his certain destiny.

DEVEREUX.

Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not Lie long in pain.

[Exeunt Butler through one door, Macdonald and Devereux through the other.

SCENE III.

A Gothic and gloomy Apartment at the Duchess Fried-Land's. Thekla on a seat, pale, her cyrs closed. The Duchess and Lady Neubrunn busied about her. Wallenstein and the Countrys in conversation.

WALLENSTEIN.

How knew she it so soon?

COUNTESS

She seems to have
Foreboded some misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen
A colonel of the Imperial army, frighten'd her.
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
The Swedish Courier, and with sudden questioning,
Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.
Too late we miss'd her, hasten'd after her,
We found her lying in his arms, all pale
And in a swoon.

WALLENSTEIN.

A heavy, heavy blow!
And she so unprepared! Poor child! How is it?
[Turning to the Duchess.

Is she coming to herself?

DUCHESS.

Her eyes are opening.

COUNTESS.

She lives.

THEKLA (looking around her). Where am I?

WALLENSTEIN (steps to her, raising her up in his arms).

Come, cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl! See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in Thy father's arms.

THEKLA (standing up).
Where is he? Is he gone?

DUCHESS.

Who gone, my daughter?

THEKLA.

He_the man who utter'd

That word of misery.

DUCHESS.

O! think not of it,

My Thekla!

WALLENSTEIN.

Give her sorrow leave to talk! Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers, For she hath suffer'd a deep anguish; but She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

THEKLA.

I am not ill. See, I have power to stand. Why does my mother weep? Have I alarm'd her! It is gone by—I recollect myself—

[She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one. Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me. You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.

DUCHESS.

No; never shall this messenger of evil Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!

THEKLA.

My father--

WALLENSTEIN.
Dearest daughter!

THEKLA.

I'm not weak-

Shortly I shall be quite myself again. You'll grant me one request?

WALLENSTEIN.

Name it, my daughter.

THEKLA.

Permit the stranger to be called to me, And grant me leave, that by myself I may Hear his report and question him.

DUCHESS.

No, never!

COUNTESS.

'Tis not adviseable—assent not to it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hush! Wherefore wouldst thou speak with him, my daughter?

THEKLA.

Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected; I will not be deceived. My mother wishes Only to spare me. I will not be spared—The worst is said already: I can hear Nothing of deeper anguish!

COUNTESS and DUCHESS.

Do it not.

D D 2

THEKLA.

The horror overpower'd me by surprise.
My heart betray'd me in the stranger's presence:
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

WALLENSTEIN.

I see she is in the right, and am inclined To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him. [LADY NEUBRUNN goes to call him. DUCHESS.

But I, thy mother, will be present-

THEKLA.

Twere

More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him; Trust me, I shall behave myself the more Collectedly.

WALLENSTEIN.

Permit her her own will.

Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,
Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine. [Going.

COUNTESS (detaining him).

Where art thou going? I heard Tertsky say That 'tis thy purpose to depart from hence To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection Of gallant men.

COUNTESS.

O take us with you, brother! Leave us not in this gloomy solitude To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt

Magnify evils to a shape of horror.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister, Use words of better omen.

COUNTESS

Then take us with you.

O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart—
These walls breathe on me, like a church-yard
yault

I cannot tell you, brother, how this place Doth go against my nature. Take us with you. Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece, Yours too. We all entreat you, take us with you!

WALLENSTEIN.

The place's evil omens will I change, Making it that which shields and shelters for me My best beloved.

The Swedish officer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave her alone with me.

 $\lceil Exit.$

DUCHESS (to THEKLA, who starts and shivers).

There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible
That thou shouldst speak with him. Follow thy
mother.

THEKLA.

The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

[Exeunt Duchess and Counters.

SCENE IV.

THEKLA, THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN, LADY NEUBRUNN.

CAPTAIN (respectfully approaching her).

Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—
My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

THEKLA (with dignity).

You have beheld me in my agony. A most distressful accident occasion'd You from a stranger to become at once My confidant.

CAPTAIN.

I fear you hate my presence, For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

THEKLA.

The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you. The horror which came o'er me interrupted Your tale at its commencement. May it please Continue it to the end.

CAPTAIN.

Princess, 'twill

Renew your auguish.

THEKLA.

I am firm,——
I will be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

CAPTAIN

We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt, Entrench'd but insecurely in our camp, When towards evening rose a cloud of dust From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled Into the camp, and sounded the alarm. Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers, Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines, And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage Had borne them onward far before the others—The infantry were still at distance, only The Pappenheimers follow'd daringly Their daring leader—

[Thekla betrays agitation in her gestures. The Officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.

CAPTAIN.

Both in van and flanks
With our whole cavalry we now received them;
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretch'd out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;
And as they stood on every side wedged in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader call'd aloud,
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini—

[THEKLA, as giddy, grasps a chair.

Known by his plume,
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leapt first: the regiment all plunged after.
His charger, by a halbert gored, rear'd up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curbed,—

[Thekla, who has accompanied the last speech with all the marks of inrecasing agony, trembles through her whole frame, and is falling. The Lady Neubrunn runs to her, and receives her in her arms.

NEUBRUNN.

My dearest lady---

CAPTAIN.
I retire.

THEKLA.

'Tis over.

Proceed to the conclusion.

CAPTAIN

Wild despair Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw Their leader perish; every thought of rescue Wasspurn'd; they fought like wounded tigers; their Frantic resistance roused our soldiery; A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest Finish'd before their last man fell.

THEKLA (faltering).

And where___

Where is-You have not told me all.

CAPTAIN (after a pause).

This morning Twelve youths of noblest birth We buried him. Did bear him to interment; the whole army Follow'd the bier. A laurel deck'd his coffin; The sword of the deceased was placed upon it, In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self. Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us Many, who had themselves experienced The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners; All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave Would willingly have saved him; but himself Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wish'd to die.

NEUBRUNN (to THEKLA, who has hidden her countenance).

Look up, my dearest lady-

Where is his grave?

CAPTAIN. At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church Are his remains deposited, until We can receive directions from his father.

THEKTA.

What is the cloister's name?

CAPTAIN.

Saint Catherine's.

THEKLA.

And how far is it thither?

CAPTAIN.

Near twelve leagues.

THEKLA.

And which the way?

CAPTAIN.

You go by Tirschenreit

And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.

THEKLA.

Who

Is their commander?

CAPTAIN.

Colonel Seekendorf. [Thekla steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.

THERE LA.

You have beheld me in my agony, And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept [Giving him the ring.

A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

CAPTAIN (confused).

Princess-

[THEKLA silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The CAPTAIN lingers, and is about to speak. LADY NEUBRUNN repeats the signal, and he retires.

SCENE V.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

THEKLA (falls on LADY NEUBRUNN'S neck). Now, gentle Neubrunn, show me the affection Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim. This night we must away!

NEUBRUNN.

Away! and whither?

THEKLA.

Whither! There is but one place in the world. Thither, where he lies buried! To his coffin!

NEUBRUNN.

What would you do there?

What do there? That wouldst thou not have ask'd, hadst thou e'er loved.

There, there is all that still remains of him! That single spot is the whole earth to me.

NEUBRUNN.

That place of death-

THEKLA.

Is now the only place, Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not! Come and make preparations: let us think Of means to fly from hence.

Your father's rage—

THEKLA.

That time is past-

And now I fear no human being's rage. NEUBRUNN.

The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny!

THEKLA. Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more. Am I then hastening to the arms—O God! I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

NEUBRUNN.

And we alone, two helpless feeble women? THEKLA.

We will take weapons: my arm shall protect thee.

NEUBRUNN.

In the dark night-time?

THEKLA.

Darkness will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.

This rough tempestuous night-

THEKLA.

Had he a soft bed

Under the hoofs of his war-horses?

NEUBRUNN.

Heaven!

And then the many posts of the enemy!

THEKLA.

They are human beings. Misery travels free Through the whole earth.

NEUBRUNN.

The journey's weary length-

THEKLA.

The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues. NEUBRUNN.

How can we pass the gates?

THEKLA.

Gold opens them.

Go! do but go.

NEUBRUNN.

Should we be recognized-

THEKLA.

In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive, Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

NEUBRUNN.

And where procure we horses for our flight?

THEKLA.

My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.

NEUBRUNN.

Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?

THEKLA.

He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.

NEUBRUNN.

Dear lady! and your mother?

THEKLA.

Oh! my mother!

NEUBRUNN.

So much as she has suffer'd too already; Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepared For this last anguish!

THEKLA.

Woe is me! my mother! [Pauses.

Go instantly.

NEUBRUNN.

But think what you are doing!

What can be thought, already has been thought.

NEUBRUNN.

And being there, what purpose you to do?

THEKLA.

There a Divinity will prompt my soul.

NEUBRUNN.

Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted! And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

THEKLA.

To a deep quiet, such as he has found. It draws me on, I know not what to name it, Resistless does it draw me to his grave. There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow. O hasten, make no further questioning! There is no rest for me till I have left These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power Drives me from hence—Oh mercy! What What a feeling!

What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill, They crowd the place! I have no longer room here! Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous

swarm!

They press on me; they chase me from these walls-Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

NEUBRUNN.

You frighten me so, lady, that no longer I dare stay here myself. I go and call Rosenberg instantly. [Exit LADY NEUBRUNN,

SCENE VI. 7

THEKLA.

His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop Of his true followers, who offer'd up Themselves to avenge his death: and they accuse Of an ignoble loitering—they would not Forsake their leader even in his death—they died And shall I live ?-[for him! For me too was that laurel-garland twined That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket: I throw it from me. O! my only hope;— To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds-That is the lot of heroes upon earth! [Exit THEKLA.]

The Curtain drops.)

.... Lieb

ACT V

SCENE I.

A Saloon, terminated by a Gallery which extends far into the back-ground.

Wallenstein (sitting at a table).

The SWEDISH CAPTAIN (standing before him).

WALLENSTEIN.

Commend me to your lord. I sympathize In his good fortune; and if you have seen me Deficient in the expressions of that joy, Which such a victory might well demand, Attribute it to no lack of good will, For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell, And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow The citadel shall be surrender'd to you On your arrival.

> [The Swedish Captain retires. Wallenstein sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The Countess TERTSKY enters, stands before him awhile, unabserved by him; at length he starts, sees her and recollects himself.

WALLENSTEIN.

Comest thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

COUNTESS. My sister tells me, she was more collected After her conversation with the Swede. She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN.

The pang will soften,

She will shed tears.

COUNTESS.

I find thee alter'd too, My brother! After such a victory

I had expected to have found in thee A cheerful spirit. O remain thou firm! Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art, Our sun.

1 The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of sixand-twenty lines, twenty of which are in rhymes of irregular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it. Indeed the whole scene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without injury to the play.

WALLENSTEIN.

Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's

Thy husband?

COUNTESS.

At a banquet—he and Illo.

WALLENSTEIN (rises and strides across the saloon). The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee !

WALLENSTEIN (moves to the window). There is a busy motion in the Heaven,
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle 1 of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (A pause). But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

[He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.

COUNTESS (looks on him mournfully, then grasps

his hand).

What art thou brooding on?

WALLENSTEIN.

Methinks,
If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

COUNTESS.

Thou'lt see him again.

WALLENSTEIN (remains for a while with absent
mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns
suddenly to the Countess).

See him again? O never, never again!

COUNTESS.

How ?

WALLENSTEIN.

He is gone—is dust.

COUNTESS.

Whom meanest thou then ?

WALLENSTEIN.

He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finish'd! For him there is no longer any future, His life is bright—bright without spot it was,—And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap. Far off is he, above desire and fear;

¹ These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity.

Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung. Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht Der Wolken Zug, die *Mondessichel wankt*, Und durch die Nacht zuckt ungewisse Helle,

The word "moon-sickle," reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word "falcated." "The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full: but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbons, and the dark falcated."

The words "wanken" and "schweben" are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So "der Wolken Zug"—The Draft, the Procession of clouds.—The Masses of the Clouds

sweep onward in swift stream.

'No more submitted to the change and chance Of the unsteady planets. O'tis well With him! but who knows what the coming hour Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us?

COUNTESS.

Thou speakest

Of Piccolomini. What was his death? The courier had just left thee as I came.

[Wallenstein by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be sil. nt.

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view, Let us look forward into sunny days, Welcome with joyous heart the victory, Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day, For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead; To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

This anguish will be wearied down, I know; —What pang is permanent with man? From the As from the vilest thing of every day [highest, He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have jost In him. The bloom is vanish'd from my life. For O! he stood beside me, like my youth, Transform'd for me the real to a dream, Clothing the palpable and the familiar With golden exhalations of the dawn. Whatever fortunes wait my future toils, The beautiful is vanish'd—and returns not.

COUNTESS.

O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lovest and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WALLENSTEIN (stepping to the door). Who interrupts us now at this late hour? It is the Governor. He brings the keys Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

COUNTESS.

O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee— A boding fear possesses me!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fear ? Wherefore ?

COUNTESS.

Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking Never more find thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fancies!

COUNTESS.

O my soul
Has long been weigh'd down by these dark foreAnd if I combat and repel them waking, [bodings.
They still crush down upon my heart in dreams.
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet, gorgeously attired.

WALLENSTEIN.

This was a dream of favourable omen, That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.

To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee

¹ A very inadequate translation of the original:— Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich, Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch

LITERALLY.

I shall grieve down this blow, of that I'm conscious: What does not man grieve down?

In thy own chamber. As I enter'd, lo!
It was no more a chamber: the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou shouldst be
Interv'd.

WALLENSTEIN.
Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS.

What! dost thou not believe that oft in dreams A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no doubt that there exist such voices. Yet I would not call them Voices of warning that announce to us Only the inevitable. As the sun, Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits Of great events stride on before the events And in to-day already walks to-morrow That which we read of the fourth Henry's death Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale Of my own future destiny. The king Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife, Long ere Ravaillac arm'd himself therewith. His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth Into the open air: like funeral knells Sounded that coronation festival; And still with boding sense he heard the tread Of those feet that even then were seeking him Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUNTESS.

And to thee The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

WALLENSTEIN.

Nothing.

Be wholly tranquil.

COUNTESS.

And another time
I hasten'd after thee, and thou rann'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,
There seem'd no end of it: doors creak'd and
clapp'd;

I follow'd panting, but could not o'ertake thee; When on a sudden did I feel myself Grasp'd from behind—the hand was cold, that grasp'd me—

Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there A crimson covering to envelop us. [seem'd

WALLENSTEIN.

That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

COUNTESS (gazing on him).

If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life—

[She falls on his breast and weeps.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS.

If he chould find them, my resolve is taken— I bear about me my support and refuge.

[Exit Countess.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the town?

GORDON.
The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

I hear a boisterous music! and the Castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

GORDON.

There is a banquet given at the Castle To the Count Tertsky, and Field Marshal Illo.

WALLENSTEIN.

In honour of the victory—This tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.

[Rings. The Groom of the Chamber enters.

Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.
[Wallenstein takes the keys from Gordon

So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.
For all must cheat me, or a face like this
[Fixing his eye on GORDON.

Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.

[The Groom of the Chamber takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.

WALLENSTEIN.

Take care—what is that?

The golden chain is snapped in two.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.

[He takes and looks at the chain,

'Twas the first present of the Emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,
He being then Archduke; and I have worn it
Till now from habit—
From superstition, if you will. Belike,
It was to be a Talisman to me;
And while I wore it on my neek in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life long
The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.
Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune
Must spring up for me: for the potency
Of this charm is dissolved.

[Groom of the Chamber retires with the vestments, Wallenstein rises, lakes a stride across the room, and stands at last before Gordon in a posture of meditation.

How the old time returns upon me! I — Behold myself once more at Burgau, where We two were Pages of the Court together. We oftentimes disputed: thy intention Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play The Moralist and Preacher, and wouldst rail at me—

me—
That I strove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,
And still extol to me the golden mean.
—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
A superannuated man, and (but
That my munificent stars will intervene)
Would let thee in some miserable corner
Go out like an untended lamp.

GORDON.

My Prince!

With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat, And watches from the shore the lofty ship Stranded amid the storm.

WALLENSTEIN.

In harbour then, old man? Well! I am not. The unconquer'd spirit drives me o'er life's billows; My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly. Hope is my goddess still, and Youth my inmate; And while we stand thus front to front almost, I might presume to say, that the swift years Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

[He moves with long strides across the Saloon, and remains on the opposite side over-against GORDON

Who now persists in calling Fortune false? To me she has proved faithful; with fond love Took me from out the common ranks of men, And like a mother goddess, with strong arm Carried me swiftly up the steps of life. Nothing is common in my destiny, Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares Interpret then my life for me as 't were One of the undistinguishable many? True, in this present moment I appear Fallen low indeed; but I shall rise again. The high flood will soon follow on this ebb; The fountain of my fortune, which now stops Repress'd and bound by some malicious star, Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

GORDON.

And yet remember I the good old proverb,
"Let the night come before we praise the day."
I would be slow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope: for Hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men:
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

WALLENSTEIN (smiling).

I hear the very Gordon that of old .

Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching; I know well, that all sublunary things. Are still the vassals of vicissitude.

The unpropitious gods demand their tribute. This long ago the ancient Pagans knew:

And therefore of their own accord they offer'd To themselves injuries, so to atone

The jealousy of their divinities:

And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

[After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.

I too have sacrificed to him—For me
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault
He fell! No joy from favourable fortune
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.
The envy of my destiny is glutted:
Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning
Was drawn off which would else have shatter'd me.

SCENE III. V

To these enter SENI.

WALLENSTEIN.

Is not that Seni! and beside himself, If one may trust his looks? What brings thee hither At this late hour, Baptista? SENI.

Terror, Duke!

On thy account.

WALLENSTEIN. What now?

THE HOW

Flee ere the day-break! Trust not thy person to the Swedes!

WALLENSTEIN.

What now

Is in thy thoughts?

SENI (with louder voice). Trust not thy person to these Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it, then ?

SENI (still more urgently).

O wait not the arrival of these Swedes!

An evil near at hand is threatening thee

From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror!

Non near the band the net week of a writing.

Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—Yea, even now 't is being cast around thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Baptista, thou art dreaming !- Fear befools thee.

SENI.

Believe not that an empty fear deludes me. Come, read it in the planetary aspects; Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee From false friends!

WALLENSTEIN.

From the falseness of my friends
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.

The warning should have come before! At present I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.

SENI.

Come and see! trust thine own eyes! A fearful sign stands in the house of life—An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind The radiance of thy planet.—O be warn'd! Deliver not thyself up to these heathens, To wage a war against our holy church.

WALLENSTEIN (laughing gently).
The oracle rails that way! Yes, yes! Now I recollect. This junction with the Swedes Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep, Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear.

GORDON (who during the whole of this dialogue has shown marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to Wallenstein).

My Duke and General! May I dare presume?

WALLENSTEIN.

Speak freely.

GORDON.

What if 't were no more creation Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed To interpose its aid for your deliverance, And made that mouth its organ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye're both feverish! How can mishap come to me from the Swedes! They sought this junction with me—'t is their interest.

GORDON (with difficulty suppressing his emotion). But what if the arrival of these Swedes-What if this were the very thing that wing'd The ruin that is flying to your temples? [Flings himself at his feet.

There is yet time, my Prince.

O hear him! hear him! GORDON (rises).

The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders, This citadel shall close its gates upon him. If then he will besiege us, let him try it. But this I say; he'll find his own destruction With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner Than weary down the valour of our spirit. He shall experience what a band of heroes, -Inspirited by an heroic leader, Is able to perform. And if indeed It be thy serious wish to make amend For that which thou hast done amiss,-this, this Will touch and reconcile the Emperor, Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy; And Friedland, who returns repentant to him, Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour, Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

WALLENSTEIN (contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion). Gordon-your zeal and fervour lead you far. Well, well-an old friend has a privilege. Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could, Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardon'd. Had I foreknown what now has taken place, That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me, My first death-offering: and had the heart Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon, It may be, I might have bethought myself. It may be too, I might not. Might or might not, Is now an idle question. All too seriously Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon! Let it then have its course. [Stepping to the window. All dark and silent-at the castle too All is now hush'd-Light me, Chamberlain!

[The Groom of the Chamber, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the Duke's feet.

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish My reconcilement with the Emperor. Poor man! he hath a small estate in Carnthen, And fears it will be forfeited because He's in my service. Am I then so poor, That I no longer can indemnify
My servants? Well! to no one I employ
Means of compulsion. If it is thy belief That fortune has fled from me, go! forsake me. This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me, And then go over to thy Emperor. Gordon, good night! I think to make a long Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil Of this last day or two was great. May't please you!

Take care that they awake me not too early. [Exit Wallenstein, the Groom of the Chamber lighting him. Sent follows, Gordon remains on the darkened stage, following the DUKE with his eye, till he disappears at the farther end of the gallery: then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish and stands leaning

against a pillar.

SCENE IV. V

GORDON, BUTLER (at first behind the scenes).

BUTLER (not yet come into view of the stage). Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

GORDON (starts up).

'T is he! he, has already brought the murderers.

BUTLER.

The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

GORDON.

What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him? Shall I call up the house ? Alarm the guards?

BUTLER (appears, but scarcely on the stage). A light gleams hither from the corridor. It leads directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.

GORDON.

But then I break my oath to the Emperor; If he escape and strengthen the enemy, Do I not hereby call down on my head All the dread consequences?

> BUTLER (stepping forward). Hark! Who speaks there?

> > GORDON.

'T is better, I resign it to the hands Of Providence. For what am I, that I Should take upon myself so great a deed? I have not murder'd him, if he be murder'd; But all his rescue were my act and deed; Mine-and whatever be the consequences, I must sustain them.

> BUTLER (advances). I should know that voice.

GORDON.

Butler!

BUTLER. 'T is Gordon. What do you want here ? Was it so late then, when the Duke dismiss'd you?

GORDON.

Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

'T is wounded.

That Illo fought as he was frantic, till At last we threw him on the ground.

GORDON (shuddering).
Both dead?

BUTLER.

Is he in bed?

Ah, Butler!

GORDON.

BUTLER.

Is he? speak.

GORDON.

Heshall not perish! Not through you! The Heaven See-'t is wounded !-Refuses your arm.

BUTLER.

There is no need of my arm.

silence.

The most guilty Have perish'd, and enough is given to justice. [The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER advances from the Gallery with his finger on his mouth commanding

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GORDON.

He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!

BUTLER.

No! he shall die awake.

[Is going.

His heart still cleaves

To earthly things: he 's not prepared to step Into the presence of his God!

BUTLER (going). God 's merciful!

GORDON (holds him). Grant him but this night's respite.

BUTLER (hurrying off).

The next moment

May ruin all.

GORDON (holds him still). One hour !-

Unhold me! What

Can that short respite profit him?

GORDON.

O_Time Works miracles. In one hour many thousands

Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they, Thought follows thought within the human soul. Only one hour! Your heart may change its pur-

pose, His heart may change its purpose-some new May come; some fortunate event, decisive, May fall from Heaven and rescue him. O what May not one hour achieve!

You but remind me,

How precious every minute is! He stamps on the floor.

SCENE V.

To these enter MacDonald, and Devereux, with the HALBERDIERS.

CORDON (throwing himself between him and them). No, monster!

First over my dead body thou shalt tread. I will not live to see the accursed deed!

BUTLER (forcing him out of the way). Weak-hearted dotard!

Trumpets are heard in the distance.

DEVEREUX and MACDONALD.

Hark! The Swedish trumpets! The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

GORDON (rushes out).

O, God of Mercy !

BUTLER (calling after him). Governor, to your post!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER (hurries in). Who dares make larum here? Hush! The Duke sleeps.

DEVEREUX (with loud harsh voice). Friend, it is time now to make larum.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

Help!

Murder!

BUTLER. Down with him!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER (run through the body by DEVEREUX, fails at the entrance of the Gallery). Jesus Maria!

BUTLER.

Burst the doors open.

[They rush over the body into the Gallery-two doors are heard to crash one after the other-Voices, deadened by the distance-Clash of arms-then all at once a profound silence.

SCENE VI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY (with a light).

Her bed-chamber is empty; she herself Is no where to be found! The Neubrunn too, Who watch'd by her, is missing. If she should Be flown — but whither flown? We must call up

Every soul in the house. How will the Duke Bear up against these worst bad tidings? 0 If that my husband now were but return'd Home from the banquet!-Hark! I wonder whether

The Duke is still awake! I thought I heard Voices and tread of feet here! I will go And listen at the door. Hark! what is that? 'Tis hastening up the steps!

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS, GORDON.

GORDON (rushes in out of breath).

Tis a mistake!

'Tis not the Swedes-Ye must proceed no further-Butler !- O God! where is he?

> GORDON (observing the Courtess). Countess! Say-

> > COUNTESS.

You are come then from the castle? Where's my husband?

GORDON (in an agony of affright). Your husband !- Ask not !- To the Duke-

Not till

You have discover'd to me-

GORDON.

On this moment Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the Duke.

While we are speaking-[Calling loudly

Butler! Butler! God!

COUNTESS.

Why, he is at the castle with my husband. [BUTLER comes from the Gallery

GORDON.

'Twas a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—it is The Imperialists' Lieutenant-General Has sent me hither-will be here himself Instantly.-You must not proceed.

BUTLER.

He comes

Too late.

[Gordon dashes himself against the wall.

GORDON.

O God of mercy!

COUNTESS.

What too late?

Who will be here himself? Octavio

In Egra? Treason! Treason!—Where's the Duke?

SCENE VIII.

(Servants run across the Stage full of terror. The whole Scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.)

SENI (from the Gallery).

O bloody frightful deed!

COUNTESS.

What is it, Seni?

PAGE (from the Gallery).

O piteous sight?

[Other Servants hasten in with torches.

COUNTESS.

What is it? For God's sake!

SENI.

And do you ask? Within the Duke lies murder'd—and your husband Assassinated at the Castle.

[The COUNTESS stands motionless.

• FEMALE SERVANT (rushing across the stage). Help! help! the Duchess!

BURGOMASTER (enters).

What mean these confused Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?

GORDON.

Your house is cursed to all eternity. In your house doth the Duke lie murder'd!

BURGOMASTER (rushing out).

Heaven forbid!

First Servant. Fly! fly! they murder us all!

. If they murder us an.

SECOND SERVANT (carrying silver plate).

That way! the lower

Passages are block'd up.

WOICE (from behind the Scene).
Make room for the Lieutenant-General!

At these words the Countess starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.

VOICE (from behind the Scene). Keep back the people! Guard the door!

SCENE IX.

To these enter Octavio Piccolomini with all his Train.
At the same time Devereux and Macdonald enter from
out the Corridor with the Halberdiers.—Wallenstein's
dead body is carried over the back part of the Stage,
wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.

OCTAVIO (entering abruptly).

It must not be It is not possible!

Butler! Gordon!

I'll not believe it. Say no!

[Gordon, without answering, points with his hand to the body of Wallenstein as it is carried over the back of the Stage. Octavio looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.

DEVEREUX (to BUTLER).
Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—

MACDONALD.

Is it your order-

BUTLER (pointing to OCTAVIO).

Here stands he who now

Hath the sole power to issue orders.

[Devereux and Macdonald retire with marks of obeisanse. One drops away after the other, till only Butleen, Octavio, and Gordon remain on the Stage.

OCTAVIO (turning to BUTLER).

Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted? O God of Justice!
To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty Of this foul deed.

BUTLER.

Your hand is pure. You have Avail'd yourself of mine.

OCTAVIO.

Merciless man!
Thus to abuse the orders of thy Lord—
And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination!

BUTLER (calmly). I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own sentence.

OCTAVIO.

O curse of Kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden transient thought
The unchangeable irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch? Couldst thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy? Time is man's good Angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence,
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only, the immutable!

BUTLER

For what
Rail you against me? What is my offence?
The Empire from a fearful enemy
Have I deliver'd, and expect reward.
The single difference betwixt you and me
Is this: you placed the arrow in the bow;
I pull'd the string. You sow'd blood, and yet
stand

Astonish'd that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result,
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.
Have you aught else to order; for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna; place
My bleeding sword before my Emperor's Throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge.

[Exit Butler.]

SCENE X.

To these enter the Countess Tertsky pale and disordered. Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.

OCTAVIO (meeting her).

O Countess Tertsky! These are the results Of luckless unblest deeds.

COUNTESS.

They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappear'd.
This house of splendour, and of princely glory,
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

OCTAVIO (with a deep anguish).
O Countess! my house too is desolate.

COUNTESS.

Who next is to be murder'd? Who is next To be maltreated? Lo! the Duke is dead. The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified! Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—The evil destiny surprised my brother Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

OCTAVIO.

Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!

The Emperor is appeased; the heavy fault Hath heavily been expiated—nothing Descended from the father to the daughter, Except his glory and his services. The Empress honours your adversity, Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears; Yield yourself up in hope and confidence To the Imperial Grace!

COUNTESS (with her eye raised to heaven). To the grace and mercy of a greater Master Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body Of the Duke have its place of final rest?

In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found At Gitschin, rests the Countess Wallenstein; And by her side, to whom he was indebted For his first fortunes, gratefully he wish'd He might sometime repose in death! O let him Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor Is now proprietor of all our Castles. This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!

OCTAVIO.

Countess, you tremble, you turn pale!

COUNTESS (reassembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and dignity).

You think

More worthily of me, than to believe I would survive the downfall of my house. We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit That to the crown belong! We deem a Courageous death more worthy of our free station Than a dishonour'd life.—I have taken poison.

OCTAVIO.

Help! Help! Support her!

COUNTESS.

Nay, it is too late. In a few moments is my fate accomplish'd.

[Exit COUNTESS.

GORDON

O house of death and horrors!

[An Officer enters, and brings a letter with the great seal.

GORDON (steps forward and meets him).

What is this?

It is the Imperial Seal.

[He reads the Address, and delivers the letter to OCTAVIO with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[OCTAVIO, with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.

The Curtain drops.

THE END.

