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ENGLISH PROSE

Old and New

EDITED & ANNOTATED BY

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INTRODUCTION

It is said that what the lyric is in poetry, the essay is in prose. It is a revelation of the writer's personality, an intimate expression of his own feelings, thoughts, opinions and experiences. Scholars say that the origin of the essay could be traced in the literature of ancient Greece; but for our purpose it is enough if we start with Bacon, because it was he that gave the essay a definite place, though Montaigne had used it earlier. Since Bacon the essay has much changed in its structure and scope and practically every writer that tried this form has made some contribution by way of structural variations, vitality, variedness of interests and tastes, intimacy, earnestness and attractiveness. The various essayists whose pieces form the bulk of this volume have thus contributed to the development of this form right up to our times. Side by side we also notice the development of English prose from its rather crude beginnings to its state of infinite variety and richness, in subjects, in style and in interest.

The object of giving so many extracts, from so many authors, has been to give a representative selection of the best of English prose, to give a little from the many rather than much from a few. It will also serve the purpose of giving scope for the Boards of several areas—the volume is intended primarily for the students of the college classes—to exercise their own choice in selecting the pieces according to the needs and the standards of the area. Apart from the best essays from

the most representative essayists, quite a few pieces of the narrative and descriptive kind, and a few speeches are also given. Attempt has been made to explain every literary and historical allusion as also every difficult expression. The pieces have been carefully edited leaving out certain unnecessary and uninteresting passages and it is hoped that the book would acquaint the reader with the best of literature—a variety of topics, a variety of styles, and a variety of interests.

MAHARANI'S COLLEGE,
M Y S O R E

S. N. Shanthaveerappa

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OF TRUTH

—*Francis Bacon*

What is truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as acting. And though the sect of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits, which are to the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out of truth; nor again, that when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that both bring lies in favour; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies; where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds, vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valu-

FRANCIS BACON

ations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunk things, full of melancholy and indisposition and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum daemonum*, because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and setteth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgements and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself teacheth that the enquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of the truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth which is the enjoying of it, is the soveriegn good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense : the last was the light of reason : and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his spirit. First, he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos ; then he breataed light into the face of man ; and still he breatheth and inspi-
reth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest saith yet excellently well : " It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea : a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures there of below : but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth, a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene and to see the errors, and wanderings' and mists, and tempests, in the vale below:" so always that this prospect be with pity

and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business ; it will be acknowledged even by these that practise it not, the clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent ; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious ; and therefore Montaigne saith prettily when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge? Saith he, 'If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth is as much to say as that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men. For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.' Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold, that when Christ cometh, he shall not find faith upon the earth.

OF STUDIES

—*Francis Bacon*

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament is in discourse ; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one : but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar : they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience ; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them ; for they teach not their own use ; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested ; that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would

be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and therefore, if a man write little he had need have a great memory; if he confer little he had need have a present wit; and if he read little he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. ‘Abeunt studia in mores. Nay, there is no stone nor impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast,* gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man’s wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences let him study the schoolmen; for they are *Cymini Sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer’s cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

OF GREAT PLACE

—*Francis Bacon*

Men in great place are thrice servants : servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business ; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty ; or to seek power over others, and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains ; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing : 'Com non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere.' Nay, retire men cannot when they would ; neither will they when it were reason ; but are impatient of privateness even in age and sickness, which require the shadow ; like old townsmen, that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy ; for if they judge by their own feeling they cannot find it : but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when, perhaps, they find the contrary within ; for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of

business they have no time to tend their health either body or mind. *Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus, moritur sibi.* In place there is licence to do good and evil ; whereof the latter is a curse : for in evil the best condition is not to will, the second not to can. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring ; for good thoughts though God accept them, yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act ; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion ; and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest.

In the discharge of thy place set before, thee the best examples ; for imitation is a globe of precepts ; and a time set before thee thine own example ; and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place ; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory ; but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons ; but yet set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerated ; but yet ask counsel of both times ; of the ancient time what is best, and of the latter time what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect ; but be not too positive and perempt-

ory ; and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction ; and rather assume thy right in silence, and de facto, than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places ; and think it more honour to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place ; and do not drive away such as bring thee information as meddlers, but accept of them in good part.

The vices of authority are chiefly four : delays corruption, roughness, and facility. For delays, give easy access ; keep times appointed ; go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption, do not only bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering ; for integrity used doth the one , but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other ; and avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption : therefore, always when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change, and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favourite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a byway to close corruption. For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent : severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not

taunting. As for facility, it is worse than bribery ; for bribes come but now and then ; but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without ; as Solomon saith, “ To respect persons is not good : for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread.”

It is most true that was anciently spoken ; “A place showeth the man” ; and it showeth some to the better and some to the worse : it is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honour amends. For honour is or should be the place of virtue ; and as in nature things move violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair ; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man’s self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly ; for if thou doth not it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them , and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors ; but let it rather be said, when he sits in place, he is another man.

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

—*Sir Thomas Overbury*

A milkmaid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her knowledge. The lining of her apparel which is herself is far better than outsides of tissue : for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and conditions ; nature hath taught her too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul : she rises, therefore, with chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milkpress makes the milk the whiter or sweeter ; for never came almond glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity ; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune, She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems

ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in choosing her garments counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and beehive are all her physic and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition. that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the spring time, to have a store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

THE STORM

—*Daniel Defoe*

Before we come to examine the damage suffered by this terrible night and give a particular relation of its dismal effects ; it is necessary to give a summary account of the thing itself, with all its affrightning circumstances.

It had blown exceeding hard, as I have already observed, for about fourteen days past ; and that so hard, that we thought it terrible weather : several stacks of chimnies were blown down, and several ships were lost, and the tiles in many places were blown off from the houses ; and the nearer it came to the fatal 26th of November 1703 the tempestuousness of the weather increased.

On the Wednesday morning before, being the 24th of November, it was fair weather, and blew hard ; but not so as to give any apprehensions. Till about four o'clock in the afternoon the wind increased, and with squalls of rain and terrible gusts blew very furiously.

The collector of these sheets narrowly escaped the mischief of a part of a house, which fell on the evening of that day by the violence of the wind ; and abundance of tiles were blown off the houses that night : the wind continued with unusual violence all the next day and night ; and had not the great storm followed so soon, this had passed for a great wind.

On Friday morning, it continued to blow exceeding hard, but not so as that it gave any apprehensions of

danger within doors ; towards night it increased : and about ten o' clock, our barometers informed us that the night would be very tempestuous ; the Mercury sunk lower than ever I had observed it on any occasion whatsoever, which made me suppose the tube had been handled by the children.

It did not blow so hard till twelve o'clock at night, but that most families went to bed, though many of them not without some concern at the terrible wind which then blew. But about one, or, at least, by two o' clock, 'tis supposed, few people, that were capable of any sense of danger, were so hardy as to lie in bed. And the fury of the tempest increased to such a degree that, as the editor of this account being in London, and conversing with the people the next days, understood most people expected the fall of their houses

And yet, in this general apprehension, nobody durst quit their tottering habitations ; for, whatever the danger was within doors, it was worse without. The bricks, tiles, and stones, from the tops of the houses, flew with such force, and so thick in the streets, that no one thought fit to venture out, though their houses were near demolished within.

The author, of this relation was in a well-built brick-house in the skirts of the city, and a stack of chimneys falling in upon the next houses, gave the house such a shock, that they thought it was just coming down upon their heads : but opening the door to attempt an escape into a garden, the danger was so apparent, that they all thought fit to surrender to the disposal of Almighty Providence, and expect their

graves in the ruins of the house, rather than to meet certain destruction in the open garden. For, unless they could have gone above two hundred yards from any building, there had been no security ; for the force of the wind blew the tiles point blank ; though their weight inclines them downward, and in several very broad streets we saw the windows broken : and where there was room for them to fly, the author of this has seen tiles blown from a houst about thirty or forty yards, and stuck from five to eight inches into the solid earth. Pieces of timber, iron and sheets of lead, have from higher buildings been blown much farther, as in the particulars hereafter will appear.

It is the received opinion of abundance of people that they felt, during the impetuous fury of the wind, several movements of the earth, and we have several letters which affirm it But as an earth-quake must have been so general that everybody must have discerned it, and as the people were in their houses when they imagined they felt it, the shaking and terror of which might 'deceive their imagination, and impose upon their judgement, I shall not venture to affirm it was so . And being resolved to use so much caution in this relation as to transmit nothing to posterity without authentic vouchers, and such testimony as no reasonable man will dispute; For this reason I cannot venture to affirm that there was any such thing as an earthquake ; but the concern and consternation of all people was so great, that I cannot wonder at their imagining several things which were not, any more than their enlarging on things that were, since nothing is more

frequent, than for fear to double every object, and impose upon the understanding : strong apprehensions being apt very often to persuade us of the reality of such things which we have no other reasons to show for the probability of than what are grounded in those fears which prevail at that juncture.

Others thought they heard it thunder. 'Tis confessed, the wind, by its unusual violence made such a noise in the air as had a resemblance to thunder, and it was observed, the roaring had a voice as much louder than usual, as the fury of the wind was greater than was ever known. The noise had also some thing in it more formidable ; it sounded aloft, and roared not very much unlike remote thunder.

And yet, though I cannot remember to have heard it thunder, or that I saw any lightning, or heard of any that did in or near London yet, in the country the air was seen full of meteors and vaporous fires and in some places both thunderings and unusual flashes of lightning, to the great terror of the inhabitants.

And yet I cannot but observe here, how fearless such people as are addicted to wickedness, are both of God's Judgments and uncommon prodigies ; which is visible in this particular, that a gang of hardened rogues assaulted a family at Popular, in the very height of the storm, broke into the house, and robbed them : it is observable, that the people cried thieves, and after that cried fire, in hopes to raise the neighbourhood, and to get some assistance ; but such is the power of self-preservation, and such was the fear the minds of the

people were possessed with, that nobody would venture out to the assistance of the distressed family, who were rifled and plundered in the middle of all the extremity of the tempest.

It would admit of a large comment here, and perhaps not very unprofitable, to examine from what sad defect in principle it must be that men can be so destitute of all manner of regard to invisible and superior power, to be acting one of the vilest parts of a villain, while infinite power was threatening the whole world with desolation, and multitudes of people expected the last day was at hand.

Several women in the city of London who were in travail, or who fell into travail by the fright of the storm, were obliged to run the risk of being delivered with such help as they had ; and midwives found their own lives in such danger, that few of them thought themselves obliged to shew any concern for the lives of others.

Fire was the only mischief that did not happen to make the night completely dreadful ; and yet that was not so everywhere, for in Norfolk, “ a town ” was almost ruined by a furious fire, which burnt with such vehemence, and was so fanned by the tempest, that the inhabitants had no power to concern themselves in the extinguishing it ; the wind blew the flames together with the ruins, so about, that there was no standing near it ; for if the people came to windward they were in danger to be blown into the flames ; and if to leeward the flames were so blown up in their faces, they could not bear to come near it.

If this disaster had happened in London, it must have been very fatal ; for as no regular application could have been made for extinguishing it, so the very people in danger would have had no opportunity to have saved their goods, and hardly their lives . for though a man will run any risk to avoid being burnt, yet it must have been next to a miracle, if any person so obliged to escape from the flames had escaped being knocked on the head in the streets ; for the bricks and tiles flew about like small shot ; and it was a miserable sight in the morning after the storm, to see the streets covered with tile-shreds, and heaps of rubbish from the tops of the houses, lying almost at every door.

From two of the clock the storm continued, and increased till five in the morning ; and from five, to half-an-hour after six, it blew with the greatest violence ; the fury of it was so exceeding great for that particular hour and a half, that if it had not abated as it did, nothing could have stood its violence much longer.

In this last part of the time the greatest part of the damage was done : several ships that rode it out till now, gave up all ; for no anchor could hold. Even the ships in the river Thames were all blown away from their moorings, and from Execution Dock to Limehouse Hole there was but four ships that rid it out, the rest were driven down into the Bite, where they were huddled together and drove on shore, heads and sterns, one upon another in such a manner, as anyone would have thought it had been impossible and the damage done on that account was incredible.

Together with the violence of the wind, the darkness of the night added to the terror of it ; and as it

was just new moon, the spring tides being then up at about four o' clock, made the vessels, which were afloat in the river, drive the farther up upon the shore : of all which, in the process of this story, we shall find very strange instances.

The points from whence the wind blew, are variously reported from various hands ; it is certain, it blew all the day before St S. W. and I thought it continued so till about two o' clock ; when, as near as I could judge by the impressions it made on the house, for we durst not look out, it veered to the S.S.W. then to the W. and about six o' clock to W. by N., and still the more northward it shifted, the harder it blew, till it shifted again southerly about seven o' clock ; and as it did so, it gradually abated.

About eight o' clock in the morning it ceased so much, that our fears were also abated, and people began to peep out of doors ; but it is impossible to express the concern that appeared in every place ; the distraction and fury of the night was visible in the faces of the people and everybody's first work was to visit and inquire after friends and relations. The next day or two was almost entirely spent in the curiosity of the people, in viewing the havoc the storm had made, which was so universal in London, and especially in the out-parts, that nothing can be said sufficient to describe it.

Another unhappy circumstance with which this disaster was joined, was a prodigious tide, which happened the next day but one, and was occasioned by the fury of the winds ; which is also a demonstration, that the winds veered for part of the time to the

northward : and as it is observable, and known by all that understand our sea affairs, that a northwest wind makes the highest tide, so this blowing to the northward and that with such unusual violence, brought up the sea raging in such manner, that in 'some parts of England it was incredible, the water rising six or eight feet higher than it was ever known to do in the memory of man ; by which ships were floated up upon the firm land several rods off from the banks, and an incredible number of cattle and people drowned ; as in the pursuit of this story will appear

It was a special providence that so directed the waters, that in the river Thames, the tide, though it rose higher than usual, yet it did not so prodigiously exceed ; but the height of them as it was, proved very prejudicial to abundance of people whose cellars and warehouses were near the river ; and had the water risen a foot higher, all the marshes and levels on both sides of the river had been overflowed and a great part of the cattle drowned.

Though the storm abated with the rising of the sun it still blew exceeding hard ; so hard, that no boats durst stir out on the river, but on extraordinary occasions ; and about three o' clock in the afternoon, the next day, being Saturday, it increased again, and we were in a fresh consternation, lest it should return with the same violence. At four it blew an extreme storm, with sudden gusts as violent as any time of the night ; but as it came with a great black cloud, and some thunder, it brought a hasty shower of rain which allayed the storm ; so that in a quarter of an hour it went off, and only continued blowing as before.

This sort of weather held all Sabbath-day and Monday, till on Tuesday afternoon it increased again ; and all night it blew with such fury, that many families were afraid to go to bed ; and had not the former terrible night hardened the people to all things less than itself, this night would have passed for a storm fit to have been noted in our almanacks. Several stacks of chimnies that stood out the great storm, were blown down in this ; several ships which escaped in the great storm, perished this night ; and several people who repaired their houses, had them untiled again

At this rate it held blowing till Wednesday, about one o' clock in the afternoon, which was that day seven-night on which it began ; so that it might be called one continued storm from Wednesday noon to Wednesday noon : in all which time, there was not one interval of time in which a sailor would not have acknowledged it blew a storm ; and this I particularly noted as to time. Wednesday November 24th was a calm fine day as at that time of year shall be seen ; till above four o' clock, when it began to be cloudly, and the wind rose of a sudden and in an half-an-hour's time it blew a storm. Wednesday, December the 2nd, it was very tempestuous all the morning; at one o' clock, the wind abated, the sky cleared, and by four o' clock there was not a breath of wind.

Thus ended the greatest and longest storm that ever the world saw.

A COUNTRY VISIT

—*Jonathan Swift*

Those inferior duties of life, which the French call the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observes amongst them, when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances it is odd to consider, that for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted, and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime, the

good lady whispered to her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand : the girl returned instantly with a beer-glass. I took as much as I had a mind for, but Madam vowed I should drink it off ; for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air ; and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire ; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr Bickerstaff" says the Lady, "you must eat a wing to oblige me," and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal ; as often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Sometime after dinner I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses ; but it was resolved that I should not stir that night ; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, what would I have for supper ? I said, "I never eat anything at night" : but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me "that this was the worst time of the year for provisions, that they were at a great distance from any market, that they were afraid I should be starved ; and that they knew they kept me to my loss ;" the Lady went, and left me to her husband ; for they took special care

I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards, every moment, and constantly as they came in or went out made a courtesy directly at me, which in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow. Exactly at eight, the mother came up, and I discovered, by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired, at my usual hour, to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed ; and, upon my refusing, at last a bottle of stingo, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and, after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats tongues, vension pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse having slipped his bridle ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

It is evident, that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a mis-

application in the rules of it. I cannot so easily excuse the more refined critics upon behaviour, who, having professed no other study, are yet infinitely defective in the most material parts of it. Ned Fashion hath been bred all his life about court, and understands to a little all the punctilios of a drawing room. He visits most of the fine women near St. James's, and upon every occasion says civilest and softest things to them of any man breathing. To Mr. Issac he owes an easy slide in his bow, and a graceful manner of coming into a room : but in some other cases he is very far from being a well bred person. He laughs at men of far superior understanding to his own, for not being as well dressed as himself, despiseth all his acquaintance who are not of quality, and in public places hath on that account often avoided taking notice of some among the best speakers of the house of commons. He railleth strenuously at both universities before the members of either ; and is never heard to swear an oath, or break in upon religion, and morality, except in the company of divines. On the other hand a man of right sense hath all the essentials of good breeding, although he may be wanting in the forms of it. Horatio hath spent most of his time at Oxford : he hath a great deal of learning, an agreeable wit, and as much modesty as may serve to adorn without concealing his other good qualities. In that retired way of living he seemeth to have formed a notion of human nature, as he hath found it described in the writings of the greatest men, not as he is likely to meet with it in the common course of life. Hence it is that he giveth no offence, but converseth with great deference, candor, and humanity. His bow, I must

confess, is somewhat awkward ; but then he hath an extensive, universal, and unaffected knowledge, which may perhaps a little excuse him. He would make no extra-ordinary figure at a ball ; but I can assure the ladies in his behalf, and for their own consolation, that he has writ better verses on the sex than any man now living, and is preparing such a poem for the press as will transmit their praises and his own to many generations.

THE BROBDINGNAGS' VIEW OF EUROPE

—*Jonathan Swift*

After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the King, and assured his Majesty, that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature ; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion, and where by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his Majesty's subjects could do here ; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson. The King, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who by good fortune was not yet gone out of town. Having therefore first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his Majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the Queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me, and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court : She had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices ; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The Queen commanded her

own cabinet-maker to contrive a box that might serve me for a bed-chamber. This man was a most ingenious artist, and according to my directions, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen foot square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her Majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in. The smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The Queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The Queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed

upon the same at which Her Majesty ate, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood upon a stool on the floor, near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the Queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen of the same kind in a London toy-shop for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket, in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the Queen but the two Princesses Royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her Majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself, and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature. For the Queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful, as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread into her mouth, as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom that every Wednesday (which, as I

have before observed, was their Sabbath) the King and Queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his Majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite ; and at these times my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before one of the-salt-cellar. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, enquiring into manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe ; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But, I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state, the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asked, me, whether I were a Whig or a Tory. Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff; near as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I : and yet, said he, I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour, they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage ; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray. And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times, with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the csourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of

virtue, piety, honour and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so, upon mature thoughts, I began to doubt whether I were injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast my eyes, to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner, of strutting, and prating; to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the King and his grantees did at me. Neither indeed could I forbear smiling at myself, when the Queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison; so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the Queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty foot high) became insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the Queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself

by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usual in the mouths of court pages. One day at dinner this malicious little club was so nettled with something I had said to him, that raising himself upon the frame of her Majesty's' chair, he took me up by the middle as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me ; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the Queen was in such a fright that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and as a farther punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream, into which he had thrown me : neither was he ever restored to favour : for, soon after the Queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction ; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

HINTS TOWARD AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION

—*Jonathan Swift*

I have observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly, handled as this ; and indeed, I know few so difficult to be treated as it ought, nor yet upon which there seems so much to be said

Most things pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined, that they seldom subsist but in idea ; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some others, require so many ingredients, so good in their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection ; but in conversation it is, or might be, otherwise ; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every man's power, for want of which it remains as mere an idea as the other. Therefore it seems to me, that the truest way to understand conversation, is to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and from thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated, because it requires few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire without any great genius or study. For nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in a company ; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this subject by mere indignation, to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.'

And in this discourse it will be necessary to note those errors that are obvious, as well as others which are seldomer observed, since there are few so obvious, or acknowledged, into which most men, sometime or other are not apt to run,

For instance ; nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much ; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together, where some one among them has not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober, deliberate talker, who proceeds with much thought and caution makes his preface, branches out into several digressions, finds a hint that puts him in mind of another story, which he promises to tell you when this is done ; comes back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holding his head, complains of his memory ; the whole company all this while in suspense ; at length says, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves at last a story the company has heard fifty times before or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is that of those who affect to talk of themselves : some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives ; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several

symptoms and circumstances of them ; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise ; they will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them ; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences, just as they happened ; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults ; they are the strangest men in the world ; they cannot dissemble ; they own it is a folly ; they have lost abundance of advantages by it ; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it ; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint.

Of Such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others, without once making this easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men, than theirs have with him. Where a company has met, I often have observed two persons discover, by some accident, that they were bred together at the same school or University : after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades.

I know a great officer of the army who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking ; at length, of a sudden, demanding audience, decide the matter in a short dogmatical way ; then withdraw

within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation which none are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths without endeavouring to say a witty thing they think it so many words lost : it is torment to the hearers, as much as to themselves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint, with so little success. They must do something extraordinary in order to acquit themselves, and answer their character, else the standers-by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside : he neither expects to be informed or entertained, but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation ; and therefore he chooses to frequent those who are content to listen, and profess themselves his admirers. And, indeed, the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Will's coffee-house, where the wits used formerly to assemble ; that is to say, five or six men who had written plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling compositions, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of

kingdoms depended on them ; and they were usually attended with a humble audience of young students from the inns of court, or the universities ; who at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy, their heads filled with trash, under the name of politeness, criticism, and *belles lettres*.

By these means the poets, for many years past, were all overrun with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used ; because pedantry is the too frequent or unseasonable obtruding our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it ; by which definition, men of the court, or the army, may be as guilty of pedantry as a philosopher or a divine ; and it is the same vice in women, when they are over copious upon the subject of their petticoats or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take ; because, besides the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

The great town is usually provided with some player, mimic, or buffoon, who has a general reception at the good tables ; familiar and domestic with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company ; against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppet-show ; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while this merry companion is acting his part. It is a business he had undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I

only quarrel, when, in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening, this jester should be admitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation beside the indignity of confounding men's talents at so shameful a rate.

Raillery is the finest part of conversation : but as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate what ever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart ; just as when an expensive fashion comes up, those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passes for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him of countenance, and make him ridiculous ; sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding ; on all which occasions, he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French from whom we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but, by some of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid : nor can there well be anything more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation, which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blameable ; I mean an impatience to interrupt others ; and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves ; which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of these two errors ; because, when any man speaks in company, it is to be supposed he does it for his hearers' sake, and not his own ; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention, if they are not willing to lend it ; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you, but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts, which they long to be delivered of. Meantime, they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory ; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour ; which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where

all the little decorum and politeness we have is purely forced by art, and is so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the raillery of slaves, of which we have many instances in Plautus. It seems to have been introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars; and, considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious; although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; it is subject to two unavoidable defects, frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that, whoever values this gift in himself, has need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund; for those who are thus endued have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice, and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually springs from a bareness of invention, and of words; by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, they swim upon the superficies, and offer themselves on every occasion; therefore men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally

the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice has inured and emboldened them ; because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions and of words, which they cannot readily choose ; but are perplexed and entangled by too great a choice ; which is no disadvantage in private conversation ; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing is, of all others, most unsupportable.

Nothing has spoiled men more for conversation than the character of being wits ; to support which they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who list themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts on both sides by pleasing their mutual vanity. This has given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, so that they are never present in mind at what passes in discourse ; for whoever labours under any of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation as a madman in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation that have fallen under my notice or memory, except some that are merely personal, and others too gross to need exploding ; such as lewd or profane talk ; but I pretended only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the several subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased, by the abuse of that faculty which is held the great distinction between men

and brutes : and how little advantage we make of that which might be the greatest, the most lasting, and the most innocent, as well as useful pleasure of life : in default of which we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious amours ; whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are entirely corrupted, both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friendship, generosity : which under the name of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions has been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, further than at parties, at play or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles I's reign, and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours : several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started ; although we are apt to ridicule the sublime Platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a

little grain of the romantic is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And, therefore, it is observable in those sprightly gentlemen about the town, who are so very dexterous at entertaining a vizard mask in the park or the playhouse, that in the company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for, if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects, provided he does not dwell upon them, but leaves room for answers and replies.

OF THE CLUB

—*Richard Steele*

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of an ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sri Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse, beautiful widow of the next country to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us,

has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gypsies ; but this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty ; keeps a good house both in town and country ; a great lover of mankind ; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up-stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum ; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities and three months ago gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage articles, leases and tenures, in the neighbourhood ; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in

the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be enquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and 'Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool ; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in ; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London ; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barborous way to extend dominion by arms : for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation ; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes

more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got". A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that we would in another man. He has made his fortune himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass, but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not, something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves

obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert or enquiring into it. For says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him : therefore, he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company ; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him ; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have amongst us the gallant Will Honeycomb ; a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life ; but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time had made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good

height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He had all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French King's wenches, our wives and daughters had their manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said on such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner, that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, "He has good blood in his vein; Tom Mirable begot him: the rogue cheated me in that affair; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his, very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn, and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as that sort of man, who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him, whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company ; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to ; he is therefore among divines what a chamber counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon ; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us an earnestness to have him fall on some topic divine, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

SIR ROGER AT HIS COUNTRY HOUSE

—*Addison*

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour let me rise and go to bed when I please ; dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance ; as I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons : for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants ; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him ; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chamber for his brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog and in a grey pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenance of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master ; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with ; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation : he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist ; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguished them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common or ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night he asked me how I like the good man whom I have just now mentioned ; and, without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table ; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper : and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. “ My friend ” says Sir Roger, “ found me out this gentleman, who besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it ; I have given him the parsonage of the parish : and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years ; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my

tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them ; if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision ; if they do not acquiesce in his judgement, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice ; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery as well as the discourse he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example ; and instead of wafting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all these other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

SIR ROGER AND PARTY SPIRIT

—*Joseph Addison*

My worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at the time when the feuds ran high between the round heads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to enquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who made Anne a saint? The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane: but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shewn the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game,

There cannot a great judgement befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common-sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, "because," says he, "if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you." I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote; but instead of that I shall only take notice with a real

grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party-principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party-spirit has so ill an effect on our moral it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle, is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England, who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned-societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been just whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulates of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. It is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, "the love of the country." I cannot here

forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."

For my own part I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association, for the support of one another against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow subjects as whigs or tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

MEDITATIONS IN WESTMINISTER ABBEY

—*Joseph Addison*

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in West Minister Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons ; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave ; and saw in every

shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral ; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass ; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed the great magazine of mortality as it were, in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their further monuments and inscriptions they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence ; instead of the brave rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument ; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves ; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious

an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations ; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy : and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me ; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of parents, upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves. I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow ; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little compositions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together.

AFFECTATION

—*Lord Chesterfield*

Most people complain of fortune, few of nature ; and the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the injustice of the former.

Why have not I the riches, the rank, the power, of such and such? is the common expostulation with fortune : but why have not I the merit, the talents, the wit, or the beauty of such and such others? is a reproach rarely or never made to nature.

The truth is, that nature, seldom profuse, and seldom niggardly, has distributed her gifts more equally than she is generally supposed to have done. Education and situation make the great difference. Culture improves, and occasions elicit, natural talents. I make no doubt but that there are potentially, many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Caesars, Cromwells, and Marlboroughs at the ploughtail, behind counters, and, perhaps, even among the nobility; but the soil must be cultivated, and the seasons favourable, for the fruit to have all its spirit and flavour.

If sometimes our common parent has been a little partial, and not kept the scales quite even ; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due counterpoise of vanity, which never fails to set all right. Hence it happens, that hardly any one man would, without reserve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus satisfied with the dispensations of nature how few listen to her voice ! how few follow her as a guide ! In vain she points out to us the plan and direct way to truth ; vanity, fancy, affectation, and fashion, assume her shape, and wind us through fairy-ground to folly and error.

These deviations from nature are often attended by serious consequences, and always by ridiculous ones ; for there is nothing truer than the trite observation, “ that people are never ridiculous for being what they really are, but for affecting what they really are not. ” Affectation is the only source, and, at the same time, the only justifiable object of ridicule. No man whatsoever, be his pretensions what they will, has a natural right to be ridiculous ; it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without some industry ; which perhaps is the reason why so many people are so jealous and tenacious of it. Even some people’s voices are not their own, but affected and adopted, though at the same time unenjoyed, in hopes of shining in those fashionable societies, where the reputation of certain vices gives lustre. In these cases, the execution is commonly as awkward as the design is absurd ; and the ridicule equals the guilt.

This calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago A young fellow of some rank and fortune, just let loose from the university, resolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to assume the shining character of what he called a rake. By way of learning the rudiments of his intended profession, he frequented the theatres, where he was often drunk, and

always noisy. Being one night at the representation of that most absurd play, the *Libertine Destroyed*, he was so charmed with the profligacy of the hero of the piece that, to the edification of the audience, he swore many oaths that he would be the libertine destroyed. A discreet friend of his who sat by him, kindly represented to him, that to be the libertine was a laudable design, which he greatly approved of : but that to be the libertine destroyed, seemed to him an unnecessary part of his plan, and rather rash, He persisted, however, in his first resolution, and insisted upon being the libertine and destroyed. Probably he was so ; at least the presumption is in his favour. There are, I am persuaded, so many cases of this nature, that for my own part I would desire no greater step towards the reformation of manners for the next twenty years, than that our people should have no vices but their own.

The blockhead who affects wisdom, because nature has given him dullness, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted character ; whereas he might have stagnated unobserved in his native mud, or perhaps have engrossed deeds, collected shells, and studied heraldry, or logic, with some success.

The shining coxcomb aims at all, and decides finally upon everything, because nature has given him pertness. The degree of parts and animal spirits necessary to constitute that character, if properly applied, might have made him useful in many parts of life ; but his affectation and presumption make him useless in most, and ridiculous in all.

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and

useful sentiment. It is, in truth, social love too. It is the spring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But self-flattery is only the ape of caricature of self-love, and resembles it no more than to heighten the ridicule. Like other flattery, it is the most profusely bestowed and greedily swallowed where it is the least deserved. I will conclude this subject with the substance of a fable.

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals as well as Gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was wisdom ; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accused the gods of foul play. Jupiter to wipe off this aspersion, declared another lottery, for mortals singly and exclusively of the gods. The Prize was folly. They got it, and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied. The loss of Wisdom was neither regretted nor remembered ; Folly supplied its place, and those who had the largest share of it, thought themselves the wisest.

ON VULGARITY AND VULGARISMS

Lord Chesterfield

A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse ; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside. And indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you ; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous ; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks everything that is said meant at him ; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him ; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company ; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserved it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, ~~unless~~ the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of adother kind. As he is above trifles, he is never

vehement and eager about them ; and, wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles, A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood ; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters.

Vulgarism in language is the next, and distinguishing characteristic of bad company and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than that. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings, are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say that men differ in their tastes ; he supports and adorns that opinion by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. If anybody attempts being smart, as he calls it, he gives them Tit for Tat. He has always some favourite word for the time being ; which, for the sake of using often he commonly abuses : such as vastly angry, vastly kind, vastly handsome, and vastly ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the best along with it. He calls the earth, yearth ; he is obleiged, not obliged, to you. He goes to wards, and not towards, such a place. He sometimes affects hard by way of ornament, which he always mangles, like a learned woman. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms ; uses neither favourite words nor hard words ; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly ; this is, according to the usage of the best companies.

A JOURNEY IN A STAGE COACH

—*Samuel Johnson*

It has been observed, I think, by sir William Temple, and after him by almost every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the rest of the world. This is ascribed to the liberty prevailing amongst us, which gives every man the privilege of being wise or foolish his own way, and preserves him from the necessity of hypocrisy or the servility of imitation.

That the position itself is true, I am not completely satisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries, can happen to very few; and in life, as in everything else beheld at distance, there appears an even uniformity: the petty discriminations which diversify the natural character, are not discoverable but by a close inspection; we, therefore, find them most at home, because there we have most opportunities of remarking them. Much less am I convinced that this peculiar diversification, if it be real, is the consequence of peculiar liberty; for where is the government to be found that superintends individuals with so much vigilance as not to leave their private conduct without restraint? Can it enter into a reasonable mind to imagine, that men of every other nation are not equally masters of their own time or houses with ourselves, and equally at liberty to be parsimonious or profuse, frolic or sullen, abstinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly necessary to the full play of predominant humours but

such liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How readily the predominant passion snatches an interval of liberty, and how fast it expands itself when the weight of restraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to discover, as I took a journey into the country in a stage-coach. In a stage-coach the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at end; one should therefore imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume that character of which they are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered, and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the first ceremony was despatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.

It is always observable, that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended, the more difficult it is to find anything to say. We began now to wish for conversation; but no one seemed

inclined to descend from his dignity, or first to propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for this expedition drew out his watch; looked on it in silence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I suppose, understood by all the company as an invitation to ask the time of day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture; and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was past five, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast,

His condescension was thrown away; we continued all obdurate: the ladies held up their heads; I amused myself with watching their behaviour; and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to show that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune, and beat time upon his snuff-box.

Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for repast; and all began at once to recompense themselves for the constraint of silence, by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last, what every one had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we were persuaded to sit round the same table; when the gentleman in the red surtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see so little merriment

among us ; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himself one of the company. “ I remember,” says he “ it was on just such a morning as this, that I and my Lord Muble and tne Duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble ; we called at a little house as it might be this ; and my landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so jocular and facetious, and made so many merry answers to our questions, that we were all ready to burst with laughter. At last the good woman happening to overhear me whisper the duke, and call him by his title, was so surprised and confounded that we could scarcely get a word from her and the duke never met me from that day to this, but he talks of the little house, and quarrels with me for terrifying the landlady.”

He had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this narrative must have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a distant part of the table, began to remark the inconveniences of travelling and the difficulty which they who never sat at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themselves such offices as the road required ; but that people of quality often travelled in disguise and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condescension to poor innkeepers, and the allowance which they made for any defect in their entertainment ; that for her part, while people were civil and meant well, it was never her custom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own house.

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last newspaper ; and having perused it a while with deep pensiveness, “ It is impossible ”, says he, “ for any man to guess how to act with regard to the stocks ; last week it was the general opinion that they would fall ; and I sold out twenty thousand pounds ; they have now risen unexpectedly ; but at my return to London I shall risk thirty thousand pounds amongst them again.”

A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us that he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks ; that, for his part, he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles upon which they were established, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation ; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land security till he could light upon an estate in his own country.

It might be expected, that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have begun to look round us with veneration ; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved, and they discover the dignity of each other ; yet it happened, that none of these hints made much

impression on the company ; every one was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest ; all continued their haughtiness in hopes to enforce their claims ; and all grew every hour more sullen because they found their representations of themselves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in superciliousness and neglect ; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment we vented our indignation at the sauciness of the rest.

At length the journey was at an end, and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered, that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved ; the man who deals so largely in the funds, is a clerk of a broker in, Change-alley ; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange ; and the young man who is so happy in the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the temple. Of one of the women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her, without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practising a fraud which, as the event showed, had been already practised too often to succeed, and by the success of which no advantage could have been obtained ; of assuming a character which was to end

with the day ; and of claiming upon false pretences, honours which must perish with the breath that paid them.

But, Mr. Adventurer, let not those who laugh at me and my companions think this folly confined to a stage-coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the same advantage of the ignorance of fellow-travellers, disguises himself in counterfeited merit, and hears those praises with complacency which his conscience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himself, while he thinks, he is deceiving others, and forgets that the time is at hand when every illusion shall cease, when fictitious excellence shall be torn away, and all must be shown to all in their real state.

THE STUDY OF LIFE AND THE STUDY OF BOOKS

—*Doctor Samuel Johnson*

On life, on morals, be thy thoughts employed ;
Leave to the schools their atoms and their void

It is somewhere related by Le Clerc, that a wealthy trader of good understanding, having the common ambition to breed his son as a scholar, carried him to a university, resolving to use his own judgment in the choice of a tutor. He had been taught, by whatever intelligence, the nearest way to the heart of an academic ; and at his arrival entertained all who came about him with such profusion, that the professors were lured by the smell of his table from their books, and flocked round him with all the cringes of awkward complaisance. This eagerness answered the merchant's purpose; he glutted them with delicacies and softened them with caresses, till he prevailed upon one after another to open his bosom, and make a discovery of his competitions, jealousies, and resentments. Having thus learnt each man's character, partly from himself, and partly from his acquaintances he resolved to find some other education for his son, and went away convinced, that a scholastic life has no other tendency than to vitiate the morals, and contract the understanding ; nor would he afterwards hear with patience the praises of the ancient authors, being persuaded that scholars of all ages must have been the same, and that

Xenophon and Cicero were professors of some former university and therefore mean and selfish, ignorant and servile, like those whom he had lately visited and forsaken.

Envy, curiosity, and a sense of the imperfection of our present state, incline us to estimate the advantages which are in the possession of others, above their real value. Every one must have remarked, what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of science is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened even on occasions where literature is of no use, and among weak minds, loses part of his reverence, by discovering no superiority in those parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal ; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter provinces, and rustics are said sometimes to wonder that they find him of the same size as themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be satisfied and therefore many of the imputations which learning suffers from disappointed ignorance, are without reproach. But there are some failures to which men of study are peculiarly exposed. Every condition has its disadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the most active and diligent intellect, and while science is pursued, other accomplishments are neglected ; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortress naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves to be misled by the desire of superfluous

attainments. Raphael, in return to Adam's inquiries into the courses of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculations, and employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his own life, the subjection of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

This angelic counsel every man of letters should always have before him. He that devotes himself to retired study, naturally sinks from omission to forgetfulness of social duties; he must be therefore sometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

I am far from any intention to limit curiosity, or confine the labours of learning to arts of immediate and necessary use. It is only from the various essays of experimental industry, and the vague excursions of minds set upon discovery, that any advancement of knowledge can be expected; and though many must be disappointed in their labours, yet they are not to be charged with having spent their time in vain; their example contributed to inspire emulation, and their miscarriages taught others the way to success.

But the distant hope of being one day useful or eminent ought not to mislead us too far from that study, which is equally requisite to the great and mean, to the celebrated and obscure; the art of moderating the desires, of repressing the appetites; and of conciliating or retaining the favour of mankind.

No man can imagine the course of his own life, or

the conduct of the world around him, unworthy of his attention; yet among the sons of learning many seem to have thought of every thing rather than of themselves, and to have observed every thing but what passes before their eyes; many who toil through the intricacy of complicated systems are insuperably embarrassed with the least perplexity in common affairs; many who compare the actions, and ascertain the characters of ancient heroes, let their own days glide away without examination, and suffer vicious habits to encroach upon their minds without resistance or detection.

The most frequent reproach of the scholastic race is the want of fortitude, not material but philosophic. Men bred in shades and silence, taught to immure themselves at sunset, and accustomed to no other weapon than the syllogism, may be allowed to feel terror at personal danger, and to be disconcerted by tumult and alarm. But why would he whose life is spent in contemplation and whose business is only to discover truth, be unable to rectify the fallacies of imagination, or contend successfully against prejudice and passion? To what end has he read and meditated, if he gives up his understanding to false appearances, and suffers himself to be enslaved by fear of evils to which, only folly or vanity can expose him, or elated by advantages to which, as they are equally conferred upon the good and bad, no real dignity is annexed?

Such, however, is the state of the world, that the most obsequious of the slaves of pride, the most rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the most officious of the whisperers of greatness, are collected from seminaries

appropriated to the study of wisdom and of virtue, where it was intended that appetite should learn to be content with little, and that hope should aspire only to honours which no human power can give or take away.

The student, when he comes forth into the world, instead of congratulating himself upon his exemption from the errors of those whose opinions have been formed by accident or custom, and who live without any certain principles of conduct, is commonly in haste to mingle with the multitude, and show his sprightliness and ductility by an expeditious compliance with fashions or vices. The first smile of a man, whose fortune gives him power to reward his dependents, commonly enchants him beyond resistance; the glare of equipage, the sweets of luxury, the liberality of general promises, the softness of habitual affability, fill his imagination; and he soon ceases to have any other wish than to be well received, or any measure of right or wrong but the opinion of his patron.

A man flattered and obeyed learns to exact grosser adulation, and enjoin lower submission. Neither our virtues nor vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice, there would be little insolence; pride cannot rise to any great degree, but by the concurrence of blandishment or the sufference of tameness. The wretch who would shrink and crouch before one that should dart his eye upon him with the spirit of natural equality, becomes capricious and tyrannical when he sees himself approached with a downcast look, and hears the soft address of awe and servility. To those who are willing to purchase favour by cringes and compliance, is to be

imputed the haughtiness that leaves nothing to be hoped by firmness and integrity.

If, instead of wandering after the meteors of Philosophy, which fill the world with splendour for a while; and then sink and are forgotten, the candidates of learning fixed their eyes upon the permanent lustre of moral and religious truth, they would find a more certain direction to happiness. A little plausibility of discourse, and acquaintance with unnecessary speculations, is dearly purchased, when it excludes those instructions which fortify to independence.

THE MAN IN BLACK

—*Oliver Goldsmith*

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 tinged with some strange inconsistencies ; and he may be justly termed a humorist in a nation of humorists, 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 ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast 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 any imprudence of which I am 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 hear, go work for his bread, and not tease 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 of his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors ; he explained the manner in which he would deal with the beggars were he magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies who were robbed by beggarmen. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wodden 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 wistfully 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 ensy 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 recollecting 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 at half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings which 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.

A CITY NIGHT-PIECE

—*Oliver Goldsmith*

The clock just struck two. the expiring taper rises 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 destroyiug 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 forward 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 in its room.

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 wisdom, 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 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 perservance, 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 a 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. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, 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 was I born a man, and yet see the suffering 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.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB OF AUTHORS

—*Oliver Goldsmith*

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 letters at once. In them you will find rather a minute detail of English peculiarities, than a general picture of their manners or dispositions. Happy it were for mankind if all travellers would thus, instead of characterizing 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 earnestly 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 six pence 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 Turnuses or Didos 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 bed-chamber: 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 flaring o'er the way,
 Invites each passing stranger that can pay ;
 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, fram'd with listing, found a place,
 And brave Prince William showed 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 scor'd
 And five cracked 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 bed
 chamber 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 mighty fine ; and a third cried out in a rapture, Carissimo. At last, addressing himself to the president, “and pray, Mr. Squint,” says he, “let us have your opinioin.” “Mine !” answered the president, (taking the manuscript out of the author’s hand), “May this glass suffocate me, but I think it equal to anything I have seen ; and I fancy (continued he, doubling up the poem and forcing 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 ; 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 sprightly jests, and three sermons, all at the rate of six-pence-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, or 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 worse 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 Creolean. 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 sat myself down, and vamped up a fine flaunting, poetical panegyric, 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, not 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 friend, 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 verses, 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 catch-pole. 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 the time rich in fame, for my book ran like wildfire, 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 with 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 told, 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 klaring compliments for his lordship, and to 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 window in a transport, in order to take a previous view of his lordship's magnificent palace and situation, I found, poision to my sight ! I found myself not in an elegant streect, but a paltry lane ; not at a nobleman's door, but 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 characterize this people, than histories of their public treaties, courts, ministers, negotiations, and ambassadors.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES

—*Oliver Goldsmith*

As I am one of that sauntering tribe of mortals, who spend the greatest part of their time in taverns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort, I have thereby an opportunity of observing an infinite variety of characters, which, to a person of a contemplative turn, is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curiosities of art or nature. In one of these, my late rambles I accidentally fell into the company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair; the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the Germans were drunken sots, and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly-tyrants; but that in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the rest of the world.

This very learned and judicious remark was received with a general smile of approbation by all the

company—all, I mean, but your humble servant ; who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else ; and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation ; hoping by these means to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

But my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company ; for which purpose addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable ; so when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain, unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of these several nations with great care and accuracy ; that, perhaps, a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate, than the English ; who though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong, and impetuous ; too apt to be elated with prosperity, and to despond in adversity.

I could easily perceive that all the company began to regard me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer, which I had no sooner done, than the patriotic gentleman observed, with a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprised how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government, to which in their hearts they were inveterate enemies. Finding that by this modest declaration of my sentiments I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principles in question, and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men who were so very full of themselves, I threw down my reckoning and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession.

Among all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher, who, being asked what "countryman he was", replied, that he was, "a citizen of the world". How few are there to be found in modern times who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a profession!—We are now become so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans, that we are no longer citizens of the world; so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners ; but the misfortune is, that they infect the minds, and influence the conduct, even of our gentlemen ; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristical mark of a gentleman ; for let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet if he is not free from national and other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him, that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And in fact, you will always find that those are most apt to boast of national merit, who have little or no merit of their own to depend on ; than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural ; the slender vine twists around the sturdy oak, for no other reason in the world but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself

Should it be alleged in defence of national prejudice, that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter, I answer, that this is a gross fallacy and delusion. That it is the natural and necessary growth of it, I absolutely deny. Superstition and enthusiasm too are the growth of religion ; but who ever took it in his head to affirm that they are the necessary growth of this noble principle ? They are, if you will, the bastard sprouts of this

havenly plant, but not its natural and genuine branches, and may safely enough be lopped off, without doing any harm to the parent stock : nay, perhaps, till once they are lopped off, this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigour.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries ? that I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution, in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltroons ? Most certainly it is ; and if it were not—But why need I suppose what is absolutely impossible ?—But if it were not, I must own, I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, viz., a citizen of the world to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, a European, or to any other appellation whatever.

BOSWELL'S INTRODUCTION TO

Dr. JOHNSON

—*James Boswell*

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop ; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds: soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated ; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from."—"From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson, (said I) I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky ; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable he seized the expression "come from

Scotland" which I used in the sense of being of that country ; and, as if I had said I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, " That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal ; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies : " What do you think of Garrick ? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss. Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, " O, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." Sir, (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done : and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject ". Perhaps I deserved this check ; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think, that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited ; and was soon reawarded by hearing some of his conversation.

" People (he remarked) may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than

other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion.

“ In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength or great wisdom is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do every thing for money ; and then there are a number of other superiorities such as those of birth and fortune, and rank, that dissipate men’s attention, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind.”

Speaking of one who with more than ordinary boldness attacked public measures and the royal family, he said, “ I think he is safe from the law, but he is an abusive scoundrel ; and instead of applying to my Lord Chief Justice to punish him, I would send half a dozen footmen and have him well ducked.”

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then which he received very civilly ; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, “ Don’t be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well.”

OLD CHINA

—*Charles Lamb*

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I enquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to ; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup,

I like to see my old friends whom distance cannot diminish figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on terra firma still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that aspect of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women if possible with still more womanish expressions. Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect ! And here the same lady, or another for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping

into a little fairy boat, moored on the higher side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream !

Farther on—if far or near can be predicted of their world—see horses, trees, and pagodas. Here a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seenthrough the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson, (which we are old fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) some of those *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using ; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort when a passing sentiment seemed to overshadow the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

“ I wish the good old times would come again,” she said, “ when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor ; but there was a middle state ” so she was pleased to ramble on, “ in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O ! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times !) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh

the for and against, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

“Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hand upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker’s in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o’ clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome and when you presented it to me and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (collating you called it) and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep rushed, since we have become rich give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then which you had lavished

on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

“ When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the ‘Lady Blanch’ when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture, was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi’s and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you ?

Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter’s Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holydays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day’s fare of savoury. and salad and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store only paying for the ale that you must call for and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth and wish for such another honest hostess, and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily : Now, when we go out a day’s pleasuring which is seldom moreover, we ride part of the way and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expence which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. We squeezed out our shilings a piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with *Rosalind in Arden*, or with *Viola at the Court of Illyria*? You used to say, that the Gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough—but there was still a law of civility to woman recognised to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then – but sight and all, I think is done with our poverty.

“There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is very little more than we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

“I know what you are going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that

youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now) we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with "lusty brimmers" we used to welcome in the "coming guest". Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however smiling at the Phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of a poor—hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superfluous into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked; live better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a day—could the good old one-shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my

cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fireside, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient stair cases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious Thank God, we are safe, which always followed when the top most stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I known ot the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Croesus had, or the great Jew R—is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now just do look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madona-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer house”.

ESSEX AND SPENCER

—*Walter Savage Landor*

Essex : Instantly on hearing of thy arrival from Ireland, I sent a message to thee, good Edmund, that I might learn from one so judicious and dispassionate as thou art, the real state of things in that distracted country ; it having pleased the queen's majesty to think of appointing me her deputy, in order to bring the rebellious to submission.

Spencer : Wisely and well considered ; but more worthily of her judgment than her affection. May your lordship overcome, as you have ever done, the difficulties and dangers you foresee.

Essex : We grow weak by striking at random ; and knowing that I must strike, and strike heavily, I would fain see exactly where the stroke shall fall.

Now what tale have you for us ?

Spencer : Interrogate me, my lord, that I may answer each question distinctly, my mind being in sad confusion at what I have seen and undergone.

Essex : Give me thy account and opinion of these very affairs as thou leftest them ; for I would rather know one part well than all imperfectly and the violences of which I have heard.

Why weepest thou, my gentle Spencer ? Have the rebels sacked thy house ?

Spencer : They have plundered and utterly destroyed it.

Essex : I grieve for thee, and will see thee righted.

Spencer : In this they have little harmed me.

Essex : How ! I have heard it reported that thy grounds are fertile, and thy mansion large and pleasant

Spencer : If river and lake and meadow-ground and mountain could render any place the abode of pleasantness, pleasant was mine, indeed !

On the lovely banks of Mulla I found deep contentment. Under the dark alders did I muse and meditate. Innocent hopes were my gravest cares, and my play-fullest fancy was with kindly wishes. Ah ! surely of all cruelties the worst is to extinguish our kindness. Mine is gone : I love the people and the land no longer. My lord, ask me not about them ; I may speak injuriously.

Essex : Think rather then of thy happier hours and busier occupations ; these likewise may instruct me.

Spencer : The first seeds I sowed in the garden, were the old castle was made habitable for my lovely bride, were acorns from Penshurst. I planted a little oak before my mansion at the birth of each child. My sons, I said to myself, shall often play in the shade of them when I am gone, and every year shall they take the measure of their growth, as fondly as I take theirs.

Essex : Well, well ; but let not this thought make thee weep so bitterly.

Spencer : Poison may ooze from beautiful plants ; deadly grief from dearest reminiscences. I must grieve, I must weep : it seems the law of God, and the only one that men are not disposed to contravene. In the performance of this alone do they effectually aid one another.

Essex : Spencer ! I wish I had at hand any arguments or persuasions, of force sufficient to remove thy sorrow ; but really I am not in the habit of seeing men grieve at anything, except the loss of favour at court, or of a hawk, or of a buck-hound. And were I to swear out my condolences to a man of thy discernment, in the same round roll-call phrases we employ with one another upon these occasions, I should be guilty not of insincerity, but of insolence. True grief hath ever something sacred in it ; and when it visiteth a wise man and a brave one, is most holy. Nay, kiss not my hand ; he whom God smiteth hath God with him. In His presence what am I ?

Spencer : Never so great, my lord, as at this hour, when you see aright who is greater. May He guide your counsels, and preserve your life and glory !

Essex : Where are thy friends ? Are they with thee ?

Spencer : Ah, where, indeed ! Generous, true-hearted Phillip ! Where art thou ! whose presence was unto me peace and safety ; whose smile was contentment, and whose praise renown. My lord ! I cannot but think of him, among still heavier losses : he was my earliest friend, and would have taught me wisdom.

Essex : Pastoral poetry, my dear Spencer, doth not require tears and lamentations. Dry thine eyes ; rebuild thine house : the queen and council, I venture to promise thee, will make ample amends for every evil thou hast sustained. What ! does that enforce thee to wail yet louder ?

Spencer : Pardon me, bear with me, most noble heart ! I have lost what no council, no queen, no Essex, can restore.

Essex : We will see that. There are other swords, and other arms to wield them, beside a Leicester's and a Raleigh's. Others can crush their enemies and serve their friends.

Spenser : O my sweet child ! And of many so powerful, many so wise and so beneficent, was there none to save thee ? None ! none !

Essex : I now perceive that thou lamentest what almost every father is destined to lament. Happiness must be bought, although the payment may be delayed. Consider ; the same calamity might have befallen thee here in London. Neither the houses of ambassadors, nor the palaces of kings, nor the altars of God himself, are asylums against death. How do I know but under this very roof there may sleep some latent calamity that in an instant shall cover with gloom every inmate of the house, and every far dependent ?

Spenser : God avert it !

Essex : Every day, every hour of the year, do hundreds mourn what thou mournest.

Spencer : Oh, no, no, no ! Calamities there are around us ; calamities there are all over, the earth ; calamities there are in all seasons ; but none in any place, like mine.

Essex : So say all fathers, so say all husbands. Look at any old mansion house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the golden vanes, or the arms recently quartered over the gateway, or the embayed window, and on the happy pair that haply is toying at it ; nevertheless, thou mayest say that of a certainty the the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its

chambers, and heard many wailings : and each time this was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amid the laughing nymphs upon the arras. Old servants have shaken their heads, as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish. Edmund ! the things that are too true pass by us as if they were not true at all ; and when they have singled us out, then only do they strike us. Thou and I must go too. Perhaps the next year may blow us away with its fallen leaves.

Spencer : For you, my lord, many years (I trust) are waiting : I never shall see those fallen leaves. No leaf, no bud, will spring upon the earth before I sink into her breast for ever.

Essex : Thou, who art wiser than most men, shouldst bear with patience, equanimity, and courage, what is common to all.

Spencer : Enough ! enough ! enough ! Have all men seen their infant burned to ashes before their eyes ?

Essex : Gracious God ! Merciful Father ! what is this ?

Spencer : Burned alive ! burned to ashes ! burned to ashes ! The flames dart their serpent tongues through the nursery-window. I cannot quit thee, my Elizabeth ! I cannot lay down our Edmund. On these flames they persecute, they curl round my temples, they hiss upon my brain, they taunt me with their fierce foul voices, they carp at me, they wither me, they consume me, throwing back to me a little of life, to roll and suffer in, with their fangs upon me. Ask me, my lord,

the things you wish to know from me ; I may answer them ; I am now composed again. Command me, my gracious lord : I would yet serve you ; soon I shall be unable. You have stooped to raise me up ; you have borne with me ; you have pitied me, even like one not powerful ; you have brought comfort, and will leave it with me ; for gratitude is comfort.

Oh ! my memory stands all a tip-toe on one burning point : when it drops from it, then it perishes. Spare me : ask me nothing ; let me weep before you in peace ; the kindest act of greatness.

Essex : I should rather have dared to mount into the midst of the conflagration than I now dare intreat thee not to weep. The tears that overflow thy heart, my Spenser, will staunch and heal it in their sacred stream, but not without hope in God.

Spenser : My hope in God is that I may soon see again what he has taken from me. Amid the myriads of angels there is not one so beautiful : and even he (if there be any) who is appointed my guardian, could never love me so. Ah ! these are idle thoughts, vain wanderings, distempered dreams. If there ever were guardian angels, he who so wanted one, my helpless boy, would not have left these arms upon my knees.

Essex : God help and sustain thee, too gentle Spenser ! I never will desert thee. But what am I ? Great they have called me ! Alas, how powerless then and infantile is greatness in the presence of calamity !

Come, give me thy hand : let us walk up and down the gallery. Bravely done ! I will envy no more a Sidney or a Raeligh.

ON GOING A JOURNEY

—*William Hazlitt*

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey ; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room ; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedgerows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it ; there are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room and fewer encumbrances. I like solitude when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude ; nor do I ask for

a friend in my retreat,

Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences ; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a tittle breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation.

“ May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort,
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired,”

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like “sunken wrack and sumless treasuries,” burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliteratious, argument and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. “Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!” I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me “very stuff o’ the conscience.” Is not this wild rose sweet withuot a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a

breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that "he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time." So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Strene, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said; but, in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid; if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature, without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey, in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomise them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty

miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a bean-field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is, then, no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill-humour. Now I never quarrel with myself and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company, seems extravagance or affectation; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered) is a task to which few are competent. We must “give it an understanding, but no tongue.” My old friend Coluidge, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer’s day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. “He talked far above singing.” If I could so clothe my ideas in

sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have some one with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for table-talk. Lamb is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors, because he is the best within. I grant, there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom, and then, after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn"! These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop: they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,

"The cups that cheer, but not inebriate",
and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a

rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal-cutlet ! Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen. These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk ; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place ; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathise with him, and he breaks no squares. I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits ; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world ; but your “ unhouseed free condition is put into circumspection and confine.” The incognito of an inn is one of its striking privileges. Oh ! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion ...to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear

of all ties.. to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than the Gentleman in the parlour ! One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture ; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves We are no more those hackneyed commonplaces that we appear in the world ; an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society ! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham Common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas.

There is hardly anything that shows the shortsightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas ; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again ; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares

its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it; the horizon that shuts it from our sight also blots it from our memory like a dream. In travelling through a wild, barren country, I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "all is a desert." All that part of the map that we do not see before us is blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, country joint to country, kingdom to kingdom, land to seas, making an image, voluminous and vast;-- the mind can form no longer idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population known by the name of China to us? An inch of pasteboard on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life. things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves and even comprehend the texture of our being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at

the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence, we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived, and with which we have intimate associations, everyone must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten! To return to the question I have quitted above.

I have no objections to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. In taking a Solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to: in taking a Solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. "The mind is its own place"; nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art and curiosity.

I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners

and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases this relief which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen : there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech ; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species of one's self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears ; nor did the Mariners' Hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity I walked over " the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France, " erect and satisfied ; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones : I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled : nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people ! There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else ; but it is more pleasing at the time than

lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity ; and to feel, the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must " jump " all our present comforts and connections, our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful, and, in one sense instructive ; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings :

" Out of my country and myself I go."

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them ; but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in travelling abroad, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home !

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS

—*Leigh Hunt*

An Italian author has written a poem upon insects which he begins by insisting that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the North may dispute this piece of theology ; but, on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the house-tops that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving ; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution, and the thing is done. This may be very true ; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it ; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter candidly before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being,—a rational creature. How? Why, with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh, it is a fine way of spending a sensible impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that

one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and lie before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thought for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can. If their will is never pulled aside by the enticing arms of imagination, so much the luckier for the stage-coachman.

Candid inquirers into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place (says the injured but calm appealer), I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmounious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold,—from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harpy-footed furies,"—fellows who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster as are exposed to the air of the room are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rollihg forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a cottage chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways, and see the window all

frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. "It is very cold this morning, is it not?" "Very cold sir." "Very cold indeed, isn't it?" "very cold indeed Sir." "More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on throns for the answer). "Why sir,—I think it is." (Good creature! There is not a better or more truth-telling servant going.) "I must rise, however; get me some warm water." Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water, during which, of course, it is of "no use" to get up. The hot water comes. "Is it quite hot?" "No, sir; it will just do." (There is an overnice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) "Oh, the shirt—you must air my clean shirt; linen gets very damp this weather." "Yes Sir." Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. "Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the the stockings had better be aired too." "Very well Sir." Here another interval. At length everything is ready except myself. I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving; it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed). No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against that degenerate king, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriancy of his genius to better advantage than

in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakespeare's—at Fletcher's—a Spenser's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's. I could name a great man for every tick of my watch. Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people. Think of Haroun al Raschid, and bed-ridden Hassan. Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother, a man above the prejudice of his time. Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own. Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

“ Sweetly recommends itself

Unto our gentle senses ! ”

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and an ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, at any rate that he has no merit in opposing it.

Thomson, the poet, who exclaims in his ‘ Seasons ’

“ Falsely luxurious ! Will not man awake ” !

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could also imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A

money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three and fourpence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, "What shall I think of myself if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious liar in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest life is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

We only know of one confounding, not to say confounded argument, fit to overturn the huge luxury, the "enormous bliss," of the vice in question. A liar in bed may be allowed to profess a disinterested indifference for his health or longevity; but while he is showing the reasonableness of consulting his own, or one person's comfort, he must admit the proportionate claim of more than one; and the best way to deal with him is this, especially for a lady; for we earnestly recommend the use of that sex on such occasions, if not somewhat over-persuasive; since extremes have an awkward knack of meeting. First then, admit all the ingeniousness of what he says, telling him that the bar has been deprived of an excellent lawyer. Then look

at him in the most-good natured manner in the world, with a mixture of assent and appeal in your countenance, and tell him that you are waiting breakfast for him; that you never like to breakfast without him; that you really want it too; that the servants want theirs; that you shall not know how to get the house into order, unless he rises; and that you are sure he would do things twenty times worse even than getting out of his warm bed, to put them all into good humour and a state of comfort. Then, after having said this, throw in the comparatively indifferent matter, to him, about his health; but tell him that it is no indifferent matter to you; that the sight of his illness makes more people suffer than one; but that if, nevertheless, he really does feel so very sleepy and so very much refreshed by—Yet stay; we hardly know whether the frailty of a—Yes, yes; say that too, especially if you say it with sincerity; for if the weakness of human nature on the one hand, and the vis inertiae on the other, should lead him to take advantage of it once or twice, good-humour and sincerity form an irresistible junction at last; and are still better and warmer things than pillows and blankets.

Other little helps of appeal may be thrown in, as occasion requires. You may tell a lover for instance, that lying in bed makes people corpulent; a father, that you wish him to complete the fine manly example he sets his children; a lady, that she will injure her bloom or her shape, which M. or W. admires so much; and a student or artist, that he is always so glad to have done a good day's work in his best manner.

DEATH OF MIRABEAU

—*Carlyle*

Din of battles, wars more than civil, confusion from above and from below : in such environment the eye of prophecy sees Comte de Mirabeau, like some Cardinal de Retz, stormfully maintain himself ; with head all-devising, heart all-daring. If not victorious, yet unvanquished, while life is left him. The specialities and issues of it, no eye of Prophecy can guess at : it is clouds, we repeat, and tempestuous night ; and in the middle of it, now visible, far darting, now labouring in eclipse, is Mirabeau indomitably struggling to be Cloud-Compeller !—One can say that, had Mirabeau lived, the History of France and of the World had been different. Further, that the man would have needed, as few men ever did, the whole compass of that same “Art of Daring, Art d’Oser” which he so prized ; and likewise that he, above all men then living, would have practised and manifested it. Finally, that some substantiality, and no empty simulacrum of a formula, would have been the result realized by him : a result you could have loved, a result you could have hated ; by no likelihood, a result you could only have rejected with closed lips, and swept into quick forgetfulness for ever. Had Mirabeau lived one other year.

But Mirabeau could not live another year, any more than he could live another thousand years. Men’s years are numbered, and the tale of Mirabeau’s was now complete. The fierce wear and tear of such an existence has wasted out the gaint oaken strength of

Mirabeau. A fret and fever that keeps heart and brain on fire: excess of effort, of excitement; excess of all kinds: labour incessant, almost beyond credibility! "If I had not lived with him," says Dumont, "I never should have known what a man can make of one day: what things may be placed within the interval of twelve hours. A day for this man was more than a week or a month is for others: the mass of things he guided on together was prodigious; from the scheming to the executing not a moment lost.—"Monsieur le Comte," said his Secretary to him once, "what you require is impossible."—"Impossible!"—answered he, starting from his chair. "Never name to me that block-head of a word." And then the social repasts; the dinner which he gives as Commandant of National Guards, which "cost five hundred pounds;" alas, and the Sirens of the Opera; and all the ginger that is hot in the mouth:—down what a course is this man hurled! Cannot Mirabeau stop; cannot he fly, and save himself alive? No! There is a Nessus' shirt on this Hercules; he must storm and burn there, without rest, till he be consumed. Human strength, never so Herculean, has its measure. Herald shadows flit pale across the fire-brain of Mirabeau; heralds of the pale repose. While he tosses and stroms, straining every nerve, in that sea of ambition and confusion, there comes, sombre and still, a monition that for him the issue of it will be swift death.

In january last, you might see him as President of the Assembly; "his neck wrapt in linen cloths, at the evening session:" there was sick heat of the blood,

alternate darkening and flashing in the eyesight ; he had to apply leeches, after the morning labour, and preside bandaged. "At parting he embraced me," says Dumont, with an emotion I had never seen in him : "I am dying, my friend ; dying as by slow fire ; we shall perhaps not meet again. When I am gone, they will know what the value of me was. The miseries I have held back will burst from all sides on France." Sick-ness gives louder warning ; but cannot be listened to. On the 27th day of March, proceeding towards the Assembly, he had to seek rest and help in Friend de Lamarck's by the road ; and lay there, for an hour, half-fainted, stretched on a sofa. To the Assembly nevertheless he went, as if in spite of Destiny itself ; spoke, loud and eager, five several times ; then quitted the Tribune—for ever. He steps out, utterly exhausted, into the Tuileries Gardens ; many people press round him, as usual with applications, memorials ; he says to the Friend who was with him : "Take me out of this !"

And so, on the last day of March 1791, endless anxious multitudes beset the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin incessantly inquiring : within doors there, in that House numbered, in our time, 42, the overwearièd giant has fallen down, to die. Crowds of all parties and kinds, of all ranks from the King to the meanest man ! The King sends publicly twice a day to inquire ; privately besides : from the world at large there is no end of inquiring. "A written bulletin is handed out every three hours," is copied and circulated ; in the end, it is printed. The People spontaneously keep silence ; no carriage shall enter with its noise ; there is crowding

pressure ; but the Sister of Mirabeau is reverently recognized, and has free way made for her. The People stand mute, heart-stricken ; to all it seems as if a great calamity were nigh : as if the last man of France, who could have swayed these coming troubles, lay there at hand-grips with the unearthly Power.

The silence of a whole People, the wakeful toil of Cabanis, Friend and Physician, skills not : on Saturday, the second day of April, Mirabeau feels that the last of the Days has risen for him ; that on this day he has to depart and be no more. His death is Titanic, as his life has been ! Lit up, for the last time, in the glare of coming dissolution, the mind of the man is all glowing and burning ; utters itself in sayings, such as men long remember. He longs to live, yet acquiesces in death, argues not with the inexorable. His speech is wild and wondrous : unearthly Phantasms dancing now their torch-dance round his soul ; the soul itself looking out, fire-radiant, motionless, girt together for that great hour ! At times comes a beam of light from him on the world he is quitting. " I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French Monarchy : the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factious." Or again, when he heard the canon fire, what is characteristic too : " Have we the Achilles' Funeral already ? " So likewise, while some friend is supporting him : " Yes, support that head ; would I could bequeath it thee ! " For the man dies as he has lived ; self-conscious, conscious, of a world looking on. He gazes forth on the young Spring, which for him will never be Summer. The Sun has risen ; Death has mastered the outworks ; power

of speech is gone ; the citadel of the heart still holding out : the moribund giant, passionately, by sign demands paper and pen; writes his passionate demand for opium, to end these agonies. The sorrowful doctor shakes his head : Dormir, "To sleep," writes the other, passionately pointing at it ! So dies a gigantic Heathen and Titan ; stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his rest. At half-past eight in the morning, Doctor Petit, standing at the foot of the bed, says, "*Il ne souffre plus.*" His suffering and his working are now ended.

Even so, ye silent Patriot multitudes, all ye men of France ; this man is rapt away from you. He has fallen suddenly, without bending till he broke ; as a tower falls, smitten by sudden lightning. His word ye shall hear no more, his guidance follow no more. The multitudes depart, heart-struck ; spread the sad tidings. How touching is the loyalty of men to their Sovereign man ! All theatres, public amusements close. No joyful meeting can be held in the nights, joy is not for them: the People break in upon private dancing-parties, and sullenly command that they cease. Of such dancing parties apparently but two came to light ; and these also have gone out. The gloom is universal ; never in this City was such sorrow for one death ; never since that old night when Louis XII departed. King Mirabeau is now the lost King ; and one may say with little exaggeration, all the People mourns for him.

For three days there is low wide moan ; weeping in the National Assembly itself. The streets are all mournful : orators mounted on the bornes, with large

silent audience, preaching the funeral sermon of the dead. Let no coachman whip fast, distractively with his rolling wheels, or almost at all, through these groups ! His traces may be cut ; himself and his fare, as incurable Aristocrats, hurled sulkily into the kennels The bourne-stone orators speak as it is given them ; the Sansculottic People, with its rude soul, listens eager, as men will to any Sermon, when it is a spoken Word meaning a Thing, and not a Babblement meaning No-thing. In the Restaurateure of the Palais-Royal, the waiter remarks "Fine weather, Monsieur:" "Yes, my friend," answers the ancient Man of Letters, "very fine ; but Mirabeau is dead." Hoarse rhythmic threnodies come also from the throats of ballad-singers ; are sold on grey-white paper at a sou each. But of Portraits, engraved, painted, hewn and written ; of Eulogies, Reminiscences, Biographies, nay Vaudevilles, Dramas and Melodramas, in all Provinces of France, there will, through these coming months, be the due immeasurable crop ; thick as the leaves of Spring. So speaks, and cackles manifold, the sorrow of France ; wailing articulately, inarticulately, as it can, that a Sovereign Man is snatched away. In the National Assembly, when difficult questions are astir, all eyes will "turn mechanically to the place where Mirabeau sat,"—and Mirabeau is absent now.

On the third evening of the lamentation, the fourth of April, there is solemn Public Funeral ; such as deceased mortal seldom had. Procession of a league in length ; of mourners reckoned loosely at a hundred thousand. All roofs are thronged with onlookers, all

windows, lamp-irons, branches of trees. "Sadness is painted on every countenance; many persons weep." There is double hedge of National Guards; there is National Assembly in a body; Jacobin' Society, and Societies; King's Ministers, Municipals, and all Notabilities, Patriot or Aristocrat. Bouille is noticeable there, "with his hat on;" say, hat drawn over his brow, hiding many thoughts! Slow-wending, in religious silence, the Procession of a league in length, under the level sun-rays, for it is five o'clock, moves and marches: with its sable plumes; itself in a religious silence; but, by fits with the muffled roll of drums, by fits with some long-drawn wail of music, and strange new-clangour of trombones, and metallic dirge-voice; amid the infinite hum of men. In the Church of Saint Eustache, there is funeral oration by Cerutti; and discharge of fire-arms, which "brings down pieces of the plaster." Thence forward again to the Church of Sainte-Genevieve; which has been consecrated, by supreme decree, on the spur of this time, into a Pantheon for the Great Men of the Fatherland. Hardly at mid-night is the business done; and Mirabeau left in his dark dwelling: first tenant of that Fatherland's Pantheon.

So blazes out, farseen, a Man's Life, and becomes ashes in this World-Pyre, which we name French Revolution: not the first that consumed itself there; nor, by thousands and many millions, the last! A man who "had swallowed all formulas;" who, in these strange times and circumstances, felt called to live Titanically, and also to die so. As he, for his part, had swallowed all formulas, what Formula is there, never

so comprehensive, that will express truly the plus and the minus of him, give us the accurate net-result of him? There is hitherto none such. Moralities not a few must shriek condemnatory over this Mirabeau; the Morality by which he could be judged has not yet got uttered in the speech of men. We will say this of him again: That he is a Reality and no Simulacrum; a living Son of Nature our general Mother: not a hollow Artifice, and mechanism of Conventionalities, son of nothing, brother to nothing. In which little word, let the earnest man, walking sorrowful in a world mostly of "Stuffed Clothes-suits," that chatter and grin meaningless on him, quite ghastly to the earnest soul,—think what significance there is!

But whoever will, with sympathy, which is the first essential towards insight, look at this questionable Mirabeau, may find that there lay verily in him, as the basis of all, a Sincerity, a great free Earnestness; nay call it Honesty, for the man did before all things see, with that clear flashing vision, into what was, into what existed as fact; and did, with his wild heart, follow that and no other. Whereby on what ways soever he travels and struggles, often enough falling, he is still a brother man. Hate him not; thou canst not hate him! Shining through such soil and tarnish, and now victorious effulgent, and oftenest struggling eclipsed, the light of genius itself is in this man; which was never yet base and hateful; but at worst was lamentable, lovable with pity. They say that he was ambitious, that he wanted to be Minister. It is most true. And was he not simply the one man in France who could

have done any good as Minister? Not vanity alone, not pride alone; far from that! Wild burstings of affection were in this great heart; of fierce lightning, and soft dew of pity. So sunk bemired in wretchedest defacements, it may be said of him, like the Magdalen of old, that he loved much: his Father, the harshest of old crabbed men, he loved with warmth, with veneration.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

—*Carlyle*

In the lobby of the Mansion de l'Intendance, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure: in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday. Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? “She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy.” A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure; “by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country.” What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-daemonic splendour; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries!—Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the ninth of July seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-

journey : her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along ; amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain ; in which she mingles not · all night, all day, and again all night On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly ; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey ! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence Charlotte demands a room , hastens to bed ; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hand ; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent friend of Charlotte's, has need of ; which Duperret shall assist her in getting : this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris ? She has finished this, in the course of Friday ;—yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen ; what the Mountain is like. The living Physiognomy of Marat she could not see ; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife ; then straightway, takes a hackney coach : “ To the Rue de l'Ecole de Medicine, No. 44.” It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat ! The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen ; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then ? Hapless beautiful Charlotte ; hapless squalid Marat ! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchatel in the

utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other ; they two have, very strangely, business together—Charlotte, returning to her Inn, dispatches a Short Note to Marat ; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion ; that she desires earnestly to see him, and “will put it in his power to do France a great service.” No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing ; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day labourers have again finished their Week ; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont : this one fair Figure has decision in it ; drives straight, — towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month ; eve of the Bastille day, when “ M. Marat,” four years ago, in the crowd of the Point Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, “ to dismount, and give up their arms, then ;” and became notable among Patriot men. Four years ; what a road he has travelled ; — and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath ; sore afflicted ; ill of Revolution Fever, — of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man : with precisely eleven-pence-halfpenny of ready money, in paper ; with slipper-bath : strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while ; and a squalid — Washerwoman, one may call her : that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street ; thither and not elsewhere has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood, and Perfect Felicity ; yet surely on the way towards

that?—Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you—Be seated. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen? Charlotte names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager people's friend, clutching his tablets to write: Barbaroux, Petion, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning a side in the bath;—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "Help, dear!" no more could the death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The chere amie, and neighbours of the house, flying at her, she "overturns some movables." entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her, Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his papers sealed,—which may lead to consequences. Fauchet in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the throned Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face ; beautiful and calm ; she dates it “ fourth day of the Preparation of Peace.” A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her ; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers ; the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife ; “ All these details are needless,” interrupted Charlotte, “ It is I that killed Marat.” By whose instigation? — “ By no one’s.” What tempted you, then ? His crimes. “ I killed one man,” added she, raising her voice extremely as they went on with their questions, “ I killed one man to save a hundred thousand ; a villian to save innocents ; a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution, I never wanted energy.” There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished : the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving : the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks ; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks ; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening therefore, about half-past seven o’clock from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tiptoe, the fatal Cart issues ; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess ; so beautiful, serene, so full of life ; journeying towards death,—alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently ; for what heart but must be

touched ? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus ; that it were beautiful to die with her : the head of this young man seems turned. At the place de la Revolution, the countenance of Chatlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet ; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult ; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck ; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck ; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. “ It is most ture,” says Forster, “ that he struck the cheek insultingly ; for I saw it with my eyes ; the Police imprisoned him for it,”

This is the history of Charlõte Corday , most definite, most complete : angelic-daemonic : like a Star ! Adam Lux goes home, half-delirious ; to pour forth his Apotheosis of her, in paper and print ; to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, “ Greater than Brutus.” Friends represent his danger : Lux is reckless ; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

—*Macaulay.*

The house was thunderstruck ; For the wrong done to Cheyte Sing, even had it been as flagitious as Fox and Francis contended, was a trifle when compared with the horrors which had been inflicted on Rohilcund. The general astonishment was the greater, because, only twenty-four hours before, the members of whom the Ministers could depend had received the usual notes from the Treasury, begging them to be in their places and to vote against Mr. Fox's motion. It was asserted by Mr. Hastings that, early on the morning of the very day on which the debate took place, Dundas called on Pitt, woke him, and was closeted with him for many hours. The result of this conference was a determination to give up the late Governor-General to the vengeance of the opposition. It was impossible even for the most powerful minister to carry all his followers with him in so strange a course. Several persons high in office, divided against Mr. Pitt. But the devoted adherents who stood by the head of the government without asking questions, were sufficiently numerous to turn the scale. A hundred and nineteen members voted for Mr. Fox's motion ; seventy-nine against it. Dundas silently followed Pitt.

The prorogation soon interrupted the discussions respecting Hastings. In the following year, those discussions were resumed. The charge touching the spoliation of the Begums was brought forward by

Sheridan, in a speech which was so imperfectly reported that it may be said to be wholly lost, but which was, without doubt, the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind. The impression which it produced was such as has never been equalled. He sat down, not merely amidst cheering, but amidst the loud clapping of hands, in which the Lords below the bar and the strangers in the gallery joined. The excitement of the House was such that no other speaker could obtain a hearing; and the debate was adjourned. The ferment spread fast through the town. Within four and twenty hours, Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of the speech, if he would himself correct it for the press. The impression made by this remarkable display of eloquence on severe and experienced critics, whose discernment may be supposed to have been quickened by emulation, was deep and permanent.

When the debate was resumed, the tide ran so strongly against the accused that his friends were coughed and scraped down. Pitt declared himself for Sheridan's motion; and the question was carried by a hundred and seventy-five votes against sixty-eight. The opposition, flushed with victory and strongly supported by the public sympathy, proceeded to bring forward a succession of charges relating chiefly to pecuniary transactions. The friends of Hastings were discouraged, and, having now no hope of being able to avert an impeachment, were not very strenuous in their exertions. At length the House, having agreed to twenty articles of charge, directed Burke to go before the Lords, and to

impeach the late Governor-General of High Crimes and Misdemeanours. Hastings was at the same time arrested by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and carried to the bar of the Peers.

The session was now within ten days of its close. It was, therefore, impossible that any progress could be made in the trial till the next year. Hastings was admitted to bail ; and further proceedings were postponed till the House should reassemble. When Parliament met in the following winter, the Commons proceeded to elect a committee for managing the impeachment. Burke stood at the head ; and with him were associated most of the leading members of the opposition.

In the meantime, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly, and, on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster ; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, and imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization, were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived from both co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled

centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid, or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of State attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, George Eliot, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of

Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fear or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened and prosperous Empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representative of every science and of every art. There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds, from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in the dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure

too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and knelt his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, and that most had loved him, that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated yet deriving dignity from a carriage which while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written as legibly as under the picture in the Council-Chamber at Calcutta, *mens aequa in arduis*, such was the aspect with which the great pro-consul presented himself to his Judges. His counsels accompanied him, men, all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The

Managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could

set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone—culprits, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic Empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as

systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and, perhaps, not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

THE DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN

—*Cardinal John Henry Newman*

Hence it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him ; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature : like an easy chair or a good fire which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast,—all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment ; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company, he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd ; he can recollect to whom he is speaking ; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate ; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort,

he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it;

he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and he is contented to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling; which is the attendant on civilisation.

Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God. Sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths which exist in his mind as a number of deductions.

NIGHT WALKS

—*Charles Dickens*

Some years ago, a temporary inability to sleep, referable to a distressing impression, caused me to walk about the streets all night; for a series of several nights. The disorder might have taken a long time to conquer, if it had been faintly experimented on in bed; but, it was soon defeated by the brisk treatment of getting up directly after lying down, and going out, and coming home tired at sunrise.

In the course of those nights, I finished my education in a fair amateur experience of houselessness. My principal object being to get through the night, the pursuit of it brought me into sympathetic relations with people who have no other object every night in the year.

The month was March, and the weather damp, cloudy, and cold. The sun not rising before half-past five, the night perespective looked sufficiently long at half-past twelve: which was about my time for confronting it.

The 'restlessness of a great city and the way in which it tumbles and tosses before it can get to sleep, formed one of the first entertainments offered to the contemplation of us houseless people. It lasted about two hours. We lost a great deal of companionship when the late public houses turned their lamps out, and when the potmen thrust the last brawling drunkards into the street: but stray vehicles and stray people were left us, after that. If we were very lucky, a policeman's rattle

sprang and a fray turned up ; but in general, surprisingly little of this diversion was provided. Except in the Haymarket, which is the worst kept part of London, and about Kent Street in the Borough, and along a portion of the line of the Old Kent Road, the peace was seldom violently broken. But, it was always the case that London, as if in imitation of individual citizens belonging to it, had expiring fits and starts of restlessness. After all seemed quiet, if one cab rattled by, half a dozen would surely follow ; and Houselessness even observed that intoxicated people appeared to be magnetically attracted towards each other : so that we knew when we saw one drunken object staggering against the shutters of a shop, that another drunken object would stagger up before five minutes were out, to fraternize or fight with it. When we made a divergence from the regular species of drunkard, the thin-armed, puff-faced, leaden-lipped gin-drinker, and encountered a rarer specimen of a more decent appearance, fifty to one but that specimen was dressed in soiled mourning. As the street experience in the night, so the street experience in the day ; the common folk who come unexpectedly into a little property, come unexpectedly into a deal of liquor.

At length these flickering sparks would die away, worn out—the last veritable sparks of waking life trailed from some late pieman or hot-potato man—and London would sink to rest. And then the yearning of the houseless mind would be for any sign of company, any lighted place, any movement, anything suggestive of any one being up—nay, even so much as awake, for the houseless eye looked out for lights in windows.

Walking the streets under the pattering rain Houselessness would walk and walk and walk, seeing nothing but the interminable tangle of streets, save at a corner, here and there, two policemen in conversation or the sergeant or inspector looking after his men. Now and then in the night—but rarely—Houselessness would become aware of a furtive head peering out of a doorway a few yards before him, and coming up with the head, would find a man standing bolt upright to keep within the doorway's shadow, and evidently intent upon no particular service to society. Under a kind of fascination, and in a ghostly silence suitable to the time, Houselessness and this gentleman would eye one another from head to foot, and so, without exchange of speech, part, mutually suspicious. Drip, drip, drip, from ledge and coping, splash from pipes and water-spouts, and by and by the houseless shadow would fall upon the stones that pave the way to Waterloo Bridge ; it being in the houseless mind to have a halfpenny worth of excuse for saying " Good night " to the tool-keeper, and catching a glimpse of his fire. A good fire and a good greatcoat and a good woollen neck-shawl, were comfortable things to see in conjunction with the toll-keeper ; also his brisk wakefulness was excellent company when he rattled the change of halfpence down upon that metal table of his, like a man who defied the night, with all its sorrowful thoughts, and didn't care for the coming of dawn. There was need of encouragement on the threshold of the bridge, for the bridge was dreary. The chopped-up murdered man, had not been lowered with a rope over the parapet when those nights were ; he was

alive, and slept then quietly enough most likely, and undisturbed by any dream of where he was to come. But the river had an awful look, the buildings on the banks were muffled in black shrouds, and the reflected lights seemed to originate deep in the water, as if the spectres of suicides were holding them to show where they went down. The wild moon and clouds were as restless as an evil conscience in a tumbled bed, and the very shadow of the immensity of London seemed to lie oppressively upon the river.

Between the bridge and the two great theatres there was but the distance of a few hundred paces, so the theatres came next. Grim and black within, at night, those great dry Wells, and lonesome to imagine, with the rows of faces faded out, the lights extinguished, and the seats all empty. One would think that nothing in them knew itself at such a time but Yorick's skull. In one of my night walks, as the church steeples were shaking the March winds and rain with strokes of Four, I passed the outer boundary of one of these great deserts, and entered it. With a dim lantern in my hand, I groped my well-known way to the stage and looked over the orchestra—which was like a great grave dug for a time of pestilence—into the void beyond. A dismal cavern of an immense aspect, with the chandelier gone dead like everything else, and nothing visible through mist and fog and space, but tiers of winding-sheets. The ground at my feet where, when last there, I had seen the peasantry of Naples dancing among the vines, reckless of the burning mountain which threatened to overwhelm them, was now in possession of a strong

serpent of engine-hose, watchfully lying in wait for the serpent Fire, and ready to fly at it if it showed its forked tongue. A ghost of a watchman, carrying a faint corpse candle, haunted the distant upper gallery and flitted away. Retiring within the proscenium, and holding my light above my head towards the rolled-up curtain—green no more, but black as ebony—my sight lost itself in a gloomy vault, showing faint indications in it of a ship-wreck of canvas and cordage. Methought I felt much as a diver might, at the bottom of the sea.

In those small hours when there was no movement in the streets, it afforded matter for reflection to take Newgate in the way, and, touching its rough stone, to think of the prisoners in their sleep, and then to glance in at the lodge over the spiked wicket, and see the fire and light of the watching turnkeys, on the white wall. Not an inappropriate time either, to linger by that wicked little Debtors' Door—shutting tighter than any other door one ever saw—which has been Death's Door to so many. In the days of the uttering of forged one-pound notes by people tempted up from the country, how many hundreds of wretched creatures of both sexes—many quite innocent—swung out of a pitiless and inconsistent world, with the tower of yonder Christian church of Saint Sepulchre monstrously before their eyes! Is there any haunting of the Bank Parlour, by the remorseful souls of old directors, in the nights of these later days, I wonder, or is it as quiet as this degenerate Aceldama of an Old Bailey?

To walk on to the Bank, lamenting the good old times and bemoaning the present evil period, would be

an easy next step, so I would take it, and would make my houseless circuit of the Bank, and give a thought to the treasure within ; likewise to the guard of soldiers passing the night there, and nodding over the fire. Next, I went to Billingsgate, in some hope of market-people, but it proving as yet too early, crossed London Bridge and got down by the waterside on the Surrey shore among the buildings of the great brewery. There was plenty going on at the brewery ; and the reek, and the smell of grains, and the rattling of the plump dray horses at their managers, were capital company. Quite refreshed by having mingled with this good society, I made a new start with a new heart, setting the old King's Bench prison before me for my next object, and resolving, when I should come to the wall, to think of poor Horace Kinch, and the Dry Rot in men.

A very curious disease the Dry Rot in men, and difficult to detect the beginning of. It had carried Horace Kinch inside the wall of the old Kings's Bench prison, and it had carried him out with his feet foremost. He was a likely man to look at, in the prime of life, well to do, as clever as he needed to be, and popular among many friends. He was suitably married, and had healthy and pretty children. But, like some fair looking houses or fair-looking ships, he took the Dry Rot. The first strong external revelation of the Dry Rot in men, is a tendency to lurk and lounge ; to be at street-corners without intelligible reason ; to be anywhere when met ; to be about many places rather than at any ; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a variety of intangible duties to-morrow

or the day after. When this manifestation of the disease is observed, the observer will usually connect it with a vague impression once formed or received, that the patient was living a little too hard. He will scarcely have had leisure to turn it over in his mind and form the terrible suspicion "Dry Rot," when he will notice a change for the worse in the patient's appearance: a certain slovenliness and deterioration, which is not poverty, nor dirt, nor intoxication, nor ill-health but simply Dry Rot. To this, succeeds a smell as of strong waters, in the morning; to that, a looseness respecting money; to that, a stronger smell as of strong waters, at all times; to that, a looseness respecting everything; to that, a trembling of the limbs, somnolency, misery, and crumbling to pieces. As it is in wood, so it is in men. Dry Rot advances at a compound usury quite incalculable. A plank is found infected with it, and the whole structure is devoted. Thus it had been with the unhappy Horace Kinch, lately buried by a small subscription. Those who knew him had not nigh done saying, "So well off, so comfortably established, with such hope before him—and yet, it is feared, with a slight touch of Dry Rot!" when lo! the man was all Dry Rot and dust.

From the dead wall associated on those houseless nights with this too common story, I chose next to wander by Bethlehem Hospital; partly because it lay on my road round to Westminster; partly, because I had a night fancy in my head which could be best pursued within sight of its walls and dome. And the fancy was this: Are not the sane and the insane equal

at night as the sane lie a—dreaming? Are not all of us outside this hospital, who dream, more or less in the condition of those inside it, every night of our lives? Are we not nightly persuaded, as they daily are, that we associate preposterously with kings and queens, emperors and empresses, and notabilities of all sorts? Do we not nightly jumble events and personages and times and places, as these do daily? Are we not sometimes troubled by our own sleeping inconsistencies, and do we not vexedly try to account for them or excuse them, just as these do sometimes in respect of their waking delusions? Said an afflicted man to me, when I was last in a hospital like this, “Sir, I can frequently fly.” I was half ashamed to reflect that so could I—by night. Said a woman to me on the same occasion, “Queen Victoria frequently comes to dine with me, and Her Majesty and I dine off peaches and maccaroni in our night gowns, and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort does us the honour to make a third on horseback in a Field-Marshal’s uniform.” Could I refrain from reddening with consciousness when I remembered the amazing royal parties I myself had given (at night) the unaccountable viands I had put on table, and my extraordinary manner of conducting myself on those distinguished occasions? I wonder that the great master who knew everything, when he called Sleep the death of each day’s life, did not call Dreams the insanity of each day’s sanity.

By this time I had left the Hospital behind me, and was again setting towards the river; and in a short breathing space I was on Westminster Bridge, regaling

my houseless eyes with the external walls of the British Parliament—the perfection of a stupendous institution, I know, and the admiration of all surrounding nations and succeeding ages, I do not doubt, but perhaps a little the better now and then for being pricked up to its work. Turning off into Old Palace Yard, the Courts of Law kept me company for a quarter of an hour; hinting in low whispers what numbers of people they were keeping awake, and how intensely wretched and horrible they were rendering the small hours to unfortunate suitors. Westminster Abbey was fine gloomy society for another quarter of an hour; suggesting wonderful procession of its dead among the dark arches and pillars, each century more amazed by the century following it than by all the centuries going before. And indeed in those houseless night walks—which even included cemeteries where watchmen went round among the graves at stated times, and moved the tell-tale handle of an index which recorded that they had touched it at such an hour—it was a solemn consideration what enormous hosts of dead belong to one old great city, and how, if they were raised while the living slept, there would not be the space of a pin's point in all the streets and ways for the living to come out into. Not only that, but the vast armies of dead would overflow the hills and valleys beyond the city, and would stretch away all round it, God knows how far.

When a church clock strikes, on houseless ears in the dead of the night, it may be at first mistaken for company and hailed as such. But, as the spreading circles of vibration, which you may perceive at such a

time with great clearness, go opening out, for ever and ever afterwards widening perhaps (as the philosopher has suggested) in eternal space, the mistake is rectified and sense of loneliness is profounder. Once — it was after leaving the Abbey and turning my face north — I came to the great steps of St. Martin's Church as the clock was striking Three. Suddenly, a thing that in a moment more I should have trodden upon without seeing, rose up at my feet with a cry of loveliness and houselessness, struck out of it by the bell, the like of which I never heard. We then stood face to face looking at one another, frightened by one another. The creature was like a beetle-browed, hare-lipped youth of twenty, and it had a loose bundle of rags on, which it held together, with one of its hands. It shivered from head to foot, and its teeth chattered, and as it stared at me — persecutor, devil, ghost, whatever it thought me — it made with its whining mouth as if it were snapping at me, like a worried dog. Intending to give this ugly object money, I put out my hand to stay it for it recoiled as it whined and snapped and laid my hands upon its shoulder. Instantly it twisted out of its garment, like the young man in the new Testament, and left me standing alone with its rags in my hands.

Covent Garden Market, when it was market morning, was wonderful company. The great wagons of cabbages, with growers' men and boys lying asleep under them, and with sharp dogs from market-garden neighbourhoods looking after the whole, were as good as a party. But one of the worst night sights, I know in London, is to be found in the children who prowl about this place; who sleep in the baskets, fight for the

offal, dart at any object they think they can lay their theiving hands on, dive under the carts and barrows, dodge the constables, and are perpetually making a blunt pattering on the pavement of the Piazza with the rain of their naked feet. A painful and unnatural result comes of the comparison one is forced to institute between the growth of corruption as displayed in the so much improved and cared for fruits of the earth, and the growth of corruption as displayed in these all uncared for (except in as much as ever-hunted) savages.

There was early coffee to be got about Covent Garden Market, and that was more company—warm company, too, which was better. Toast of a very substantial quality was likewise procurable: though the towzled-headed man who made it, in an inner chamber within the coffee-room, hadn't got his coat on yet, and was so heavy with sleep that in every interval of toast and coffee he went off anew behind the partition into complicated cross-roads of choke and snore, and lost his way directly. Into one of these establishments (among the earliest) near Bow Street, there came one morning as I sat over my houseless cup, pondering where to go next, a man in a high and long snuff-colourde coat, and shoes, and, to the best of my belief, nothing else but a hat, who took out of his hat a large cold meat pudding; a meat pudding so large that it was a very tight fit, and brought the lining of the hat out with it. This mysterious man was known by his pudding, for on his entering, the man of sleep brought him a pint of hot tea, a small loaf, and a large knife and fork and plate. Left to himself in his box, he stood the

pudding on the bar table, and, instead of cutting it, stabbed, it over-hand, with the knife, like a mortal enemy; then took the knife out, wiped it on his sleeve, tore the pudding asunder with his fingers, and ate it all up. The remembrance of this man with the pudding remains with me as the remembrance of this most spectral person my houselessness encountered. Twice only was I in that establishment, and twice I saw him stalk in (as I should say, just out of bed, and presently going back to bed), take out his pudding, wipe the dagger, and eat his pudding all up. He was a man whose figure promised cadaverousness, but who had an excessively red face, though shaped like a horse's. On the second occasion of my seeing him, he said huskily to the man of sleep, "Am I red to night?" "You are," he uncompromisingly answered. "My mother," said the spectre, "was a red paced woman that liked drink, and I looked at her hard when she laid in her coffin, and I took the complexion" Somehow, the pudding seemed an un-wholesome pudding after that, and I put myself in its way no more.

When there was no market, or when I wanted variety, a railway terminus with the morning mails coming in, was remunerative company. But like most of the company to be had in this world, it lasted only a very short time. The station lamps would burst out ablaze, the porters would emerge from places of concealment, the cabs and trucks would rattle to their places (the post-office carts were already in theirs), and, finally, the bell would strike up, and the train would come banging in. But there were few passengers and little luggage, and everything scuttled away with the

greatest expedition. The locomotive post-offices, with their great nets as if they had been dragging the country for bodies, would fly open as to their doors, and would disgorge a smell of lamp, an exhausted clerk, a guard in a red coat, and their bags of letters; the engine would blow and heave and perspire, like an engine wiping its forehead and saying what a run it had had; and within ten minutes the lamps were out, and I was houseless and alone again.

But now, there were driven cattle on the high road near, wanting (as cattle always do) to turn into the midst of stone walls, and squeeze themselves through six inches' width of iron railing, and getting their heads down (also as cattle always do) for tossing-purchase at quite imaginary dogs, and giving themselves and every devoted creature associated with them a most extraordinary amount of unnecessary trouble. Now, too, the conscious gas began to grow pale with the knowledge that daylight was coming, and straggling work-people were already in the streets, and, as walking life had become extinguished with the last pieman's sparks, so it began to be rekindled with the fires of the first street-corner break fast-sellers. And so by faster and faster degrees, until the last degrees were very fast, the came, and day I was tired and could sleep. And it is not, as I used to think, going home at such times, the least wonderful thing in London, that in the real desert region of the night, the houseless wanderer is alone there. I knew well enough where to find Vice and Misfortune of all kinds if I had chosen: but they were put out of sight, and my houselessness had many miles of streets in which it could, and did, have its own solitary way.

AN ORPHANED BLACKBIRD

—*William Henry Hudson*

The bad weather brought to our little plot of ground a young blackbird, who had evidently been thrown upon the world too early in life. A good number of blackbird broods had been brought off in the bushes about us, and in the rough and tumble of those tempestuous days some of the young had no doubt got scattered and lost; this at all events was one that had called and called to be fed and warmed and comforted in vain - we had heard him calling for days, and who had now grown prematurely silent, and had soberly set himself to find his own living as best he could. Between the lawn and the small sweetbriar hedge there was a strip of loose mould where roses had been planted, and here the bird had discovered that by turning over the dead leaves and loose earth a few small morsels were to be found. During those cold, windy, wet days we observed him there diligently searching in his poor, slow little way. He would strike his beak into the loose ground, making a little hop forward at the same time to give force to the stroke, and throw up about as much earth as would cover a shilling-piece; then he would gaze attentively at the spot, and after a couple of seconds hop and strike again and, finally, if he could see nothing to eat, he would move on a few inches and begin again in another place. That was all his art - his one poor little way of getting a living; and it was plain to see from his bedraggled appearance and feeble motions, that he was going the way of most young orphaned birds.

Now I hate playing at providence among the creatures but we cannot be rid of pity; and there are exceptional cases in which one feels justified in putting out a helping hand. Nature itself is not always careless of the individual life; or perhaps it would be better to say with Thoreau, "We are not wholly involved in Nature". And anxious to give the poor bird a chance by putting him in a sheltered place, and feeding him up as Ruskin once did in a like case, I set about catching him, but could not lay hands on him, for he was still able to fly a little, and always managed to escape pursuit among the brambles or else in the sedges by the waterside. Half an hour after being hunted, he would be back on the edge of the lawn prodding the ground in the old feeble, futile way. And the scraps of food I cunningly placed for him he disregarded, not knowing in his ignorance what was good for him. Then I got a supply of small earthworms, and, stalking him, tossed them so as to cause them to fall near him, and he saw and knew what they were, and swallowed them hungrily; and he saw, too, that they were thrown to him by a hand, and that the hand was part of that same huge grey-clad monster that had a little while back so furiously hunted him, and at once he seemed to understand the meaning of it all, and instead of flying from he ran to meet us, and recovering his voice, called to be fed. The experience of one day made him a tame bird; on the second day he knew that bread and milk, stewed plums, pie-crust, and, in fact, anything we had to give, was good for him; and in the course of the next two or three days he acquired a useful knowledge of our habits. Thus, at half-past three in the morning he

would begin calling to be fed at the bedroom window. If no notice was taken of him he would go away to try and find something for himself, and return at five o'clock when breakfast was in preparation, and place himself before the kitchen door. Usually he got a small snack then ; and at the breakfast hour (six o'clock) he would turn up at the dining-room window and get a substantial meal. Dinner and tea-time—twelve and half-past three o'clock found him at the same spot ; but he was often hungry between meals, and he would then sit before one door or window and call, then move to the second door, and so on until he had been all round the cottage. It was most amusing to see him when, on our return from a long walk or a day out, he would come to meet us, screaming excitedly, bounding over the lawn with long hops, looking a miniature very dark-coloured kangaroo.

One day I came back alone, to the cottage, and sat down on the lawn in a canvas chair, to wait for my companion who had the key. The blackbird had seen, and came flying to me, and pitching close to my feet, began crying to be fed, shaking his wings, and dancing about in a most excited state, for he had been left a good many hours without food, and was very hungry. As I moved not in my chair he presently ran round and began screaming and fluttering on the other side of it, thinking, I suppose, that he had gone to the wrong place, and that by addressing himself to the back of my head he would quickly get an answer.

The action of this bird in coming to be fed naturally attracted a good deal of attention among the

feathered people about us ; they would look on at a distance, evidently astonished and much puzzled at our bird's boldness in coming to our feet. But nothing dreadful happened to him, and little by little they began to lose their suspicion ; and first a robin—the robin is always first—then other blackbirds to the number of seven, then chaffinches and dunnocks, all began to grow tame and to attend regularly at meal-time to have a share in anything that was going. The most lively, active, and quarrelsome member of this company was our now glossy foundling ; and it troubled us to think that in feeding him we were but staving off the evil day when he would once more have to fend for himself. Certainly we were teaching him nothing. But our fears were idle. The seven wild blackbirds that had formed a habit of coming to share his food were all young birds, and as time went on and the hedge fruit began to ripen, we noticed that they kept more and more together. Whenever one was observed to fly straight away to some distance, in a few moments another would follow, then another, presently it would be seen that they were all making their way to some spot in the valley, or to the woods on the other side. After several hours' absence they would all reappear on the lawn, or near it, at the same time, showing that they had been together throughout the day and had returned in company. After observing them in their comings and goings for several weeks I felt convinced that this species had in it the remains of a gregarious instinct which affects the young birds.

Our bird, as a member of this little company, must have quickly picked up from the others all that it was

necessary for him to know, and at last it was plain to us from his behaviour at the cottage that he was doing very well for himself. He was often absent most of the day with the others, and on his return late in the afternoon he would pick over the good things placed for him in a leisurely way, selecting a morsel here and there, and eating more out of compliment to us, as it seemed, than because he was hungry. But up to the very last, when he had grown as hardy and strong on the wing as any of his wild companions, he kept up his acquaintance with and confidence in us; and even at night when I would go out to where most of our wild birds roosted, in the trees and bushes growing in a vast old chalk-pit close to the cottage, and called "Blackie", instantly there would be a response—a softly chuckled note, like a sleepy "Good night" thrown back to me out of the darkness.

WALKING TOURS

—*R. L. Stevenson*

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good ; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who indeed is of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humours—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the place and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel ; and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand ; they will either be always lounging or always at five miles an hour ; they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day. And, above all, it is here that your overwalker fails of comprehension. Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker ! He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bedtime and a double nightcap ; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savourless and disenchanted. It is the fate of such an one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end ; he is the man of the proverb, in short, who goes further and fares worse.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name ; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence ; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you ; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take colour from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveller feels more than coldly towards his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw it bodily over the hedge. And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic ; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best. Of course, if he will keep thinking of his anxieties, the chances are

that he will not be happy. It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine. And here comes another, talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles, delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way. A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing.

I do not approve of leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration; they both shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion; they both break the pace. Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the work of a copying clerk, it gradually neutralizes and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we think in a morning doze; we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with

words and rhymes ; but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and long as we please ; the great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought !

In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the change is certainly great. As the day goes on, the traveller moves from the one extreme towards the other. He becomes more incorporated with the material landscape and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter, but the second stage is the more peaceful. A man does not make so many articles towards the end ; nor does he laugh aloud ; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical well-being the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content.

Nor must I forget to say a word on bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees ; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you ; and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven ; and the sun lies warm

upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the house-top, and remember and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. 'Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure,' says Milton, "he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness." And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavour of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog; at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences

possess the ear for half-an-hour together; and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream. To all we have read on such occasions we look back with special favour.

If the evening be fine, and warm, there is nothing in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste Joviality to the full significance of that audacious word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clear and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with any one, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your hobbies, to watch provincial humours develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been 'happy thinking'. It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern, girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial-plates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realize, and castles in the fire to turn

into solid habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire with folded hands; and a changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate,—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humour of all social heresy.

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains, your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content; when suddenly the moon changes, the weather-cock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more: whether, for the interval, you have been

the wisest philosopher or the most egregious of donkeys? Human experience is not yet able to reply ; but at least you have had a fine moment and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, tomorrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite.

“MY COUSIN THE BOOKBINDER”

—*E. V. Lucas*

So you've been reading that, sir, have you : I have a copy too. I'll fetch it and show you The inscription ? Oh, yes that's all right. He's my cousin, true enough : his real name's not Elia, of course : his real name's Lamb—Charles Lamb He's a clerk at the East India Company in Leadenhall Street—a little dark man with a large head. Must be nearly fifty by this time.

“ ‘Genius,’ you say ? Well, I've heard others say that too—one or two persons, that is : customers of mine ; but I don't know. Perhaps I'm no judge of such things. I'm a bookbinder. The outside of books is my line, not the inside. Oh yes, I've read Elia's *Essays* not all through, perhaps, but here and there. Quite enough to tell, anyway.”

“ ‘Genius,’ you say ? My idea of genius is not that. I like a straightforward thing. Did you ever read the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, by Thomas Gray ? Now, there's genius. So beautifully it goes—never a trip to the tongue from beginning to end, and everything so clear, a child could understand it, and yet it's literature too. My little girl used to say it. *Rasselas*, too—do you know that ? The happy valley and all the rest of it. That's genius, I think. But not this twisted stuff going backwards and forwards and one never feeling quite sure how to take it. I like a plain man with a plain mind.

"It's just the same with my cousin when you meet him. You never know what he's at. He's so nice sometimes, all heart, and friendly—and then the next time I have a notion that every-thing he says means something else. He leads me on to talk—just as I am talking now to you, sir,—and he seems to agree with what I say so warmly : and then all of a sudden I see that he's just making fun of me all the time. He must have his joke. He comes in here sometimes on his way from the office, and precious little he does there, I can tell you. Oh, they're an easy lot, those India clerks.

"But with all his odd ways and that mischievous mouth of his, his heart's in the right place. Very different from his brother, who died a year or so back. He was nothing to boast of ; but the airs that man used to put on ! I remember his father well—a little brisk man, wonderfully like Garrick, full of jokes and bright, quick ways. He was really a scrivener, but he didn't do much of that in those days, having fallen into an easy place with old Mr. Salt, the Member of Parliament, and a great man in the law. This Mr. Salt lived in the Temple, and little John Lamb—that is your Elia's father—he was his servant : did everything for him and lived in Clover. Mrs. Lamb, she cooked. Mr. Salt was the generous kind—sent the boys to school and all the rest of it. They had it all their own way till the old gentleman died, and then things went wrong one after the other. It's too sad to talk about.

"Except that Mrs. Lamb and her husband's sister, Miss Sarah—" Aunt Hetty " they used to call her—never quite hit it off, it was as happy a family as you'd

ask for. But there came terrible times.. ... It's too sad ... Where was I?—Oh yes, so you see that Mr. John Lamb, Esquire, who died the other day, had little enough to boast of, but he walked about as if he owned the earth. He used to come in here now and then to give me an order, and he threw it to me as if it was a bone and I was a dog. Many's the time I had it on my tongue to remind him what his father was, but I kept it back. A word unsaid is still to say. He was at the South Sea House, near his brother in Leadenhall street, but they didn't have much to do with each other. Mr. John, he was a big blustering, happy man, while this little one who calls himself Elia is all for quietness and not being seen, and having his own thoughts and his own jokes. They hadn't much in common .. .

"Besides, there was another thing. There's a sister you must know, sir, a wonderful wise woman, but she's not always quite right in her head, poor dear; and when it was a question of whether someone had to promise to be responsible for her, or she must go into an asylum for the rest of her life, her younger brother, the writer of that book there, under your arm, said he would; and he gave up everything, and has kept her—it was thirty years ago very nearly—ever since. Well, it was thought in the family and by their friends that John, who was a grown man at the time, and a bachelor too and beginning to be prosperous, ought to have done more than he did, and I think that sometimes he thought so too, although he was usually pretty well satisfied with himself. Anyway, he didn't go to see his brother and sister much, and when he did I've heard that there

was often trouble, because he would have his own way and argufy until he lost his temper. I was told as how he once had a dispute with Mr. Hazlitt the writer over something to do with painting and knocked him down. Just think of knocking a man down about a matter of paint! But your high-handed men will quarrel over anything.

“Like his little brother he tried writing too, but he could’nt do it. He wrote a little tract on kindness to animals, and brought it here to be bound in morocco. Not to give away, mind, but to keep. ‘Author’s Copy’ I had to letter it . . . ‘Kindness to animals,’ I nearly said to him; ‘what about kindness to sisters?’ But I didn’t say it.

“The sister? Ah, yes, she’s the pick. She’s a great woman, if ever there was one. I know her better than any of them, because when they were living near here, and her brother—your Mr. Lamb, the author—was at his office, I often looked in with a pork chop or some little thing like that. There’s no jokes about her; no saying things that she doesn’t mean, or anything like that. She’s all gold, my cousin Mary is. She understands everything too. I’ve taken lots of troubles to her—little difficulties about my children, and what not—and she understands directly, for all she’s an old maid, and tells me just what I want to know. She’s the clever one. She can write too. I’ve got a little book of her stories and some poetry for children—here they are—I bound them myself; that’s the best binding I can do—real russia, and hand tooling, every bit of it. Did she write all of them? No, she didn’t write all, but

she wrote the best. Her brother Charles did something to each, but I don't mind that. I think of them as her books, Mary's. If only she had better health, she would write much better than he does ; but her poor head..... Every year, you must know, she goes out of her mind for a little while. Oh, it's too sad.....

"Have they many friends? Oh yes, a good many. Most of them are too clever for me ; but there are some old-fashioned ones too, that they like for old sakes' sake. They're the best. One or two of them are very good customers of mine. Ther's Mr. Robinson, the barrister, he brings me lots of books to mend, and I've had work for Mr. Aders, too. But as for your Mr. Lamb,—Elia—never a stitch will he let you put into any book, even if it's dropping to pieces. Why, he won't even take the dealer's tickets off them. He never thinks of the outside of a book, but you should see him tearing the heart out of them by the light of one candle. I'm told he knows more about what books are worth reading than anyone living. That's odd, isn't it, and his father a little serving-man ! Life's full of surprises. They say he knows all about poetry, too, and helped the great poets. There's Mr. Wordsworth, why, he dedicated a book to my cousin,—I've got it here, *The Waggoner*, a pretty book it is, too,—and Mr. Coleridge, who wrote about the old sailor man and the albatross, he let my cousin put some little poems of his own into one of his books. It turns one's inside out when one thinks of this, and then of the old days and his father powdering Mr. Salt's wig. But I suppose everyone's father had to work once. Still, it's funnier when one belongs to the same family.

"Now I come to remember it, his father used to write a little too—free and easy pieces for a charitable society he belonged to, and so on. It's odd how writing runs in a family. But there won't be any more Lambs to write—John left no children, only a step-daughter, and Charles and Mary are single. This is the end. Well.....

"Yes, they've moved from London now. They're living in Islington. They used to live in the Temple for years, and then they went to Covent Garden, over a tinman's. Miss Lamb liked that better than Temple, but her brother liked the Temple best. It gave her more to do, poor dear, during the day, because her sitting-room window looked over Bow Street, and she could see all that was going on. I'm afraid Islington is very dull after that. She could see the two great theatres, too, and they both love the play.

"He wrote a farce once. I went to see it. Nearly twenty years ago, at the Lane, when Elliston had it. We had orders for the pit, my wife and I, and the house was full of clerks from the South Sea House and the East India House. But it wouldn't do. Mr. H. it was called, and the whole joke was about the man's full name. But it wouldn't do. No one really minds names, and his wan't so monstrously bad—only Hogsflesh, when all was said and done. All the friends did what we could for it, and the gentlemen from the great offices cheered and clapped, but the Noes got it. I never heard such hissing. I climbed up on the seat to see how poor Miss Lamb and her brother were taking it,—they were right in front, just by the orchestra,—and there

was he, hissing away louder than anyone. Think of it, hissing his own play ! It's one of the best jokes I ever heard. But she, poor dear, she was just crying.

"No, he never tried the stage again, not to my knowledge. But I always say it wasn't a bad little play. If he'd only have let his sister touch it up, it would have been all right. She would have told him that Hogsflesh wasn't a good enough joke. She knows...

I went up to Islington to see them only last week, but he was out. A nice little cottage, but very quiet for her. Nothing to see but the houses over the way, and the New River, and the boys fishing for sticklebacks all day long. The river's absolutely in front of the house : nothing between you and it. Have you ever heard of Mr. Dyer, the writer ? An old man nearly blind. Well, he was coming away from my cousin's one day last year, and he walked bang into the water before anyone could stop him. Plump in. It's a wonder he wasn't drowned. There was an account of it in the London Magazine for December ; for my cousin's a terrible man to serve up his friends and have jokes against them. He writes about everything just as it happens. I'm always expecting he'll have me in one of his essays. In fact, to tell you a seerèt, sir, that's why I read them. But I don't think he's got me yet.

"Yes, Islington's very different from Covent Garden and the Temple too ; for though the Temple is quiet enough, you've only got to pop into Fleet Street to be in the thick of everything. When they lived there she used to like doing her shopping in Fetter Lane, because it was at the top of the land that she used to go to

school years and years ago. For she's getting to be an old woman, you know. Let me see, how old is she ?-Why, let's see, when was Mary born ? It must have been 1763; no, it was 1764. Why, she'll be sixty this year.

"What does she do all day ? Well, she reads a great deal, stories for the most part. And she sews. She's very good with her needle. And then she has her thoughts. And at night they play cards. He gets back pretty soon, you know. Those East India gentlemen they don't do too much, I can tell you, and I'm told he is one of the laziest. Always either talking or writing letters, I hear. There is a good story of him down there. One of the superiors met him coming in at about half-past ten, and he said to him, sharp-like, "Mr. Lamb," he said, "you come very late." And what do you think my cousin said, the impudent little fellow ? "Yes," he said, as cool as you like, "Yes", he said, "But see how early I go," he said. I can't say it as he did, because he stammers and stutters and I'm no mimic : but the brass of it shut the gentleman up. My cousin told me himself. He likes to tell you his good things ; but I can't understand a lot of them. Everyone has a different idea of what's funny. I'm with him, though, about old Munden : I could laugh at him all night.

"I'm troubled about them up here, so far from London and the theatres and the noise. It's a mistake to give up so much all at once. And they have given up their regular evening, too, when people came in to play cards and talk. You can't ask busy folk to go to Islington.

"My cousin told me some bad news last week. She

says that your Mr. Lamb,-Elia,-although he has such an easy time and a large salary, wants to leave the East India House and do nothing. I hope they won't let him. I know enough of life and of him to see what a mistake it would be. It was a mistake to go to Islington: it will be a worse mistake to retire. He says he wants to live in the country but he doesn't really. Authors don't know what they want. I always say that every author ought to have a bookbinder to advise him.

"She knows it's all wrong, poor dear, but what can she do? He worries so. She sees him all miserable, and after she's said all she can against his plans, she agrees with them. That's like good women. When they see that what must be, must be, they do their best. But it is very sad..... It's her I'm so sorry for. He's the kind of man that ought to go to business every day.

"Well, sir, good night to you. I hope I haven't been tedious with all my talk."

"No, sir, not quite a genius; but very clever, I grant you."

ON POPULARITY

—*Arthur Clutton-Brock*

There are two kinds of popularity which I will call intimate and long-distance popularity, and the first is far more real than the second. A man who is intimately popular is liked by those who know him ; a man who is popular at long distance has, by some means, succeeded in propagating a favourable notion of himself among those who do not know him. The two kinds of popularity may go together, but often they are separate, and the man who enjoys long-distance popularity is disliked at close quarters.

Intimate popularity is always a proof of some virtue. If a man is liked by those who meet him, he may have many defects and even vices, but still he is liked for a cause, even though it be unknown to those who like him. His Society gives pleasure and it does so because he himself takes pleasure in the society of others, which means that he is disposed to like rather than to dislike them. It is to him a pleasure to meet he has never met before ; he expects to find them good company, and therefore is good company himself. He is ready to take risks in social intercourse, and will not wait to discover whether you are a bore before he opens out to you. He is, in fact, sanguine about human nature, and we like those who are sanguine, especially about ourselves, more than those who despond ; they fill us with their own vitality and make us sharers in their own enjoyment.

You may say that this easy, instinctive liking is a

slight virtue ; but it is a virtue, for it makes you happy. It is better to like people for no particular reason than to dislike them without reason, better make them happy than to make them miserable. The man who is intimately popular may be vain, but he is not an egotist—he is more interested in others than in himself ; he enjoys, no doubt, the exercise of his social arts, but that is worth enjoying ; he is a hedonist, but one who also gives pleasure to others. Very likely he would not go much out of his way to do you a good turn, but he would rather do you a good than a bad one, and his friendship, if not deep, is large ; indeed he might plead for himself that he has too many friends to be deeply involved with any of them. We are apt to be unjust to him if we find that he seems to promise more than he performs ; but there is some egotism in our injustice. We have no right to expect that he will think of us when we are absent just because he is so sympathetic when we are present. By his sympathy he does give us something and for that we should be grateful. Clearly he cannot feel deeply for all those whose society he enjoys, and why should he feel deeply for us more than the rest ? It is not fair to call him a humbug because he forgets us, as soon as our back is turned, for someone else. His enjoyment of our society is quite genuine ; he does not make up to us with any ulterior design, for, if he did, we should not enjoy his society ; we do enjoy it, and for that we ought to be grateful.

But the way to be intimately popular is, above all, not to judge. The saying, “ Judge not, that ye be not judged,” is commonly taken for a divine command, but

it is also a statement of fact. Nothing makes us dislike a man so much as the knowledge that he is always judging us and all men, that his instinctive reaction is judgment. A man who has the habit of judging others may be respected, as we say, but he is also disliked ; and while the respect is forced the dislike is hearty. If we can, we retaliate upon him by judging him with all the severity at our command. We seek eagerly for his weakness, and when we have found it insist upon it, as if it were a valuable scientific discovery, for it is indeed a discovery that liberates us from our unwilling admiration of him. When it comes to judging we feel two can play at the game. So it happens that a man who has the habit of judging, and who has overawed the world by his habit, as if he sat always in wig and robes in the seat of judgment, is suddenly and by universal consent dethroned. This has happened in literature to Carlyle. He was always judging everyone, and he overawed the world while alive. But now he is judged more severely than he deserves both as a writer and as a man, while Lamb of whom he spoke with bitter contempt is praised more perhaps than he deserves, because he never seems to judge anyone, but rather enjoys the society of mankind. We are pleased to find that whereas Carlyle judged man by a heroic standard, Lamb in his way was a hero. Perhaps it was because Aristides had the habit of judging, that the unknown Athenian grew weary of hearing him called the Just. What we desire from each other is not justice—for who knows what that is?—but liking ; and we give liking rather than justice to those who enjoy our society too well to judge

us. We may criticize them, but our criticism is only skin deep ; we do not wish to discover anything against us. In their society we get a holiday from judgment altogether, and that is one reason why we enjoy it. They may not be Christian but at least they do not feel, or think or act on any perverse and anti-Christian principle. They may not have attained to Charity in the high Pauline sense, but at least they have attained to good nature by instinct.

Many humble people are popular for these reasons; but if a man can keep this good nature, this freedom from judgment, this enjoyment of other people's society when he has achieved eminence, then he is popular indeed. For while most of us are instinctively and meanly on our guard against the advances of the humble, we are all flattered by the advances of the eminent ; if they seem to have taken a fancy to us we take a fancy to them. They win popularity easily, and that is a dangerous temptation to them. For a man may have a natural spontaneous virtue, and then become aware of it and exploit it. The successful are often afraid of envy, and have an uneasy sense that the world may suddenly combine to pull them down. There is to them something incalculable in the common opinion that gives them their reputation, and they fear that it may suddenly veer like the wind. So they try to ensure themselves against such a change by being agreeable to everyone ; they will make friends wherever they go, so that they may not be overcome by unknown enemies. And they do naturally enjoy the exercise of their social power, which is, of course, enormously increased by

their eminence. But the mischief of this is not so much that they get a habit of insincerity, as that they waste their energy in making themselves agreeable and lose the power of saying no. A man in any walk of life, whether he be lawyer or artist or statesman or man of science, when he has achieved excellence can keep it only by hard work. If he spends half his time in making himself agreeable, he will be more concerned with his reputation than with his work, and his work will deteriorate; and so finally will his reputation. Further, if he gets the habit of exploiting his pleasant manners, will they become mechanical and cease even to be agreeable, and he will lose even the popularity for which he has made so many sacrifices. For to succeed one must be an artist even in social intercourse, one must really enjoy it; and the polite formulae of the eminent are too obvious to give enjoyment.

Still, intimate popularity is worth having, if only for its own sake; but long-distance popularity is not worth having for its own sake; it is always a means to an end, like propaganda; it is, in fact, a kind of personal propaganda and no less dangerous than other kinds.

One may see the difference between the two kinds of popularity more clearly in the case of a writer. There are great writers who gain and who keep an intimate popularity, who are read and enjoyed, it may seem beyond their merits, because in their works they express a natural liking for mankind, because they themselves enjoy rather than judge. Among these are Dickens and the elder Dumas and Shakespeare himself. All of these would rather enjoy mankind than judge

them. Even their dislikes are hearty and spontaneous ; and the characters they dislike are those who themselves dislike others. There may be reactions against such writers ; but through the fiercest reaction they are still read and enjoyed, for they make their readers happy. The elder Dumas, for instance, is at present little thought of in France, but he is still, I believe, read far more than Flaubert, who is always expressing judgments and dislikes, and is as full of unconscious malice as Dumas of unconcious enjoyment.

These writers win an intimate popularity because of a real virtue, and their sins which are often many are foregiven them, because they have loved much. The sins of Dickens are enormous, yet, as I read him, I find myself averting my eyes from them as Shem and Japheth would not look at Noah drunk ; and that is because I get so much delight from reading him, to read him makes me happy. I feel that he would like even me, whereas a writer like Flaubert seems to address himself to me, and all other readers, without contempt only because he has never met us : behind all his books there is an inexorable and malicious judgment passed by one who after all had no more right to be always judging than anyone else. But my liking of Dickens and such writers, even if too partial, does come of a real and close acquaintance. There are other writers who obtain a long-distance popularity, not because of any real merit, but because by some means or other they contrive to spread an idea of themselves and their genius which is not true at all ; and this is the secret of long-distance popularity whether enjoyed by a politician, a writer, a

priest, or any kind of public character. Always they have, sometimes consciously, usually unconsciously, spread a notion of themselves among a public too ignorant and busy to exercise any right judgment yet eager to find a hero. For mankind desires a hero to worship; it makes life more exciting to believe that somewhere there is a wonderful man actually living, one who knows all the secrets of the human heart, or can save society, or can voice all the inarticulate yearnings and ideals of the people, and if for a penny or so you can every week buy a newspaper in which this hero tells the world what ought to be done, then you get immense comfort from that newspaper, even if it contradicts itself once a fortnight, and for the most part says nothing intelligible. Once the notion is spread that it is written by a man who knows, that notion persists if he can go on talking nonsense with the air of one who knows, and of one who is impelled to speak out by an urgent love of truth and justice. For it is a curious fact about this long-distance popularity that, after it is once established, it is not destroyed by closer contact. If a preacher or speaker gets a name for eloquence and inspiration, he too may talk nonsense for ever, provided he does it with an air of conviction. The crowds, who assemble to listen to him, bring with them their idea of him which even he cannot destroy. His very vagueness helps him, for they can read into it what they will, and all go away believing that he said what they expected him to say. There are at the present time several of such heroes, all of whom won the war; though what they did to win it neither they nor anyone else can tell. It may be,

indeed, that if they had been allowed to wage the war in their own way, they would have ended it soon without defeat ; but it is more probable that they had no way of their own ever present to their minds ; their business was to shout directions through a megaphone, but directions happily so vague that no one could obey them even if he would. Not one of these was put to the test like their forerunner, Cleon, whom the Athenians suddenly made a commander-in-chief, and who was luckily killed in battle before he could do much harm.

There is a kind of clown called a Marcelline who makes you laugh by pretending to share the work others are doing. When they are rolling up a carpet, he walks behind and imitates their movements in a bland and encouraging manner. Long-distance popularity is achieved in politics and journalism by the same means, except that in these cases the Marcelline is not laughed at but actually deceives others and himself. They and he, think he is winning the war, and what not, by his bland and encouraging, or fierce and obstructive notions ; and when the thing is done, he turns round and bows and gets the applause, while those who have really done it are mopping their brows behind the scenes. But it would be an error to think that this kind of Marcelline is without talent. He needs great energy, but it is spent not in doing anything worth doing, but in spreading a heroic idea of himself. He is in fact a tradesman who uses great business ability in puffing a worthless patent medicine. What you pay for is the advertisement, and a country which gives power to Marcellines will certainly pay for their advertisements and pay very heavily.

In fact one of the chief problems of any large community like our own is to free itself from the spell of long-distance popularity to find some means of discouraging the arts by which it is won. For it is certain that a man who achieves long-distance popularity will not have much time or energy for doing anything else. In that also he is like the tradesman who spends all his money on advertisements, and has none over to spend upon a good article. And the temptation to any unscrupulous man of talent and energy to aim at long-distance popularity is now enormous, if that popularity seems to him worth having. The newspapers are instruments ready to his hand ; they seldom even try to have any judgment ; if once a man can get himself talked about they will continue to talk about him ; he becomes news as if he were the co-respondent in an everlasting divorce case. Millions of people hear of him who never hear of those who do the real work of the world, and just because he is heard of, he has power. What he says is reported, what he writes is read. If he stands for Parliament, people vote for him ; and all the while he is incapable of any excellence, because all his energy goes in self-propaganda. It is so even with many popular writers. They would never write so badly if it were not that most of their energy goes in advertisement but since they are well advertised, the public finds in their books virtues that are not there ; just as it finds in patent medicines healing properties that are not there. So we are misled every way, because we are a community too large to know our public men except by report and because we have got the habit of judging even books

not by what we find in them, but by the common report of them.

The only remedy seems to be in a psychology that does not yet exist. We must learn the symptoms of self-propaganda, and the symptoms with which it affects us. The man who aims at long-distance popularity behaves in a certain way, of which some of us are already dimly aware ; but at present neither the public nor he himself, know that he is a criminal of a very dangerous kind. What is needed is a science of the mind, much more precise than any which yet exists, to put us on our guard against him ; for until we are on our guard we shall remain at the mercy of every kind of imposture, which is the more dangerous because it is usually half unconscious.

A PIECE OF CHALK

—*G. K. Chesterton*

I remember one splendid morning, all blue and silver, in the summer holidays, when I reluctantly tore myself away from the task of doing nothing in particular, and put on a hat of some sort and picked up a walking stick, and put six very bright-coloured chalks in my pocket. I then went into the kitchen (which along with the rest of the house, belonged to a very square and sensible old woman in a Suxxex village), and asked the owner and occupant of the kitchen if she had any brown paper. She had a great deal; in fact, she had too much; and she mistook the purpose and the rationale of the existence of brown paper. She seemed to have an idea that if a person, wanted brown paper he must be wanting to tie up parcels; which was the last thing I wanted to do; indeed, it is a thing which I have found to be beyond my mental capacity. Hence she dwelt very much on the varying qualities of toughness and endurance in the material. I explained to her that I only wanted to draw pictures on it, and that I did not want them to endure in the least; and that from my point of view, therefore, it was a question not of tough consistency, but of responsive surface, a thing comparatively irrelevant in a parcel. When she understood that I wanted to draw she offered to overwhelm me with note-paper, apparently supposing that I did my notes and correspondence on old brown paper wrappers from motives of economy,

I then tried to explain the rather delicate local shade, that I not only liked brown paper, but liked the quality of brownness in paper, just as I liked the quality of brownness in October woods, or in beer, or in the peat-streams of the North. Brown paper represents the primal twilight of the first toil of creation, and with a bright coloured chalk or two you can pick out points of fire in it, sparks of gold, and blood-red, and sea-green, like the first fierce starts that sprang out of divine darkness. All this I said (in an off-hand way) to the old woman ; and I put the brown paper in my pocket along with the chalks, and possibly other things. I suppose every one must have reflected how primeval and how poetical are the things that one carries in one's pocket ; the pocket-knife, for instance, the type of all human tools, the infant of the sword. Once I planned to write a book of poems entirely about the things in my pocket. But I found it would be too long ; and the age of the great epics is past.

With my stick and my knife, my chalks and my brown paper, I went out on to the great downs. I crawled across those colossal contours that express the best quality of England, because they are at the same time soft and strong. The smoothness of them has the same meaning as the smoothness of great cart-horses, or the smoothness of the beech-tree ; it declares in the teeth of our timid and cruel theories that the mighty are merciful. As my eye swept the landscape, the landscape was as kindly as any of its cottages, but for power it was like an earthquake. The villages in the immense valley were safe, one could see, for centuries ;

yet the lifting of the whole hand was like the lifting of one enormous wave to wash them all away.

I crossed one swell of living turf after another, looking for a place to sit down and draw. Do not, for heaven's sake, imagine I was going to sketch from Nature. I was going to draw devils and seraphim, and blind old gods, that men worshipped before the dawn of right, and saints in robes of angry crimson, and seas of strange green, and all the sacred or monstrous symbols that look so well in bright colours on brown paper. They are much better worth drawing than Nature; also they are much easier to draw. When a cow came slouching by in the field next to me, a mere artist might have drawn it; but I always get wrong in the hind legs of quadrupeds. So I drew the soul of the cow; which I saw there plainly walking before me in the sunlight; and the soul was all purple and silver, and had seven horns and the mystery that belongs to all the beasts. But though I could not with a crayon get the best out of the landscape, it does not follow that the landscape was not getting the best out of me. And this, I think, is the mistake that people make about the old poets, who lived before Wordsworth, and were supposed not to care very much about Nature because they did not describe it much.

They preferred writing about great men to writing about great hills; but they sat on the great hills to write it. They gave out much less about Nature, but they drank in, perhaps, much more. They painted the white robes of their holy virgins with the blinding snow, at which they had stared all day. They

blazoned the shields of their paladins with the purple and gold of many heraldic sunsets. The greenness of a thousand green leaves clustered into the live green figure of Robin Hood. The blueness of a score of forgotten skies became the blue robes of the Virgin. The inspiration went in like sunbeams and came out like Appollo.

But as I sat scrawling these silly figures on the brown paper it began to dawn on me, to my great disgust, that I had left one chalk, and that a most exquisite and essential chalk, behind. I searched all my pockets, but I could not find any white chalk. Now, those who are acquainted with all the philosophy (nay, religion) which is typified in the art of drawing on brown paper, know that white is positive and essential. I cannot avoid remarking here upon a moral significance. One of the wise and awful truths which this brown-paper art reveals, is this, that white is a colour. It is not a mere absence of colour ; it is a shining and affirmative thing, as fierce as red, as definite as black. When (so to speak) your pencil grows red-hot, it draws roses ; when it grows white-hot, it draws stars. And one of the two or three defiant verities of the best religious morality, of real Christianity for example, is exactly this same thing ; the chief assertion of religious morality is that white is a colour. Virtue is not the absence of vices or the avoidance of moral dangers ; virtue is a vivid and separate thing, like pain or a particular smell. Mercy does not mean not being cruel or sparing people revenge or punishment ; it means a plain and positive thing like the sun, which one has either seen

or not seen. Chastity does not mean abstention from sexual wrong ; it means something flaming, like Joan of Arc. In a word, God paints in many colours ; but He never paints so gorgeously, I had almost said so gaudily, as when He paints in white. In a sense our age has realized this fact, and expressed it in our sullen costume. For if it were really true that white was a blank and colourless thing, negative and non-committal, then white would be used instead of black and grey for the funeral dress of this pessimistic period. We should see city gentlemen in frock-coats of spotless silver satin, with top-hats as white as wonderful arum lilies. Which is not the case.

Meanwhile, I could not find my chalk.

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I sat on the hill in a sort of despair. There was no town nearer than Chichester at which it was even remotely probable that there would be such a thing as an artist's colour-man. And yet, without white, my absurd little pictures would be as pointless as the world would be if there were no good people in it. I stared stupidly round, racking my brain for expedients. Then I suddenly stood up and roared with laughter, again and again, so that the cows stared at me and called a committee. Imagine a man in the Sahara regretting that he had no sand for his hour-glass. Imagine a gentleman in mid-ocean wishing that he had brought some salt water with him for his chemical experiments. I was sitting on an immense warehouse of white chalk. The landscape was made entirely out of white chalk. White chalk was piled mere miles until it met the sky. I stooped and broke a piece

off the rock I sat on : it did not mark so well as the shop chinks do ; but it gave the effect. And I stood there in a trance of pleasure, realizing that this Southern England is not only a grand peninsula, and a tradition and a civilization ; it is something even more admirable. It is a piece of chalk.

THE SHY FATHERS

—*Robert Lynd.*

It is difficult to refuse a child's invitation, even when it is to attend the breaking up ceremony at a school. At first, I pleaded shyness ; but my niece said with a pout, " That's what all the men say. Elizabeth says her father's shy, but she's simply going to make him come ; and Ann's father says he's too shy, but Ann's going to make him come, too. Why should all the fathers be shy ? " " I don't know anything about the fathers," I told her : " I can only answer for the uncles." " Well, why should uncles be shy ? " That, I confess, bowled me. " Oh, well," I said, " I'll come along with the shy fathers."

I admit I should not have gone if I had not been fairly sure that the shy fathers would be there in considerable numbers. The thought of being present in a large schoolroom, with no other man present, in the midst of a throng of far from shy women and children, I find terrifying to the imagination. It is not that I dislike the company of women and children : on the whole, I think it is the best company in the world. But, as Bacon has said, a crowd is not company, and the loneliness of a man, entirely surrounded by women and children surpasses even the loveliness of a man, isolated in the middle of the Sahara. Apart from this, however, I think there are several reasons for the shyness of fathers when they are pressed by their children to go to a breaking-up party. The average father, I suspect, is afraid of what his children's school friends may think of him. He knows that, by the

grace of God, his own children do not see him as he really is. They play games with him as with an equal. They laugh at least at some of his jokes. They appear at times to regard him as the richest, the bravest and the cleverest man in the world. Has not one boasted of one's own father? I remember at the age of eight boasting to a bosom friend that my father was a multi-millionaire. He had boastfully said that his father had a million pounds. I said that my father had three: And, for all I knew, it might have been true. A child, indeed, is reluctant to believe that there may be fathers in the world superior in any way to its own. A friend of mine, an occasional writer of medicore verse, was referring to some story about Blake the other day, when his ten-year-old daughter interrupted him to ask who Blake was. "Oh, he was a genius—wrote Tiger, tiger—" said her father. "Was he as big a genius as you?" inquired the little girl. "Good gracious you mustn't call me a genius!" he told her. "I think you are," she said, gently but firmly. "Why"—he explained the situation—"I couldn't write "Tiger, tiger" if I lived to be a thousand." "I would rather have "O Bonar, Bonar, why thus dishonour?" she told him, quoting the first line of a set of atrocious political verses he had written. Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

I do not, I may say, suggest that a father never sees the little waves of criticism stealing into his child's face, or that he has any reason to fear that his child is likely, for any long period of time, to mistake him for a god. He knows that the process of finding him out may be a slow one, but that it is cumulative and that it is sure.

But he also knows that his child, as a rule, over-estimates him in a way in which no other child would. That is why, when he is asked to submit himself to the critical eyes of his children's schoolfellows, he feels suddenly shy and apprehensive. No man may be able to add a cubit to his stature, but he has an uneasy suspicion that the eyes of other people's children may be able to take several cubits off. Even so, I do not think that it is mainly an injury to his vanity that the shy father fears. After all, if other people's children do not like him, he can always avenge himself by disliking them twice as much. It is chiefly on his children's account that he feels shy. Being sentimental, he feels—or pretends to feel—that he is unworthy to be the father of such wonderful children and he shrinks from saddling them with a second rate parent in presence of their friends. He must look, he tells himself, an odd sort of fish and though, heaven knows, all the other fathers of his acquaintance look as odd sorts of fish as you could wish to meet, still he does not like the notion of an odd sort of fish being seen in public as the father of these particular children. He would hate to see his children appearing in ridiculous clothes; he hates equally the thought of their appearing with a ridiculous parent.

There is, I am told, no greater happiness known on earth than that of a father who, after a party to which his children's school friends have been invited, can lie back in his chair and tell himself that he did not behave so badly after all. It is always pleasant to pass an examination, but there is no examination which it is a more blessed relief to pass than an examination by one's

children's friends. Fathers have told me of the nervousness they have seen in their children on such occasions—of the impatient expression they have observed on the little face that, at a joke that has no point or that has a point that nobody is able to see, tells them of the silent soliloquy : “Daddy being silly again !” Pity the tremors of children for their fathers. Pity the tremors of fathers for themselves. Happy is the child whose father acquits himself with credit in the presence of its friends. How delightful it was in one's childhood to see one's own father being a success in such trying circumstances ! One cheered in one's soul as he, habitually a silent man, awoke out of his silence, into the most fascinating conversationalist, made jokes that were good jokes, and told stories of his experiences that were better than a book. There was no personal triumph to surpass the triumph of having such a father as this. To see the faces of one's friends brightening made, I am sure, one's own face bright. Some children, on the other hand, even children who are devoted to their fathers, accustom themselves from an early age to the knowledge that their fathers are imperfect creatures whose faults must be put up with as the decree of destiny. I knew one boy whose father, an excellent and interesting man, had the fault of taking too much and of telling a story at twice the length at which it ought to have been told. The boy never showed the slightest irritatson, as many boys would have done. When the father had lost his bearings in the middle of an apparently endless anecdote the boy would merely say, with a smile, “Ring off, governor !” and turn the conversation to another subject. It is not

in every home, however, that the long-winded elderly and the impatient young are on such good terms as to be able to face such a situation, not only once, but again and again, without getting to dislike each other. I should myself have been tempted to play the Roman father in such circumstances. For a man may forgive many wrongs, but he cannot easily forgive anyone who makes it plain that his conversation is tedious. "We can forgive those who bore us," said La Rochefoucauld; "We cannot forgive those whom we bore." It was, I suppose, my sense of the enormity of the implied accusation that made me, even in the midst of an unusually long anecdote, always sympathise with the long-winded father, even more warmly than I agreed with the "Ring off, governor!" of the boy.

I cannot say that I set out for the school with any intention of making my niece proud of me, but I was buoyed up by the hope that I should not actually disgrace her. As a matter of fact, I do not think there was any chance of disgracing her, unless one had risen from one's chair and made a scene. The shy man usually finds that he has been shy without a cause, and that, in practice, no one takes the slightest notice of him. Sitting in the back row against the wall, indeed, I could watch the children, all costumed as for the stage, going through their dances, their songs, and their plays in almost complete self-forgetfulness, without even troubling to look round to see how the shy fathers were getting on.

To see a play performed by small children with a few foot-lights arranged on the floor in imitation of a theatre, is to feel that all that the saints have said about

children is true. How exquisite are their voices, that are all music without the harshness of experience ! To listen to them is like listening to the first birds. To see them is to be back in a world of apple trees in flower. There is comedy in the contrast between them, and the grave parts they play and the grave speeches they utter as abbesses, poets, and harpers. But the very mimicry of our grown-up world, which begins by moving us, ends by filling us with bitter-sweet regret that the lives of men and women, after all, are not enacted in voices so sweet and by creatures so fair as these. The feeling may not be a deep one, and may be only for the moment ; but, for the time at least, we wish with a pang that life could always have remained like this, that nobody would ever grow up or die, but that the very kings and admirals and prime-ministers and thieves and shopkeepers were all children. It may be that, from the point of view of those who have passed into further aeons of existence, kings and admirals and prime ministers and thieves and shopkeepers are so. Who knows but that, in immortal eyes, a conqueror, marching from ruined kingdom to ruined kingdom may be but a small boy with a toy sword at his side ? After all, the grey-haired and the bald play their parts in almost as complete innocence of what they are doing as these children, who at least know that it is all a game. And, indeed, the contrast between a child of twelve and a grown-up human being is scarcely greater than the contrast between a child of five or six and a child of twelve. I had never realised the enormous gap between six and twelve till a band of little six-year-old dancers came on to the stage with solemn feet and

solemn faces and went through their steps in the middle of a half-circle of girls, none of whom was older than twelve and none younger than ten. Kings, Puritans, Cavaliers, mackerel-sellers, and cut-purses of twelve, seemed six feet high in comparison with these midget elves. They, too, seemed infinitely small and of a perfect age when they were on the stage alone, but the children of six had only to appear in order to let me see that there was an age still nearer perfection. Not that I should care to be dogmatic on this point. It may be only a passing ripple of sentimentalism that makes one wish that all the world were of so doll-like a stature as this, and that the very editor of "The Times" were a little fellow of six. There are others, perhaps, who would regard the little elf of six as a giant compared to the sleeping infant in long clothes—the infant in the comet stage, as Meredith saw it. The child in the cradle is, for many people, the eternal Sleeping Beauty, and, if one may judge by religious art, it is the age that to men of imagination has seemed most divine. I confess I am content with six—nay, with seven, or eight, or nine, or ten, or eleven, or twelve. And, perhaps, there may be something to be said for any age up to sixteen, or even twenty, or at a stretch, thirty, and if you advance the age to forty I shall not quarrel with you. There is, within these limits, no year that would not be better if it lasted at least three years: but I am not sure that, at the age of six, a year should not last ten. It may be that if all these children, six and twelve alike, had not been doomed to grow old, I should not have been so moved at the spectacle of their grace and the sweet sound of their voices. And if I

myself had remained at their age I might only have squabbled with them and seen some of them not as angels but with a hostile eye. Hence all may be for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and it may be that to be an uncle appears as wonderful a destiny to a little girl of ten as to be a little girl of ten seems to an uncle. In any case I shall tell my niece that I think the perfect age is not six, but ten. An uncle has only one duty—to make himself popular with his nephews and nieces.

NOISES

—Robert Lynd

Yet once more we are in the thick of a campaign against noises. Dr. Horton has been attacking the motorists who disturb his Sunday services by making the various noises within the gamut of motor-cars and motor-bicycles as they hurry past, and Sir Walter de Frece has been calling for the cessation of the inferno, due to similar causes on the Brighton front. The sense of hearing must surely be the most intolerant of all the senses, for among the letters of complaint that are a perpetually interesting feature of the newspapers, there must be at least three protesting against outrages on the ear for one that protests against outrages on the eye. Men are apparently more infuriated by what they hear than by what they see. Only a very sensitive man is kept awake at night by the unsightliness of modern life, but thousands lie awake cursing the noisiness of modern life. And there seems to be no cure for this noisiness. Banish one noise, and you only make room for another. Almost the only thing that the inventors cannot invent is silence. They have, if we may trust the writers of detective stories, invented silencers for revolvers; they have invented silencers for motor cars. But they have never been able to invent a silencer for streets. They give us wooden pavements and asphalt to muffle the noise of wheels, and, ever before the days of motor-cars, they gave us pneumatic tyres that made hansom-cabs so silent that, for the safety of the public, the horses had to make a new kind of noise with bells on their harness. But, with all their inventions for the

comfort of civilized men and women, they have left us a world that is fuller of unpleasant noises than it has ever been in history.

And the rest of us are as helpless as the inventors. We have put down noise after noise only to find that the noise that remains is greater than ever. You would have imagined that London would become a great deal quieter as a result of the order forbidding whistling for taxi-cabs, but we look back on London of to-day. Similarly you would have thought that the prohibition of barrel-organs in many districts would have lessened the general din, but what are a few barrel-organs amid the uproar of London? We are told that in the old days the dustmen carried huge bells which they rang almost incessantly, and that, before pillar-boxes were set up, postmen stood at the street-corners and rang bells so loudly that people might bring out their letters to them. We have suppressed these nuisances, but we have suppressed them in vain. Certain suburban districts may be quieter than they used to be, though even that is doubtful; but I am sure the busier parts of the towns are noisier. And it is not merely that the noises have grown louder: they have also grown more nerve-wracking and hideous.

Certainly, I look back without detestation to the noises of thirty or forty years ago. The noises made both by nature and by the inventions of man were all but equally agreeable to the imagination. As for the noises of nature, there have been people who disliked the noise of the sea, and who could not even sleep in its neighbourhood; but to me there was nothing more lulling and

delightful than the continuous bursting of waves on a long shore. I am not sure whether we should like the noise of waves so much if it were made, not by waves, but by a machine. So much of our pleasure is due to association that it is quite possible that, if the sea made a noise like a motor horn, and if motor-horns made a noise like a breaking wave, we should praise the sea for making a noise that we should think intolerable in the motor-horn. It may have been because of the pleasures of association that, whenever I spent a month in a house overlooking a harbour, I was ravished not only by every sound made by the sea itself but by every sound made in the harbour. I loved the rattle of pulleys as the ships were being unloaded, the puffing of engines and the rumble of railway trucks on the line that connected the harbour with the station, the flapping of sails and the squeaking of cordage in the wind, the screaming of gulls, the lapping of water among the rocks and under the boats, the yelling of railwaymen, I liked all the noises of the place both collectively and individually, and no sight or sound or smell could, except by a miracle, have given me anything but pleasure in such surroundings. The very squeaking and clanging of the little iron gate through which people passed in order to cross the railway-line charmed the ear. There must have been a continuous succession of noises in the place, but they were noises that produced an impression of all prevailing peace.

It is the same, I imagine, with most country noises. They melt and merge into the general peace of nature. Our imaginations tolerate them because we associate them with the peace of fields under the sun and the stars.

We hear them not merely with our ears but with our minds. The hooting of the owls does not disturb us, because they too are inhabitants of the universal peace of the countryside. Yet, if exactly the same noise as the owls make were made by motor-horns, we should vibrate with hostility as it punctuated the night hours, and should write to the papers protesting that the din made it impossible to sleep. Remove the noises made by birds from the country to the town, and you will be surprised to find how, as soon as they have lost their associations with rural peace, they begin to be resented as disturbers of urban peace. About twenty years ago a coachman living near Portland Place was summoned for keeping a thrush that was a serious nuisance to his neighbours because of its continual singing. A Harley Street surgeon, giving evidence in court, declared that the thrush's singing interfered with his work, and that he had to change his consulting-room because of it. It had, he declared, "a singularly rasping, raucous tone. He had never heard a thrush like it before." The proprietress of a nursing home also gave evidence that the thrush made "a shrill, screeching noise". I doubt, however, if the most melodious thrush in the world, singing from a cage in a London street, would have seemed melodious to these witnesses. Several witnesses on the other side, indeed, warmly defended the thrush's musical character. A bootmaker declared that it "sang in a joyful and exhilarating way." A veterinary surgeon testified that it "sang beautifully and was a source of great pleasure to himself and family." And the coachman's mistress spoke of it as a bird to which she could listen all day. Obviously,

these conflicting witnesses heard the bird not with different kinds of ears but with different imaginations. The one group heard in the thrush's song only one more addition to the noises of the town. To the other group the town became the country as they listened to the bird, as Cheapside was transformed by a thrush's song in Wordsworth's poem. I myself, I think, should have been with those who regard the thrush as a nuisance. Apart altogether from the objection to the caging of wild birds, one cannot help realizing that one can have too much even of the song of a thrush, and that a cage, by keeping it perpetually in the same place, prevents that coming and going which in nature brings constant variety in the day. In a country garden, every day in June is a day of surprises, with some change in the song or in the order and multitude of the songs. Our enjoyment of the song of the bird is the greater because it is beyond our control and may cease just as we are longing for it to go on forever. The song of a caged bird, however, goes on so long that we become critical and exasperated. I am sure the canary would give infinitely more pleasure with its song if it were a fleeting and uncontrolled visitor to the bushes in the garden, and nearly always flew away before we had time to get tired of it. A caged canary seems to many people only a monotonous machine of song. We do not associate it with the freedom and peace of the country, and so its sound does not move our imaginations as the song of the nightingale or the willow-wren does. It seems, in most of our moods, simply a noise, as the song of the willow-wren itself would do if the willow-wren were a prisoner in the garden,

I fancy the townsman's objection to the crowing of cocks is also due to the fact that he hears it in his imagination, not as a country noise, but as a town noise. There are people living in the country who are disturbed by crowing cocks in the small hours, but they are for the most part townsmen who have migrated to the country. I am sure that there is nothing essentially unpleasant to the ear of man in the crowing of cocks. The very name, *chanticleer*, suggests that human beings loved the sound of cock-crowing till cocks were imported into towns. I do not think the bird has many enemies among the poets, and yet to the ear of the townsman the crowing of the cock in the small hours is scarcely less maddening than the sound of an electric drill. Some years ago a London magistrate declared from the bench that "Nothing more deadly or destructive to health and nerves can well be conceived than this perpetual cock-crowing". If this were true, with what nervous wrecks of men and women would the countryside of England be strewn! But, of course, it is not true. It is only the townsman's intolerance of the addition of yet more noises of town that makes him speak ill of the noble music of *chanticleer*. It is his urban nerves, not the notes of the bird, that are at fault. I doubt, indeed, whether man in a state of nature has any particular dislike of noise. The natural man, when he is young, loves to make a noise, whether by kicking a tin can or drawing a stick along railings. Some of his primitive instruments of music, such as drums, show how much he loves noise for the sake of noise. Italians and Frenchmen, living nearer the sunshine than ourselves, take pleasure even in the noises made by machinery, and

rejoice in producing the maximum instead of the minimum of noise with their motor-cars. There is a kind of Wagnerian music in the traffic of Rome and of Nice. In Florence, the deliberate cracking of whips by the mule-drivers is like the noise of battle. Perhaps, if we of the northern nations could persuade ourselves that the hatred of noise is not natural, and that there is no noise so ear-splitting that it cannot be enjoyed by those who can enjoy noise, we should end, not only by becoming reconciled to electric drills, motor-horns, grinding brakes, barrel-organs, barking dogs, gramophones at open windows, and shouting newsboys, but by getting positively to like them. We cannot get rid of noise in any case, so that we may as well learn to enjoy it. There are by all accounts, worse things than noises in Hell, though, to hear a neurotic townsman talking, you would not think so. In order to think well of noise, indeed, one has only to imagine what a modern city would be if all noise were totally abolished—if soundless motor-cars sped through silent streets, if our feet made no sound on the pavements as we walked, if builders put up houses amid a silence as of the dead, if nothing that moved made a sound and men, horses and birds went about their business as silent as moths. No continuons chorus of motor-horns or crowing cocks could be so "destructive to health and nerves" as so still and universal a silence. After a week of it we weep tears of joy if all the dogs suddenly began and all should the sirens in the docks and factories to make a hideous hooting.

THE QUEST

(By Pandit Jawaharilal Nehru.)

What is this India, apart from her physical and geographical aspects? What did she represent in the past; what gave strength to her then? How did she lose that old strength? And has she lost it completely? Does she represent anything vital now, apart from being the home of a vast number of human beings? How does she fit into the modern world?

This wider international aspect of the problem grew upon me as I realized more and more how isolation was both undesirable and impossible. The future that took shape in my mind was one of intimate co-operation, political, economical, cultural, between India and the other countries of the world. But before the future came, there was the present, and behind the present lay the long and tangled past out of which the present had grown. So to the past I looked for understanding.

India was in my blood, and there was much in her that instinctively thrilled me. And yet I approached her almost as an alien critic, full of dislike for the present as well as for many of the relics of the past that I saw. To some extent I came to her *via* the West and looked at her as a friendly westerner might have done. I was eager and anxious to change her outlook and appearance and give her the garb of modernity. And yet doubts rose within me. Did I know India, I who presumed to scrap much of her past heritage? There was a great deal that had to be scrapped, that must be scrapped; but surely India could not have been what

she undoubtedly was, and could not have continued a cultured existence for thousands of years, if she had not possessed something very vital and enduring, something that was worth while. What was this something ?

I stood on a mound of Mohenjo-daro in the Indus valley in the north-west of India, and all around me lay the houses and streets of this ancient city that is said to have existed over five thousand years ago ; and even then it was an old and well-developed civilization. "The Indus 'Civilization,'" writes Professor Childe, "represents a very perfect adjustment of human life to a specific environment that can only have resulted from years of patient effort. And it has endured ; it is already specifically Indian and forms the basis of modern Indian culture." Astonishing thought : that any culture or civilization should have this continuity for five or six thousand years or more ; and not in a static, unchanging sense, for India was changing and progressing all the time. She was coming into intimate contact with the Persians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Chinese, the Arabs, the Central Asians, and the peoples of the Mediterranean. But though she influenced them and was influenced by them, her cultural basis was strong enough to endure. What was the secret of this strength ? Where did it come from ?

I read her history and also a part of her abundant ancient literature and was powerfully impressed by the vigour of the thought, the clarity of the language and the richness of the mind that lay behind it. I journeyed through India in the company of mighty travellers from China and Western and Central Asia who came here in

the remote past and left records of their travels. I thought of what India had accomplished in eastern Asia, in Angkor, Borobudur and many other places. I wandered over the Himalyas, which are closely connected with old myth and legend and which have so much influenced our thought and literature. My love of the mountains and my kinship with Kashmir especially drew me to them, and I saw there not only the life and vigour and beauty of the present but also the memoried loveliness of ages past. The mighty rivers of India that flow from this great mountain barrier into the plains of India attracted me and reminded me of innumerable phases of our history. The Indus or Sindhu, from which our country came to be called India and Hindustan, and across which races and tribes and caravans and armies have come for thousands of years; the Brahmaputra, rather cut off from the main current of history but living in old story, forcing its way into India through deep chasms cut in the heart of the north-eastern mountains, and then flowing calmly in a gracious sweep between mountain and wooded plain; the Jumna, round which cluster so many legends of dance and fun and play; and the Ganga, above all the rivers of India, which has held India's heart captive and has drawn uncounted millions to her banks since the dawn of history. The story of the Ganga, from her source to the sea, from old times, to new, is the story of India's civilization and culture, of the rise and fall of empires, of great and proud cities, of the adventure of man and the quest of the mind which has so occupied India's thinkers, of the richness and fulfilment of life as well as

its denial and renunciation, of ups and downs, growth and decay, of life and death.

I visited old monuments and ruins and ancient sculptures and frescoes—Ajanta, Ellora, the Elephanta Caves and other places—and I also saw the lovely buildings of a later age in Agra and Delhi where every stone told the story of India's past.

In my own city of Allahabad and in Hardwar I would go to the great bathing festivals, the *Kumbha Mela* and see hundreds of thousands of people come, as their forebears had come for thousands of years from all over India, to bathe in the Ganga. I would remember descriptions of these festivals written thirteen hundred years ago by Chinese pilgrims and others, and even then these *melas* were ancient and lost in an unknown antiquity. What was the tremendous faith, I wondered, that had drawn our people for untold generations to this famous river of India ?

These journeys and visits of mine, with the background of my reading, gave me insight into the past. To a somewhat bare intellectual understanding was added an emotional appreciation, and gradually a sense of reality began to creep into my mental picture of India, and the land of my forefathers became peopled with living beings, who had loved and suffered, laughed and wept ; and among them were men who seemed to know life and understand it, and out of their wisdom they had built a structure which gave India a cultural stability which lasted for thousands of years. Hundreds of vivid pictures of this past filled my mind, and they would stand out as soon as I visited a particular place associated with them. At Sarnath, near Benares I would almost

see the Buddha preaching his first sermon, and some of his recorded words would come like a distant echo to me through two thousand and five hundred years. Ashoka's pillars of stone with their inscription would speak to me in their magnificent language and tell me of a man who, though an emperor, was greater than any king or emperor. At Fatehpur-Sikri, Akbar, forgetful of his empire, was seated holding converse and debate with the learned of all faiths, curious to learn something new and seeking as an answer to the eternal problem of man.

Thus slowly the long panorama of India's history unfolded itself before me, with its ups and downs, its triumphs and defeats. There seemed to me something unique about the continuity of a cultural tradition through five thousand years of history, of invasion and upheaval, a tradition which was widespread among the masses and powerfully influenced them. Only China has had such a continuity of tradition and cultural life.

My reaction to India thus was often an emotional one, though this was conditioned and limited in many ways. It was the reaction which takes the form of nationalism, though in the case of many people those conditioning and limiting factors are absent. Nationalism was and is inevitable in the India of my day ; It is a natural and healthy growth.

Recent events all over the world have demonstrated that the notion that nationalism was fading away before the impact of internationalism and proletarian movements had little truth. It is still one of the most powerful urges that move a people, and round it cluster sentiments and traditions and a sense of common living

and common purpose. While the intellectual strata of the middle classes were gradually moving away from nationalism, or so they thought, labour and proletarian movements, deliberately based on internationalism, were drifting towards nationalism. The coming of war swept everybody everywhere into the net of nationalism. This remarkable resurgence of nationalism, or rather a rediscovery of it and a new realization of its vital significance, has raised new problems and altered the form and shape of old problems. Old and established traditions cannot be easily scrapped or dispensed with ; at moments of crisis they rise up and dominate the minds of men, and often, as we have seen, a deliberate attempt is made to use those traditions to rouse up a people to a high pitch of effort and sacrifice. Traditions have to be accepted to a large extent and adapted and transformed to meet new conditions and ways of thought and at the same time new traditions have to be built up. The nationalist ideal is deep and strong ; it is not a thing of the past with no future significance. But other ideals, more based on the ineluctable facts of to-day, have arisen, the international ideal and the proletarian ideal ; and there must be some kind of fusion of these various ideals if we are to have a world equilibrium and a lessening of conflict. The abiding appeal of nationalism to the spirit of man has to be recognized and provided for, but its sway limited to a narrower sphere.

If nationalism is still so universal in its influence, even in countries powerfully affected by new ideas and international forces, how much more must it dominate the mind of India ; Sometimes we are told that our nationalism is a sign of our backwardness and even our

demand for independence indicated our narrow-mindedness. But India, for all her intense nationalistic fervour, has gone further than many nations in her acceptance of real internationalism and the co-ordination and even to some extent the subordination, of the independent nation-state to a world organization.

The search for the sources of India's strength and of her deterioration and decay is long and intricate. Yet the recent causes of that decay are obvious enough. She fell behind in the march of technique, and Europe, which had long been backward in many matters, took the lead in technical progress. Behind this technical progress was the spirit of science and a bubbling life and spirit which displayed itself in many activities and in adventurous voyages of discovery. New techniques gave military strength to the countries of western Europe, and it was easy for them to spread out and dominate the East. That is the story not of India only but of almost the whole of Asia.

Why this should have happened so is more difficult to unravel, for India was not lacking in mental alertness and technical skill in earlier times. One senses a progressive deterioration during centuries. The urge to life and endeavour becomes less, the creative spirit fades away and gives place to the imitative. Where triumphant and rebellious thought had tried to pierce the mysteries of nature and the universe, the worldly commentator comes with his glosses and long explanations. Magnificent art and sculpture give way to a meticulous carving of intricate detail without nobility of conception or design. The vigour and richness of language, powerful yet simple, are followed by highly ornate and complex literary

forms. The urge to adventure and the overflowing life which led to vast schemes of distant colonization and the transplantation of Indian culture in far-off lands, fade away, and a narrow orthodoxy toboos even the crossing of the high seas. A rational spirit of inquiry, so evident in earlier times, which might well have led to the further growth of science, is replaced by irrationalism and a blind idolatry of the past. Indian life becomes a sluggish stream, living in the past, moving slowly through the accumulations of dead centuries. The heavy burden of the past crushes it and a kind of coma seizes it. It is not surprising that in this condition of mental stupor and physical weariness, India should have deteriorated and remained rigid and immobile while other parts of the world marched ahead.

Yet this is not a wholly correct or complete survey. If there had only been a long and unrelieved period of rigidity and stagnation, this might well have resulted in a complete break with the past, the death of an era, and the creation of something new on its ruins. There has not been such a break and there is a definite continuity. Also from time to time vivid flashes of renaissance have been long and brilliant. Always there is visible an attempt to understand and adapt the new and harmonize it with the old, or at any rate with parts of the old which were considered worth preserving. Often that retains an external form only, as a kind of symbol, and changes its inner content. But something vital and living continued, some urge driving the people in a direction not wholly realized, always a desire for synthesis between the old and the new. I feel that anything that had the power to mould hundreds of generations, without a break, must

have drawn its enduring vitality from some deep well of strength, and have had the capacity to renew that vitality from age to age.

And if so, did it dry up, or did it have hidden springs to replenish it ? What of to-day ? Are there any springs still functioning from which we can refresh and strengthen ourselves ? We are an old race, or rather an odd mixture of many races, and our racial memories go back to the dawn of history. Have we had our day and are now living in the late afternoon or evening of our existence, just carrying on after the manner of the aged, quiescent, devitalized, uncreative, desiring peace and sleep above all else ?

No people, no race continues unchanged. Continually it is mixing with others and slowly changing ; it may appear to die almost and then rise again as a new people or just a variation of the old. There may be a definite break between the old people and the new, or vital links of thought and ideals may join them.

History has 'numerous instances of old and well-established civilizations fading away or being ended suddenly, and vigorous new cultures taking their place. Is it some vital energy, some inner source of strength that gives life to a civilization or a people, and without it all effort is ineffective like the vain attempt of an aged person to play the part of a youth ?

Among the peoples of the world to-day I have sensed this vital energy chiefly in three—the Americans, the Russians, and the Chinese, a queer combination. The Americans, in spite of having their roots in the old world, are a new people uninhibited and without the burdens and complexes of old races, and it is easy to

understand their abounding vitality. So also are the Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders, all of them largely cut off from the old world and facing life in all its newness.

The Russians are not a new people, and yet there has been a complete break from the old, like that of death, and they have been reincarnated anew, in a manner for which there is no example in history. They have become youthful again with an energy and vitality that are amazing. They are searching for some of their old roots again, but for all practical purposes they are a new people, a new race and a new civilization.

The Russian example shows how a people can revitalize itself, become youthful again, if it is prepared to pay the price for it, and tap the springs of suppressed strength and energy among the masses. Perhaps this war, with all its horror and frightfulness, might result in the rejuvenation of other peoples also, such as survive the holocaust.

The Chinese stand apart from all these. They are not a new race, nor have they gone through that shock of change, from top to bottom, which came to Russia. Undoubtedly seven years of cruel war have changed them, as they must. How far it is due to this war or to abiding causes I do not know, or whether it is a mixture of the two, but the vitality of the Chinese people astounds me. I cannot imagine a people endowed with such bed-rock strength going under.

Something of that vitality which I saw in China, I have sensed at times in the Indian people also, but not always. Anyway it is difficult for me to take an objective view. Perhaps my wishes distort my thinking.

But always I was in search for this my wanderings among the Indian people. If they had this vitality, then it was well with them and they would make good. If they lacked it completely, then our political efforts and shouting were all make-believe and would not carry us far. I was not interested in making some political arrangement which would enable our people to carry on more or less as before, only a little better. I felt they had vast stores of supposed energy and ability, and vital again. India, constituted as she is, cannot play a secondary part in the world. She will either count for a great deal or not count at all. No middle position attracted me. Nor did I think any intermediate position tenable.

Behind the past quarter of a century's struggle for India's independence, lay in my mind, and in that of many others, the desire to revitalize India. We felt that through action and self-imposed suffering and sacrifice, through voluntarily facing risk and danger, through refusal to submit to what we considered evil and wrong, we would recharge the battery of India's spirit and waken her from her long slumber. Though we came into conflict continually with the British Government in India, our eyes were always turned towards our own people. Political advantage had value only in so far as it helped in that fundamental purpose of ours. Because of this governing motive, frequently we acted as no politician, moving in the narrow sphere of politics only, would have done and foreign and Indian critics expressed surprise at the folly and intransigence of our ways. Whether we were foolish or not, the historians of the future will judge. We aimed high and looked

far. Probably we were often foolish from the point of view of opportunist politics, but at no time did we forget that our main purpose was to raise the whole level of the Indian people, psychologically and spiritually and also, of course, politically and economically. It was the building up of that real inner strength of the people that we were after, knowing that the rest would inevitably follow.

Though books and old monuments and past cultural achievements helped to produce some understanding of India, they did not satisfy me or give me the answer I was looking for. Nor could they, for they dealt with a past age, and I wanted to know if there was any real connection between that past and the present. The present for me, and for many others like me, was an odd mixture of medievalism, appalling poverty and misery and a somewhat superficial modernism of the middle classes. I was not an admirer of my own class or kind, and yet inevitably I looked to it for leadership in the struggle for India's salvation. That middle class felt caged and circumscribed and wanted to grow and develop itself. Unable to do so within the framework of British rule, a spirit of revolt grew against this rule, and yet this spirit was not directed against the structure that crushed us. It sought to retain it and control it by displacing the British. These middle classes were too much the product of that structure to challenge it and seek to uproot it.

New forces arose that drove us to the masses in the villages, and for the first time, a new and different India rose up before the young intellectuals who had

almost forgotten its existence or attached little importance to it. It was a disturbing sight, not only because it began to upset some of our values and conclusions. So began for us the discovery of India as it was, and it produced both understanding and conflict within us. Our reactions varied and depended on our previous environment and experience. Some were already sufficiently acquainted with these village masses not to experience any new sensation; they took them for granted. But for me it was a real voyage of discovery, and while I was painfully conscious of failings and weaknesses of my people, I found in India's country-folk something difficult to define, which attracted me. That something I had missed in our middle classes.

I do not idealize the conception of the masses and, as far as possible, I try to avoid thinking of them as a theoretical abstraction. The people of India are very real to me in their great variety and, in spite of their vast numbers, I try to think of them as individuals rather than as vague groups. Perhaps it was because I did not expect much from them that I was not disappointed; I found more than I had expected. It struck me that perhaps the reason for this, and for a certain stability and potential strength that they possessed, was the old Indian cultural tradition which was still retained by them in a small measure. Much had gone in the battering they had received during the past two hundred years. Yet something remained that was worth while, and with it so much that was worthless and evil.

During the twenties my work was largely confined to my own province, and I travelled extensively and

intensively through the towns and villages of the forty-eight districts of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, that heart of Hindustan as it has so long been considered, the seat and centre of both ancient and medieval civilization, and melting-pot of so many races and cultures, the area where the great revolt of 1857 blazed up and was later ruthlessly crushed. I grew to know the sturdy Jat of the northern and western districts, that typical son of the soil, brave and independent-looking, relatively more prosperous; the Rajput peasant and petty landholder, still proud of his race and ancestry, even though he might have changed his faith and adopted Islam; the deft and skilful artisans and cottage workers, both Hindu and Moslem; the poorer peasantry and tenants in their vast numbers, especially in Oudh and the eastern districts, crushed and ground down by generations of poverty, hardly daring to hope that a change would come to better their lot, and yet hoping and full of faith.

During the thirties, in the intervals of my life out of prison, and especially during the election campaign of 1936-37, I travelled more extensively throughout India, in towns and cities and villages alike. Except for rural Bengal, which unhappily I have only rarely visited, I toured in every province and went deep into the villages. I spoke of political and economic issues and, judging from my speech, I was full of politics and elections. But all this while, in a corner of my mind, lay something deeper and more vivid, and elections meant little to it, or the other excitements of the passing day. Another and a major excitement had seized me, and I was again

on a voyage of discovery, and the land of India and the people of India lay spread out before me. India with her infinite charm and variety began to grow upon me more and more, and yet the more I saw of her, the more I realized how very difficult it was for me or for anyone else, to grasp the ideas she had embodied. It was not her wide space that eluded me, or even her diversity, but some depth of soul which I could not fathom, though I had occasional and tantalizing glimpses of it. She was like some ancient palimpsest on which layer upon layer of thought and reverie had been inscribed, and yet no succeeding layer had completely hidden or erased what had been written previously. All of these exist together in our conscious or subconscious selves, though we may not be aware of them, and they had gone to build up the complex and mysterious personality of India. That sphinx-like face with its elusive and sometimes mocking smile was to be seen throughout the length and breadth of the land. Though outwardly there was diversity and infinite variety among our people, everywhere there was that tremendous impress of oneness, which had held all of us together for ages past, whatever political fate or misfortune had befallen us. The unity of India was no longer merely an intellectual conception for me: It was an emotional experience which overpowered me. That essential unity had been so powerful that no political division, no disaster or catastrophe, had been able to overcome it.

It was absurd, of course, to think of India or any country as a kind of anthropomorphic entity. I did not do so. I was also fully aware of the diversities and

divisions of Indian life, of classes, castes, religions, racees different degrees of cultural development. Yet I think that a country with a long cultural background and a common outlook on life develops a spirit that is peculiar to it and that is impressed on all its children, however much they may differ among themselves. Can anyone fail to see this in China, whether he meets an old-fashioned mandarin or a Communist, who has apparently broken with the past ? It was this spirit of India that I was after, not through idle curiosity, though I was curious enough, but because I felt that it might give me some key to the understanding of my country and people, some guidance to thought and action. Politics and elections were day-to-day affairs, and we grew excited over trumpery matters. But if we were going to build the house of India's future, strong and secure and beautiful, we would have to dig deep for the foundations.

“ THE FUNCTION OF THE UNIVERSITIES ”

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

My first duty is to congratulate those, who by hard work and disciplined effort obtained their degrees to day. I should like to tell them that the very same qualities which they exhibited during their University careers must continue in future and I hope that they will continue. I will be unfair to myself and to you if I should promise you glittering prizes or comfortable positions. The times ahead of us are of a verry difficult character. The movements which took place in other countries during a span of centuries have all occurred here more or less simultaneously. What answer to the renaissance, the reformation, the industrial revolution or the political revolution all these things have been telescoped so to say in these few years in our country. We have won political independence. But it is not to be regarded as giving us complete freedom. There are ever so many other things which require to be fulfilled, if this first step is to be regarded as a preparation for the liberation of this great land. If we wish to follow up political revolution by a social and economic one, our universities must send out batches of scientists, technicians, engineers, agriculturists, etc. These are essential for changing the face of our country, the economic character of our society. But we should not believe that science and technology alone are enough. There are other countries, very advanced countries in the

world, which have achieved marvellous progress in scientific and technological side, but yet they are torn by strife and they are unable to bring about peace, safety and security of their own people. It only shows that other qualities are also necessary besides those developed by science and technology. Just now a student was introduced for his degree and he was called Doctor of Philosophy in Science. In other words science is also regarded as a branch of philosophy. The function of the Universities is not merely to send out technically skilled and professionally competent men, but it is their duty to produce in them the quality of compassion, the quality which enables the individuals to treat one another in a truly democratic spirit. Our religions have proclaimed from the very beginning that each human individual is to be regarded as a spark of the Divine. *Tat Tvam Asi*, "That art thou", is the teaching of the Upanishads. The Buddhists declare that each individual has in himself a spark of the divine and could become a Bodhi-Sattva. These proclamations by themselves are not enough. So long as these principles are merely clauses in the constitution, and not functioning realities, in the daily life of the people, we are far away from the ideals which we have set before ourselves. Minds and hearts of the people require to be altered. We must strive to become democratic not merely in the political sense of the term but also in the social and economic sense. It is essential to bring about this democratic change, this democratic temper, this kind of outlook by a proper study of humanities including philosophy and religion. There is a great verse which

says that in this poison tree of 'Samsara' are two fruits of incomparable value. They are the enjoyment of great books and the company of good souls. If you want to absorb the fruits of great literature, well, you must read them, read them not as we do cricket stories but read them with concentration. Our generation in its rapid travel has not achieved the habit of reading the great books and has lost the habit of being influenced by the great classics of our country. If these principles of democracy in our constitution are to become habits of mind and patterns of behaviour, principles which change the very character of the individual and nature of the society, it can be done by the study of great literature, of philosophy and religion. That is why even though our country needs great scientists great technologists, great engineers, we should not neglect to make them humanists. While we retain science and technology we must remember that science and technology are not all. We must note the famous statement that merely by becoming literate without the development of compassion we become demoniac. So no university can regard itself as a true university unless it sends out young men and women who are not only learned but whose hearts are full of compassion for suffering humanity. Unless that is there, the university education must be regarded as incomplete.

I have been a teacher for nearly all my adult life, for over 40 years. I have lived with students and it hurts me very deeply when I find that the precious years during which a student has to live in the university are wasted by some of them. I do not say by all

of them. Teachers and students form a family and in a family you cannot find the spirit of trade union. Such a thing should be inconceivable in a university. The university life is a co-operative enterprise between teachers and students and I do hope that the students will not do a disservice to themselves by resorting to activities which are anti-social in character.

Character is destiny. Character is that on which the destiny of a nation is built. One cannot have a great nation with men of small character. If we want to build a great nation, we must train young men and women who have character. We must have young men and women who look upon others as the living images of themselves as our *Shastras* have so often declared. But whether in public life or in student-life, we cannot reach great heights if we are lacking in character. We cannot climb the mountain when the very ground at our feet is crumbling. When the very basis of our structure is shaky, how can we reach the heights which we have set before ourselves? We must all have humility. Here is a country which we are interested in building up. For whatever service you take up, you should not care for what you receive. You should ask how much you can put into that service. That should be the principle which should animate our young men and women. Yours is a great country. You have had for centuries a great history. The whole of the East reflects the Indian culture. You have to represent what India has thought right from the time of Mohenzodaro and Harappa down to the time of Ramakrishna and Mahatma Gandhi. Whether in domestic affairs or in

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international affairs, we must adhere to certain standards. My one advice to the young men and women who are graduating today through this University is Mother India expects of you that your lives should be clean, noble and dedicated to selfless work.

“AT THE WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE SEMINAR ”

—*Dr. Zakir Hussain*

The best traditions of hospitality for which the State of Mysore is famous brings home to us all the essential solidarity of the University Community throughout the World, an ideal the word University Service Stands for. The World University Service, is an international organisation of University teachers and students who are keenly aware of the great responsibilities of the University Community in our distracted world. They aspire to make higher, as indeed, all education means the cultivation of the mind, and they are alive to the urgency of harnessing knowledge to social needs. They will be found to share, even if they do not expressly state, the conviction that knowledge and skill are not synonymous with education, they are not even reliable measures of education. I believe they would agree with me in making a distinction between knowledge acquired by some one else through his labour and passed on to us as ready-made information, and knowledge acquired by us through our experience. They would consider the first kind as just an addition tugged on, as it were, from the outside, the second an enrichment and a transformation from within ; the first an external appendage ; the second an internal development ; the first instruction, the second education ; the first mere superficial polish, the second essential culture.

The University Community which the World, University Service represents is, as I see it, wedded to this essential culture. But even this culture of the mind based on real work and experience is fundamentally an egoistic activity, it constitutes work on and for oneself. This makes it a danger to education as a social force. Cultured people in this sense can easily grow into partial, socially ineffective, useless and even harmful men. This education activity in art or science or technique should be placed at the Service of Society. Universities to us are not only seats of learning, providing an environment for the unfolding of Intellectual aptitudes, but also agencies for moral and social development. The World University Service is very much alive to the need of harnessing intellectual power for the achievement of social aims, and the social aims it has in view are not confined to the nation but embrace the whole world community. The keynote of its work is the social responsibility of the educated individual and the educational community, but social responsibility freely undertaken and cheerfully performed. The World University Service is anxious to pave the way for a better understanding among the peoples of the world, understanding through tasks of common good co-operatively performed, understanding through shared experience, shared endeavour, shared discovery. It is anxious to make the University Community the vanguard of the world to come, a cooperative, non-exploitative, mutually helpful and mutually enriching world of free peoples.

Before I close I wish to say a word of welcome to the participants who have come from distant lands.

We of the Indian World University Service have chosen our country as the the venue of this Seminar. We welcome you most heartily. India has always been an interesting and instructive country, for the sheer number and variety of the human beings it holds, if for nothing else. It is a doubly interesting and instructive country now. For after a long night of political thralldom it is face to face with the dawn of national freedom. It is the home of a secular democratic state, of a people rich in tradition and pardonably proud of their great cultural achievements, achievements in art and literature, religion and statecraft, but all too conscious of the tremendous challenges of to-day and anxious to meet these challenges in a way that would ensure to them a greater and more glorious future than the glory and greatness that was their past. We welcome our European and American friends as an Asian Committee. The pattern of life in Asia is changing rapidly. Imperialism has been pushed back, feudalism is disappearing, and one need not be a great prophet to see that colonialism, or the government of African and Asian countries by European powers will soon be a thing of the past. Our government and our people are anxious to see it go, and at the earliest possible date. We have lain beneath this rock, and know something of its crippling and crushing weight. The peoples of Asia and Africa have a great future before them, the future of peoples free to fashion the pattern of their life. Enchanting prospect, but one beset with great difficulties! The hell of subjection is horrible, but it is horribly easy, in a way; the heaven of freedom is very heaven indeed, but divinely difficult.

Choice and decision, trial and error, the courage to take risks, the honesty to admit mistakes and the energy to set them right, application of all available knowledge for making a better men and a better society, and ruthless self criticism, with a view to self-improvement, these are some of the signposts on the road of a free people's advance towards the fulfilment of their destiny. And all this in utter freedom, without even the semblance of imposition from outside. It is my prayer that we, the peoples of Asia, in the enjoyment of our new and hard-won freedom may prevent effectively the growth in us of that arrogance which could lead us to regard our own institutions as the best possible, or even as the only conceivable institutions and to look upon all who do not share them as 'inferior' or 'backward.' We have known this arrogance in others and should protect ourselves against it. For the touchstone of freedom is the right to pick and choose for oneself, to shape one's own pattern of life; to cherish forms and institutions that have served their purpose well over spans of centuries and to reject in spite of their antiquity those that are as millstones round the neck, to distinguish between the heritage that helps forward and the heritage that holds back. And nothing can be of more avail in this than an understanding of other peoples and a sympathetic and helpful appreciation of us by them. For if the peoples of the world do not understand each other and help each other, they may not be able to avert the catastrophe that seems to be impending for all of them. A Seminar of the kind that the Canadian Committee has organised is a significant step in this

direction. It brings old and young, professors and students, mature wisdom and youthful imagination together from distant lands, for initiating this fruitful process of understanding which may be trusted some day to result in an effective common endeavour for a life rich with achievement and free from want and fear.

“ADRESS TO THE DELEGATES TO THE WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE SEMINAR”

His Highness Maharaja Sri Jayachamaraja wadiyar Bahadur

It gives me very great pleasure to welcome the World University Service to Mysore and to inaugurate its Seminar at the headquarters of the University with which I am associated as Chancellor.

An international University organization having to its credit more than 30 years of devoted work, the World University Service is now enlarging its field of labour and exploring new avenues of usefulness. An agency such as this is an imperative necessity in a world distracted by lack of understanding, by many-sided rivalry and persistent conflict. In strengthening the bonds of international amity and in promoting peace and goodwill among men, few organizations can surpass in knowledge and enthusiasm an international association of Universities and of the men and women who are their members, for, to quote a line from a speech of my revered uncle, His Highness the late Maharaja, “It is to youth, the age of idealism, that we must look for new idealism, that we must look for new ideals of life, of religion, and of dedication of self to the good of others” At the close of the last War, the world was illumined and uplifted by sincere hopes and theories of enduring peace and international good-will, of racial and cultural harmonies, and the idea of One World, a Fraternity of

Races and Nations. But high ideals cannot be realised in a day, and time and effort are necessary for their attainment. The higher the ideal, the longer the time needed and the more strenuous the effort. And so let us not be downcast by the present aspect of international affairs.

The Universities of the world are fast growing in number and in strength. Their field of work is also continually expanding. In scientific research and discovery, in the promotion of art and culture, in the development of character and personality, in progress in the realms of both matter and spirit, each University is constantly labouring within its own geographical and national sphere. But this is hardly enough in a world tending every day to become more and more unified in space and spirit. Mankind has now entered upon the age of concerted action, of co-operation based on mutual knowledge and sympathy, transcending barriers of region or race, of political organization or religion. The Universities are a significant cross-section of that part of the human race which is reasonably well-equipped in that knowledge which is the basis of wisdom and in that tolerance which is the foundation of peace and brotherly feeling. By getting together for thought and action, teachers and students of the universities of the world are taking the first step for the achievement of the great task of the establishment of international concord.

The annual report of the World University Service makes impressive reading. National Committees, the aggregate of which goes to form this world organization, have been formed in most countries from Canada to

South-East Asia. And everywhere projects are sponsored which stimulate cultural life in the universities and promote closer contacts with Universities in different countries. The day-to-day problems of University students, and matters of health and finance, are receiving sympathetic attention, and material help is being increasingly rendered. These are activities in which there will always be scope for further service. The present emphasis on meeting material needs is because it has been strikingly evident that physical and material handicaps prevent large numbers of students, professors and University communities from entering into fuller and richer contacts and communion with others or developing their intellectual life to its fullest stature.

There is an appropriateness in holding this year's Seminar in India, the land of ancient learning, culture and university organization. In very early times the Universities of Banaras, Ujjain and Taxila attracted large numbers of teachers and students and were great national centres of academic and social life. In these homes of our early culture, the object of our ancient training and discipline was not the mere acquisition of a load of abstract knowledge but the application of the fruits of knowledge and reflection to the needs of society. The great lesson that was taught and learned was that knowledge was not an end in itself but only the means to a good life, and that self-interest and the service of society were not mutually antagonistic. It was held to be the task of education not only to enlarge the mind of the learner and discipline his conduct but also to prepare him for organized social life in the world. The later

University of Nalanda was even more famous and is celebrated in the records of Buddhist pilgrims. The word 'Nalanda' itself denotes an "insatiability in giving," and the university was so named because of its ideal of unceasing devotion to duty and to social service. It attracted scholars not only from all parts of India but from foreign countries as well. Yuan Chwang and other pilgrims have left on record their appreciation of the working of this great seat of culture and of the men of learning and character who congregated there. India may well make a significant contribution to the labours of the World University Service, for her culture has been marked by continuity, by toleration and by breadth of outlook.

For this Seminār you have selected for discussion "The Human Implications of Development Planning." This is both necessary and significant. In the mechanical age in which we live it sometimes happens that the human element gets less than its due in plans and schemes of development. Civilization is the application of the material resources of Nature for subserving the laudable ends of man living in society. In every enterprise therefore attention should primarily be directed to the human components, other factors being considered in relation to this principal object.

In the clash of progress and security, freedom and discipline, liberty and regimentation, India by virtue of her philosophy and the values she has cultivated down the centuries is inclined to take a middle path. The most outstanding achievement of Indian civilization is its insistence on the life of the spirit. In fact India

considers that philosophy and religion are but two phases of the human spirit, the one which explores the universe and the other which tries to feel at home in it. In the West these two are kept distinct, even opposed to each other, but in India they fuse and become one. Belief and creed are comparatively unimportant but conduct is all important. One great lesson from India's past is that philosophy is no mere academic exercise but a way of life,—a *marga*. While we plan for a better world let us not forget the human implications of a regimented life and of an organization too rigidly cast in an unvarying mould. Man is more than the system he builds and more than the means he sets up to achieve his ends. In what proportions we sacrifice our individual liberty for the common good, how much of individual freedom should be given up for the sake of a socially determined purpose—these questions will exercise your minds in the present session.

In an assembly called by the World University Service to discuss the human aspect of planning it may not be out of place to stress the abiding values by which India has sought to order her life and regulate her social relationships. The *purusharthas* in Indian literature have always been considered as fourfold, namely, *Dharma*, the discharge of one's individual and social obligations as rationally achieved by our ethics; *Artha*, the ordering of one's material concerns so as to conduce to harmony and happiness; *Kama*, the right enjoyment of the good things of the world; and *Moksha*, the liberation of oneself from the evils to which the flesh is prone. Let us keep these objects before us while we re-order our society

and re-arrange our political and economic systems. Man does not live by bread alone, nor can he subsist merely by and on soul-force. He wants security as well as freedom. He is made up of both human and divine elements and our planning should be such as to conserve these elements. President Eisenhower in his Inaugural Address has dwelt on the unlimited power that the modern world has acquired for good and for evil according as we choose. He says, "Man's power to achieve good or inflict evil surpasses the brightest hopes and the sharpest fears of all ages. We can turn rivers in their courses, level mountains to the plains. Ocean and land and sky are avenues for our colossal commerce. Disease diminishes and life lengthens. Yet the promise of this life is imperilled by the very genius that has made it possible. Nations amass wealth. Labour sweats to create and turns out devices to level not only mountains but also cities. Science seems ready to confer upon us, as its final gift, the power to erase human life from the earth." The case for planning is well put. We may plan for peace and plenty or for disaster and destruction. It is up to us to display our wisdom in making the right choice.

NOTES OF TRUTH

Francis Bacon (1561—1626) “the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind” according to Alexander Pope, was born at York House in London and educated in Trinity College Cambridge. He was called to the Bar in 1582 and entered Parliament two years later. He became Attorney-General and Counsellor under King James I. He was charged with bribery in 1621 and spent the rest of his life in literary pursuits. His works include fifty essays, the *Advancement of Learning*, *Novum Organum*, *History of Henry VII*, *The New Atlantis* and a number of Latin tracts. Bacon’s fame as a writer rests chiefly on his essays. They reveal the author, brilliant but utilitarian and cynical. Their language is simple but somewhat archaic with decorations of speech, antithesis and climax. The essays are the most popular of his works.

Jesting Pilate—St. John XVIII. 38. Pilate was not jesting. He did not expect an answer.

giddiness—Wanting fixed belief.

sect of Philosophers—Sceptics who were inclined to disbelieve.

discoursing—reasoning and rambling.

school of the Grecians—Lucian of Samosata who attacked the pagan mythology of his time.

munmeries—masquerades or farcical shows.

carbuncle—a beautiful gem of a deep red colour with a mixture of scarlet.

one of the fathers—St Augustine called poetry “the wine of error”, and St. Jerome called it “the food of demons”

vinum daemonum—the wine of demons.

the poet—Lucretius, the Roman poet.

sect—Epicureans.

of civil business—in dealing with other citizens.

basely—meanly ; vilely.

Montaigne—French essayist (1533—1592)

peal—a succession of loud sounds.

faith—truth or true belief.

OF STUDIES

privateness—privacy.

retiring—seclusion.

disposition—order or arrangement.

expert—experienced or practical.

plots—plans.

sloth—sluggishness, idleness.

crafty—skilled in a craft.

without them—outside of them.

curiously—with great care.

arguments—subjects.

conference—conversation.

writing—taking down of notes.

present wit—a ready mind.

cunning—skill, ingenuity.

witty—imaginative.

natural philosophy—science.

moral—ethics.

abuent studia in mores—study affects character.

stond—obstacle.

wrought out—removed.

reins—kidneys.

school men—philosophers of the Middle Ages.

cymini sectores—hair splitters.

beat over—examine carefully.

receipt—remedy.

OF GREAT PLACE

This essay is a piece of animated writing because what is stated has come out of the hard experience of Bacon.

indignity—dishonour; insult.

regress—passage back; return.

reason—wisdom; prudence.

in age—in old age.

shadow—seclusion; retirement.

fair—gladly.

- by report**—not actually.
condition—principle ; quality.
to can—to know.
put in act—put into practice.
vantage—favourable ; advantageous.
commanding—controlling by authority,
motion—activity.
taxing—imitating,
their memory—their example.
institution—principle.
counsel—advice ; opinion.
digress—depart ; wander from.
de facto—in fact ; actually.
in good part—as far as it is good.
interlace—accumulate.
variable—changing.
facility—disposition to yield.
importunity—solicitation.
Solomon—king of Israel from, 974 to 937 B.C. famed for his love of wisdom and the glory of his reign.
it—to be called colleagues.
sensible—aware

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

Sir Thomas Overbury (1581—1613) was a victim of one of the strangest crimes recorded in English history. He came to court from his native Warwickshire in 1598, attracted the attention of the king and was knighted in 1608. On remonstrating with his friend Lord Rochester for his infatuation for the infamous Lady Essex, he was got thrown into the Tower and slowly poisoned.

- wench**—a young woman.
face physics—toilet operations.
commend—recommend.
chanticleer—a crowing cock.
curfew—the ringing of a bell after sunset as a signal to put out all fires and lights.
aromatic—fragrant.

haycock—heap of hay.

bravery—show.

chirurgery—surgery.

palled—rendered insipid.

cogitations—thoughts ; meditations.

THE STORM

Daniel Defoe (1659-1731) was born in London and was educated at a famous Dissenting Academy. He set up in business as a hosiery factor and prospered until 1692 when he failed for £ 17000. He became political pamphleteer and was put in the pillory three times. Some of his important works are Robinson Crusoe, Memoirs of a Cavalier, Moll Flanders, The Journal of the Plague Year and the History of Colonel Jack. Whether he deserves the honour of being called the discoverer of the modern novel or not, Defoe's works are characterized by an absolute naturalness.

affrightening—terrifying.

apprehensions—fears; unlasiness of mind.

squalls—violent noises.

mercury—in the barometer.

point-blank—direct; straight.

impetuous—violent, raging.

vouchers—evidences.

aloft—in the air.

meteor—a shooting star.

mooring—the place where a ship is secured by cables and anchors.

stern—the hind part of a ship.

veered—changed direction.

Sabbath day—the Lord's day ; Sunday.

A COUNTRY VISIT

Jonathan Swift (1667—1745) is one of the greatest writers of the neo-classical age. His works reveal the force of his genius, lucidity and an intellectual emotion which at times amounts to an impassioned bitterness. He attained to the utmost limits of satire, made an eager demand for truth and sought to destroy all deceitful illusion. Swift was greater than either Steele or Addison, but that terrible indignation of his turned him away from the familiar essay to the

pamphlets and the satirical narrative. Tale of a Tub, Gullivers' Travels, Journal to Stella, Drapier's Letters are a few of his works. Swift is the most original writer of his time and one of the greatest masters of English prose.

pullet—a young hen or Chicken.

brimmer—glass full to the top.

October—ale or cider brewed in October.

importuned—urged or pressed with solicitation.

stingo—pungent or strong.

neats tongues—tongues of the oxen or cows.

venison—flesh of animals of the deer kind.

complaisance—courtesy ; desire of pleasing.

punctilios—nice points in conduct.

THE BROBDINGNAGS' VIEW OF EUROPE

This is a passage from the Gulliver's Travels, the best known literary work of Swift. Here the satire becomes fierce and it is an outlet for the author's own bitterness against fate and human society. The book records the four voyages of one Gulliver. The first adventure is with the Lilliputians, a people as tall as one's thumb. On the second voyage the Ship is wrecked in Brobdingnag, where the inhabitants are giants. The intention of this part of the book is to show the meanness and detestable aspect of humanity. The giants wonder at the ambitions, wars and conquests of the venomous little insects.

Glumdalclitch—the farmer's daughter.

nauseous—disgusting.

crunch—crush with the teeth.

hogshead—a measure of capacity containing $52\frac{1}{2}$ gallons.

apprehension—comprehension ; capacity of knowing.

schisms—a split or division in a community.

scourge—one who greatly harasses or destroys.

converse—acquaintance ; intercourse.

grandee—a nobleman ; a man of high rank.

swagger—boast noisily ; bluster.

repartees—Smart, ready, witty replies.

nettled—irritated ; vexed.

quart the fourth part of a gallon.

HINTS TOWARDS ON ESSAY ON CONVERSATION

subsist—exist.

niceness—care.

maxims—principles or formulas.

discourse a talk ; treatise

exploded—expressed.

insipid—dull ; uninteresting

dexterous—skilful.

hook in—bring in.

dissemble—disguise.

arch—cunning or shrewd.

passages—incidents.

supercilious—having a haughty manner.

vouchsafe—condescend , concede.

upon the rack for invention—torturing themselves in order to invent something witty or effective.

answer their character—confirm what others think of them.

Will's coffee-house—a famous meeting place of the wits of the 18th century

prologue—a discourse or poem spoken before a play begins.

miscellany—a collection of various kinds of compositions, treatises or extracts

inns of court—certain colleges or corporate societies in London to which all barristers, sergeants-at-law and aspirants to these dignities must belong.

belles lettres—politic or elegant literature.

copious—abundant.

imputation—charge ; censure.

raillery—satirical merriment ; jesting language.

to run a man down—to ridicule one.

lie upon the watch—showing uneasiness

Plautus—Latin comic poet (254—184 B.C.).

He wrote about 130 comedies, but only 20 have survived.

scum—the low or the offscouring of the population.

superficies—the surface.

inured—habituated ; accustomed.

pragmatical—officious ; intermeddling.

Bedlam—a lunatic asylum in London, a corruption of the name Bethlehem.

foppery—idle affectation ; dandyism.

peaceable—tranquil ; peaceful.

personated—assumed or put on.

sordid—base ; mean.

vizard—disguising.

disconcerted—confused ; put out of countenance.

OF THE CLUB

Richard Steele (1672—1729) was in almost every respect the antithesis of his friend and fellow-worker Addison. He was a rollicking, good-hearted, emotional, lovable Irishman. He left the university before taking his degree. He was in turn, soldier, captain, poet, essayist, member of parliament and a host of other things. He started the *Tatler* and joined with Addison in founding the *Spectator*. 'Of the Club' is from the *Spectator*.

parts—qualities.

doublet a close-fitting garment covering the body from the neck to a little below the waist.

in and out—in fashion and out of fashion.

talks all the way upstairs—to the servant ushering him up.

quorum—bench of magistrates.

quarter-session—once in three months.

the Inner Temple—one of the enns of court in London.

probity—rectitude ; uprightness.

humoursome—capricious.

the house—the Inner Temple.

Aristotle and Longinus—The poetics of Aristotle and the Essay on the Sublime by Longinus.

Littleton—a writer on Tenures who lived in the 15th century.

Coke—a famous Chief Justice of England who wrote a commentary on Littleton's work. He lived in the 17th century.

passions—emotions as depicted in drama.

Demosthenes the Great Greek orator of the 4th century B.C.

Tully—now known as Cicero, the great Roman orator of the 1st century B.C.

too just—too fastidious.

indefatigable—unwearied ; untiring.

frugal maxims—rules of economy.

perspicuity—free from ambiguity or obscurity.

a point in the compass—he has sent his ships to every part of the globe.

impudence—pushing oneself forward.

eft the world—withdrew into private life.

disposing—giving promotion.

importunity—earnest solicitation.

his own vindication—pushing his own claims.

obsequious—officious; cringing.

well-turned—handsome.

Duke of Monmouth—the natural son of Charles II

smitten—by his handsome appearance.

was taken—fell in love with.

relations—narratives.

sadate—calm or unruffled.

chamber-councillor—a consulting lawyer.

probity—integrity; rectitude.

SIR ROGER AT HIS COUNTRY HOUSE

Addison (1672-1719) had the pleasant air of living with one's fellows. He despised shams but he never lost faith in humanity. His satires are marked by gentleness and kindness. The most enduring of his works are the essays contributed to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. In them he gives the message of refinement and simplicity. He attacks the little vanities with a kindly ridicule and gentle humour.

staid—of steady and sober character.

in years—old.

pad—an easy-paced horse.

engages—attracts.

backgammon—game played by two persons upon a board and dice.

wafting—conveying.

SIR ROGER AND PARTY SPRIT

The time when Addison wrote this essay was one of strong poi-

tical contention. Addison who was full of good taste and moderation wanted to show that "much might be said on both sides." In this essay Addison feels that an understanding of each other's point of view is necessary for the welfare of the state

round heads—members of the Puritan Party.

cavaliers—members of the Royalist Party,

stripling—a youth just passing from boyhood to manhood

game—birds and animals preserved for hunting

people—parties

Plutarch—Greek philosopher of the 1st century A D.

indifferent—neutral.

that great rule—"Love your enemies."

cried up—praised unduly,

figure—importance.

contrary characters—conflicting reputations,

postulates—things assumed as the basis of reasoning.

artful—crafty.

Specious—fair on the surface.

figures—positions.

greateful—pleasing.

MEDITATIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

prebendary—ecclesiastic holding a stipend.

promiscuous—mixed and disorderly.

deliver—picture ; convey.

Blenheim—the battle of Blenheim, in Bavaria, in 1704, in which Marlborough defeated the French and Bavarians.

answerable—in accordance with ; similar to.

rostral—resembling a rostrum or beak.

AFFECTATION

Lord Chesterfield (1694—1773) was a cynic who jested at life and death alike. He was a wit and an orator. He is remembered as a writer chiefly by his letters to his illegitimate son, Philip Stanhope, a little boy of seven. They are full of sensible instruction and were designed for the education of the young man. It is obvious that the letters are quite above the standard of the boy.

expostulation—remonstrance.

occasions elicit—situations draw out.

Locke—John Locke (1632—1704). His principal philosophical work is the “Essay concerning Human Understanding.” He was a strong advocate of religious liberty and he questioned the theory of the divine right of kings.

Marlborough—the duke of Marlborough, the hero of the Battle of Blenheim.

ploughtail—that part of a plough which the ploughman holds.

lighter—lighter scale.

counterpoise—weight or force sufficient to balance another.

particular—detail

dispensations—awards; distributions.

trite—hackneyed ; used too much.

pertness—being forward and saucy in speech and conduct.

ON VULGARITY AND VULGARISMS

want—need.

captious—disposed to catch at faults.

testy—irritable, touchy.

scrape—awkward predicament, difficulty.

mangle—cut and hack.

aphorism—a principle or truth briefly and pithily expressed.

A JOURNEY IN A STAGE COACH

Dr. Johnson (1709—1784) to us is great more as a man than as a writer. He is remembered for his Dictionary, Preface to the Edition of Shakespeare and the Lives of the Poets, but much more for his broad sanity, his penetrating strength of intellect, and his fortitude and uprightness of soul. The selected essay is from *The Adventurer*. It begins in the old pompous fashion ; but it becomes lighter and more personal towards the close. Johnson was a born conversationalist and if he had only written as he talked, he would have been a great essayist.

Sir William Temple : (1628—99). British envoy at Brussels. His best known essay ‘Of Ancient and Modern Learning’ led to a vigorous controversy among men of letters.

parsimonious—niggardly.

indulged—gratified.

mien—look.

supercilious—haughty.

overture—offer.

surtout—a tight-fitting broad-skirted outer coat.

facetious—witty ; jocose.

malevolence—ill-will ; spitefulness.

THE STUDY OF LIFE AND THE STUDY OF BOOKS

schools—philosophers.

Le Clere—1657—1736, was a Swiss protestant theologian

Xenophon and Cicero—two classical writers.

Raphael—one of the archangels made by Milton "the sociable spirit", sent to paradise to converse with Adam

miscarriages—failures

immure—confine.

seminary—an academy.

ductility—docility

adulation—praise

blandishment—soft flattering.

THE MAN IN BLACK

Dr. Johnson's Latin inscription for Goldsmith's (1728—1774) monument in Westminster Abbey, which, when translated reads, "There was scarce a literary form which he did not touch, none that he touched did he fail to adorn", sums up Goldsmith's contribution to literature. He was full of the milk of human kindness and his writings are replete with broad sympathy and genial humour. Both in life and in letters he was the friend of the poor. "The Man in Black" from the *Citizen of the World* essays has an autobiographical touch about it.

impostor—one who practises deception

wistfully—thoughtfully

surly—gloomy or morose

expatiated—spoke copiously

panegyric upon—oration in praise of

ballad—poem in short stanzas narrating a popular story

his very dissimulation had forsaken him—he could not continue the appearance of harshness

ineffable—inexpressible in words

A CITY NIGHT PIECE

Sally—witticism ; lively remark.

transience—the quality of being of short duration ; momentariness ; impermanence.

sublunary—terrestrial ; pertaining to this world

lewdness—unlawful indulgence of lust ; profligacy.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB OF AUTHORS

insensible to all his remonstrances—not minding any reproofs.

Turnus—a warrior who had been betrothed to Lavinia. He was killed by Aeneas in a single combat.

Dido—daughter of a Tyrian king, and the queen of Carthage. She fell in love with Aeneas and being forsaken by him, killed herself.

game of goose—a game of hazard resembling backgammon.

twelve rules—twelve maxims of conduct attributed to Charles I.

Prince William—the Duke of Cumberland.

Rabelias—François (1494 ? 1553) French humorist, satirist and physician

scurvily—meanly

vamped—improvised.

catch-pole—sheriff's officer.

decoy—lure ; entrap.

importing—informing

spunging house—prison house.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES

sycophants—flatterers , parasitic persons.

sot—habitual drunkard.

pseudo—sham.

ratified—confirmed.

Suffrage—vote.

peremptory—decisive , positive.

staid and sedate—grave and calm.

jealous—suspicious.

inveterate—obstinate.

reckoning—the amount of the bill.

philosopher—Socrates.

lopped off—cut off.

poltroon—dastard ; coward,

BOSWELL'S INTRODUCTION TO Dr. JOHNSON

James Boswell (1740—1795), the son of a Scottish judge had all the advantages of parentage and fortune, but he was given to frivolity, dissipation, and wasteful ways. His ambition was for literature and politics. He had an inborn desire to associate with the great and his becoming known to Dr. Johnson was one of the results of it. This was to the advantage of both—Boswell became the writer of a celebrated biography and Dr. Johnson has come to live more in the pages of that immortal work, than by his own writings. Boswell's first meeting with Johnson took place on May 16, 1763, as a result of a carefully prepared plot. The selected passage describes it.

pleasantry—was spritly saying ; a joke.

Garrick—Johnson's pupil. He was a man of talents and proved his versatility.

by many of his triumphs in both tragic and comic parts.

presumptuous—bold and confident to excess.

animadversion—criticism or censure.

discomfited—frustrated ; disappointed.

OLD CHINA

Charles Lamb (1775-1834) was born in London and was educated at Christ Hospital. His early life was one of poverty and distress and these troubles never came to an end because throughout his life he had to care for his sister Mary who was subject to recurring fits of insanity. His important works are ; *Tales from Shakespeare* ; *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, and *Essays of Elia*. His works are marked by whimsicality, tenderness, human sympathy and a rich vein of rather puckish humour. The self-revelation in his many personal touches constitutes one of his chief charms. His style is neither very clear nor very simple as could be seen in the selected essay.

uncircumscribed by any element—their movements have no connection with the elements surrounding them.

terra firma—dry land.

Mandarin—Chinese noble.

Salver—a tray.

with a dainty mincing foot—walking with affected delicacy.
right—correct.

pagoda—Chinese sacred building or memorial.

Couchant—lying with body resting on legs and head raised.

Cathay—Morco Polo's name for the East.

Hyson—a kind of green tea from China.

Speciosa miracula—beautiful marvels, from the Latin poet, Horace.

Bridget—Lamb's sister Mary.

Folio Beaumont and Fletcher—the first corrected edition of their plays published in 1647.

Barker's—at 19 Great Russell Street. Lamb lived at No. 20 from 1817 to 1823.

Collating—verifying the order of sheets.

Corbeau—dark green, almost black.

Lionardo—da Vinci (1452-1519) the great Italian artist.

Colonaghi's—a well-known firm of dealers in prints in London.

Rosalind—heroine of *As you Like It*.

Viola—heroine of *The Twelfth Night*.

lusty brimmers—tankards of ale filled to the brim.

Croesus—king of Lydia in the 6th Century B C. He was reputed to be the wealthiest man in the world.

R—Baron Rothschild (1775—1836), the banker.

bed-tester—a canopy over a four-poster bed.

ESSEX AND SPENSER

Walter Savage Landor (1775—1864) was of an intractable temper, frequently involving him in trouble throughout his life. His principal prose work is the *Imaginary Conversations*, of which the selected piece is one. Landor's style is characterised by elaborateness, finish and great charm.

Where the stroke shall fall—Here is dramatic irony. He did not know that the stroke would fall on himself.

alder—tree related to birch.

I love the people—There is no evidence in Spenser's works of any love for the Irish people. On the other hand he regarded the Irish as Savages to be repressed by the sternest methods.

Penshurst—a famous mansion in Kent, where his friend Sir Philip Sidney lived, and according to tradition, entertained him in 1579.

roll-call phrases—the ordinary expressions of condolence that are seldom wanting in time of sorrow.

Philip—Sir Philip Sidney.

Leicester's—The Earl of Leicester was Elizabeth's chief favourite before Essex. Sir Walter Raleigh was another favourite still living. He was hostile to Essex, but a friendly patron of Spenser.

Happiness . —happiness will not last for ever. Its loss makes us unhappy and this is payment for the happiness enjoyed.

How do I know ?—another instance of dramatic irony.

the flames dart—Spenser sees the horror all over again in his imagination.

Elizabeth—Spenser's wife (not the Queen).

I will envy no more—formerly he was envying Sidney and Raleigh their better opportunities of cultivating Spenser's friendship.

ON GOING A JOURNEY

William Hazlitt (1778-1830) 'was the son of a unitarian minister of strong liberal views. He was a quarrelsome and unamiable man of a curiously divided nature, almost as much an artist as a thinker and writer. He started painting, but soon gave it up for literature. He is quite a prolific writer, but never a dull one.

The fields.....from Farmer's Boy by Robert Bloomfield (1766-1823) a peasant poet.

a friend in..... ; from Retirement by Cowper.

May plume..... ; from Comus by Milton.

Sunken wrack..... ; Henry V, 1, 2, wrack-wreckage.

leave..... ; Gray, Descent of Odin.

very stuff..... ; Othello, 1, 2.

out upon..... ; 1 Henry IV, 1, 3.

Mr. Cobbett—William Cobbett (1766-1835), author of Rural Rides.

Sterne—Laurence Sterne (1713-68), novelist.

Give it..... ; Hamlet 1, 2.

Coleridge—Samuel Taylor (1772-1834) poet, philosopher and critic.

Pindaric ode—Pindar (d 443 B C) wrote odes in celebration of victors at the Greek games. They were longish poems, constructed on an elaborate and often irregular metrical scheme.

He talked ... ; Beaumont and Fletcher, Philaster 5, 5.

take one's 1 Henry IV. 3, 3.

The cups that ... , Cowper, The Task.

Shandean—The Story of Tristram Shandy by Sterne progresses very slowly owing to continual interruptions for idle reflections.

integrity—unbroken continuity.

he breaks no squares—he does not break the symmetrical perfection of thoughts.

destroys... .. : linking it up with real experience.

unhorsed free... .. , Othello 1. 2.

Quits Scores , We discard the artificial restrictions imposed by society.

Sir Fopling Flutter—a character in the Man of Mode by Sir George Etherege.

The Mind ... , Milton, Paradise Lost 1

The Vine-covered , from a Song by William Roscoe

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS

Leigh Hunt was poet, translator and journalist. Though as a poet that he most wished for success, only one of his poems "Abu-Ben Adhem" finds a place in anthologies. His essays, collected in a volume entitled "Men, Women and Books", remain his most valuable contribution to English letters. In his hands the essay has already become modern with greater flexibility, dramatic effect and individuality. The journalist's point of view coloured all that he wrote. He is arresting and racy, yet homely. His style is marked by sudden apostrophes, exclamations, dramatic snatches of conversation and a swift but logical progress from topic to topic. His titles are unusual and provocative.

decumbency—the posture of lying down.

Says Milton—in Paradise Lost II

nestle—to lie close and snug.

The Queen of France—Eleanor, wife of Louis VII. who is said to have shaved off his beard at the request of the Archbishop. Eleanor afterwards married Henry II of England

Emperor Julian—he was generally known as “The Apostate.” He was the nephew of Constantine the Great. He became Emperor in A.D. 361.

Cardinal Bembo—Italian poet and historian (1470—1547).

Titain—Italian painter (1477—1576).

Fletcher—John Fletcher (1579—1625) dramatist.

Haroun at Raschid—Caliph of Bagdad (786—809).

Bed-Ridden Hassan—in the Arabian Nights.

Wortley Montague—son of Lady Mary Wortley Montague (1689—1762) famous for her letters.

Sweetly recommends etc.—Macbeth I. VI.

vis inertiae—indisposition to act.

DEATH OF MIRABEAU

In Thomas Carlyle (1795-1805) we find the working of the mighty forces. He was the prophet and censor of the 19th century. He lived apart from all practical interests, looked with distrust on the progress of his age, and told men that truth, justice and immortality are the only worthy objects of human endeavour. His writings indicate his spiritual agony and conflict. His important works are: *Heroes and Hero Worship*, *Cromwell*, *Sartor Resartus*, and *The French Revolution*. They are the supreme manifestation of genius. These show his intensely personal characteristics of ruggedness and force. *The French Revolution* is full of descriptive power. According to Carlyle history is a careful selection of facts and a vivid human interpretation of them. In the character of Mirabeau we see Carlyle's “belief that history is summed up in the lives of its great men”.

Cardinal de retz (1614-1679) the chief leader of the Fronde revolt. He made himself the idol of the Paris bourgeoisie.

Simulacrum—an unreal or mock image or likeness.

Nessus' shirt—the shirt of a centaur dipped in his own poisoned blood given to the wife of Hercules.

death dirge—a song or tune intended to express grief at death.

Achilles' Funeral—the funeral rites of the great Greek hero of the Trozan war performed on the plains of Troy.

il ne Souffre plus—he suffers no longer.

kennels—gutters.

Sansculloitic—a fellow without breeches, a name originally given in derision to the popular party by the aristocratic in the beginning of the French Revolution of 1789.

threnody—a song of lamentation.

Vaudevilles—a light gay song.

Bouille—Marquis de, French General, who did his best for royalty during the Revolution, failed and quitted France.

CHORLOTTE CORDAY

The two parties the Mountain and the Girondists came to a violent conflict over the execution of Louis. Marat and Robespierre became the leaders of the Paris mob and a successful persecution of the Girondists was started. Marat had been imprisoned in 1789. But later on he became a popular hero and was of the blood-thirsty type. He was assassinated by Charlotte Corday (1768—1793) who, shocked at the atrocities of the Jacobins, started for Paris as an avenging angel, sought out Marat, and stabbed him to death in his bath. She was guillotined four days later.

Chère amie—a dear (female) friend.

Gendarme—a private in the armed Police of France.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

Thomas Babington Macaulay was one of the most typical figures of the 19th century. He was very closely associated with the Social and Political struggles of the age. He was a practical man of affairs. In his writings we miss the spiritual insight of a genius, but we see a keen, practical and honest mind. Macaulay's art is that of a public speaker. He shows a wonderful command of language and "he makes his meaning clear by striking phrases, vigorous antitheses, anecdotes and illustrations." The selected piece illustrates these and the pictorial qualities of his prose.

flagitious—deeply criminal.

Fox—Charles James (1746—1806) a constant opponent of the policy of Pitt (1759—1806) second son of the first Earl of Chatham.

prorogation—the interruption of a session and the continuance of parliament to another session.

Sheridan—Richard Brinsley (1751—1816) the author of "The School for Scandal" and the manager of the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

Burke—Edmund (1729—97)

great hall of William Rufus—Westminster Hall built by William Rufus, William II of England (1087—1100)

just sentence of Bacon—charged with bribery.

Somers—John Somers (1651—1716), the whig statesman who was impeached in 1701.

Strafford—Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford (1593—1641), a firm opponent of the policy of Charles I, but later taken into court favour. The commons brought a bill of attainder and he was executed in May 1641.

grenadiers—a regiment of guards.

Siddons—Mrs Siddons (1755—1831) the great English tragic actress.

historian of the Roman Empire—Edward Gibbon (1737—94), the author of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Cicero... Verres—Verres a Roman Governor of Sicily, was accused of misgovernment before the senate by Cicero (106—43 B.C).

Tacitus—(A.D. 55—117) Roman historian and statesman.

oppressor of Africa—Marius Priscus, a Roman pro-consul.

Parr—Samuel (1747—1825) a great scholar, and a strong whig.

of her—Mrs Fitzherbert, a catholic lady of great beauty. George IV had gone through a secret marriage ceremony with her when he was Prince of Wales.

mens aequa in arduis—a mind calm in difficulties.

Demosthenes—(383—322. B.C) and Hyperides were famous Greek orators.

amiable poet—William Cowper (1731—1800).

arraign—indict or accuse before a tribunal.

THE DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN

Cardinal Newman (1801—1890) takes the first place among the religious writers of the Victorian age. He had a powerful yet gracious personality. He was a great religious reformer. His prose style is of the perfect kind. It is transparent, unobtrusive, Simple and direct

natural and easy. It has poetic images and symbols and a rare melody.

infidelity—lack of faith.

NIGHT WALKS

Charles Dickens' (1812—1870) was a poor, obscure and suffering childhood. He got a first-hand knowledge of the wretchedness and poverty of those living in the slums of London and later on he liberally drew on this knowledge for the interesting and convincing details of his novels. With the publication of the *Pickwick Papers* in 1836, he rose to fame and turned out to be one of the greatest novelists of the world. Dickens first achieved his popularity by emphasizing oddities and absurdities and by making caricatures rather than characters. This continued even in his later works though to a lesser degree. These and his extreme sensibility and excessive imagination helped him to render the commonest things quite interesting. He can make his readers laugh or shed tears as he pleases. He can be sentimental, dramatic or melodramatic and he could give picturesque descriptions of places and incidents.

fray—a broil.

to fraternize—to associate or hold fellowship.

furtive**out**—a thief looking out stealthily.

Yorick's Skull—the jester to the king of Denmark. Hamlet apostrophizes his skull in the graveyard.

Chandelier—a stand with branches to hold a number of candles.

proscenium—that part of a theatre from the curtain to the orchestra.

Cordage—Cords, ropes especially in rigging of ship

Aceldama—scene of bloodshed; the name given to the "potter's-field" purchased with Judas's thirty pieces of silver, to bury strangers in.

Old Bailey—on the site of Newgate gaol, the seat of the central criminal court in London.

Somnolency—Sleepiness; drowsiness.

offal—waste meat.

piazza—a rectangular open-space surrounded by buildings or colonnades.

cadaverousness—ghastliness.

scuttled—hurried.

AN ORPHANED BLACK—BIRD

William Henry Hudson (1841-1922) was born in Argentina where he spent his early life. He came to England in 1869. He wrote and published books, mainly on nature subjects, over a period of nearly forty years. The best known of his works are *Birds and Man*, *A Foot in England*, and *a Naturalist in La Plata*.

Going the way of—he was not likely to live long.

Thoreau—(1817-1862) an American naturalist who loved everything in the physical world about him.

glossy—because the bird was well-fed.

WALKING TOURS

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) was "a brave, cheery, wholesome spirit—" in contrast with Hardy's gloom. Stevenson broke away "into that land of delightful romance in which youth finds an answer to all its questions." His novels are of absorbing interest and he is an essayist of considerable fame. He always gives the impression of a man at play. His works reveal his beautiful personality and the consummate literary artist.

canting dilettantes—men who dabble in art for amusement and fight for purity in art.

double nightcap—a double drink of liquor before retiring to rest.

acrostic—a composition in verse in which the first and last or certain other letters of the lines, taken in order, form a name, title or motto.

bivouac—an encampment of soldiers in the open air without tents, each remaining dressed and with his weapon by him.

Milton—(1608-74) author of *Paradise Lost*. The quotation is from *Areopagitica*, an attack upon press censorship.

elixir—a cordial which prolongs life.

grog—a mixture of spirit and water not sweetened.

Burns—Robert Burns (1759-1796), the celebrated Scottish poet. The allusion is to one verse in his *Rigs O' Barley*.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear,

I hae been merry drinking,

I hae been joyful gathering gear,

I hae been happy thinking.

flaming dial-plates—brightly illuminated clock-towers.

castles in the fire—plans seen when gazing into the burning coals.

gathering gear—acquiring possessions.

derisive silence—because eternity laughs at our littleness.

MY CONSIN THE BOOK-BINDER

§Edward Verrall Lucas was born in 1868 and educated at University College, London. In 1902 he joined the staff of Punch. He wrote many travel books, some novels and many volumes of essays.

reading that—Essays of Elia by Lamb.

Thomas Gray—(1716-1771) English poet.

Rasselas—by Dr. Johnson. A Prince of Abyssinia, who escapes from the paradise assigned to him and with his sister and a poet friend roams the world in quest of happiness, in the end, disillusioned, he returns to his "happy valley."

India clerk—at the offices of the East India Company.

Hazlitt—(1778-1830) English critic and essayist.

morocco—a fine kind of leather made from the skins of goats.

kindness to sister—referring to John's unkindness to his sister, Mary Lamb.

russia—Russia leather, a strong, pliant, and waterproof leather, having a peculiar penetrating odour, due to the oil of birch used in its preparation.

The Waggoner—poem by Wordsworth.

Sailor man—Ancient Mariner

Lane—Drury Lane theatre.

Stickleback—certain very small British fishes found in ponds and streams and having spines on their backs.

brass of it—brazenness or impudence.

ON POPULARITY

Arthur Clutton-Brock (1868-1925) was educated at Oxford. He was for some years on the staff of the Times. His essays are thought-provoking and his style is marked by antithesis.

opens out to you—Speaks without reserve.

Hedonist—one who professes that the chief good of man lies in the pursuit of pleasure.

make up to us—seek our acquaintance.

judge not—from St. Matthew Chap VII,

Carlyle—Thomas (1795-1881) a great English writer.

Lamb—Charles (1775-1834)

Artistides—(530-468 B.C.) an Athenian statesman and general, surnamed The Just.

Pauline—referring to the words of St Paul on charity.

polite formulae—conventional words.

Dumas—Alexander (1802-1870), a celebrated French novelist. He is the author of the Count of Monte Cristo and The Three Musketeers.

Flaubert—Gustave (1821-1880) French novelist, author of Madame Bovary.

Cleon—an Athenian demagogue, surnamed the Tanner, from his profession.

A PIECE OF CHALK

Gilbert Keith Chesterton (1874-1936) was born in London, and educated at Milton's School St Paul. He studied art for some time and then took to journalism and literature. He is an essayist of considerable importance. The selected essay reveals his love of humour balance, antithesis, paradox, and mastery over words and his cleverness.

peat streams—covered with peat, a kind of turf.

seraphim—(pl) angels of the highest order.

Paladin—a knight attached to a sovereign's court.

Robin Hood—a famous traditional outlaw of the time of Edward II

Virgin—Virgin Mary.

Apollo—one of the principal gods in the Greek Pantheon, identified with the sun and all that we owe to it in the shape of inspiration, art, poetry and medicine.

Joan of Arc—(1412-1431) a French heroine, subject to fits of religious ecstasy. She was helpful in lifting the siege of Orleans by driving away the English and in crowning Charles at Reims.

Sahara—desert of North Africa.

THE SHY FATHERS

Lynd—was born in 1879, and educated at Queen's College, Belfast. He is a delightful essayist. His work is personal and human. He is fond of nature study and he presents his observations with lightness, and humour, combined with a happy excellence in prose-making and choice of words.

Pout—thrusting out lips in displeasure.

Bacon—Francis (1561-1626),

Blake—William (1757-1827), poet, painter and engraver.

Tiger tiger—one of the poems of Blake.

aeon—a long indefinite space of time.

mackerel—a table fish well known by its elegant shape and brilliant colours.

Meredith—English poet and novelist (1828-1909).

NOISES

Dr. Horton—a Nonconformist preacher.

Sir Walter de Friece—Brighton magistrate. He was the husband of the great actress Vesta Tilley.

barrel-organs—an organ in which a barrel furnished with pegs, when turned round, opens a series of valves and produces a tune.

electric drill—a noisy machine for breaking up city streets when they are to be repaired.

Wagnerian—of Richard Wagner, the famous German composer.

Nice—a town in the South of France.

THE QUEST

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru the son of Motilal Nehru, was born in 1889. He is a great writer in addition to his being a great politician and statesman. His statesmanship is influenced by the writer in him—the dreamer, the inquirer, the visionary and the man with a richness of imagination, boundless fellow-feeling and an active righteous indignation. Nehru is now the Prime Minister of the Republic of India and politics has gained what the kingdom of letters has lost. It is comforting to find Nehru now and then finding time to withdraw into himself and pour out his rich thoughts and feelings in a language of an animated and chiselled kind. His prose has sometimes the qualities of poetry namely compactness, terseness, and being charged with

emotion, and sometimes the qualities of elaboration, but it is always majestic and dignified and never dull or prosy. The given extract is a fine example of the qualities of Nehru's writings.

Mohenjo-daro—a village in the Indus Valley. Recent excavations have revealed a rich civilization dating back to 6000 years.

Childe—V. Gordon (1892—) University Professor of Pre-historic European Archaeology and Director of the Institute of Archaeology, London.

Angkor—the old capital of Cambodia.

Borobudur—a ruined Buddhist temple in Java.

Fatehpur-Sikri—a town built by Akbar in 1569 to commemorate the birth of his son Salim.

Sphinx—a fabled animal with the body and claws of a lioness and the head of a woman.

THE FUNCTION OF UNIVERSITIES

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan was born on 5th Sept. 1888, and was educated at the Christian College, Madras. He was professor of philosophy at the Presidency College, Madras and in the Mysore University. He was vice-chancellor of the Andhra University and of the Benares Hindu University, and standing professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics, Oxford University. He was the president of the Indian Universities Commission and is now Vice-President of the Republic of India. Dr. Radhakrishnan is a fountain of learning and a great exponent of Indian philosophy. *Indian Philosophy* (2 vols.), *Hindu View of Life* and *Kalki* are a few of his works. The selected piece is an edited version of his address to the convocation of the Karnatak University in 1953.

renaissance—the time of the revival of letters and arts in the fifteenth century.

AT THE WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE SEMINAR

Dr. Zakir Hussain is one of the foremost educationists in India to-day. He is an expert in the Wardha scheme of education. He is now the Vice-Chancellor of Aligarh University. The selected piece forms part of his speech delivered at the inaugural function of the World University Service Seminar held at Mysore on 8th June 1958.

venue—meeting place.

thralldom—slavery ; bondage.

“ ADDRESS TO THE DELEGATES TO THE WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE SEMINAR ”

HIS Highness Sri Jayachamaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, G.C.B.; G.C.S.I.; Maharaja of Mysore, was born on July 1919. He passed his B.A. at the Maharaja's College, Mysore, in 1938. He succeeded to the throne of Mysore in August 1940, and was invested with full ruling powers on the 8th of September in the same year. He is a ruler greatly loved by his people. His pious ways, scholarly habits and unceasing love for his people, have won for him universal regard and boundless affection. The selected piece is his speech on the occasion of the inauguration of the World University Service Seminar on the “ Human Implications of Development Planning,” on the 8th of June 1953, held at Mysore.

the late Maharaja—Sri Krishnaraja Wadiyar.

