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English Prose

THE LONDON BOOK
OF
ENGLISH PROSE

SELECTED AND ORDERED BY
HERBERT READ AND BONAMY DOBREE



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1931

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INTRODUCTION

Monsieur Jourdain.—Quoi! quand je dis: 'Nicole, apportez-moi mes pantoufles, et me donncz mon bonnet de nuit,' c'est de la prose?

Le Maître de Philosophie.—Oui, monsieur.

Monsieur Jourdain.—Par ma foi, il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose, sans que j'en susse rien; et je vous suis le plus oblige du monde de m'avoir appris cela.

MOLI&RE: *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, II. vi.

THE aim of this Anthology is to examine prose as an instrument, to take the various purposes for which prose is written, and to see if any principle of writing will emerge. To this end we have classified the purposes and reduced them to simple heads, and under these heads have given typical examples of good prose-writing. If some of these suggest the humble one given by Monsieur Jourdain, we would still insist, in the manner if not in the spirit of *Le Maître de Philosophie*, that nevertheless they are good prose. We have no *a priori* conception of what prose in general should be; there is a prose for every occasion, and the kind of prose, its appropriateness and its worth, will vary with each occasion.

After considering the various uses of prose as an instrument, we found that they could be reduced to three main branches of expression or communication. These spring from:

- I. The desire to tell a story (NARRATIVE PROSE),
- II. The desire to describe a thing (SCIENTIFIC PROSE),
- III. The desire to produce an emotional effect in the reader (EMOTIVE PROSE).

These distinct purposes form, as denoted by the words in brackets, the main divisions of the Anthology. The titles explain themselves. In Narrative Prose, the writer's object is to tell a story, to describe how a thing happened, either starkly, or with such relevant detail as to make the reader see clearly, as in a picture, the events related. Scientific Prose, on the other hand, is a description of things rather than of events; or, to phrase it differently, it is a statement of how things happen, rather than of a certain thing which happened, or which may be supposed, as in fiction, to be happening. It involves, therefore, the pronouncement of general principles, and is sometimes concerned with logical processes. In Emotive Prose, the writer's object is to make the reader experience pity, fear, awe, joy—one need not particularise further—and there description or generalisation is only the means, and not the end. With these main definitions in mind, the reader will be able easily to fit the sub-headings into the scheme: he need not be surprised at finding Sport under Scientific Prose, nor Controversy under Emotive Prose. Some doubt may be entertained as to the proper placing of one or two sub-sections; it might be contended, perhaps, that Moralistic Prose should come under the Scientific rather than under the Emotive head, since it claims (at least) to describe how things happen; but it will be conceded, we think, that its chief object is to move the reader to goodness rather than to reason him into it.

Thus it is not to be imagined that all manners of prose fall neatly into these three categories. On the contrary, it is rather that very few examples can be found which are single in their aim. Most writing is mixed in motive; the writer desires to tell a story and at the same time to produce an emotional effect. When Foxe, for example, relates the story of the martyrdom of Latimer (p. 12), his aim is not merely to inform us of the facts, but also to produce in us the emotions of sympathy, or pity, or admiration. Similarly, much scientific writing is used, not merely as a description

of the physical nature of objects, but also with the intention of supporting some hypothesis about the nature of the universe, which hypothesis may be religious or emotional in origin. That is to say, the prose ceases to be purely scientific though it may remain good prose. The example of Sir Thomas Browne may serve as an extreme, though many modern scientists are as mixed in their motives. Indeed, on examining the specimens of prose collected in this volume, it will be seen that in nearly every instance the desire to produce an emotional effect is part of the writer's intention. Nevertheless, we would suggest that the best specimens are those in which the motives are the least mixed, passages in which the writer has one clear aim, and succeeds in attaining it.

Where mixed motives are so common, it is hopeless for the logician to apply his precise categories. English prose refuses to fit into a cut-and-dried scheme of labels. We have therefore abandoned any pretence to such, and within our three main divisions the reader will find nothing more profound than the kinds of subdivision that prevail in booksellers' catalogues. These are justified by obvious content, and by convenience. It is true that we have introduced refinements; the bookseller will lump under 'Religion' matter which is here to be found under such diverse headings as Pathos, Oratory, Morals, Theology and Journalism. Journalism, or Occasional Writing, will scarcely enter into any catalogue; and emotion, which plays havoc with some of the conventional categories, is unknown to the bookseller. Our divisions are, in fact, the normal categories seen through the three-sided prism of our Narrative-Scientific-Emotive scheme.

We do not suggest that the bookseller's catalogue could be improved. The bookseller takes a book at its face value, rarely looking beyond the title-page. There is nothing in such a title as 'The History of England' to lead him to suppose that behind its innocence the author may have hidden a pot-pourri of science, narrative and crude emotional appeal:

yet history seems to be the kind of writing most susceptible of mixed motivation.

It is not to be imagined that it is an easy matter to disentangle such motives in any given specimen of writing, or even to characterise any particular passage as of one kind or another. The motives are not merely mixed in the course of the book; they are mixed in the writer's mind, and it is quite possible for an author to write equivocally. We have already suggested that such writing is not perfect; but it may be effective, which is a satisfactory criterion for the purposes of this Anthology. It therefore happens that a given passage of writing might equally well have been classed as emotive, narrative or scientific, and sometimes our decision where to put such a passage has had to be arbitrary. It must even be confessed that in these instances our temptation has been to put the passage where the reader (and naturally the author) would least expect to find it, and thus we might find fiction under philosophy, philosophy under fiction, and pathos everywhere.

It would have been easy to swell each section to double its present size without lowering the standard; but it is doubtful if any new aspect would thereby be discovered. It would also have been easy to space out the extracts more evenly through the centuries, but this again, though making the collection a more complete compendium of names, would not add to the points to be considered. Nor, for the same reasons, have we attempted to represent authors in proportion to their merit, so that it will be found that some great writers are illustrated only once, and lesser ones two or three times, if the latter adequately represent different aspects. Again, in most sections we could have gone further back in time but for our desire to avoid anything which might strike the reader as merely quaint.

If we may without presumption differentiate this Anthology from the normal Anthology, we should say that whilst the latter is conceived as a florilegium, a book to fill an idle moment with pleasure, a bedside book, this An-

thology has a more practical aim. While it may still be used for pleasure only, it is nevertheless designed as a means of study, an instruction—not by precept, but by example—in the art of writing good prose. It may be objected that where there is good and bad there is also a best, and that it is the anthologist's duty to arrive at some scale of values. Surely, it will be said, the lyrical utterance of Jeremy Taylor, the impassioned eloquence of Edmund Burke, or the tense narrative of Edgar Allan Poe, is not to be compared with the humdrum *Instructions to the Boatswain!* Not, we will admit, in the scale of values which governs ethics; but then, instructions issued to boatswains in the periods of Taylor or Burke would be absurdly inappropriate. Yet the boatswain must have his instructions, and these instructions must achieve their purpose. The statesman who sways his audience by his oratory, and the authorities who instruct their boatswains, are using this same instrument, prose; the success of both is measured, not by the gravity of their charge, but by the effectiveness of their communication. Style, it cannot be too often repeated, is not an ornament; it is not an exercise, nor a caper, nor complication of any sort. It is the sense of one's self, the knowledge of what one wants to say, and the saying of it in the most fitting words.

These three phases of expression, as we might call them, involve the whole philosophy of art. The sense of one's self is the faculty for tracing some pattern in the stream of consciousness, thereby isolating certain sensations and memories and making them significant. Ideas and values are thus created out of experience: the sense of self is the sense of a constant in the flux of existence, which constant we call our personality. The ability to realise and express one's personality is perhaps the meaning of sincerity; but words like personality and sincerity are easy to use, though difficult to define. They are the subject-matter of psychology, and need the apparatus of that science to explain them. Here we must be content with a descriptive state-

ment. There is undoubtedly some connection between the completeness with which a writer realises his personality and the quality of his style. Not to realise your personality—not to have a sense of your self—is to be exposed to the influence of other personalities. You think you are writing your own mind, but actually you have no mind of your own; you therefore borrow the forms and terms already published as the expression of other minds. Instead of having a style uniquely yours, you have a style which is a composite of many styles. Actually you write with the aid of your literary memory, and not with your own sensations and feelings. At its best, such a style may be a pleasant pastiche—an agreeable imitation or concoction, tempered with wisdom and good taste. At its worst, such a style is false and hackneyed in every clause. We are not listening to a man, but to an elaborate dictaphone, which gives out, instead of words, *cliches*. A *cliche* is a hackneyed phrase—a certain group of words used as a convenient counter to save the writer the trouble of fresh minting. It is not merely that such phrases spoil the effect of a writer's style by making it commonplace; they also inflate it with metaphor, and so destroy its energy. A proportion of, say, five dead metaphors to one live one is not likely to convey to the reader a sense of the writer's vitality.

" The knowledge of what one wants to say, or do, is perhaps the most important stage in the process of writing prose. In poetry it is possible that words may be used to invent meaning: they can be a prelude to logic. But in prose the meaning must be established; the words must be sorted out in the mind until they give an exact correspondence with thought or intuition. Perhaps the process always begins with an intuition, which has no words. But thought, or discursive reasoning, is not even mentally possible without words: the formulation of sentences is the actual process of thought. The thought becomes clearer if the sentences are properly formed. As the thought develops, the sentence develops. It is qualified, it is modified: it breeds another

sentence. And so the process goes on, until a wider intuition, a wider sense of form, tells the writer that his aim is fulfilled, his meaning expressed. The exactitude of the words, the clarity of the sentences, the furtherance of the thought at every stage—on these depends, not only the fulfilment of the writer's intention, but equally the quality of his prose style.

There is one possible exception to be mentioned. Dramatic prose, indeed any form of oratorical prose, differs in its style, or one might say its prosody, from the fact that it is meant to be declaimed to an audience, and not to be read, either with the mind's voice or by the fireside. It therefore calls for an especial kind of phrasing, as is evident if you compare the prose of dramatists when writing for the stage with their prose when writing for the study. The question of phrasing was much considered in the seventeenth century—Shakespeare and his contemporaries came to use a prose which borders on blank verse—but the art seemed to die out with Congreve. Until Oscar Wilde began to consider the question again, English was devoid of dramatic prose with this special interest, though this is not to say that English literature altogether lacks plays for nearly two centuries. It is merely that this particular aspect of writing for the stage was ignored by those who wrote for it.

We may, perhaps, in this one instance, expand the theme, since dramatic prose lends itself so readily to the argument; though it might plausibly be objected that the distinction here is due, not so much to the writers' ultimate aims, as to the exigencies of technique. But let us glance at the prose of three writers illustrated in the Dramatic subsection when the writing is not intended for the stage. Here is Ben Jonson:

First, for the scene, was drawn a landscape consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings; which falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth, as if it flowed to the land, raised

Introduction

with waves which seemed to move, and in some places the billows to break, as imitating that orderly disorder which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed six tritons, in moving and sprightly actions, their upper parts human, save that their hairs were blue, as partaking of the sea-colour: their desinent parts fish, mounted above their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certain light pieces of tafTata, as if carried by the wind, and their music made out of wreathed shells. Behind these, a pair of sea-maids, for song, were as conspicuously seated; between which, two great sea-horses, as big as the life, put forth themselves; the one mounting aloft, and writhing his head from the other, which seemed to sink forward; so intended for variation, and that the figure behind might come off better: upon their backs, Oceanus and Niger were advanced.

(The Masque of Blackness.)

If we compare the above passage with that on p. 509, we are at once struck by the difference in rhythm: the phrases in the passage here quoted are longer; far from preferring to come down heavily on the last syllable of a sentence as he does in his plays, Jonson seems here to avoid it. Take Congreve, again:

If it is necessary for me to give any reason in this place, why I have used epithets and figures in this scene, I will do it in few words. First, I desire the reader to remove my verses from amongst Mr. Collier's interlineations of sad drollery; and reinstate 'em in the scene of the play from whence they were torn. If there is found any passion in those parts of the scene where those epithets and figures are used, they will stand in need of no vindication; for everybody knows that discourses of men in passion, naturally abound in epithets and figures, in aggravations and hyperboles. To this I

add, that the diction of poetry consists of figures; by the frequent use of bold and daring figures, it is distinguished from prose and oratory. Epithets are beautiful in poetry, but make prose languishing and cold; and the frequent use of them in prose, makes it pretend too much and approach too near to poetry.

(Amendments of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations.)

The difference is as great as with Jonson: there is none of the lilt, the careful modulation, the attention to vowel combination, that we find in the passage quoted on p. 513. The difference would be more startling still if we were to take one of his letters.

Wilde gives much the same result:

Since the introduction of printing, and the fatal development of the habit of reading amongst the middle and lower classes of this country, there has been a tendency in literature to appeal more and more to the eye, and less and less to the ear, which is really the sense which, from the standpoint of pure art, it should seek to please, and by whose canons of pleasure it should abide always. Even the work of Mr. Pater, who is, on the whole, the most perfect master of English prose now creating amongst us, is often far more like a piece of mosaic than a passage in music, and seems, here and there, to lack the true rhythmical life of words and the fine freedom of richness of effect that such rhythmical life produces.

(Intentions: The Critic as Artist.)

It is clear that he was attuning his ear very differently when he was writing for the stage and when he was writing for the study, though in both instances he was writing for the sound. More usually, no doubt, a writer adapts his instrument to his needs unaware. It is the object of this

Anthology to provide material for investigating how far the instrument differs according to the use to which it is put.

Otherwise, prose is demotic. Poets are born, not made, but it is given to every man with a clear mind to become a good prose writer. There is no mystery about good prose; it is not a question of inspiration, or even of education. Some of our best prose writers—Bunyan and Cobbett, for example—have been simple, self-educated men. But, equally, good prose is not a question of simplicity alone; that way lies monotony. Prose is as various as mankind itself; it only ceases to be of interest when it expresses, not the man himself, but a convention, or a confusion, or an unresolved impression. There is something immoral about bad prose.

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3. False Principles.	George Berkeley.
4. Laying the Basis.	John Henry, Cardinal Newman.
5. Intuition and Experience.	John Stuart Mill.
6. Going Round the Squirrel.	William James.
7. Volition.	Francis Herbert Bradley.
8. Mathematics a Vice.	George Santayana.
9. Mathematics a Virtue.	Bertrand, Earl Russell.
10. Cheerfulness breaking in.	James Boswell.

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1. The Law which Angels do work by.	Richard Hooker.
2. Interpretation of the Scriptures.	John Milton.
3. The Strength of the Spirit.	Thomas Traherne.
4. The Unitarian Faith.	William Penn.
5. Early Difficulties.	Edward Gibbon.
6. Reason.	John Henry, Cardinal Newman.
7. The Man in the Lift.	Arthur Stanley Eddington.

§4. POLITICS

1. Ireland.	Edmund Spenser.
2. To Parliament.	Queen Elizabeth.
3. Seditions and Troubles.	Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam.
4. The Necessity for Sovereignty.	Thomas Hobbes.
5. Censorship.	John Milton.
6. A Commonwealth.	James Harrington.
7. The Trimmer.	George Savile, Marquis of Halifax.
8. Taxation.	Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.
9. Erastian Doctrine.	Edmund Burke.
10. Borough Charters.	Thomas Paine.

§ 4. POLITICS—*continued*

11. The Formation of Government.	Jeremy Bentham.
12. Population.	Thomas Robert Malthus.
13. The Advance of Democracy	John Stuart Mill.
14. A Second Chamber.	Sir Henry Sumner Maine.
15. The Danger of Federalism.	Alexander Hamilton.
16. Indian Federation.	Official.

§ 5. LAW.

1. Defamation.	Edward, Lord Coke.
2. The Validity of Non-Christian Oaths.	Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke.
3. Evidence.	Sir William Blackstone.
4. Riots.	William Murray, Earl of Mansfield.
5. False Pretences.	Edward, Lord Macnaughten.
6. Slander.	Richard Burdon, Viscount Haldane.

§ 6. STRATEGY AND TACTICS

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2. A Fleet in Being.	Arthur Herbert, Earl of Torrington.
3. Constant Fire.	George, Lord Anson.
4. Conduct of Officers.	John MacIntire.
5. Movement Orders.	Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.
6. Defence.	Howard Staunton.
7. The Boatswain.	Official.
8. Lines of Communication.	General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley.
9. A Tactical Decision.	Lt.-Col. George Francis Robert Henderson.
10. The Motive Power.	Lt.-Col. George Francis Robert Henderson.
11. The Navy's Part.	Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan.
12. Morale.	Official.
13. Operation Order.	Orders. Palestine, 1918.

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3. The Chub.	Izaak Walton.
4. Horse-breeding.	William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle.
5. Casting Hounds.	Peter Beckford.
6. The Montpellier of the Chase.	Charles James Apperlcy ('Nimrod').
7. Shooting.	Lt.-Col. Peter Hawker.
8. The Care of Hounds.	K. W. Horlock ('Scrutator').
9. Hare-hunting.	Robert Smith Surtees.
10. The All-round-my-hat Cast.	Lord Willoughby de Broke.

§ 8. CRITICISM.

1. The Poet.	Sir Philip Sidney.
2. Style.	George Puttenham.
3. Clarity.	Ben Jonson.
4. Vitality.	Ben Jonson.
5. On Rime.	John Milton.
6. On Rhyme in Plays.	John Dryden.
7. Epitaphs.	Samuel Johnson.
8. On Rhyme.	Richard Hurd.
9. What is Poetry?	Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
10. On Homer.	William Blake.
11. On Virgil.	William Blake.
12. What is a Poet?	William Wordsworth.
13. The Case of Mr. Wordsworth.	Francis Jeffrey, Lord Jeffrey.
14. Dante and Milton.	Percy Bysshe Shelley.
15. Words.	William Hazlitt.
16. Many Poets.	Walter Savage Landor.
17. On Blending.	Edgar Allan Poe.
18. Didactic Poetry.	Thomas de Quincey.
19. The Nominal Artist.	Charlotte Bronte.
20. Criticism of Life.	Matthew Arnold.
21. Regular and Irregular Genius.	Walter Bagehot.
22. Wordsworth and Byron.	Algernon Charles Swinburne
23. The Artist's Scheme.	Henry James.
24. Out of the Frying-pan.	H. W. Fowler.
25. Poetry and Personality.	Thomas Stearns Eliot.
26. Baudelaire.	Peter Quennell.
27. The Part and the Whole.	Sir Joshua Reynolds.
28. The Nature of Gothic.	John Ruskin.
29. Space.	Geoffrey Scott.
30. Impersonality in Art.	Bernhard Berenson.

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3. The Curse of Job.	Authorised Version.
4. Death.	William Shakespeare.
5. Death.	John Donne.
6. Oblivion.	Sir Thomas Browne.
7. The Burial of the Dead.	The Book of Common Prayer.
8. The Death of Richard Hooker.	Izaak Walton.
9. A Lark Rising.	Jeremy Taylor.
10. True Religion.	Jeremy Taylor.
11. The Image of Death.	Jeremy Taylor.
12. God's Kingdom at Hand.	John Milton.
13. The Kingdom of Heaven.	Thomas Traherne.
14. Glory.	Thomas Traherne.
15. Marie Antoinette.	Edmund Burke.
16. The Death of Le Fever.	Laurence Sterne.
17. Our Lady of Sighs.	Thomas de Quincey.
18. Youthful Grief.	Walter Savage Landor.
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20. Amaranth.	Walter Savage Landor.
21. A Fairy's Funeral.	John Wilson ('Christopher North').
22. William the Silent.	John Lothrop Motley.
23. Memories.	John Ruskin.
24. The White Whale.	Herman Melville.
25. The Birth of Venus.	Walter Pater.
26. Fame.	Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.
27. The Bedouins.	Charles Montague Doughty.
28. The Death of Stonewall Jackson.	Lt.-Col. George Francis Robert Henderson.
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7. Mistress Otter.	Ben Jonson.
8. Litigation.	William Wycherley.
9. The Bargain.	William Congreve.
10. Persiflage.	Oscar Wilde.
11. Dan Sneezes.	John Millington Synge.
12. The Revolutionaries.	Charles Kirkpatrick Mac- Mullan ('C. K. Munro').

§ 3. ORATORY.

1. His Defence.	Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.
2. Stage Licensing.	Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.
3. American Taxation.	Edmund Burke.
4. The American War.	William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.
5. Declaration of Right.	Henry Grattan.
6. On Warren Hastings.	Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
7. A Plea for Peace.	Charles James Fox.
8. On House of Lords Reform.	Sidney Smith.
9. The Crimean War.	John Bright.
10. The Irish Church.	Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.
11. Dedication of Gettysburg.	Abraham Lincoln.
12. Fort Wagner.	Booker Washington.
13. On the Future Policy of the Liberal Party.	William Ewart Gladstone.
14. Alfred Lyttelton.	Henry Herbert Asquith, Earl of Oxford and Asquith.

§4. COMEDY.

1. Commodore Trunnion's Wedding.	Tobias Smollett.
2. The Widow Wadman's Eye.	Laurence Sterne.
3. Mr. and Mrs. Bennet.	Jane Austen.
4. Mrs. Battle.	Charles Lamb.
5. Dr. Folliott at Dinner.	Thomas Love Peacock.
6. Mr. Chadband.	Charles Dickens.
7. Dr. Proudie and Mr. Slope.	Anthony Trollope.
8. The Cat-and-Custard-Pot Day.	Robert Smith Surtees.
9. Clara and Sir Willoughby.	George Meredith.

§ 5. CONTROVERSY AND CASUISTRY.

i. Cromwell.	Abraham Cowley.
2. Dryden.	Sir Robert Howard.
3. Howard.	John Dryden.
4. Bentley.	Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery.
5. Boyle.	Richard Bentley.
6. The Resurrection.	John Locke.
7. Vanbrugh.	Jeremy Collier.
8. Collier.	Sir John Vanbrugh.
9. Archdeacon Travis.	Richard Porson.
10. Mystics and Mysticism.	Charles Kingsley.
11. Mr. Kingsley's Method of Disputation.	John Henry, Cardinal Newman.
12. Matters of Opinion.	William Ewart Gladstone.
13. Mr. Gladstone and Genesis.	Thomas Henry Huxley.
14. Scholarship.	Alfred Edward Housman.

§6. SATIRE AND INVECTIVE

1. The Wrath of God.	The Book of Jeremiah.
2. The Most Diligent Prelate.	Hugh Latimer.
3. Monsters of Men.	Robert Burton.
4. Spectacles of Vanity.	William Prynne.
5. An Epistle to the Whigs.	John Dryden.
6. Namby-Pamby Philips.	Alexander Pope.
7. A Modest Proposal.	Jonathan Swift.
8. Letter to Lord Hervey.	Alexander Pope.
9. To the Duke of Grafton.	'Junius.'
10. Oxford.	Edward Gibbon.
11. The Rev. Mr. Irving	William Hazlitt.
12. Keats.	Francis Jeffrey, Lord Jeffrey.
13. Blackwood's.	Percy Bysshe Shelley.
14. Emerson.	Algernon Charles Swinburne.

&7- MORALISTIC

1. Rules of Life	Sir William Monson.
2. Studies.	Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam.
3. Studies.	Sir Thomas Browne.
4. Early Discipline.	Jeremy Taylor.
5. Innocent Pleasures.	Sir William Temple.
6. True Merit.	Daniel Defoe.
7. The Christian Gentleman.	William Law.
8. Taste.	Anthony Ashley Cooper, 3rd Earl of Shaftesbury.

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10. Manners.	Ralph Waldo Emerson.
11. The Ideal Dinner.	Thomas Walker.
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14. Egoism.	George Edward Moore.

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Five of the Clock.	Nicholas Breton
2. Conny-catching.	Robert Greene.
3. The Plague.	Thomas Dekker.
4. Solitude.	Abraham Cowley.
5. Fortune's Bubbles.	Ned Ward.
6. Loquacity.	Sir Richard Steele.
7. His Own Good-nature.	Joseph Addison.
8. Essay Writing.	Samuel Johnson.
9. Scotchmen.	Charles Lamb.
10. Minchmoor.	John Brown.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF AUTHORS

- c. mid 14th century. Mandeville, Sir John.
- c. 1406—1471 Malory, Sir Thomas.
- 1467-1553 Berners, Lord (John Bourchier).
- 1478-1535 More, Sir Thomas.
- 1485-1555 Latimer, Hugh.
- 1515-1568 Ascham, Roger.
- 1516-1587 Foxe, John.
- c. 1530-1590 Puttenham, George.
- 1533—1603 Elizabeth, Queen.
- ?1535—? 1601 North, Thomas.
- c. 1540—1610 Turberville, George.
- 1545—1626 Breton, Nicholas.
- 1548—1549 Common Prayer.
- 1552—1599 Spenser, Edmund.
- c. 1552—1618 Raleigh, Sir Walter.
- 1552-1634 Coke, Edward Lord.
- 1554—1586 Sidney, Sir Philip
- c. 1554—1600 Hooker, Richard.
- 1559—1634 Chapman, George.
- c. 1560—1592 Greene, Robert.
- 1561-1612 Harrington, Sir John.
- 1561 —1626 Bacon, Francis (Lord Verulam).
- 1564-1593 Marlowe, Christopher.
- 1564—1616 Shakespeare, William.
- c. 1569—1643 Monson, Sir William.
- c. 1570—1641 Dekker, Thomas.
- 1573—1631 Donne, John.
- 1573-1637 Jonson, Ben.
- 1574-1656 Hall, Joseph.
- 1577-1640 Burton, Robert.
- 1583-1648 Herbert, Lord (of Cherbury).
- 1588-1679 Hobbes, Thomas.
- 1593-1641 Strafford, Earl of (Thomas Wentworth).

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- 1593-1683 Walton, Izaak.
- 1600-1669 Prynne, William.
- 1605-1682 Browne, Sir Thomas.
- 1608-1674 Milton, John.
- 1611-1677 Harrington, James.
- 1611 Bible, The.
- 1613-1667 Taylor, Jeremy.
- 1618-1652 Smith, John.
- 1618-1667 Cowley, Abraham.
- b.* 1620 Hutchinson, Lucy.
- 1620-1706 Evelyn, John.
- 1621-1683 Shaftesbury, 1st Earl of (Anthony Ashley Cooper).
- 1624-1691 Fox, George.
- 1626-1697 Aubrey, John.
- 1626-1698 Howard, Sir Robert.
- 1627-1691 Boyle, The Hon. Robert.
- 1627-1695 Osborne, Dorothy.
- 1628-1688 Bunyan, John.
- 1628-1699 Temple, Sir William.
- 1631-1700 Dryden, John.
- 1632-1704 Locke, John.
- 1633-1695 Savile, George (Marquis of Halifax).
- 1633-1703 Pepys, Samuel.
- c.* 1635-1715 Burnet, Thomas.
- c.* 1636-1674 Traherne, Thomas.
- fl.* 1638-1659 Holland, John.
- c.* 1640-1716 Wycherly, William.
- 1643-1715 Burnet, Gilbert.
- 1644-1718 Penn, William.
- 1647-1716 Herbert, Arthur (Earl of Torrington).
- 1650-1726 Collier, Jeremy.
- 1661-1731 Defoe, Daniel.
- 1662-1742 Bentley, Richard.
- 1664-1726 Vanbrugh, Sir John.
- 1667-1731 Ward, Ned.
- 1667-1745 Swift, Jonathan.
- 1670-1729 Congreve, William.
- 1671-1713 Shaftesbury, 3rd Earl of (Anthony Ashley Cooper).
- 1671-1757 Cibber, Colley.
- 1672-1719 Addison, Joseph.
- 1672-1729 Steele, Sir Richard.
- 1676-1731 Boyle, Charles (Earl of Orrery).
- 1678-1751 Bolingbroke, Viscount (Henry St. John).
- 1685-1752 Berkeley, George.
- 1686-1761 Law, William.
- 1687-1738 Sheridan, Thomas.

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1688-1744	Pope, Alexander.
1690-1762	Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley.
1690-1764	Yorke, Philip (Earl of Hardwicke).
1694-1773	Chesterfield, Earl of (Philip Dormer Stanhope).
1697-1762	Anson, George Lord.
<i>fi.</i> 1699	Pryme, Abraham de la.
<i>fl.</i> 17 . . .	Ward, Ned.
1703-1791	Wesley, John.
1704-1754	Fielding, Henry.
1705-1793	Mansfield, Earl of (William Murray).
1706-1790	Franklin, Benjamin.
1708-1787	Pitt, William (Earl of Chatham).
1709-1784	Johnson, Samuel.
1711-1776	Hume, David.
1713-1768	Sterne, Laurence.
1716-1771	Gray, Thomas.
1717-1797	Walpole, Horace.
1720-1772	Woolman, John.
1720-1793	White, Gilbert.
1720-1808	Hurd, Richard.
1721-1771	Smollett, Tobias.
1723-1780	Blackstone, Sir William.
1723-1790	Smith, Adam.
1723-1792	Reynolds, Sir Joshua.
1729-1797	Burke, Edmund.
1731-1800	Cowper, William.
1731-1810	Cavendish, Henry.
1737-1794	Gibbon, Edward.
1737-1809	Paine, Thomas.
1740-1794	Boswell, James.
1740-1811	Beckford, Peter.
1746-1820	Grattan, Henry.
1748-1832	Bentham, Jeremy.
1749-1806	Fox, Charles James.
1751-1816	Sheridan, Richard Brinsley.
1752-1840	Burney, Frances (Madame D'Arblay).
1756-1816	Fay, Eliza.
1757-1804	Hamilton, Alexander.
1757-1827	Blake, William.
1759-1808	Porson, Richard
1760-1844	Beckford, William.
1761-1809	Moore, Sir John.
1762-1835	Cobbett, William.
1763-	MacIntire, John.
1766-1834	Malthus, Thomas Robert.
1768-1838	Creevey, Thomas.

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- 1769-1852 Wellington, Duke of (Arthur Wellesley).
fl. 1770 'Junius.'
 1770-1850 Wordsworth, William.
 1771-1832 Scott, Sir Walter.
 1771-1845 Smith, Sidney.
 1771-1855 Wordsworth, Dorothy.
 1772-1834 Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.
 1773-1850 Jeffrey, Francis (Lord Jeffrey).
 1774-1843 Southey, Robert.
 1775-1817 Austen, Jane.
 1775-1834 Lamb, Charles.
 1775-1864 Landor, Walter Savage.
 1775-1867 Robinson, Henry Crabb.
 1778-1830 Hazlitt, William.
 1779-1843 Apperley, Charles James ('Nimrod').
 1780-1859 Macaulay, Lord.
 1784-1836 Walker, Thomas.
 1784-1859 Hunt, Leigh.
 1785-1842 Callcott, Maria Lady.
 1785-1854 'North, Christopher' (John Wilson).
 1785-1859 De Quincey, Thomas.
 1785-1860 Napier, Sir William Patrick.
 1785-1866 Peacock, Thomas Love.
 1788-1824 Byron, Lord.
 1791-1867 Faraday, Michael.
 1792-1822 Shelley, Percy Bysshe.
 1792-1848 Marryat, Captain.
 1792-1881 Trelawney, Edward John.
 1794-1854 Lockhart, John Gibson.
 1794-1865 Greville, Charles Cavendish Fulke.
 1794-1871 Grote, George.
 1795-1821 Keats, John.
 1795-1881 Carlyle, Thomas.
 1796-1859 Prescott, William.
 1801-1890 Newman, John Henry.
 1802-1864 Surtees, Robert Smith.
 1803-1881 Borrow, George.
 1803-1882 Emerson, Ralph Waldo.
 1804-1864 Hawthorne, Nathaniel.
 1804-1881 Disraeli, Benjamin (Earl of Beaconsfield).
 1806-1873 Mill, John Stuart.
 1809-1849 Poe, Edgar Allan.
 1809-1865 Lincoln, Abraham.
 1809-1882 Darwin, Charles.
fl. 1809 Harris, Rifleman.
 1809-1883 Fitzgerald, Edward.

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1809-1898	Gladstone, William Ewart.
1810-1865	Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorn.
1810-1874	Staunton, Howard.
1810-1882	Brown, John.
1811-1863	Thackeray, William Makepeace.
1811-1889	Bright, John.
1812-1870	Dickens, Charles.
1814-1877	Motley, John Lothrop.
1815-1882	Trollope, Anthony.
1816-1855	Bronte, Charlotte.
1818-1848	Bronte, Emily.
1818-1894	Froude, James Anthony.
1819-1875	Kingsley, Charles.
1819-1880	Eliot, George.
1819-1891	Melville, Herman.
1819-1900	Ruskin, John.
1820-1893	Tyndall, John.
1822-1888	Maine, Sir Henry Sumner.
1823-1892	Freeman, Edward.
1824-1893	Hamley, Sir Edward Bruce.
1825-1895	Huxley, Thomas Henry.
1826-1877	Bagehot, Walter.
1828-1909	Meredith, George.
1830-1867	Smith, Alexander.
1830-1913	Macnaughten, Lord Edward.
1831-1879	Clerk-Maxwell, James.
1832-1898	Dodgson, Charles Lutwidge ('Lewis Carroll').
1834-1902	Acton, Lord.
1837-1909	Swinburne, Algernon Charles.
1838-1918	Adams, Henry.
1838-1922	Bryce, James, Viscount.
1838-1923	Morley, John, Viscount.
1839-1894	Pater, Walter.
1840-1911	Whymper, Edward.
1840-1914	Mahan, Alfred Thayer.
b. 1842	Bierce, Ambrose.
1842-1910	James, William.
1843-1916	James, Henry.
1843-1926	Doughty, Charles Montague.
1845-1879	Clifford, William Kingdom.
1846-1924	Bradley, Francis Herbert.
1846-1928	O'Grady, Standish.
fl. 1850-1860	Horlock, K. W. ('Scrutator')
1850-1894	Stevenson, Robert Louis.
1852-1928	Asquith, Henry Herbert, Earl of Oxford and Asquith.

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- 1854-1903 Henderson, George Francis Robert.
b. 1854 Frazer, Sir James George.
 1856-1900 Wilde, Oscar.
 1856-1928 Haldane, Richard Burdon, Viscount
 1857-1924 Conrad, Joseph.
b. 1857 Moore, George.
b. 1857 Pearson, Karl.
c. 1859-1915 Washington, Booker Taliaferro.
b. 1859 Housman, Alfred Edward.
 1861-1926 Bateson, William.
 1862-1915 'Ross, Martin' (Violet Florence Martin).
 1862-1922 Hudson, William Henry.
b. 1862 Bragg, Sir William.
b. 1863 Santayana, George.
b. 1865 Yeats, William Butler.
 1868-1912 Scott, Sir Robert Falcon.
 1869-1923 Broke, Lord Willoughby de.
 1871-1909 Synge, John Millington.
b. 1872 Russell, Bertrand.
b. 1873 Ford, Ford Madox.
b. 1873 Moore, George Edward.
b. 1877 Jeans, Sir James.
 1879-1922 Raleigh, Sir Walter.
b. 1880 Tawney, Richard Henry.
b. 1882 Eddington, Arthur Stanley.
b. 1882 Joyce, James.
 1885-1930 Lawrence, David Herbert.
b. 1885 I-odge, Sir Richard.
 1886-1928 Scott, Geoffrey.
b. 1888 Eliot, Thomas Stearns.
b. 1889 MacMullan, Charles Kirkpatrick ('C. K. Munro'),
fl. 1890-1930 Somerville, E. (E).
fl. 1900-1930 Fowler, H. W.
fl. 1920-1930 Quennell, Peter.

PART I

NARRATIVE PROSE

- § i. Story-telling
- § ii. History
- § iii. Autobiography and Journals
- § iv. Biography and Characters
- § v. Letters

§ i. STORY-TELLING

1 *The Pedlar of Swaffham*

Constant tradition says that there lived in former times in Soffham (Swaffham), *alias* Sopham, in Norfolk, a certain pedlar, who dreamed that if he went to London Bridge, and stood there, he should hear very joyful news, which he at first slighted, but afterwards, his dream being doubled and trebled upon him, he resolved to try the issue of it, and accordingly w^Tent to London, and stood on the bridge there two or three days, looking about him, but heard nothing that might yield him any comfort. At last it happened that a shopkeeper there, hard by, having noted his fruitless standing, seeing that he neither sold any wares nor asked any alms, went to him and most earnestly begged to know what he wanted there, or what his business was; to which the pedlar honestly answered that he had dreamed that if he came to London and stood there upon the bridge he should hear good news; at which the shopkeeper laughed heartily, asking him if he was such a fool as to take a journey on such a silly errand, adding: 'I'll tell thee, country fellow, last night I dreamed that I was at Sopham, in Norfolk, a place utterly unknown to me, where methought behind a pedlar's house in a certain orchard, and under a great oak tree, if I digged I should find a vast treasure! Now think you,' says he, 'that I am such a fool to take such a long journey upon me upon the instigation of a silly dream? No, no, I'm wiser. Therefore, good fellow, learn wit from me, and get you home, and mind your business.' The pedlar observing his words, what he had said he dreamed, and knowing they concentrated in him,

glad of such joyful news, went speedily home, and digged and found a prodigious great treasure, with which he grew exceeding rich; and SofTham (Church) being for the most part fallen down, he set on workmen and rectified it most sumptuously, at his own charges; and to this day there is his statute therein, but in stone, with his pack at his back and his dog at his heels; and his memory is also preserved by the same form or picture in most of the old glass windows, taverns, and alehouses of that town unto this day.

Diary of Abraham de la Pry me , 1699

(SURTEES SOCIETY)

2 *A Priest Sings like a Calf*

Jacobus de Vetriaco tells how that there was a priest that trowed he was a passing good singer, notwithstanding he was not so. So on a day there was a gentlewoman that sat behind him and heard him sing, and she began to weep; and he, trowing that she wept for sweetness of his voice, began to sing louder than he did tofore; and aye the higher she heard him sing, the faster wept she. Then this priest asked her why she wept so as she did, and she answered him again and said: 'Sir, I am a poor gentlewoman, and the last day I had no calf but one; and the wolf came and had it away from me; and ever when that I hear you sing, anon I remember me how tciat my calf and ye cried like.' And when the priest heard thiss anon he thought shame, and remembered him that that thin/g that he thought was great loving unto God, was unto Hj/m great shame and villainy; and from thence forth he sang never so loud.

An Alphabet of Tales (15th century)

3 *Naaman the Syrian*

Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, v/as a great man with his master, and honourable, because by

him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valour, but he was a leper.

And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife.

And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy.

And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel.

And the king of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment.

And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy.

And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.

So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha.

And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.

But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and shall call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper.

Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned, and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?

Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him: and he said, Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant.

But he said, As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it; but he refused.

And Naaman said, Shall there not then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? for thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord.

In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing.

And he said unto him, Go in peace. So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him.

So Gehazi followed after Naaman: and when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, Is all well?

And he said, All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there be come to me from mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.

And Naaman said, Be content, take two talents. And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him.

And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house: and he let the men go, and they departed.

But he went in, and stood before his master : and Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi ? And he said, Thy servant went no whither.

And he said unto him, Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee ? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive-yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid -servants ?

The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and to thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

The Bible (Authorised Version), II Kings v

4 *Mohammet and the Good Hermit*

And also Mohammet loved well a good Hermit that dwelled in the Deserts a Mile from Mount Sinai, in the Way that Men go from Arabia toward Chaldea and toward Ind, one Day's Journey from the Sea, where the Merchants of Venice come often for Merchandise. And so often went Mohammet to this Hermit, that all his Men were wroth; for he would gladly hear this Hermit preach and make his Men wake all Night. And therefore his Men thought to put the Hermit to Death. And so it befell upon a Night, that Mohammet was drunken of good Wine, and he fell asleep. And his Men took Mohammet's Sword out of his Sheath, whiles he slept,

and therewith they slew this Hermit, and put his Sword all bloody in his Sheath again. And at the Morrow, when he found the Hermit dead, he was fully sorry and wroth, and would have done his Men to Death. But they all, with one Accord, said that he himself had slain him, when he was drunk, and showed him his Sword all bloody. And he trowed that they had said Truth. And then he cursed the Wine and them that drink it. And therefore Saracens that be devout drink never any Wine. But some drink it privily; for if they drunk it openly, they should be reprovèd. But they drink good Beverage and sweet and nourishing that is made of Gallamelle and that is what Men make Sugar of, that is of right good Savour, and it is good for the Breast.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE: *Travels* (mid 14th century)

5 *The Earl of Flanders in Flight*

Thus about the hour of midnight the earl went from street to street, and by back lanes, so that at last he was fain to take a house, or else he had been found by them of Gaunt; and so as he went about the town he entered into a poor woman's house, the which was not meet for such a lord. There was neither hall, palace, nor chamber; it was but a poor smokey house; there was nothing but a poor hall, black with smoke, and above a small placher, and a ladder of seven steps to mount upon; and on the placher there was a poor couch, whereas the poor woman's children lay. Then the earl sore abashed and trembling at his entering said, O good woman, save me; I am thy lord the earl of Flaunders; but now I must hide me, for mine enemies chase me, and if ye do me good now, I shall reward you hereafter therefore. The poor woman knew him well, for she had been oft times at his gate to fetch alms, and had often seen him as he went in and out a-sporting. And so incontinent as hap was she answered; for if she had made any delay, he had been taken talking with her by the fire. Then she said, Sir, mount up this ladder, and lay yourself under the bed that ye find there, as

my children sleep. And so in the mean time the woman sat down by the fire with another child that she had in her arms. So the earl mounted up the plancher as well as he might, and crept in between the couch and the straw, and lay as flat as he could; and even therewith, some of the rutters of Gaunt entered into the same house, for some of them said, how they had seen a man enter into the house before them; and so they found the woman sitting by the fire with her child; then they said, Good woman, where is the man that we saw enter before us into this house, and did shut the door after him? Sirs, quoth she, I saw no man enter into this house this night; I went out right now and cast out a little water, and did close my door again; if any were here, I could not tell how to hide him; ye see all the easement that I have in this house; here ye may see my bed, and here above this plancher lieth my poor children. Then one of them took a candle and mounted up the ladder, and put up his head above the plancher, and saw there none other thing but the poor couch, where her children lay and slept. And so he looked all about, and then said to his company, Go we hence, we lose the more for the less; the poor woman saith truth, here is no creature but she and her children; and then they departed out of the house. After that there was none entered to do any hurt. All these words the earl heard right well whereas he lay under the poor couch.

JOHN BOURCHIER, 2ND LORD BERNERS (1467-1553):
The Chronicle of Froissart

6 *The Fair Maid of Astolat*

My lord Sir Launcelot, now I see ye will depart, now, fair knight and courteous knight, have mercy upon me, and suffer me not to die for thy love. What would ye that I did? said Sir Launcelot. I would have you to my husband, said Elaine. Fair damsel, I thank you, said Sir Launcelot, but truly, said he, I cast me never to be wedded man. Then, fair knight, said she, will ye be my paramour? Jesu defend me, said

Sir Launcelot, for then I rewarded your father and your brother full evil for their great goodness. Alas, said she, then must I die for your love. Ye shall not so, said Sir Launcelot, for wit ye well, fair maiden, I might have been married an I had would, but I never applied me to be married yet. But because, fair damsel, that ye love me as ye say ye do, I will, for your good will and kindness, show you some goodness, and that is this; that wheresoever ye wall beset your heart upon some good knight that will wed you, I shall give you together a thousand pound yearly, to you and to your heirs. Thus much will I give you, fair madam, for your kindness, and always while I live to be your own knight. Of all this, said the maiden, I will none, for, but if ye will wed me, or else be my paramour, wit you well, Sir Launcelot, my good days are done. Fair damsel, said Sir Launcelot, of these two things ye must pardon me. Then she shrieked shrilly, and fell down in a swoon; and then women bare her into her chamber, and there she made overmuch sorrow. And then Sir Launcelot would depart; and there he asked Sir Lavaine what he would do. What should I do, said Sir Lavaine, but follow you, but if ye drive me from you, or command me to go from you? Then came Sir Bernard to Sir Launcelot, and said to him. I cannot see but that my daughter Elaine will die for your sake. I may not do withal, said Sir Launcelot, for that me sore repenteth; for I report me to yourself that my proffer is fair, and me repenteth, said Sir Launcelot, that she loveth me as she doth: I was never the cause of it, for I report me to your son, I early nor late proffered her bounty nor fair behests; and as for me, said Sir Launcelot, I dare do all that a good knight should do, that she is a clean maiden for me, both for deed and for will; and I am right heavy for her distress, for she is a full fair maiden, good, and gentle, and well taught. Father, said Sir Lavaine, I dare make good she is a clean maiden as for my lord Sir Launcelot; but she doth as I do, for since I first saw my lord Sir Launcelot, I could never depart from him, nor nought I will and I may follow him. Then Sir Launcelot took his leave, and so they

departed, and came unto Winchester. And when Arthur wist that Sir Launcelot was come, whole and sound, the king made great joy of him, and so did Sir Gawaine, and all the knights of the Round Table except Sir Agravaire and Sir Mordred. Also queen Guenever was wood wroth with Sir Launcelot, and would by no means speak with him, but estranged herself from him; and Sir Launcelot made all the means that he might to speak with the queen, but it would not be.

Now speak we of the fair maiden of Astolat, that made such sorrow day and night, that she never slept, ate, nor drank; and ever she made her complaint unto Sir Launcelot. So when she had thus endured a ten days, that she feeble so that she must needs pass out of this world, then she shrived her clean, and received her Creator. And ever she complained still upon Sir Launcelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then she said, Why should I leave such thoughts? am I not an earthly woman? and all the while the breath is in my body I may complain me, for my belief is I do none offence though I love an earthly man; and I take God to my record I never loved none but Sir Launcelot du Lake, nor never shall; and a clean maiden I am for him and for all other. And since it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the High Father of Heaven to have mercy upon my soul, and upon mine innumerable pains that I have suffered may be allegiance of part of my sins. For sweet Lord Jesu, said the fair maiden, I take thee to record, on thee I was never great offender against thy laws, but that I loved this noble knight Sir Launcelot out of measure, and of myself, good Lord, I might not withstand the fervent love wherefore I have my death. And then she called her father Sir Bernard, and her brother Sir Tirre, and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she did endite it; and so her father granted her. And when the letter was written word by word like as she devised, then she prayed her father that she might be watched until she

were dead,—And while my body is hot, let this letter be put in my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold, and let me be put in a fair bed, with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed, and all my richest clothes, be laid with me in a chariot unto the next place where the Thames is; and there let me be put within a barget, and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither, and that my barget be covered with black samite, over and over. Thus, father, I beseech you, let it be done. So her father granted it her faithfully, all things should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother made great dole, for, when this was done, anon she died. And so when she was dead, the corpse, and the bed, all was led the next way unto Thames, and there a man, and the corpse, and all, were put into Thames; and so the man steered the barget unto Westminster, and there he rowed a great while to and fro or any espied it.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (c.1406-1471): *Morte Darthur*

7 *The Death of Ridley and Latimer*

Then the wicked sermon being ended, Dr. Ridley and Master Latimer kneeled down upon their knees to my lord Williams of Tame, the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and divers other commissioners appointed for that purpose, who sate upon a form thereby; unto whom Master Ridley said, 'I beseech you, my Lord, even for Christ's sake, that I may speak but two or three words/ And whilst my lord bent his head to the mayor and vice-chancellor, to know (as it appeared) whether he might have leave to speak, the bailiffs and Dr. Marshal the vice-chancellor ran hastily unto him, and with their hands stopped his mouth, and said, 'Master Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions, and recant the same, you shall not only have liberty so to do, but also the benefit of a subject, that is, have your life.* 'Not otherwise?' said Master Ridley. 'No/ quoth Dr. Marshal: 'therefore if you will not do so, then there is no remedy but you must suffer for your deserts.'

'Well,' quoth Master Ridley, 'so long as the breath is in my body I will never deny my Lord Christ, and his known truth: God's will be done in me.' And with that he rose up, and said with a loud voice, 'Well, then I commit our cause to Almighty God, who will indifferently judge all.' To whose saying, Mr. Latimer added his old posy, 'Well, there is nothing hid but it shall be opened.' And he said, he could answer Smith well enough, if he might be suffered.

Incontinently they were commanded to make themselves ready, which they all meekness obeyed. Master Ridley took his gown and his tippet, and gave it to his brother-in-law Master Shippside, who all his time of imprisonment, although he might not be suffered to come to him, lay there at his own charges to provide him necessaries, which from time to time he sent him by the sergeant that kept him. Some other of his apparel that was little worth, he gave away, the others the bailiffs took.

He gave away besides, divers other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifully weeping, as to Sir Henry Lea he gave a new groat; and to divers of my lord William's gentlemen, some napkins, some nutmegs, and races of ginger, his dial, and such other things as he had about him, to every one that stood next him. Some plucked the points off his hose. Happy was he that might get any rag of him.

Master Latimer gave nothing, but very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to look unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that were there present, as one should lightly see; and whereas in his clothes he appeared a withered and crooked silly old man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might behold.

Then Master Ridley, standing as yet in his truss, said to his brother, 'It were best for me to go in my truss still.' 'No,' quoth his brother, 'it will put you to more pain: and the truss will do a poor man good.' Whereunto Dr. Ridley said, 'Be it, in the name of God,' and so unlaced himself. Then being in his shirt, he stood upon the foresaid stone, and held up his

hand and said, 'O heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee, even unto death; I beseech thee, Lord God, take mercy on this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies.'

Then the smith took a chain of iron, and brought the same about both Dr. Ridley's and Master Latimer's middle: and, as he was knocking in a staple, Dr. Ridley took the chain in his hand and shook the same, for it did gird in his belly; and looking aside to the smith, said, 'Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have his course.' Then his brother did bring him a bag of gunpowder, and would have tied it about his neck. Master Ridley asked him what it was; his brother said, 'Gunpowder.' 'Then,' said he, 'I will take it to be sent of God, therefore I will receive it as sent from him. And have you any,' said he, 'for my brother?' (meaning Master Latimer). 'Yea, sir, that I have,' quoth his brother. 'Then give it unto him,' said he, 'betime; lest ye come too late.' So his brother went and carried off the same gunpowder to Mr. Latimer.

In the mean time Dr. Ridley spake unto my lord Williams, and said, 'My lord, I must be a suitor unto your lordship in the behalf of divers poor men, and especially in the cause of my poor sister: I have made a supplication to the queen's majesty in their behalfs. I beseech your lordship for Christ's sake, to be a mean to her grace for them. My brother here hath the supplication, and will resort to your lordship to certify you hereof. There is nothing in all the world that troubleth my conscience, I praise God, this only excepted. Whilst I was in the see of London, divers poor men took leases of me, and agreed with me for the same. Now I hear say the bishop that now occupieth the same room, will not allow my grants unto them made, but contrary to all law and conscience, hath taken from them their livings, and will not suffer them to enjoy the same. I beseech you, my lord, be a mean for them: you shall do a good deed, and God will reward you.'

Then they brought a faggot kindled with fire, and laid the same down at Dr. Ridley's feet. Thereupon Master Latimer said, 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man, we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.' And so the fire being given unto them, when Dr. Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a wonderful loud voice, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum: Domine recipe spiritum meum.* And after, repeated this latter part often in English, 'Lord, Lord, receive my spirit.' Master Latimer crying as vehemently on the other side, 'O Father of heaven, receive my soul!' who received the flame as it were embracing of it. After that he had stroked his face with his hands, and as it were bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died (as it appeareth) with very little pain or none. And thus much concerning the end of this old and faithful servant of God, Master Latimer, for whose laborious travails, fruitful life, and constant death the whole realm hath cause to give thanks to Almighty God.

But Master Ridley, by reason of the evil making of the fire unto him, because the wooden faggots were laid about the gorse, and over-high built, the fire burnt first beneath, being kept down by the wood; which when he felt, he desired them for Christ's sake to let the fire come unto him. Which his brother-in-law heard, but not well understood, intending to rid him out of his pain (for which cause he gave attendance) as one in such sorrow, not well advised what he did, heaped faggots upon him, so that he clean covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath, that it burned clean all his nether parts, before it touched the upper; and that made him leap up and down under the faggots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saying, 'I cannot burn.' Which indeed appeared well; for, after his legs were consumed by reason of his struggling through the pain (whereof he had no release, but only his contentation God) he showed that side toward us clean, shirt and all untouched with flame. Yet in all this torment he forgot not to call unto God still, having in his mouth, 'Lord, have mercy upon me,' inter-

mingling his cry, 'Let the fire come unto me, I cannot burn.' In which pangs he laboured till one of the standers-by with his bill pulled off the faggots above, and where he saw the fire flame up, he wrested himself unto that side. And when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more, but burned on the other side, falling down at Master Latimer's feet: which some said, happened by reason that the chain loosed; others said, that he fell over the chain by reason of the poise of his body, and the weakness of the nether limbs.

Some said, that before he was like to fall from the stake, he desired them to hold him to it with their bills. However it was, surely it moved hundreds to tears, in beholding the horrible sight; for I think there were none that had not clean exiled all humanity and mercy which would not have lamented to behold the fury of the fire so to rage upon their bodies. Signs there were of sorrow on every side. Some took it grievously to see their deaths, whose lives they held full dear; some pitied their persons, that thought their souls had no need thereof. His brother moved many men, seeing his miserable case, seeing (I say) him compelled to such infelicity, that he thought then to do him best service when he hastened his end. Some cried out of the fortune, to see his endeavour (who most dearly loved him, and sought his release), turn to his greater vexation, and increase of pain. But whoso considered their preferments in time past, the places of honour that they sometime occupied in this commonwealth, the favour they were in with their princes, and the opinion of learning they had in the university where they studied, could not choose but sorrow with tears to see so great dignity, honour and estimation, so necessary members sometime accounted, so many godly virtues, the study of so many years, such excellent learning, to be put into the fire, and consumed in one moment. Well! dead they are, and the reward of this world they have already. What reward remaineth for them in heaven, the day of the Lord's glory, when he cometh with his saints, shall shortly, I trust, declare.

JOHN FOXE (1516-1587): *Book of Martyrs*

8 *Furius Camillus*

The people then assembling with the Senate, and the baser sort with the noble, did all with one voice and assent choose Camillus Dictator the fifth time. He was now a very old man, lacking little of four score years: but nevertheless, considering the necessity and present danger, without framing any excuse, or starting as he had before, he undertook the charge. Now that he had taken it upon him, he presently levied men, and prepared his army. And knowing very well how the fierceness of these barbarous Gauls consisted, in downright blows with their swords, with which they would strike off heads and shoulders of men at a blow, mangling them like butchers, without any cast or skill of fight: he caused iron sallets and morions to be made for the most of his men, as smoothly wrought on the outside as could be, that their swords lighting on them, should either slide off, or break. Moreover, he caused their shields to have bars made about them of copper, because the wood self was not able to abide their blows. Furthermore, he did teach his soldiers to carry long javelins or punchion staves, wherewith they might wound their enemies lifting up their swords to strike them. Now when the Gauls were come near Rome, having pitched their camp upon the river of Anian, and being full loaden and stuffed with all kinds of spoil and booties: then Camillus brought his army also into the field, and went to lodge on a little hill which was easy to get upon, where there were many little caves, so that the most of his army was all hidden and covered, and those that were seen, seemed to be retired thither into those high places for an advantage, and of fear. Camillus to increase this opinion more in his enemies, and to make them the bolder, did suffer them to come and spoil even to the foot of the hill where he was lodged, and stirred not once out to trouble them, but kept himself quiet in his camp and well fortified. Until such time as he spied occasion of advantage, that the best part of their army were scattered here and there, a-foraging all about the fields: and

those which remained in their camp, fell to eating and drinking, as they used carelessly at all hours. Then Camillus sent very early before day, his lightest armed men, to vex and trouble the barbarous people in coming out of their camp, and to let them in any case from putting their men in order of battle: and he at the break of day, came down into the plain, and did set his other men being well armed, in good array, which were a great number, and lusty fellows, and were not as the barbarous people thought, few, and fearful. This at the very first discouraged the hearts of the Gauls marvellously, because they thought themselves dishonoured, that the Romans should charge upon them first. Afterwards also Camillus' vanguard did set upon the Gauls, and that on a sudden, before they had leisure to put themselves in battle, or to order their troops: compelling them to light without order, as they met out of order by chance. In the end also, Camillus came upon the necks of them, with all his whole force, and army together: against whom they ran notwithstanding, holding up their naked swords aloft in their hands. But the Romans thrusting with their armed javelins, received their enemies' blows upon them, and thereby so rebated the edges of their swords (their blades being very sharp and thin ground, and of so soft a temper) that they bowed again, and stood crooked unreasonably: and furthermore, having pierced their shields through with their punching-staves, the Gauls' arms were so clogged and wearied with them, the Romans plucking them back to them again, that they threw away their swords and shields, and flying in, closed with the Romans, and caught hold of their javelins, thinking by plain force to have wrested them out of their hands. Howbeit, they perceiving then the Gauls were naked, fell straight to their swords: and so was the slaughter of their first ranks very great. The other fled scatteringly here and there, all about the plain: because Camillus had caused all the hills and mountains about them to be occupied and possessed. Neither did they retire towards their camp, for that it was unfortified, and also knew well enough it

would be easily taken. This battle (as they say) was thirteen years after their taking of Rome before. But after that field, the Romans' courages were good enough against these barbarous Gauls, whom they stood in fear of before: thinking the first time they came, that they had not overcome them by force, but by reason of the plague that fell amongst them, or through some other strange chance. For they did so fear them at that time, that they made a law, how their priests should be exempted from wars, so it were not against the Gauls. This overthrow was the last martial act Camillus did in the wars. For, the taking of the city of Velitres, was an accident depending upon this journey: because they yielded straight unto him, without striking any stroke. But the seditiousness of the people of Rome about government, and the choosing of the year Consuls, was the hardest matter he ever had in hand. For they returning home to Rome strong, and of great power, by their late obtained victory, would in any case have one of the Consuls to be chosen of a commoner, which was directly against their ancient custom. But the Senate stoutly withstood it, and would not suffer Camillus to be put out of office: hoping the better by means of his authority, which was great then, that they should maintain and continue their ancient dignity, and prerogative of their nobility.

THOMAS NORTH (?1535-?1601):
Plutarch's Lives: Life of Furius Camillus

9 *An old Tod*

At a Summer Assizes holden at *Hertford*, while the Judge was sitting upon the Bench, comes this old *Tod* into the Court, clothed in a green suit, with his leathern girdle in his hand, his bosom open, and all on a dung sweat, as if he had run for his life; and being come in, he spake aloud as follows: *My Lord*, said he, *Here is the veriest rogue that breathes upon the face of the earth. I have been a thief from a child: When I was but a little one, I gave myself to rob*

orchards, and to do other such like wicked things, and I have continued a thief ever since. My Lord, there has not been a robbery committed thus many years, within so many miles of this place, but I have either been at it, or privy to it.

The Judge thought the fellow was mad, but after some conference with some of the Justices, they agreed to indict him; and so they did of several felonious actions; to all which he heartily confessed guilty, and so was hanged with his wife at the same time.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688):

The Life and Death of Mr. Badman

10 *The Print of a Foot*

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

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

DANIEL DEFOE (1661-1731): *Robinson Crusoe*

11 *Arrival among the Yahoos*

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself, and consider what I had best to do. When I was a little refreshed, I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages, and whereof I had some about me. The land was divided by long rows of trees, not regularly planted, but naturally growing; there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats. I walked very circumspectly for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind or on either side. I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracts of human feet, and some of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular, and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket to observe them better. Some of them coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form. Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled and others lank; they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs and the fore parts of their legs and feet, but the rest of their bodies were bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They

had no tails, nor any hair at all *on* their buttocks, except about the anus; which, I presume, nature had placed there to defend them as they sat on the ground; for this posture they used, as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind feet. They climbed high trees, as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked. They would often spring, and bound, and leap with prodigious agility. The females were not so large as the males; they had long lank hair on their heads, but none on their faces, nor anything more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies, except about the anus, and pudenda. Their dugs hung between their forefeet, and often reached almost to the ground as they walked. The hair of both sexes was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld in all my travels so disagreeable an animal, nor one against which I naturally conceived so strong an antipathy. So that thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways every feature of his visage, and stared as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer, lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief, I could not tell. But I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, *ii* they should come to know, that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart, he drew back, and roared so loud, that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling and making odious faces; but I ran to the body of a tree, and leaning my back against it, kept them off by waving my hanger. Several of this cursed brood getting hold of the branches behind, leapt up into the tree, from whence they began to discharge their excrements on my head; however, I escaped pretty well, by

sticking close to the stem of the tree, but was almost stifled with the filth, which fell about me on every side.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745): *Gulliver's Travels*

12 An Affray

The clock had now struck twelve, and every one in the house were in their beds, except the sentinel who stood to guard Northerton, when Jones softly opening his door, issued forth in pursuit of his enemy, of whose place of confinement he had received a perfect description from the drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light coloured coat, covered with streams of blood. His face, which missed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the surgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a sword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raised in a church-yard, nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Christmas fire in Somersetshire.

When the sentinel first saw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier cap; and in the same instant his knees fell to blows with each other. Presently his whole body was seized with worse than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occasion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miss his man.

Jones seeing the fellow fall, guessed the cause of his fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the danger from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the fellow, who still continued in the posture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he had heard, was confined. Here, in a solitary situation, he

found—an empty quart pot standing on the table, on which some beer being spilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at present it was entirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to some other apartment; but upon searching all around it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the sentinel had been posted. He then proceeded to call Northerton several times by his name; but no one answered; nor did this serve to any other purpose than to confirm the sentinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghost was come in search of the murderer: he now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wish, with all my heart, some of those actors, who are hereafter to represent a man frightened out of his wits, had seen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, instead of performing several antic tricks and gestures, for the entertainment and applause of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at least despairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole house, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently stole back again to his chamber, and to his bed; whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiscovered, had any other person been on the same staircase, save only one gentleman who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door to his chamber, the hall where the sentinel had been posted was half full of people, some in their shirts, and others not half dressed, all very earnestly inquiring of each other what was the matter.

The soldier was now found lying in the same place and posture in which we just now left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise him, and some concluded him dead; but they presently saw their mistake, for he not only struggled with those who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined so many spirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being possessed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt into nothing but ghosts and spectres.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles being brought and seeing two or three of his comrades present, he came a little to himself; but when they asked him what was the matter? he answered, 'I am a dead man, that's all, I am a dead man, I can't recover it, I have seen him.' 'What hast thou seen, Jack?' says one of the soldiers. 'Why I have seen the young volunteer that was killed yesterday.' He then imprecated the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where ensign Northerton was, and then seizing the ensign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women present believed it firmly, and prayed heaven to defend them from murder. Amongst the men too, many had faith in the story; but others turned it to derision and ridicule; and a sergeant who was present answered very coolly, 'Young man, you will hear more of this, for going to sleep and dreaming on your post.'

The soldier replied, 'You may punish me if you please; but I was as broad awake as I am now; and the devil carry me away, as he hath the ensign, if I did not see the dead man, as I tell you, with eyes as big and fiery as two large flam-beaux.'

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the house, were now both arrived; for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the sentinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to rise immediately, though he had no great apprehensions of any mischief; whereas the apprehensions of the latter were much greater, lest her spoons and tankards should be upon the march, without having received any such orders from her.

Our poor sentinel, to whom the sight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had seen before, again related the dreadful story, and with many additions of blood and fire: but he had

the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the last mentioned persons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; besides, having so lately left Jones in the condition we have seen, he had no suspicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not over religious, she had no kind of aversion to the doctrine of spirits; but there was a circumstance in the tale which she well knew to be false, as we shall inform the reader presently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone, it was now certain that his body was no longer in custody. Upon this occasion, the lieutenant formed a conclusion not very different from what the sergeant is just mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the sentinel to be taken prisoner. So that, by a strange reverse of fortune (though not very uncommon in a military life), the guard became the guarded.

HENRY FIELDING (1704-1754): *Tom Jones*

13 *A Strange Adventure*

No sooner did he perceive the change in my countenance, than sullenly retiring to yonder rock he sat careless of the sun and scorching winds; for it was now the summer solstice. He was equally heedless of the unwholesome dews. When midnight came my horrors were augmented; and I meditated, several times, to abandon my hovel and fly to the next village; but a power more than human chained me to the spot and fortified my mind. I slept, and it was late next morning when someone called at the wicket of the little fold, where my goats are penned. I arose, and saw a peasant of my acquaintance leading a female strangely muffled up, and casting her eyes on the ground. My heart misgave me. I thought this was the very maid who had been the cause of such atrocious wickedness. Nor were my conjectures ill founded. Regardless of the clown who stood by in stupid astonishment, she fell to the earth and bathed my hand with

tears. Her large blue eyes gleamed between long eye-lashes, her bosom was more agitated than the waves and whiter than their foam. Her trembling lips with difficulty enquired after the youth; and, as she spoke, a glow of conscious guilt lightened up her pale countenance. The full recollection of her lover's crimes shot through my memory. I was incensed, and would have spurned her away; but she clung to my garments, and seemed to implore my pity, with a look so full of misery, that, relenting, I led her in silence to the extremity of the cliff where the youth was seated, his feet dangling above the sea. His eye was rolling wildly around, but it soon fixed upon the object for whose sake he had doomed himself to perdition. I am not inclined to describe their ecstasies, or the eagerness with which they sought each other's embraces. I indignantly turned my head away; and, driving my goats to a recess amongst the rocks, sat revolving in my mind these strange events. I neglected procuring any provision for my unwelcome guests; and about midnight returned homewards by the light of the moon which shone serenely in the heavens. Almost the first object her beams discovered was the guilty maid sustaining the head of her lover, who had fainted through weakness and want of nourishment. I fetched some dry bread, and dipping it in milk laid it before them. Having performed this duty I set open the door of my hut, and returned to a neighbouring cavity, there stretched myself on a heap of leaves and offered my prayers to heaven. A thousand fears till this moment unknown, thronged into my fancy. I mistook the shadow of leaves that chequered the entrance to the grot, for ugly reptiles, and repeatedly shook my garments. The flow of the distant surges was deepened by my apprehensions into distant groans: in a word, I could not rest; but issuing from the cavern as hastily as my trembling knees would allow, paced along the edge of the precipice. An unaccountable impulse would have hurried my steps. Dark clouds were drifting athwart the sky, and the setting moon was flushed with the deepest crimson. A wan gleam coloured the sea.

Such was my terror and shivering, that, unable to advance to my hut or retreat to the cavern, I was about to shield myself from the night in a sandy crevice, when a loud shriek pierced my ear. My fears had confused me; I was in fact near my hovel and scarcely three paces from the brink of the cavern: it was thence the cries proceeded. Advancing in a cold shudder to its edge, part of which was newly crumbled in, I discovered the form of the young man suspended by one foot to a branch of juniper that grew ten feet down. Thus dreadfully did he hang over the gulph, from the branch bent with his weight. His features were distorted, his eye-balls glared with agony, and his screams became so shrill and terrible that I lost all power of affording assistance. Fixed, I stood with my eyes riveted upon the criminal, who incessantly cried out, 'O God! O Father! save me if there be yet mercy! save me or I sink into the abyss! I am convinced he did not see me; for not once did he implore my help. My heart was dead within me. I called out upon the Lord. His voice grew faint, and as I gazed intent upon him, he fell into utter darkness. I sunk to the earth in a trance; during which a sound like the rush of pennons assailed my ear: methought the evil spirit was bearing off his soul. I lifted up my eyes, but nothing stirred: the stillness that prevailed was awful.

WILLIAM BECKFORD (1760-1844):
Dreams, Waking Thoughts and Incidents

14 *Jeanie at the Stauntons'*

Jeanie arose from her seat, and made her quiet reverence, when the elder Mr. Staunton entered the apartment. His astonishment was extreme at finding his son in such company.

'I perceive, madam,' he said, 'I have made a mistake respecting you, and ought to have left the task of interrogating you, and of righting your wrongs, to this young man, with whom, doubtless, you have been formerly acquainted.'

'It's unwitting on my part that I am here,' said Jeanie; 'the servant told me his master wished to speak with me.'

'There goes the purple coat over my ears,' murmured Tummas. 'D—n her, why must she needs speak the truth, when she could have as well said any thing else she had a mind?'

'George,' said Mr. Staunton, 'if you are still—as you have ever been—lost to all self-respect, you might at least have spared your father, and your father's house, such a disgraceful scene as this.'

'Upon my life—upon my soul, sir!' said George, throwing his feet over the side of the bed, and starting from his recumbent posture.

'Your life, sir!' interrupted his father, with melancholy sternness,—'What sort of life has it been?—Your soul! alas! what regard have you ever paid to it? Take care to reform both ere offering either as pledges of your sincerity.'

'On my honour, sir, you do me wrong,' answered George Staunton; 'I have been all that you can call me that's bad, but in the present instance you do me injustice. By my honour, you do!'

'Your honour!' said his father, and turned from him, with a look of the most upbraiding contempt, to Jeanie. 'From you, young woman, I neither ask nor expect any explanation; but, as a father alike and as a clergyman, I request your departure from this house. If your romantic story has been other than a pretext to find admission into it (which, from the society in which you first appeared, I may be permitted to doubt), you will find a justice of peace within two miles, with whom, more properly than with me, you may lodge your complaint.'

'This shall not be,' said George Staunton, starting up to his feet. 'Sir, you are naturally kind and humane—you shall not become cruel and inhospitable on my account. Turn out that eavesdropping rascal,' pointing to Thomas, 'and get what hartshorn drops, or what better receipt you have against fainting, and I will explain to you in two words the

connection betwixt this young woman and me. She shall not lose her fair character through me. I have done *too* much mischief to her family already, and I know too well what belongs to the loss of fame.'

'Leave the room, sir,' said the Rector to the servant; and when the man had obeyed, he carefully shut the door behind him. Then addressing his son, he said sternly, 'Now, sir, what new proof of your infamy have you to impart to me?'

Young Staunton was about to speak, but it was one of those moments when persons, who, like Jeanie Deans, possess the advantage of a steady courage and unruffled temper, can assume the superiority over more ardent but less determined spirits.

'Sir,' said she to the elder Staunton, 'ye have an undoubted right to ask your ain son to render a reason of his conduct. But respecting me, I am but a wayfaring traveller, no ways obligated or indebted to you, unless it be for the meal of meat which, in my ain country, is willingly gien by rich or poor, according to their ability, to those who need it; and for which, forby that, I am willing to make payment, if I didna think it would be an affront to offer siller in a house like this—only I dinna ken the fashions of the country.'

'This is all very well, young woman,' said the Rector, a good deal surprised, and unable to conjecture whether to impute Jeanie's language to simplicity or impertinence—'this may be all very well—but let me bring it to a point. Why do you stop this young man's mouth, and prevent his communicating to his father and his best friend, an explanation (since he says he has one) of circumstances which seem *in* themselves not a little suspicious?'

'He may tell of his ain affairs what he likes,' answered Jeanie; 'but my family and friends have nae right to hae ony stories told anent them without their express desire; and, as they canna be here to speak for themselves, I entreat ye wadna ask Mr. George Rob—I mean Staunton, or whatever his name is, ony questions anent me or my folk; for I maun be free to tell you, that he will neither have the bearing of a

Christian or a gentleman, if he answers you against my express desire.'

'This is the most extraordinary thing I ever met with,' said the Rector, as, after fixing his eyes keenly on the placid, yet modest countenance of Jeanie, he turned them suddenly upon his son. 'What have you to say, sir?'

'That I feel I have been too hasty in my promise, sir,' answered George Staunton; 'I have no title to make any communications respecting the affairs of this young person's family without her assent.'

The elder Mr. Staunton turned his eyes from one to the other with marks of surprise.

'This is more, and worse, I fear,' he said, addressing his son, 'than one of your frequent and disgraceful connections—I insist upon knowing the mystery.'

'I have already said, sir,' replied his son rather sullenly, 'that I have no title to mention the affairs of this young woman's family without her consent.'

'And I hae nae mysteries to explain, sir,' said Jeanie, 'but only to pray you, as a preacher of the gospel and a gentleman, to permit me to go safe to the next public house on the Lunnon road.'

'I shall take care of your safety,' said young Staunton; 'you need ask that favour from no one.'

'Do you say so before my face?' said the justly-incensed father. 'Perhaps, sir, you intend to fill up the cup of disobedience and profligacy by forming a low and disgraceful marriage? But let me bid you beware.'

'If you were feared for sic a thing happening wi' me, sir,' said Jeanie, 'I can only say, that not for all the land that lies between the two ends of the rainbow wad I be the woman that should wed your son.'

'There is something very singular in all this,' said the elder Staunton; 'follow me into the next room, young woman.'

'Hear me speak first,' said the young man. 'I have but one word to say. I confide entirely in your prudence; tell

my father as much or as little of these matters as you will, he shall know neither more nor less from me.'

His father darted to him a glance of indignation, which softened into sorrow as he saw him sink down on the couch, exhausted with the scene he had undergone. He left the apartment, and Jeanie followed him, George Staunton raising himself as she passed the door-way, and pronouncing the word, 'Remember P' in a tone as monitory as it was uttered by Charles I, upon the scaffold. The elder Staunton led the way into a small parlour, and shut the door.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832): *The Heart of Midlothian*

15 Boots

The shoes and boots of our party were now mostly either destroyed or useless to us, from foul roads and long miles, and many of the men were entirely barefooted, with knapsacks and accoutrements altogether in a dilapidated state. The officers were also, for the most part, in as miserable a plight. They were pallid, way-worn, their feet bleeding, and their faces overgrown with beards of many days' growth. What a contrast did our corps display, even at this period of the retreat, to my remembrance of them on the morning their dashing appearance captivated my fancy in Ireland! Many of the poor fellows, now near sinking with fatigue, reeled as if in a state of drunkenness, and altogether I thought we looked the ghosts of our former selves; still we held on resolutely: our officers behaved nobly; and Craufurd was not to be daunted by long miles, fatigue, or foul weather. Many a man in that retreat caught courage from his stern eye and gallant bearing. Indeed, I do not think the world ever saw a more perfect soldier than General Craufurd. It might be on the night following the disaster I have just narrated that we came to a halt for about a couple of hours in a small village, and together with several others, I sought shelter in the stable of a sort of farm-house, the first roof I saw near. Here, however, we found nothing to re-

fresh ourselves with by way of food, but some raw potatoes lying in a heap in one of the empty stalls, and which, for want of better rations, we made a meal of, before we threw ourselves down upon the stones with which the place was paved. Meanwhile, others of the men, together with two or three of our officers, more fortunate than ourselves, had possession of the rooms of the adjoining building, where they found at least a fire to warm themselves. Lieutenant Hill had a black servant with him in this retreat, a youth he had brought with him from Monte Video, where, I heard, the Rifles had found him tied to a gun they had captured there. This lad came and aroused me as I lay in the mule-stable, and desired me to speak with his master in the adjoining room. I found the Lieutenant seated in a chair by the fire when I entered. He was one of the few amongst us who rejoiced in the possession of a tolerably decent pair of boots, and he had sent for me to put a few stitches in them, in order to keep them from flying to pieces. I was so utterly wearied that I at first refused to have anything to do with them; but the officer, taking off his boots, insisted upon my getting out my wax threads and mending them; and himself and servant, thrusting me into the chair he arose from, put the boots into my hands, got out my shoemaking implements, and held me up as I attempted to cobble up the boots. It was, however, in vain that I tried to do my best towards the Lieutenant's boots. After a few stitches I fell asleep as I worked, the awl and wax-ends falling to the ground. I remember there were two officers present at the time, Lieutenants Molloy and Keppel, the latter of whom soon afterwards fell dead from fatigue during this retreat. At the present time, however, they all saw it was in vain to urge me to mend Lieutenant Hill's boots. He therefore put them on again with a woeful face and a curse, and dismissed me to my repose. Our rest was not, however, of long duration. The French were upon our trail, and before long we were up and hurrying onwards again.

RIFLEMAN HARRIS. *Recollections* (1809)

16 *A Denizen of the North*

Some days after this conversation I walked to Lausanne, to breakfast at the hotel with an old friend, Captain Daniel Roberts, of the Navy. He was out sketching, but presently came in accompanied by two English ladies, with whom he had made acquaintance whilst drawing, and whom he brought to our hotel. The husband of one of them soon followed. I saw by their utilitarian garb, as well as by the blisters and blotches on their cheeks, lips, and noses, that they were pedestrian tourists, fresh from the snow-covered mountains, the blazing sun and frosty air having acted on their unseasoned skins as boiling water does on the lobster, by dyeing his dark coat scarlet. The man was evidently a denizen of the north, his accent harsh, skin white, of an angular and bony build, and self-confident and dogmatic in his opinions. The precision and quaintness of his language, as well as his eccentric remarks on common things, stimulated my mind. Our icy islanders thaw rapidly when they have drifted into warmer latitudes; broken loose from its anti-social system, mystic castes, coteries, sets and sects, they lay aside their purse-proud, tuft-hunting, and toadying ways, and are very apt to run riot in the enjoyment of all their senses. Besides, we are compelled to talk in strange company, if not from good breeding, to prove our breed, as the gift of speech is often our principal if not sole distinction from the rest of the brute animals.

To return to our breakfast. The travellers, flushed with health, delighted with their excursion, and with appetites earned by bodily and mental activity, were in such high spirits that Roberts and I caught the infection of their mirth; we talked as loud and fast as if under the exhilarating influence of champagne, instead of such a sedative compound as *café au lait*. I can rescue nothing out of oblivion but a few last words. The stranger expressed his disgust at the introduction of carriages into the mountain districts of Switzerland, and at the old fogies who used them.

'As to the arbitrary, pitiless, godless wretches,' he exclaimed, 'who have removed nature's landmarks by cutting roads through Alps and Apennines, until all things are reduced to the same dead level, they will be arraigned hereafter with the unjust: they have robbed the best specimens of what men should be of their freeholds in the mountains; the eagle, the black-cock, and the red deer they have tamed or exterminated. The lover of nature can nowhere find a solitary nook to contemplate her beauties. Yesterday,' he continued, 'at the break of day, I scaled the most rugged height within my reach; it looked inaccessible; this pleasant delusion was quickly dispelled; I was rudely startled out of a deep reverie by the accursed jarring, jingling, and rumbling of a caleche, and harsh voices that drowned the torrent's fall.'

The stranger, now hearing a commotion in the street, sprang on his feet, looked out of the window, and rang the bell violently.

'Waiter,' he said, 'is that our carriage? Why did you not tell us? Come, lasses, be stirring, the freshness of the day is gone. You may rejoice in not having to walk; there is a chance of saving the remnants of skin the sun has left on our chins and noses—to-day we shall be stewed instead of barbecued.'

On their leaving the room to get ready for their journey, my friend Roberts told me the strangers were the poet Wordsworth, his wife and sister.

Who could have divined this? I could see no trace, in the hard features and weather-stained brow of the outer man, of the divinity within him. In a few minutes the travellers reappeared; we cordially shook hands, and agreed to meet again at Geneva. Now that I knew that I was talking to one of the veterans of the gentle craft, as there was no time to waste in idle ceremony, I asked him abruptly what he thought of Shelley as a poet.

'Nothing,' he replied, as abruptly.

Seeing my surprise, he added, 'A poet who has not pro-

duced a good poem before he is twenty-five, we may conclude cannot, and never will, do so.'

The Cenci P I said eagerly.

Won't do.' he replied, shaking his head, as he got into the carriage: a rough-coated Scotch terrier followed him.

'This hairy fellow is our flea-trap.' he shouted out as they started off.

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY (1792-1881):
Records of Shelley, Byron and the Author

17 *Waylaid*

I then wished Kathleen good-bye, and she allowed me to kiss her without any resistance; but the tears were coursing down her cheeks as I left the room with her mother. Mrs. M'Shane looked carefully out of the windows, holding the light to ascertain if there was anybody near, and, satisfied with her scrutiny, she then opened the door, and calling down the saints to protect me, shook hands with me, and I quitted the house. It was a dark, cloudy night, and when I first went out I was obliged to grope, for I could distinguish nothing. I walked along, with a pistol loaded in each hand, and gained, as I thought, the high road to E——, but I made a sad mistake; and puzzled by the utter darkness and turnings, I took, on the contrary, the road to Mount Castle. As soon as I was clear of the houses and the enclosure, there was more light, and I could distinguish the road. I had proceeded about four or five miles, when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and shortly afterwards two men rode by me. I inquired if that was the way to E——. A pause ensued, and a whisper. 'All's right!' replied a deep voice. I continued my way, glad to find that I had not mistaken it, and cogitating as to what must be the purpose of two men being out at such an hour. About ten minutes afterwards I thought I again heard the sound of horses' feet, and it then occurred to me that they must be highwaymen, who had returned to rob me. I cocked my pistols, determined to sell

my life as dearly as I could, and awaited their coming up with anxiety; but they appeared to keep at the same distance, as the sound did not increase. After half an hour I came to two roads, and was undecided which to take. I stopped and listened—the steps of the horses were no longer to be heard. I looked round me to ascertain if I could recognise any object so as to decide me, but I could not. I took the road to the left, and proceeded until I arrived at a brook which crossed the road. There was no bridge, and it was too dark to perceive the stepping-stones. I had just waded about half-way across, when I received a blow on the head from behind, which staggered me. I turned round, but before I could see my assailant, a second blow laid me senseless in the water.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT (1792-1848): *Japhet in Search of a Father*

18 *Finding the Way*

Here we entered a Gallegan cabin, or *choza*, for the purpose of refreshing the animal and ourselves. The quadruped ate some maize, whilst we two bipeds regaled ourselves on some *broa* and *aguardiente*, which a woman whom we found in the hut placed before us. I walked out for a few minutes to observe the aspect of the country, and on my return found my guide fast asleep on the bench where I had left him. He sat bolt upright, his back supported against the wall, and his legs pendulous, within three inches of the ground, being too short to reach it. I remained gazing upon him for at least five minutes, whilst he enjoyed slumbers seemingly as quiet and profound as those of death itself. His face brought powerfully to my mind some of those uncouth visages of saints and abbots which are occasionally seen in the niches of the walls of ruined convents. There was not the slightest gleam of vitality in his countenance, which for colour and rigidity might have been of stone, and which was as rude and battered as one of the stone heads at Icolmkill, which have braved the winds of twelve hundred years. I continued gaz-

ing on his face till I became almost alarmed, concluding that life might have departed from its harassed and fatigued tenement. On my shaking him rather roughly by the shoulder he slowly awoke, opening his eyes with a stare, and then closing them again. For a few moments he was evidently unconscious of where he was. On my shouting to him, however, and inquiring whether he intended to sleep all day, instead of conducting me to Finisterre, he dropped upon his legs, snatched up his hat, which lay on the table, and instantly ran out of the door, exclaiming, 'Yes, yes, I remember; follow me, captain, and I will lead you to Finisterre in no time.' I looked after him, and perceived that he was hurrying at a considerable pace in the direction in which we had hitherto been proceeding. 'Stop.' said I, 'stop! Will you leave me here with the pony? Stop; we have not paid the reckoning. Stop' V He, however, never turned his head for a moment, and in less than a minute was out of sight. The pony, which was tied to a crib at one end of the cabin, began now to neigh terrifically, to plunge, and to erect its tail and main in a most singular manner. It tore and strained at the halter till I was apprehensive that strangulation would ensue. 'Woman,' I exclaimed, 'where are you, and what is the meaning of all this?' But the hostess had likewise disappeared, and though I ran about the *choza*, shouting myself hoarse, no answer was returned. The pony still continued to scream and to strain at the halter more violently than ever. 'Am I beset with lunatics?' I cried, and flinging down a *peseta* on the table, unloosed the halter, and attempted to introduce the bit into the mouth of the animal. This, however, I found impossible to effect. Released from the halter, the pony made at once for the door, in spite of all efforts which I could make to detain it. 'If you abandon me.' said I, 'I am in a pretty situation; but there is a remedy for everything!' with which words I sprang into the saddle, and in a moment more the creature was bearing me at a rapid gallop in the direction, as I supposed, of Finisterre. My position, however diverting to the reader, was rather critical to myself. I was

on the back of a spirited animal, over which I had no control, dashing along a dangerous and unknown path. I could not discover the slightest vestige of my guide, nor did I pass anyone from whom I could derive any information. Indeed, the speed of the animal was so great, that even in the event of my meeting or overtaking a passenger, I could scarcely have hoped to exchange a word with him. 'Is the pony trained to this work?' said I, mentally. 'Is he carrying me to some den of banditti, where my throat will be cut, or does he follow his master by instinct?' Both of these suspicions I, however, soon abandoned. The pony's speed relaxed; he appeared to have lost the road. He looked about uneasily: at last, coming to a sandy spot, he put his nostrils to the ground, and then suddenly flung himself down, and wallowed in true pony fashion. I was not hurt, and instantly made use of this opportunity to slip the bit into his mouth, which previously had been dangling beneath his neck; I then remounted in quest of the road.

GEORGE BORROW (1803-1881): *The Bible in Spain*

19 HepzibaKs Shop

But, at this instant, the shop-bell, right over her head, tinkled as if it were bewitched. The old gentlewoman's heart seemed to be attached to the same steel spring, for it went through a series of sharp jerks, in unison with the sound. The door was thrust open, although no human form was perceptible on the other side of the half-window. Hepzibah, nevertheless, stood at a gaze, with her hands clasped, looking very much as if she had summoned up an evil spirit, and were afraid, yet resolved, to hazard the encounter.

'Heaven help me!' she groaned, mentally. 'Now is my hour of need Y

The door, which moved with difficulty on its creaking and rusty hinges, being forced quite open, a square and sturdy little urchin became apparent, with cheeks as red as an apple. He was clad rather shabbily (but, as it seemed, more owing

to his mother's carelessness than his father's poverty), in a blue apron, very wide and short trousers, shoes somewhat out at the toes, and a chip-hat, with the frizzles of his curly hair sticking through its crevices. A book and a small slate, under his arm, indicated that he was on his way to school. He stared at Hepzibah a moment, as an elder customer than himself would have been likely enough to do, not knowing what to make of the tragic attitude and queer scowl wherewith she regarded him.

'Well, child,' said she, taking heart at sight of a personage so little formidable,—'well, my child, what did you wish for?'

'That Jim Crow, there in the window,' answered the urchin, holding out a cent, and pointing to the gingerbread figure that had attracted his notice, as he loitered along to school; 'the one that has not a broken foot.'

So Hepzibah put forth her lank arm, and taking the effigy from the shop window, delivered it to her first customer.

'No matter for the money.' said she, giving him a little push towards the door; for her old gentility was contumaciously squeamish at the sight of the copper coin, and, besides, it seemed such a pitiful meanness to take the child's pocket-money in exchange for a bit of stale gingerbread. 'No matter for the cent. You are welcome to Jim Crow.'

The child, staring, with round eyes, at this instance of liberality, wholly unprecedented in his large experience of cent-shops, took the man of gingerbread, and quitted the premises. No sooner had he reached the sidewalk (little cannibal that he was!) than Jim Crow's head was in his mouth. As he had not been careful to shut the door, Hepzibah was at the pains of closing it after him, with a pettish ejaculation or two about the troublesomeness of young people, and particularly of small boys. She had just placed another representative of the renowned Jim Crow at the window, when again the shop-bell tinkled clamorously, and again the door being thrust open, with its characteristic jerk and jar, disclosed the same sturdy little urchin who, precisely two

minutes ago, had made his exit. The crumbs and discoloration of the cannibal feast, as yet hardly consummated, were exceedingly visible about his mouth.

'What is it now, child?' asked the maiden lady, rather impatiently; 'did you come back to shut the door?'

'No.' answered the urchin, pointing to the figure that had just been put up; 'I want that other Jim Crow.'

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864):
The House of the Seven Gables

20 *The Gorge*

The breadth of the seam was barely sufficient to admit us, and, after one or two ineffectual efforts at getting up, we began once more to despair. I have before said that the chain of hills through which ran the main gorge was composed of a species of soft rock resembling soapstone. The sides of the cleft we were now attempting to ascend were of the same material, and so excessively slippery, being wet, that we could get but little foothold upon them even in their least precipitous parts; in some places, where the ascent was nearly perpendicular, the difficulty was, of course, much aggravated; and, indeed, for some time we thought it insurmountable. We took courage, however, from despair; and what by dint of cutting steps in the soft stone with our bowie-knives, and swinging, at the risk of our lives, to small projecting points of a harder species of slaty rock which now and then protruded from the general mass, we at length reached a natural platform, from which was perceptible a patch of blue sky at the extremity of a thickly-wooded ravine. Looking back now, with somewhat more leisure, at the passage through which we had thus far proceeded, we clearly saw from the appearance of its sides, that it was of late formation, and we concluded that the concussion, whatever it was, which had so unexpectedly overwhelmed us, had also, at the same moment, laid open this path for escape. Being quite exhausted with exertion, and,

indeed, so weak that we were scarcely able to stand or articulate, Peters now proposed that we should endeavour to bring our companions to the rescue by firing the pistols which still remained in our girdles—the muskets as well as cutlasses had been lost among the loose earth at the bottom of the chasm. Subsequent events proved that, had we fired, we should have sorely repented it, but luckily a half suspicion of foul play had by this time arisen in my mind, and we forbore to let the savages know of our whereabouts.

After having reposed for about an hour, we pushed on slowly up the ravine, and had gone no great way before we heard a succession of tremendous yells. At length we reached what might be called the surface of the ground; for our path hitherto, since leaving the platform, had lain beneath an archway of high rock and foliage, at a vast distance overhead. With great caution we stole to a narrow opening, through which we had a clear sight of the surrounding country, when the whole dreadful secret of the concussion broke upon us in one moment and at one view.

The spot from which we looked was not far from the summit of the highest peak in the range of soapstone hills. The gorge in which our party of thirty-two had entered ran within fifty feet to the left of us. But, for at least one hundred yards, the channel or bed of this gorge was entirely filled up with the chaotic ruins of more than a million tons of earth and stone that had been artificially tumbled within it. The means by which the vast mass had been precipitated were not more simple than evident, for sure traces of the murderous work were yet remaining. In several spots along the top of the eastern side of the gorge (we were now on the western) might be seen stakes of wood driven into the earth. In these spots the earth had not given way; but throughout the whole extent of the face of the precipice from which the mass *had* fallen, it was clear, from marks left in the soil resembling those of the drill of the rock-blaster, that stakes similar to those we saw standing had been inserted, at not more than a yard apart, for the length of perhaps three hun-

dred feet, and ranging at about ten feet back from the edge of the gulf. Strong cords of grape vine were attached to the stalks still remaining on the hill, and it was evident that such cords had also been attached to each of the other stakes. I have already spoken of the singular stratification of these soapstone hills; and the description just given of the narrow and deep fissure through which we effected our escape from inhumation will afford a further conception of its nature. This was such that almost every natural convulsion would be sure to split the soil into perpendicular layers or ridges running parallel with one another; and a very moderate exertion of art would be sufficient for effecting the same purpose. Of this stratification the savages had availed themselves to accomplish their treacherous ends. There can be no doubt that, by the continuous line of stakes, a partial rupture of the soil had been brought about, probably to the depth of one or two feet, when by means of a savage pulling at the end of each of the cords (these cords being attached to the tops of the stakes, and extending back from the edge of the cliff), a vast leverage power was obtained, capable of hurling the whole face of the hill, upon a given signal, into the bosom of the abyss below. The fate of our poor companions was no longer a matter of uncertainty. We alone had escaped from the tempest of that overwhelming destruction. We were the only living white men upon the island.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849): *Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*

21 *The Queen and the Pretender*

The news of this errand, on which Beatrix was gone, of course for a moment put all thoughts of private jealousy out of Colonel Esmond's head. In half an hour more the coach returned; the Bishop descended from it first, and gave his arm to Beatrix, who now came out. His lordship went back into the carriage again, and the Maid of Honour entered the house alone. We were all gazing at her from the upper win-

dow, trying to read from her countenance the result of the interview from which she had just come.

She came into the drawing-room in a great tremor and very pale; she asked for a glass of water as her mother went to meet her, and after drinking that and putting off her hood, she began to speak:—"We may all hope for the best," says she; 'it has cost the Queen a fit. Her Majesty was in her chair in the cedar-walk accompanied only by Lady——, when we entered by the private wicket from the west side of the garden, and turned towards her, the Doctor following us. They waited in a side-walk hidden by the shrubs, as we advanced towards the chair. My heart throbbed so I scarce could speak; but my Prince whispered,' "Courage, Beatrix," and marched on with a steady step. His face was a little flushed, but he was not afraid of the danger. He who fought so bravely at Malplaquet fears nothing.' Esmond and Castlewood looked at each other at this compliment, neither liking the sound of it.

'The prince uncovered,' Beatrix continued, 'and I saw the Queen turning round to Lady Masham, as if asking who these two were. Her Majesty looked very pale and ill, and then flushed up; the favourite made us a signal to advance, and I went up, leading my Prince by the hand, quite close to the chair: "Your Majesty will give my Lord Viscount your hand to kiss," says her lady, and the Queen put out her hand, which the prince kissed, kneeling on his knee, he who should kneel to no mortal man or woman.

' "You have been long from England, my lord," says the Queen: "why were you not here to give a home to your mother and sister?"

' "I am come, Madam, to stay now, if the Queen desires me," says the Prince, with another low bow.

' "You have taken a foreign wife, my lord, and a foreign religion; was not that of England good enough for you?"

' "In returning to my father's Church," says the prince, "I do not love my mother the less, nor am I the less faithful servant of your Majesty."

'Here,' says Beatrix, 'the favourite gave me a little signal with her hand to fall back, which I did, though I died to hear what should pass; and whispered something to the Queen, which made her Majesty start and utter one or two words in a hurried manner, looking towards the Prince, and catching hold with her hand of the arm of her chair. He advanced still nearer towards it; he began to speak very rapidly; I caught the words, "Father, blessing, forgiveness,"—and then presently the Prince fell on his knees; took from his breast a paper he had there, handed it to the Queen, who, as soon as she saw it, flung up both her arms with a scream, and took away that hand nearest the Prince, and which he endeavoured to kiss. He went on speaking with great animation of gesture, now clasping his hands together on his heart, now opening them as though to say: "I am here, your brother, in your power." Lady Masham ran round on the other side of the chair, kneeling too, and speaking with great energy. She clasped the Queen's hand on her side, and picked up the paper her Majesty had let fall. The Prince rose and made a further speech as though he would go; the favourite on the other hand urging her mistress, and then running back to the Prince, brought him back once more close to the chair. Again he knelt down and took the Queen's hand, which she did not withdraw, kissing it a hundred times; my lady all the time, with sobs and supplications, speaking over the chair. This while the Queen sat with a stupefied look, crumpling the paper with one hand, as my Prince embraced the other; then of a sudden she uttered several piercing shrieks, and burst into a great fit of hysteric tears and laughter. "Enough, enough, sir, for this time," I heard Lady Masham say; and the chairman, who had withdrawn round the banqueting-room, came back, alarmed by the cries: "Quick," says Lady Masham, "get some help," and I ran towards the Doctor, who, with the Bishop of Rochester, came up instantly. Lady Masham whispered the Prince he might hope for the very best; and to be ready to-morrow; and he hath gone away to the Bishop of Roches-

ter's house, to meet several of his friends there. And so the great stroke is struck.' says Beatrix, going down on her knees, and clasping her hands, 'God save the King; God save the King!'

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811 -1863) :
The History of Henry Esmond

22 Catherine Heathcliff

On that bleak hill-top the earth was hard with a black frost, and the air made me shiver through every limb. Being unable to remove the chain, I jumped over, and, running up the flagged causeway bordered with straggling gooseberry bushes, knocked vainly for admittance, till my knuckles tingled and the dogs howled.

'Wretched inmates!' I ejaculated mentally, 'you deserve perpetual isolation from your species for your churlish inhospitality. At least, I would not keep my doors barred in the day-time. I don't care—I will get in!' So resolved, I grasped the latch and shook it vehemently. Vinegar-faced Joseph projected his head from a round window of the barn.

'Whet are ye for?' he shouted. 'T' maister's dahn i' t' fowld. Goa rahnd by th' end ut' laith, if yah went tuh spake tull him.'

'Is there nobody inside to open the door?' I hallooed, responsively.

'There's nobbut t' missis; and shoo'll nut oppen't an ye mak yer flaysome dins till neeght.' »

'Why? Cannot you tell her who I am, eh, Joseph?'

'Nor-ne me! Aw'll hae noa hend w'it,' muttered the head, vanishing.

The snow began to drive thickly. I seized the handle to essay another trial; when a young man without coat, and shouldering a pitchfork, appeared in the yard behind. He hailed me to follow him, and, after marching through a wash-house, and a paved area containing a coal-shed, pump,

and pigeon-cot, we at length arrived in the huge, warm, cheerful apartment, where I was formerly received. It glowed delightfully in the radiance of an immense fire, compounded of coal, peat, and wood; and near the table, laid for a plentiful evening meal, I was pleased to observe the 'missis.' an individual whose existence I had never previously suspected. I bowed and waited, thinking she would bid me take a seat. She looked at me, leaning back in her chair, and remained motionless and mute.

'Rough weather! I remarked. 'I'm afraid, Mrs. Heathcliff, the door must bear the consequence of your servant's leisure attendance: I had hard work to make them hear me.'

She never opened her mouth. I stared—she stared also: at any rate, she kept her eyes on me in a cool, regardless manner, exceedingly embarrassing and disagreeable.

'Sit down.' said the young man gruffly. 'He'll be in soon.'

I obeyed; and hemmed, and called the villain Juno, who deigned, at this second interview, to move the extreme tip of her tail, in token of owning my acquaintance.

'A beautiful animal!' I commenced again. 'Do you intend parting with the little ones, madam?'

'They are not mine,' said the amiable hostess, more repellingly than Heathcliff himself could have replied.

'Ah, your favourites are among these?' I continued, turning to an obscure cushion full of something like cats.

'A strange choice of favourites!' she observed scornfully.

Unluckily, it was a heap of dead rabbits. I hemmed once more, and drew closer to the hearth, repeating my comment on the wildness of the evening.

'You should not have come out,' she said, rising and reaching from the chimney-piece two of the painted canisters.

Her position before was sheltered from the light; now, I had a distinct view of her whole figure and countenance. She was slender, and apparently scarcely past girlhood: an admirable form, and the most exquisite little face that I have ever had the pleasure of beholding: small features, very fair; flaxen ringlets, or rather golden, hanging loose on her deli-

cate neck; and eyes, had they been agreeable in expression, that would have been irresistible: fortunately for my susceptible heart, the only sentiment they evinced hovered between scorn and a kind of desperation, singularly unnatural to be detected there. The canisters were almost out of her reach; I made a motion to aid her; she turned upon me as a miser might turn if anyone attempted to assist him in counting his gold.

'I don't want your help.' she snapped; 'I can get them for myself.'

'I beg your pardon!' I hastened to reply.

'Were you asked to tea?' she demanded, tying an apron over her neat black frock, and standing with a spoonful of the leaf poised over the pot.

'I shall be glad to have a cup.' I answered.

'Were you asked?' she repeated.

'No.' I said, half smiling. 'You are the proper person to ask me.'

She flung the tea back, spoon and all, and resumed her chair in a pet, her forehead corrugated, and her red underlip pushed out, like a child's, ready to cry.

EMILY BRONTE (1818-1848): *WutheHng Heights*

23 A Vain Search

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once—only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else,

by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? A man falling into dark waters seeks a momentary footing even on sliding stones; and Silas, by acting as if he believed in false hopes, warded off the moment of despair. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

Yes, there was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering passion: it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the external fact. Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table: didn't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him—looked all round his dwelling, seeming to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags where he had already sought them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage—and his gold was not there.

GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880): *Silas Marner*

24 *The White Whale*

Like noiseless nautilus shells, their light prows sped through the sea; but only slowly they neared the foe. As they neared him, the ocean grew still more smooth; seemed drawing a carpet over its waves; seemed a noon-meadow, so serenely it spread. At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unsuspecting prey, that his entire dazzling hump was distinctly visible, sliding along the sea as if an isolated thing, and continually set in a revolving ring of finest, fleecy, greenish foam. He saw the vast, involved wrinkles of the slightly projecting head beyond. Before it, far out on the soft Turkish-rugged waters, went the glistening white

shadow from his broad, milky forehead, a musical rippling playfully accompanying the shade; and behind, the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his steady wake; and on either hand bright bubbles arose and danced by his side. But these were broken again by the light toes of hundreds of gay fowl softly feathering the sea, alternate with their fitful flight; and like to some flagstaff rising from the painted hull of an argosy, the tali but shattered pole of a recent lance projected from the white whale's back; and at intervals one of the cloud of soft-toed fowls hovering, and to and fro skimming like a canopy over the fish, silently perched and rocked on this pole, the long tail feathers streaming like pennons.

HERMAN MELVILLE (1819-1891): *Moby Dick*

25 *A Horrible Discovery*

There was the bed, there was the clock. She had the option of lying down and floating quietly into the day, all peril past. It seemed sweet for a minute. But it seemed an old, a worn, and end-of-autumn life, chill, without aim, like a something that was hungry and toothless. The bed proposing innocent sleep repelled her and drove her to the clock. The clock was awful: the hand at the hour, the finger following the minute, commanded her to stir actively, and drove her to gentle meditations on the bed. She lay down dressed, after setting her light beside the clock, that she might see it at will, and considering it necessary for the bed to appear to have been lain on. Considering also that she ought to be heard moving about in the process of undressing, she rose from the bed to make sure of her reading of the guilty clock. An hour and twenty minutes! she had no more time than that: and it was not enough for her various preparations, though it was true that her maid had packed and taken a box of things chiefly needful; but the duchess had to change her shoes and her dress, and run at bo-peep with the changes of her mind, a sedative preface to any fatal

step among women of her complexion, for so they invite indecision to exhaust their scruples, and they let the blood have its way. Having so short a space of time, she thought the matter decided, and with some relief she flung despairing on the bed, and lay down for good with her duke. In a little while her head was at work reviewing him sternly, estimating him not less accurately than the male moralist charitable to her sex would do. She quitted the bed with a spring to escape her imagined lord; and as if she had felt him to be there, she lay down no more. A quiet life like that was flatter to her idea than a handsomely bound big book without any print on the pages, and without a picture. Her contemplation of it, contrasted with the life waved to her view by the timepiece, set her whole system raging; she burned to fly. Providently, nevertheless, she thumped a pillow, and threw the bedclothes into proper disorder, to inform the world that her limbs had warmed them, and that all had been impulse with her. She then proceeded to disrobe, murmuring to herself that she could stop now, and could stop now, at each stage of the advance to a fresh dressing of her person, and moralizing on her singular fate, in the mouth of an observer. 'She was shot up suddenly over everybody's head, and suddenly down she went.' Susan whispered to herself: 'But it was for love!' Possessed by the rosiness of love, she finished her business, with an attention to everything needed that was equal to perfect serenity of mind. After which there was nothing to do, save to sit humped in a chair, cover her face and count the clock-tickings, that said, Yes—no; do—don't; fly—stay; fly—fly! It seemed to her she heard a moving. Well she might with that dreadful heart of hers!

Chloe was asleep, at peace by this time, she thought; and how she envied Chloe! 'She might be as happy if she pleased. Why not? But what kind of happiness was it?' She likened it to that of the corpse underground, and shrank distastefully.

Susan stood at her glass to have a look at the creature

about whom there was all this disturbance, and she threw up her arms high for a languid, not unlovely yawn, that closed in blissful shuddering with the sensation of her lover's arms having wormed round her waist and taken her while she was defenceless. For surely they would. She took a jewelled ring, his gift, from her purse, and kissed it, and drew it on and off her finger, leaving it on. Now she might wear it without fear of inquiries and virtuous eyebrows. O heavenly now—if only it were an hour hence, and going behind galloping horses!

The clock was at the terrible moment. She hesitated internally and hastened; once her feet stuck fast, and firmly she said, 'No;' but the clock was her lord. The clock was her lover and her lord; and obeying it, she managed to get into the sitting-room, on the pretext that she merely wished to see through the front window whether daylight was coming.

How well she knew that half-light of the ebb of the wave of darkness.

Strange enough it was to see it showing houses regaining their solidity of the foregone day, instead of stillfields, black hedges, familiar shapes of trees. The houses had no wakefulness, they were but seen to stand, and the light was a revelation of emptiness. Susan's heart was cunning to reproach her duke for the difference of the scene she beheld from that of the innocent open-breasted land. Yes, it was dawn in a wicked place that she should never have been allowed to visit. But where was he whom she looked for? There! The cloaked figure of a man was at the corner of the street. It was he. Her heart froze; but her limbs were strung to throw off the house, and reach air, breathe, and (as her thoughts ran) swoon, well-protected. To her senses the house was a house on fire, and crying to her to escape.

Yet she stepped deliberately, to be sure-footed in a dusky room; she touched along the wall and came to the door, where a foot-stool nearly tripped her. Here her touch was at fault, for though she knew she must be close by the door,

she was met by an obstruction unlike wood, and the door seemed neither shut nor open. She could not find the handle; something hung over it. Thinking coolly, she fancied the thing must be a gown or dressing-gown; it hung heavily. Her fingers were sensible of the touch of silk; she distinguished a depending bulk, and she felt at it very carefully and mechanically, saying within herself, in her anxiety to pass it without noise, 'If I should awake poor Chloe, of all people!' Her alarm was that the door might creak. Before any other alarm had struck her brain, the hand she felt with was in a palsy, her mouth gaped, her throat thickened, the dust-ball rose in her throat, and the effort to swallow it down and get breath kept her from acute speculation while she felt again, pinched, plucked at the thing, ready to laugh, ready to shriek. Above her head, all on one side, the thing had a round white top. Could it be a hand that her touch had slid across? An arm too! this was an arm! She clutched it, imagining that it clung to her. She pulled it to release herself from it, desperately she pulled, and a lump descended, and a flash of all the torn nerves of her body told her that a dead human body was upon her.

GEORGE MEREDITH (1828-1909): *The Tale of Chloe*

26 *Chickamauga*

Instead of darkening, the haunted landscape began to brighten. Through the belt of trees beyond the brook shone a strange red light, the trunks and branches of the trees making a black lacework against it. It struck the creeping figures and gave them monstrous shadows, which caricatured their movements on the lit grass. It fell upon their faces, touching their whiteness with a ruddy tinge, accentuating the stains with which so many of them were freckled and maculated. It sparkled on buttons and bus of metal in their clothing. Instinctively the child turned toward the growing splendour and moved down the slope with his horrible companions; in a few moments had passed the fore-

most of the throng—not much of a feat, considering his advantages. He placed himself in the lead, his wooden sword still in hand, and solemnly directed the march, conforming his pace to theirs and occasionally turning as if to see that his forces did not straggle. Surely such a leader never before had such a following.

Scattered about upon the ground, now slowly narrowing by the encroachment of this awful march to water, were certain articles to which, in the leader's mind, were coupled no significant associations; an occasional blanket, tightly rolled lengthwise, doubled, and the ends bound together with a string; a heavy knapsack here, and there a broken musket—such things, in short, as are found in the rear of retreating troops, the 'spoor' of men flying from their hunters. Everywhere near the creek, which here had a margin of lowland, the earth was trodden into mud by the feet of men and horses. An observer of better experience in the use of his eyes would have noticed that these footprints pointed in both directions; the ground had been twice passed over—in advance and in retreat. A few hours before, these desperate, stricken men, with their more fortunate and now distant comrades, had penetrated the forest in thousands. Their successive battalions, breaking into swarms and reforming in lines, had passed the child on every side—had almost trodden on him as he slept. The rustle and murmur of their march had not awakened him. Almost within a stone's throw of where he lay they had fought a battle; but all unheard by him were the roar of the musketry, the shock of the cannon, 'the thunder of the captains and the shouting.' He had slept through it all, grasping his little wooden sword with perhaps a tighter clutch in unconscious sympathy with his martial environment, but as heedless of the grandeur of the struggle as the dead who died to make the glory.

The fire beyond the belt of woods on the farther side of the creek, reflected to earth from the canopy of its own smoke, was now suffusing the whole landscape. It trans-

formed the sinuous line of mist to the vapour of gold. The water gleamed with dashes of red, and red, too, were many of the stones protruding above the surface. But that was blood; the less desperately wounded had stained them in crossing. On them, too, the child now^r crossed with eager steps; he was going to the fire. As he stood upon the farther bank, he turned about to look at the companions of his march. The advance was arriving at the creek. The stronger had already drawn themselves to the brink and plunged their faces in the flood. Three or four who lay without motion appeared to have no heads. At this the child's eyes expanded with wonder; even his hospitable understanding could not accept a phenomenon implying such vitality as that. After slaking their thirst, these men had not the strength to back away from the water, nor to keep their heads above it. They were drowned. In rear of these the open spaces of the forest showed the leader as many formless figures of his grim command as at first; but not nearly so many were in motion. He waved his cap for their encouragement and smilingly pointed with his weapon in the direction of the guiding light—a pillar of fire to this strange exodus.

Confident of the fidelity of his forces, he now entered the belt of woods, passed through it easily in the red illumination, climbed a fence, ran across a field, turning now and again to coquette with his responsive shadow, and so approached the blazing ruin of a dwelling. Desolation everywhere. In all the wide glare not a living thing was visible. He cared nothing for that; the spectacle pleased, and he danced with glee in imitation of the wavering flames. He ran about collecting fuel, but every object that he found was too heavy for him to cast in from the distance to which the heat limited his approach. In despair he flung in his sword—a surrender to the superior forces of nature. His military career was at an end.

Shifting his position, his eyes fell upon some out-buildings which had an oddly familiar appearance, as if he had dreamed of them. He stood considering them with wonder,

when suddenly the entire plantation, with its inclosing forest, seemed to turn as if upon a pivot. His little world swung half around; the points of the compass were reversed. He recognised the blazing building as his own home!

For a moment he stood stupefied by the power of the revelation, then ran with stumbling feet, making a half circuit of the ruin. There, conspicuous in the light of the conflagration, lay the dead body of a woman—the white face turned upward, the hands thrown out and clutched full of grass, the clothing deranged, the long dark hair in tangles and full of clotted blood. The greater part of the forehead was torn away, and from the jagged hole the brain protruded, overflowing the temple, a frothy mass of grey, crowned with clusters of crimson bubbles—the work of a shell!

The child moved his little hands, making wild, uncertain gestures. He uttered a series of inarticulate and indescribable cries—something between the chattering of an ape and the gobbling of a turkey—a startling, soulless, unholy sound, the language of a devil. The child was a deaf mute.

Then he stood motionless, with quivering lips, looking down upon the wreck.

AMBROSE BIERCE (b. 1842): *In the Midst of Life*: Chickamauga

27 *A Lark's Flight*

The evening before the execution has arrived, and the reader has now to imagine the early May sunset falling pleasantly on the outskirts of the city. The houses, looking out upon an open square or space, have little plots of garden-ground in their fronts, in which mahogany-coloured wall-flowers and mealy auriculas are growing. The side of this square, along which the City Road stretches northward, is occupied by a blind asylum, a brick building, the bricks painted red and picked out with white, after the tidy English fashion, and a high white cemetery wall, over which peers

the spire of the Gothic Cathedral; and beyond that, on the other side of the ravine, rising out of a populous city of the dead, a stone John Knox looks down on the Cathedral, a Bible clutched in his outstretched and menacing hand. On all this the May sunset is striking, dressing everything in its warm, pleasant pink, lingering in the tufts of foliage that nestle around the asylum, and dipping the building itself one half in light, one half in tender shade. This open space or square is an excellent place for the games of us boys, and 'Prisoners' Base' is being carried out with as much earnestness as the business of life now by those of us who are left. The girls, too, have their games of a quiet kind, which we hold in huge scorn and contempt. In two files, linked arm-in-arm, they alternately dance towards each other and then retire, singing the while, in their clear, girlish treble, verses, the meaning and pertinence of which time has worn away—

The Campsie Duke's a-riding, a-riding, a-riding.

being the oft-recurring 'owercome' or refrain. All this is going on in the pleasant sunset light, when by the apparition of certain waggons coming up from the city, piled high with blocks and beams, and guarded by a dozen dragoons, on whose brazen helmets the sunset danced, every game is dismembered, and we are in a moment a mere mixed mob of boys and girls, flocking around to stare and wonder. Just at this place something went wrong with one of the waggon wheels, and the procession came to a stop. A crowd collected, and we heard some of the grown-up people say that the scaffold was being carried out for the ceremony of tomorrow. Then, more intensely than ever, one realised the condition of the doomed men. WE are at our happy games in the sunset, THEY were entering on their last night on earth. After hammering and delay the wheel was put to rights, the sunset died out, waggons and dragoons got into motion and disappeared; and all the night through, whether awake or asleep, I saw the torches burning, and heard the hammers clinking, and witnessed as clearly as if I had been

an onlooker, the horrid structure rising, till it stood complete, with a huge cross-beam from which two empty halters hung, in the early morning light.

Next morning the whole city was in commotion. Whether the authorities were apprehensive that a rescue would be attempted, or were anxious merely to strike terror into the hundreds of wild Irishry engaged on the railway, I cannot say; in any case, there was a display of military force quite unusual. The carriage in which the criminals—Catholics both—and their attendant priest were seated, was guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets; indeed, the whole regiment then lying in the city was massed in front and behind, with a cold, frightful glitter of steel. Besides the foot-soldiers, there were dragoons, and two pieces of cannon; a whole little army, in fact. With a slenderer force battles have been won which have made a mark in history. What did the prisoners think of their strange importance, and of the tramp and hurly-burly all around? When the procession moved out of the city, it seemed to draw with it almost the entire population; and when once the country roads were reached, the crowd spread over the fields on either side, ruthlessly treading down the tender wheat braird. I got a glimpse of the doomed, blanched faces which had haunted me so long, at the turn of the road, where, for the first time, the black cross-beam with its empty halters first became visible to them. Both turned and regarded it with a long, steady look; that done, they again bent their heads attentively to the words of the clergyman. I suppose in that long, eager, fascinated gaze they practically *died*—that for them death had no additional bitterness. When the mound was reached on which the scaffold stood, there was immense confusion. Around it a wide space was kept clear by the military; the cannon were placed in position; out flashed the swords of the dragoons; beneath and around on every side was the crowd. Between two brass helmets I could see the scaffold clearly enough, and when in a little while the men, bare-headed and with their attendants, appeared upon it, the

surging crowd became stiffened with fear and awe. And now it was that the incident so simple, so natural, so much in the ordinary course of things, and yet so frightful in its tragic suggestions, took place. Be it remembered that the season was early May, that the day was fine, that the wheat-fields were clothing themselves in the green of the young crop, and that around the scaffold, standing on a sunny mound, a wide space was kept clear. When the men appeared beneath the beam, each under his proper halter, there was a dead silence—every one was gazing too intently to whisper to his neighbour even. Just then, out of the grassy space at the foot of the scaffold, in the dead silence audible to all, a lark rose from the side of its nest, and went singing upward in its happy flight. O heaven! how did that song translate itself into dying ears? Did it bring in one wild burning moment father, and mother, and poor Irish cabin, and prayers said at bed-time, and the smell of turf fires, and innocent sweethearting, and rising and setting suns? Did it—but the dragoon's horse has become restive, and his brass helmet bobs up and down and blots everything; and there is a sharp sound, and I feel the great crowd heave and swing, and hear it torn by a sharp shiver of pity, and the men whom I saw so near but a moment ago are at immeasurable distance, and have solved the great enigma—and the lark has not yet finished his flight: you can see and hear him yonder in the fringe of a white May cloud.

ALEXANDER SMITH (1830-1867): *Dveamthorp*

28 *A Descent*

We could stay on the summit only a short time, and at a quarter to two prepared for the descent. Now, as we looked down, and thought of what we had passed over in coming up, we one and all hesitated about returning the same way. Moore said, no. Walker said the same, and I too; the guides were both of the same mind: this, be it remarked, although we had considered that there was no chance whatever of

getting up any other way. But those 'last rocks' were not to be forgotten. Had they only protruded to a moderate extent, or had they been merely glazed, we should doubtless still have tried. But they were not reasonable rocks—they would neither allow us to hold, nor would do it themselves. So we turned to the western *arete*, trusting to luck that we should find our way down to the *schrund*, and some means of getting over it afterwards. Our faces were a tolerable index to our thoughts, and apparently the thoughts of the party were not happy ones. Had anyone then said to me, 'You are a great fool for coming here,' I should have answered with humility, 'It is too true.' And had my monitor gone on to say, 'Swear you will never ascend another mountain if you get down safely.' I am inclined to think I should have taken the oath. In fact, the game here was not worth the risk. The guides felt it as well as ourselves, and as Aimer led off, he remarked, with more piety than logic, 'The good God has brought us up, and he will take us down in safety.' which shewed pretty well what he was thinking about.

The ridge down which we now endeavoured to make our way was not inferior in difficulty to the other. Both were serrated to an extent that made it impossible to keep strictly to them, and obliged us to descend occasionally for some distance on the northern face and then mount again. Both were so rotten that the most experienced of our party, as well as the least, continually upset blocks large and small. Both *aretes* were so narrow, so thin, that it was often a matter for speculation on which side the unstable block would fall.

At one point it seemed that we should be obliged to return to the summit and try the other way down. We were on the very edge of the *arete*. On one side was the enormous precipice facing the Pelvoux, which is not far from perpendicular; on the other a slope exceeding 50°. A deep notch brought us to an abrupt halt. Aimer, who was leading, advanced cautiously to the edge on hands and knees, and peered over; his care was by no means unnecessary, for

the rocks had broken away from under us unexpectedly several times. In this position he gazed down for some moments, and then, without a word, turned his head and looked at us. His face *may* have expressed apprehension or alarm, but it certainly did not shew hope or joy. We learned that there was no means of getting down, and that we must, if we wanted to pass the notch, jump across on to an unstable block on the other side. It was decided that it should be done, and Aimer, with a larger extent of rope than usual, jumped. The rock swayed as he came down upon it, but he clutched a large mass with both arms and brought himself to anchor. That which was both difficult and dangerous for the first man was easy enough for the others, and we got across with less trouble than I expected; stimulated by Croz's perfectly just observation, that if we couldn't get across there we were not likely to get down the other way.

We had now arrived at C, and could no longer continue on the *arete*, so we commenced descending the face again. Before long we were close to the *schrund*, but unable to see what it was like at this part, as the upper edge bent over. Two hours had already passed since leaving the summit, and it began to be highly probable that we should have to spend a night on the Glacier Blanc. Aimer, who yet led, cut steps right down to the edge, but still he could not see below. Therefore, warning us to hold tight, he made his whole body rigid, and (standing in the large step which he had cut for the purpose), had the upper part of his person lowered out until he saw what he wanted. He shouted that our work was finished, made me come close to the edge and untie myself, advanced the others until he had rope enough, and then with a loud *jodel* jumped down on to soft snow. Partly by skill and partly by luck he had hit the crevasse at its easiest point, and we had only to make a downward jump of eight or ten feet.

EDWARD WHYMPER (1840-1911): *Scrambles amongst the Alps*

29 *Ready for Sea*

Mr. Baker, chief mate of the ship *Narcissus*, stepped in one stride out of his lighted cabin into the darkness of the quarter-deck. Above his head, on the break of the poop, the night-watchman rang a double stroke. It was nine o'clock. Mr. Baker, speaking up to the man above him, asked: 'Are all the hands aboard, Knowles?'

The man limped down the ladder, then said reflectively: 'I think so, sir. All our old chaps are there, and a lot of new men has come. . . . They must be all there.'

'Tell the boatswain to send all hands aft.' went on Mr. Baker; 'and tell one of the youngsters to bring a good lamp here. I want to muster our crowd.'

The main deck was dark aft, but halfway from forward, through the open doors of the forecabin, two streaks of brilliant light cut the shadow of the quiet night that lay upon the ship. A hum of voices was heard there, while port and starboard, in the illuminated doorways, silhouettes of moving men appeared for a moment, very black, without relief, like figures cut out of sheet tin. The ship was ready for sea. The carpenter had driven in the last wedge of the main-hatch battens, and, throwing down his maul, had wiped his face with great deliberation, just on the stroke of five. The decks had been swept, the windlass oiled and made ready to heave up the anchor; the big tow-rope lay in long bights along one side of the main deck, with one end carried up and hung over the bows, in readiness for the tug that would come paddling and hissing noisily, hot and smoky, in the limpid, cool quietness of the early morning. The captain was ashore, where he had been engaging some new hands to make up his full crew; and, the work of the day over, the ship's officers had kept out of the way, glad of a little breathing-time. Soon after dark the few liberty-men and the new hands began to arrive in shore-boats rowed by white-clad Asiatics, who clamoured fiercely for payment before coming alongside the gangway-ladder. The feverish

and shrill babble of Eastern language struggled against the masterful tones of tipsy seamen, who argued against brazen claims and dishonest hopes by profane shouts. The resplendent and bestarred peace of the East was torn into squalid tatters by howls of rage and shrieks of lament raised over sums ranging from five annas to half a rupee; and every soul afloat in Bombay harbour became aware that the new hands were joining the *Narcissus*.

JOSEPH CONRAD (1857-1924): *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*

30 *A Death on the March*

It was the depth of winter, and worse weather I have never known. In this desert I first beheld that whiteness called snow, when the rain flies like cotton-down before the wind, filling the air and whitening the whole earth. All day and every day our clothes were wet, and there was no shelter from the wind and rain at night, nor could we make fires with the soaked grass and reeds, and wood there was none, so that we were compelled to eat our mare's flesh uncooked.

Three weeks were passed in this misery, waiting for the Indians and seeking for them, with the hills of Gaumini now before us in the south, and now on our left hand; and still no sight and no sign of the enemy. It seemed as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. Our Colonel was in despair, and we now began to hope that he would lead us back to the Azul.

In these circumstances one of the men, who was thinly clad and had been suffering from a cough, dropped from his horse, and it was then seen that he was likely to die, and that in any case he would have to be left behind. Finding that there was no hope for him, he begged that those who were with him would remember, when they were at home again, that he had perished in the desert and that his soul was suffering in purgatory, and that they would give something to the priests to procure him ease. When asked by his officer to say who his relations were and where they lived, he replied

that he had no one belonging to him. He said that he had spent many years in captivity among the Indians at the Salinas Grandes, and that on his return he had failed to find any one of his relations living in the district where he had been born. In answer to further questions, he said that he had been carried away when a small boy, that the Indians on that occasion had invaded the Christian country in the depth of winter, and on their retreat, instead of returning to their own homes, they had gone east, towards the seacoast, and had encamped on a plain by a small stream called Curum-amuel, at Los Tres Arroyos, where there was firewood and sweet water, and good grass for the cattle, and where they found many Indians, mostly women and children, who had gone thither to await their coming; and at that spot they had remained until the spring.

The poor man died that night, and we gathered stones and piled them on his body so that the foxes and caranchos should not devour him.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON (1862-1922): *El Offbbl*

31 *A Hot Scent*

Up the road a hound gave a yelp of discovery, and flung himself over a stile into the fields; the rest of the pack went squealing and jostling after him, and I followed Flurry over one of those infinitely varied erections, pleasantly termed 'gaps' in Ireland. On this occasion the gap was made of three razor-edged slabs of slate leaning against an iron bar, and Sorcerer conveyed to me his thorough knowledge of the matter by a lift of his hind-quarters that made me feel as if I were being skilfully kicked downstairs. To what extent I looked it, I cannot say, nor providentially can Philippa, as she had already started. I only know that undeserved good luck restored to me my stirrup before Sorcerer got away with me in the next field.

What followed was, I am told, a very fast fifteen minutes; for me time was not; the empty fields rushed past uncounted,

fences came and went in a flash, while the wind sang in my ears, and the dazzle of the early sun was in my eyes. I saw the hounds occasionally, sometimes pouring over a green bank, as the charging breaker lifts and flings itself, sometimes driving across a field, as the white tongues of foam slide racing over the sand; and always ahead of me was Flurry Knox, going as a man goes who knows his country, who knows his horse, and whose heart is wholly and absolutely in the right place.

Do what I would, Sorcerer's implacable stride carried me closer and closer to the brown mare, till, as I thundered down the slope of a long field, I was not twenty yards behind Flurry. Sorcerer had stiffened his neck to iron, and to slow him down was beyond me; but I fought his head away to the right, and found myself coming hard and steady at a stonefaced bank with broken ground in front of it. Flurry bore away to the left, shouting something that I did not understand. That Sorcerer shortened his stride at the right moment was entirely due to his own judgment; standing well away from the jump, he rose like a stag out of the tussocky ground, and as he swung my twelve stone six into the air the obstacle revealed itself to him and me as consisting not of one bank but of two, and between the two lay a deep grassy lane, half choked with furze. I have often been asked to state the width of the bohemeen, and can only reply that in my opinion it was at least eighteen feet; Flurry Knox and Dr. Hickey, who did not jump it, say that it is not more than five. What Sorcerer did with it I cannot say; the sensation was of a towering flight with a kick back in it, a biggish drop, and a landing on cee-springs, still on the downhill grade. That was how one of the best horses in Ireland took one of Ireland's most ignorant riders over a very nasty place.

A sombre line of fir-wood lay ahead, rimmed with a grey wall, and in another couple of minutes we had pulled up on the Aussolas road, and were watching the hounds struggling over the wall into Aussolas demesne.

'No hurry now.' said Flurry, turning in his saddle to watch the Cockatoo jump into the road, 'he's to ground in the big earth inside. Well, Major, it's well for you that's a big-jumped horse. I thought you were a dead man a while ago when you faced him at the bohereen!'

E. CE. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS (VIOLET FLORENCE MARTIN) (1862-1915): *Some Experience of an Irish R.M.*

32 *Armistice Day*

Coming into the Square was like being suddenly dead, it was so silent and so still to one so lately jostled by the innumerable crowd and deafened by unceasing shouts. The shouting had continued for so long that it had assumed the appearance of being a solid and unvarying thing: like life. So the silence appeared like Death; and now she had death in her heart. She was going to confront a madman in a stripped house. And the empty house stood in an empty square all of whose houses were so eighteenth century and silver-grey and rigid and serene that they ought all to be empty too and contain dead, mad men. And was this the errand? For to-day when all the world was mad with joy? To become bear-ward to a man who had got rid of all his furniture and did not know the porter—mad without joy I

It turned out to be worse than she expected. She had expected to turn the handle of a door of a tall empty room; in a space made dim with shutters she would see him, looking suspiciously round over his shoulder, a grey badger or a bear taken at its dim occupations. And in uniform. But she was not given time even to be ready. In the last moment she was to steel herself incredibly. She was to become the cold nurse of a shell-shock case.

But there was not any last moment. He charged upon her. There in the open. More like a lion. He came, grey all over, his grey hair—or the grey patches of his hair—shining, charging down the steps, having slammed the halt door.

And lopsided. He was carting under his arm a diminutive piece of furniture. A cabinet.

It was so quick. It was like having a fit. The houses tottered. He regarded her. He had presumably checked violently in his clumsy stride. She hadn't seen because of the tottering of the houses. His stone-blue eyes came fishily into place in his wooden countenance—pink and white. Too pink where it was pink and too white where it was white. Too much so for health. He was in grey homespuns. He should not wear homespuns or grey. It increased his bulk. He could be made to look . . . Oh, a fine figure of a man, let us say!

What was he doing? Fumbling in the pocket of his clumsy trousers. He exclaimed—she shook at the sound of his slightly grating, slightly gasping voice:

'I'm going to sell this thing. . . . Stay here.' He had produced a latch-key. He was panting fiercely beside her. Beside her. Beside her. It was infinitely sad to be beside this madman. It was infinitely glad. Because if he had been sane she would not have been beside him. She could be beside him for long spaces of time if he were mad. Perhaps he did not recognise her! She might be beside him for long spaces of time with him not recognising her. Like tending your baby¹

He was stabbing furiously at the latch-hole with his little key. He *would*: that was normal. He was a stab-the-keyhole sort of clumsy man. She would not want that altered. But she would see about his clothes. She said: 'I am deliberately preparing to live with him for a long time!' Think of that! She said to him:

'Did you send for me?'

He had the door open: he said, panting—his *poor* lungs!
⁴No, 'then 'Go in!' and then: 'I was just going . . .'

She was in his house. Like a child. . . . He had not sent for her. . . . Like a child faltering on the sill of a vast black cave.

It was black. Stone flags. Pompeian red walls scarred

pale-pink where fixed hall-furniture had been removed. Was it *here* she was going to live?

He said, panting, from behind her back:

'Wait here! A little more light fell into the hall. That was because he was gone from the doorway.

He was charging down the steps. His boots were immense. He lolloped all over on one side because of the piece of furniture he had under his arm. He was grotesque, really. But joy radiated from his homespuns when you walked beside him. It welled out; it enveloped you. . . . Like the warmth from an electric heater, only that did not make you want to cry and say your prayers—the haughty oaf.

No, but he was not haughty. Gauche, then! No, but he was not gauche. . . . She could not run after him. He was a bright patch, with his pink ears and silver hair. Gal-lumphing along the rails in front of the eighteenth century houses. *He* was eighteenth century all right. . . . But then the eighteenth century never went mad. The only century that never went mad. Until the French Revolution: and that was either not mad or not eighteenth century.

She stepped irresolutely into the shadows; she turned irresolutely to the light. . . . A long hollow sound existed: the sea saying: Ow, Ow, Ow, along miles and miles. It was the armistice. It was Armistice Day. She had forgotten it. She was to be cloistered on Armistice Day! Ah, not cloistered! Not cloistered there. My beloved is mine and I am his! But she might as well close the door!

She closed the door as delicately as if she were kissing him on the lips. It was a symbol. It was Armistice Day. She ought to go away; instead she had shut the door on . . . Not on Armistice Day! What was it like to be . . . changed!

No! She ought not to go away! She ought not to go away! She ought *not*! He had told her to wait. She was not cloistered. This was the most exciting spot on the earth. It was not her fate to live nun-like. She was going to pass her day beside a madman; her night, too. . . . Armistice

Night! That night would be remembered down unnumbered generations. Whilst one lived that had seen it the question would be asked: What did you do on Armistice Night? My beloved is mine and I am his!

The great stone stairs were carpetless: to mount them would be like taking part in a procession. The hall came in straight from the front door. You had to turn a corner to the right before you came to the entrance of a room. A queer arrangement. Perhaps the eighteenth century was afraid of draughts and did not like the dining-room door near the front entrance. . . . My beloved is . . . Why does one go on repeating that ridiculous thing? Besides, it's from the *Song of Solomon*, isn't it? *The Canticle of Canticles*! Then to quote it is blasphemy when one is . . . No, the essence of prayer is volition, so the essence of blasphemy is volition. She did not want to quote the thing. It was jumped out of her by sheer nerves. She was afraid. She was waiting for a madman in an empty house. Noises whispered up the empty stairway!

FORD MADDOX FORD (*b.* 1873): *A Man Could Stand up*

33 *Mr. Ramsay*

'Oh, but,' said Lily, 'think of his work!'

Whenever she 'thought of his work' she always saw clearly before her a large kitchen table. It was Andrew's doing. She asked him what his father's books were about. 'Subject and object and the nature of reality,' Andrew had said. And when she said Heavens, she had no notion what that meant. 'Think of a kitchen table then,' he told her, 'when you're not there.'

So she always saw, when she thought of Mr. Ramsay's work, a scrubbed kitchen table. It lodged now in the fork of a pear tree, for they had reached the orchard. And with a painful effort of concentration, she focused her mind, not upon the silver-bossed bark of the tree, or upon its fish-shaped leaves, but upon a phantom kitchen table, one of

those scrubbed board tables, grained and knotted, whose virtue seems to have been laid bare by years of muscular integrity, which stuck there, its four legs in air. Naturally, if one's days were passed in this seeing of angular essences, this reducing of lovely evenings, with all their flamingo clouds and blue and silver to a white deal four-legged table (and it was a mark of the finest minds so to do), naturally one could not be judged like an ordinary person.

Mr. Bankes liked her for bidding him 'think of his work.' He had thought of it, often and often. Times without number, he had said, 'Ramsay is one of those men who do their best work before they are forty.' He had made a definite contribution to philosophy in one little book when he was only five and twenty; what came after was more or less amplification, repetition. But the number of men w^ho make a definite contribution to anything whatsoever is very small, he said, pausing by the pear tree, well brushed, scrupulously exact, exquisitely judicial. Suddenly, as if the movement of his hand had released it, the load of her accumulated impressions of him tilted up, and down poured in a ponderous avalanche all she felt about him. That was one sensation. Then up rose in a fume the essence of his being. That was another. She felt herself transfixed by the intensity of her perception; it was his severity; his goodness. I respect you (she addressed him silently) in every atom; you are not vain; you are entirely impersonal; you are finer than Mr. Ramsay; you are the finest human being that I know; you have neither wife nor child (without any sexual feeling she longed to cherish that loneliness), you live for science (involuntarily, sections of potatoes rose before her eyes); praise would be an insult to you; generous, pure-hearted, heroic man! But simultaneously, she remembered how he had brought a valet all the way up here; objected to dogs on chairs; would prose for hours (until Mr. Ramsay slammed out of the room) about salt in vegetables and the iniquity of English cooks.

How then did it work out, all this? How did one judge

people, think of them? How did one add up this and that and conclude that it was liking one felt, or disliking? And to those words, what meaning attached, after all? Standing now, apparently transfixed, by the pear tree, impressions poured in upon her of those two men, and to follow her thought was like following a voice which speaks too quickly to be taken down by one's pencil, and the voice was her own voice saying without prompting undeniable, everlasting, contradictory things, so that even the fissures and humps on the bark of the pear tree were irrevocably fixed there for eternity. You have greatness, she continued, but Mr. Ramsay has none of it. He is petty, selfish, vain, egotistical; he is spoilt; he is a tyrant; he wears Mrs. Ramsay to death; but he has what you (she addressed Mr. Bankes) have not; a fiery unworldliness; he knows nothing about trifles; he loves dogs and his children. He has eight. You have none. Did he not come down in two coats the other night and let Mrs. Ramsay trim his hair into a pudding basin? All of this danced up and down, like a company of gnats, each separate, but all marvellously controlled in an invisible elastic net—danced up and down in Lily's mind, in and about the branches of the pear tree, where still hung in effigy the scrubbed kitchen table, symbol of her profound respect for Mr. Ramsay's mind, until her thought which had spun quicker and quicker exploded of its own intensity; she felt released; a shot went off close at hand, and there came, flying from its fragments, frightened, effusive, tumultuous, a flock of starlings.

'Jasper!' said Mr. Bankes. They turned the way the starlings flew, over the terrace. Following the scatter of swift-flying birds in the sky, they stepped through the gap in the high hedge straight into Mr. Ramsay, who boomed tragically at them, 'Someone had blundered!'

His eyes, glazed with emotion, defiant with tragic intensity, met theirs for a second, and trembled on the verge of recognition; but then, raising his hand half-way to his face as if to avert, to brush off, in an agony of peevish shame,

their normal gaze, as if he begged them to withhold for a moment what he knew to be inevitable, as if he impressed upon them his own childlike resentment of interruption, yet even in the moment of discovery was not to be routed utterly, but was determined to hold fast to something of this delicious emotion, this impure rhapsody of which he was ashamed, but in which he revelled—he turned abruptly, slammed his private door on them; and, Lily Briscoe and Mr. Banks, looking uneasily up into the sky, observed that the flock of starlings which Jasper had routed with his gun had settled on the tops of the elm trees.

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *TO the Lighthouse*

§ ii. HISTORY

i *The Princes in the Tower*

King Richard after his coronation taking his way to Gloucester, to visit in his new honour the town of which he bare the name of his old, devised as he rode to fulfil the thing which he before had intended. And forasmuch as his mind gave him, that his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he thought therefore without delay to rid them, as though the killing of his kinsmen could amend his cause, and make him a kindly king. Whereupon he sent one John Green, whom he specially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brackenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert should in any wise put the two children to death. This John Green did his errand to Brackenbury kneeling before our Lady in the Tower; who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore, with which answer John Green returning recounted the same to King Richard at Warwick yet in his way. Wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said unto a secret page of his: Ah, whom shall a man trust? those that I have brought up myself, those that I had weened would most truly serve me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me. Sir, quoth his page, there lieth one on your pallet without, that I dare well say, to do your Grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse; meaning by this Sir James Tyrell, which was a man of right goodly personage, and for nature's gifts, worthy to have served a much better prince, if he had well served God, and by grace obtained as much truth and good

will as he had strength and wit. The man had an high heart, and sore longed upward, not rising yet so fast as he had hoped, being hindered and kept under by the means of Sir Richard Ratcliffe and Sir William Catesby; which longed for no more partners of the prince's favour, and namely not for him, whose pride they wist would bear no peer, kept him by secret drifts out of all secret trust. Which thing this page well had marked and known. Wherefore this occasion offered of very special friendship, he took his time to put him forward, and by such wise do him good, that all the enemies he had except the devil, could never have done him so much hurt. For upon this page's words King Richard arose (for this communication had he sitting at the draught, a convenient carpet for such a counsel), and came out into the pallet chamber, on which he found in bed Sir James and Sir Thomas Tyrell, of person like and brethren of blood, but nothing of kin in conditions. Then said the King merrily to them: What, sirs, be ye in bed so soon? And calling up Sir James, brake to him secretly his mind in this mischievous matter. In which he found him nothing strange. Wherefore on the morrow he sent him to Brackenbury with a letter, by which he was commanded to deliver Sir James all the keys of the Tower for one night, to the end he might there accomplish the King's pleasure, in such thing as he had given him commandment. After which letter delivered and the keys received, Sir James appointed the night next ensuing to destroy them, devising before and preparing the means. The prince, as soon as the protector left that name and took himself as king, had it showed unto him, that he should not reign, but his uncle should have the crown. At which words the prince, sore abashed, began to sigh and said: Alas, I would my uncle would let me have my life yet, though I lose my kingdom. Then he that told him the tale, used him with good words, and put him in the best comfort he could. But forthwith was the prince and his brother both shut up, and all other removed from them, only one called black Wil or William Slaughter except, set

to serve them and see them sure. After which time the prince never tied his points, nor ought wrought of himself, but with that young babe his brother, lingered in thought and heaviness till this traitrous death delivered them of that wretchedness. For Sir James Tyrell devised that they should be murdered in their beds. To the execution whereof, he appointed Miles Forest, one of the four that kept them, a fellow⁷ fleshed in murder before time. To him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big broad square strong knave. Then all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forest and John Dighton, about midnight (the silly children lying in their beds) came into the chamber, and suddenly lapped them up among the clothes, so be-wrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard unto their mouths, that within a while smooed and stifled, their breath failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed. Which after that the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pains of death, and after long lying still, to be thoroughly dead; they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed, and fetched Sir James to see them. Which, upon the sight of them, caused those murderers to bury them at the stair foot, meetly deep in the ground under a great heap of stones. Then rode Sir James in great haste to King Richard, and showed him all the manner of the murder; who gave him great thanks and, as some say, there made him knight. But he allowed not, as I have heard, the burying in so vile a corner, saying that he would have them buried in a better place, because they were a king's sons. Lo, the honourable courage of a king! Whereupon they say that a priest of Sir Robert Brackenbury took up the bodies again, and secretly interred them in such a place, as by the occasion of his death, which only knew it, could never since come to light. Very truth is it and well known, that at such time as Sir James Tyrell was in the Tower for Treason committed against the most famous prince King

Henry the seventh, both Dighton and he were examined, and confessed the murder in manner above written, but whither the bodies were removed they could nothing tell. And thus as I have learned of them that much knew and little cause had to lie, were these two noble princes, these innocent tender children, born of most royal blood, brought up in great wealth, likely long to live and to reign and rule in the realm, by traitrous tyranny taken, deprived of their estate, shortly shut up in prison, and privily slain and murdered, their bodies cast God wot where by the cruel ambition of their unnatural uncle and his dispiteous tormentors. Which things on every part well pondered, God never gave this world a more notable example, neither in what unsurety standeth this worldly weal, or what mischief worketh the proud enterprise of an high heart, and finally what wretched end ensueth such dispiteous cruelty. For first, to begin with the ministers, Miles Forest at Saint Martin's piecemeal rotted away. Dighton indeed yet walketh on alive in good possibility to be hanged ere he die. But Sir James Tyrell died at Tower hill, beheaded for treason. King Richard himself, as ye shall hereafter hear, slain in the field, hacked and hewed of his enemies' hands, harried on horseback dead, his hair in despite torn and tugged like a cur dog: and the mischief that he took, within less than three years of the mischief that he did. And yet all the mean time spent in much pain and trouble outward, much fear, anguish and sorrow within. For I have heard by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberers, that after this abominable deed done, he never had quiet in his mind, he never thought himself sure. Where he went abroad, his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever on his dagger, his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again; he took ill rest a-nights, lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometimes start up, leap out of his bed and run about the chamber, so was his restless heart continually

tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abominable deed.

SIR THOMAS MORE (1478-1535):

The History of King Richard the Third

2 *Mr, Pages Words on the Scaffold*

I am come hither to receive the law according to my judgment, and thank God for all; and of this I take God to witness, that knoweth the hearts of all men, that, as I am sorry I have offended her Majesty, so did I never mean harm to her Highness' person, crown, or dignity; but have been as true a subject as any was in England, to my ability, except none; and, holding up his right hand, said: 'This hand did I put to the plough, and got my living by it many years. If it would have pleased her Highness to have pardoned it, and to have taken my left hand, or my life, she had dealt more favourably with me, for now I have no means to live; but God, which is the Father of us all, will provide for me. I beseech you all to pray for me, that I may take this punishment patiently.' And so he laid his hand upon the block, and prayed the executioner quickly to dispatch him; and so at two blows his hand was smitten off. So, lifting up the stump, he said to the people, 'I have left there a true Englishman's hand.' And so went from the scaffold very stoutly and with great courage.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON (1561-1612): *Nllgce Antiquæ*

3 *The Exclusion Bill*

The main point in debate was, what security the King should offer to quiet the fears of the nation upon the account of the Duke's succession. The Earl of Shaftesbury proposed the excluding him simply, and making the succession to go on, as if he was dead, as the only mean that was easy and safe both for the Crown and the people. This was nothing but the disinheriting the next heir, which certainly the King and

Parliament might do, as well as any private man might disinherit his next heir, if he had a mind to it. The King would not consent to this. He had faithfully promised the Duke that he never would; and he thought, if Acts of Exclusion were once begun, it would not be easy to stop them; but that upon any discontent at the next heir, they would be set on: religion was now the pretence; but other pretences would be found out, when there was need of them. This insensibly would change the nature of the English monarchy; so that from being hereditary it would become elective. The Lords of Essex and Halifax upon this proposed such limitations of the Duke's authority, when the Crown should devolve on him, as would disable him from doing any harm, either in church or state: such as the taking out of his hand all power in ecclesiastical matters, the disposal of the public money, with the power of peace and war, and the lodging these in both Houses of Parliament; and that whatever Parliament was in being, or the last that had been in being at the King's death, should meet, without a new summons, upon it, and assume the administration of affairs. Lord Shaftesbury argued against this as much more prejudicial to the Crown than the exclusion of one heir: for this changed the whole government, and set up a democracy instead of a monarchy. Lord Halifax's arguing now so much against the danger of turning the monarchy to be elective, was the more extraordinary in him, because he had made an hereditary monarchy the subject of his mirth; and had often said, 'who takes a coachman to drive him, because his father was a good coachman?' Yet he was now jealous of a small slip in the succession: but at the same time he studied to infuse into some a zeal for a commonwealth. And to these he pretended, that he preferred limitations to an exclusion; because the one kept up the monarchy still, only passing over one person; whereas the other brought us really into a commonwealth, as soon as we had a Popish King over us. And it was said by some of his friends, that the limitations proposed were so advantageous to public liberty, that a man

might be tempted to wish for a Popish King, to come at them.

GILBERT BURNET (1643-1715): *The History of his Own Time*

4 *The Maid of Orleans*

In the village of Domremi, near Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine, there lived a country girl of twenty-seven years of age, called Joan d'Arc, who was servant in a small inn, and who in that station had been accustomed to tend the horses of the guests, to ride them without a saddle to the watering-place, and to perform other offices, which, in well-frequented inns, commonly fall to the share of the men-servants. This girl was of an irreproachable life, and had not hitherto been remarked for any singularity; whether that she had met with no occasion to excite her genius, or that the unskilful eyes of those who conversed with her, had not been able to discern her uncommon merit. It is easy to imagine, that the present situation of France was an interesting object even to persons of the lowest rank, and would become the frequent subject of conversation: A young prince expelled his throne by the sedition of native subjects, and by the arms of strangers, could not fail to move the compassion of ail his people, whose hearts were uncorrupted by faction; and the peculiar character of Charles, so strongly inclined to friendship and the tender passions, naturally rendered him the hero of that sex whose generous minds know no bounds in their affections. The siege of Orleans, the progress of the English before that place, the great distress of the garrison and inhabitants, the importance of saving this city and its brave defenders, had turned thither the public eye; and Joan, inflamed by the general sentiment, was seized with a wild desire of bringing relief to her sovereign in his present distress. Her unexperienced mind, working day and night on this favourite object, mistook the impulses of passion for heavenly inspirations; and she fancied **that** she saw visions, **and** heard voices, **exhorting her**

to re-establish the throne of France, and to expel the foreign invaders. An uncommon intrepidity of temper made her overlook all the dangers which might attend her in such a path; and thinking herself destined by Heaven to this office, she threw aside all that bashfulness and timidity, so natural to her sex, her years, and her low station. She went to Vaucouleurs; procured admission to Baudricourt, the governor; informed him of her inspirations and intentions; and she conjured him not to neglect the voice of God, who spoke through her, but to second those heavenly revelations, which impelled her to this glorious enterprise. Baudricourt treated her at first with some neglect; but on her frequent returns to him, and importunate solicitations, he began to remark something extraordinary in the maid, and was inclined, at all hazards, to make so easy an experiment. It is uncertain whether this gentleman had discernment enough to perceive, that great use might be made with the vulgar of so uncommon an engine; or, what is more likely, in that credulous age, was himself a convert to this visionary; but he adopted at last the schemes of Joan; and he gave her some attendants, who conducted her to the French court, which at that time resided at Chinon.

It is the business of history to distinguish between the *miraculous* and the *marvellous*; to reject the first in all narrations merely profane and human; to doubt the second; and when obliged by unquestionable testimony, as in the present case, to admit of something extraordinary, to receive as little of it as is consistent with the known facts and circumstances. It is pretended, that Joan, immediately on her admission, knew the king, though she had never seen his face before, and though he purposely kept himself in the crowd of courtiers, and had laid aside everything in his dress and apparel which might distinguish him. That she offered him, in the name of the supreme Creator, to raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct him to Rheims to be there crowned and anointed; and on his expressing doubts of her mission, revealed to him, before some sworn confidants, a

secret, which was unknown to all the world beside himself, and which nothing but a heavenly inspiration could have discovered to her: And that she demanded, as the instrument of her future victories, a particular sword, which was kept in the church of St. Catherine of Fierbois, and which, though she had never seen it, she described by all its marks, and by the place in which it had long lain neglected. This is certain, that all these miraculous stories were spread abroad in order to captivate the vulgar. The more the king and his ministers were determined to give into the illusion, the more scruples they pretended. An assembly of grave doctors and theologians cautiously examined Joan's mission, and pronounced it undoubted and supernatural. She was sent to the parliament, then residing at Poitiers; and was interrogated before that assembly: The presidents, the counsellors, who came persuaded of her imposture, went away convinced of her inspiration. A ray of hope began to break through that despair in which the minds of all men were before enveloped. Heaven had now declared itself in favour of France, and had laid bare its outstretched arm to take vengeance on her invaders. Few could distinguish between the impulse of inclination and the force of conviction; and none would submit to the trouble of so disagreeable a scrutiny.

After these artificial precautions and preparations had been for some time employed, Joan's requests were at last complied with: She was armed cap-a-pie, mounted on horseback, and shown in that martial habiliment before the whole people. Her dexterity in managing her steed, though acquired in her former occupation, was regarded as a fresh proof of her mission; and she was received with the loudest acclamations by the spectators. Her former occupation was even denied: She was no longer the servant of an inn: She was converted into a shepherdess, an employment much more agreeable to the imagination. To render her still more interesting, near ten years were subtracted from her age; and all the sentiments of love and chivalry were thus united

to those of enthusiasm, in order to inflame the fond fancy of the people with prepossessions in her favour.

When the engine was thus dressed up in full splendour, it was determined to essay its force against the enemy. Joan was sent to Blois, where a large convoy was prepared for the supply of Orleans, and an army of 10,000 men, under the command of St. Severe, assembled to escort it. She ordered all the soldiers to confess themselves before they set out on the enterprise: She banished from the camp all women of bad fame: She displayed in her hands a consecrated banner, where the Supreme Being was represented grasping the globe of earth, and surrounded with flower-de-luces: And she insisted, in right of her prophetic mission, that the convoy should enter Orleans by the direct road from the side of Beausse: But the Count of Dunois, unwilling to submit the rules of the military art to her inspirations, ordered it to approach by the other side of the river, where, he knew, the weakest part of the English army was stationed.

Previous to this attempt, the maid had written to the regent, and to the English generals before Orleans, commanding them, in the name of the Omnipotent Creator, by whom she was commissioned, immediately to raise the siege, and to evacuate France; and menacing them with divine vengeance in case of their disobedience. All the English affected to speak with derision of the maid, and of her heavenly commission; and said, that the French King was now indeed reduced to a sorry pass, when he had to recourse to such ridiculous expedients; but they felt their imagination secretly struck with the vehement persuasion which prevailed in ail around them; and they waited with an anxious expectation, not unmixed with horror, for the issue of these extraordinary preparations.

As the convoy approached the river, a sally was made by the garrison (April 29) on the side of Beausse, to prevent the English general from sending any detachment to the other side: The provisions were peaceably embarked in boats, which the inhabitants of Orleans had sent to receive

them : The maid covered with her troops the embarkation: Suffolk did not venture to attack her: And the French general carried back the army in safety to Blois; an alteration of affairs which was already visible to all the world, and which had a proportional effect on the minds of both parties.

The maid entered the city of Orleans arrayed in her military garb, and displaying her consecrated standard; and was received as a celestial deliverer by all the inhabitants. They now believed themselves invincible under her influence; and Dunois himself, perceiving such a mighty alteration both in friends and foes, consented that the next convoy, which was expected in a few days (May 4), should enter by the side of Beausse. The convoy approached; no sign of resistance appeared in the besiegers: The waggons and troops passed without interruption between the redoubts of the English: A dead silence and astonishment reigned among those troops, formerly so elated with victory, and so fierce for the combat.

DAVID HUME (1711-1776): *History of England*

5 *The Emperor Alexander*

The lenity of the emperor confirmed the insolence of the troops; the legions imitated the example of the guards, and defended their prerogative of licentiousness with the same furious obstinacy. The administration of Alexander was an unavailing struggle against the corruption of his age. In Illyricum, in Mauritania, in Armenia, in Mesopotamia, in Germany, fresh mutinies perpetually broke out; his officers were murdered, his authority was insulted, and his life at last sacrificed to the fierce discontents of the army. One particular fact well deserves to be recorded, as it illustrates the manners of the troops, and exhibits a singular instance of their return to a sense of duty and obedience. Whilst the Emperor lay at Antioch, in his Persian expedition, the particulars of which we shall hereafter relate, the punishment of some soldiers, who had been discovered in the baths

of women, excited a sedition in the legion to which they belonged. Alexander ascended his tribunal, and with a modest firmness represented to the armed multitude the absolute necessity, as well as his inflexible resolution, of correcting the vices introduced by his impure predecessor, and of maintaining the discipline, which could not be relaxed without the ruin of the Roman name and empire. Their clamours interrupted his mild expostulation. 'Reserve your shouts, said the undaunted emperor, 'till you take the field against the Persians, the Germans, and the Sarmatians. Be silent in the presence of your sovereign and benefactor, who bestows upon you the corn, the clothing, and the money of the provinces. Be silent, or I shall no longer style you soldiers, but *citizens*, if those indeed who disclaim the laws of Rome deserve to be ranked among the meanest of the people.' His menaces inflamed the fury of the legion, and their brandished arms already threatened his person. 'Your courage,' resumed the intrepid Alexander, 'would be more nobly displayed in the field of battle; *me* you may destroy, you cannot intimidate; and the severe justice of the republic would punish your crime and revenge my death.' The legion still persisted in clamorous sedition, when the emperor pronounced, with a loud voice, the decisive sentence, 'Citizens! lay down your arms, and depart in peace to your respective habitations.' The tempest was instantly appeased; the soldiers, filled with grief and shame, silently confessed the justice of their punishment and the power of discipline, yielded up their arms and military ensigns, and retired in confusion, not to their camp, but to the several inns of the city. Alexander enjoyed, during thirty days, the edifying spectacle of their repentance; nor did he restore them to their former rank in the army, till he had punished with death those tribunes whose connivance had occasioned the mutiny. The grateful legion served the emperor whilst living, and revenged him when dead.

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794):

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire

6 Montezuma's Palace

In the courts through which the Spaniards passed, fountains of crystal water were playing, fed from the copious reservoir on the distant hill of Chapoltepec, and supplying in their turn more than a hundred baths in the interior of the palace. Crowds of Aztec nobles were sauntering up and down in these squares, and in the outer halls, loitering away their hours in attendance on the court. The apartments were of immense size, though not lofty. The ceilings were of various sorts of odoriferous wood ingeniously carved; the floors covered with mats of the palm leaf. The walls were hung with cotton richly stained, with the skins of wild animals, or gorgeous draperies of feather-work wrought in imitation of birds, insects, and flowers, with the nice art and glowing radiance of colours that might compare with the tapestries of Flanders. Clouds of incense rolled up from censers and diffused intoxicating odours through the apartments. The Spaniards might well have fancied themselves in the voluptuous precincts of an Eastern harem, instead of treading the halls of a wild barbaric chief in the Western World.

On reaching the hall of audience, the Mexican officers took off their sandals, and covered their gay attire with a mantle of *nequen*, a coarse stuff made of the fibres of the maguey, worn only by the poorest classes. This act of humiliation was imposed on all, except the members of his own family, who approached the sovereign. Thus barefooted, with downcast eyes and formal obeisance, they ushered the Spaniards into the royal presence.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT (1796-1859): *The Conquest of Mexico*

7 The Toleration Act

Of all the Acts that have ever been passed by Parliament, the Toleration Act is perhaps that which most strikingly illustrates the peculiar vices and the peculiar excellences of

English legislation. The science of Politics bears in one respect a close analogy to the science of Mechanics. The mathematician can easily demonstrate that a certain power, applied by means of a certain lever or of a certain system of pulleys, will suffice to raise a certain weight. But his demonstration proceeds on the supposition that the machinery is such as no load will bend or break. If the engineer, who has to lift a great mass of real granite by the instrumentality of real timber and real hemp, should absolutely rely on the propositions which he finds in treatises on Dynamics, and should make no allowance for the imperfection of his materials, his whole apparatus of beams, wheels, and ropes would soon come down in ruin, and, with all his geometrical skill, he would be found a far inferior builder to those painted barbarians who, though they never heard of the parallelogram of forces, managed to pile up Stonehenge. What the engineer is to the mathematician, the active statesman is to the contemplative statesman. It is indeed most important that legislators and administrators should be versed in the philosophy of government, as it is most important that the architect, who has to fix an obelisk on its pedestal, or to hang a tubular bridge over an estuary, should be versed in the philosophy of equilibrium and motion. But, as he who has actually to build must bear in mind many things never noticed by D'Alembert and Euler, so must he who has actually to govern be perpetually guided by considerations to which no allusion can be found in the writings of Adam Smith or Jeremy Bentham. The perfect lawgiver is a just temper between the mere man of theory, who can see nothing but general principles, and the mere man of business, who can see nothing but particular circumstances. Of lawgivers in whom the speculative element has prevailed to the exclusion of the practical, the world has during the last eighty years been singularly fruitful. To their wisdom Europe and America have owed scores of abortive constitutions, scores of constitutions which have lived just long enough to make a miserable noise, and have then gone off

in convulsions. But in the English legislature the practical element has always predominated, and not seldom unduly predominated, over the speculative. To think nothing of symmetry and much of convenience; never to remove an anomaly merely because it is an anomaly; never to innovate except when some grievance is felt; never to innovate except so far as to get rid of the grievance; never to lay down any proposition of wider extent than the particular case for which it is necessary to provide; these are the rules which have, from the age of John to the age of Victoria, generally guided the deliberations of our two hundred and fifty Parliaments. Our national distaste for whatever is abstract in political science amounts undoubtedly to a fault. Yet it is, perhaps, a fault on the right side. That we have been far too slow to improve our laws must be admitted. But, though in other countries there may have occasionally been more rapid progress, it would not be easy to name any other country in which there has been so little retrogression.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY (1780-1859):
History of England

8 *Sir Thomas More*

Sir Thomas More is represented, by the Protestant Martyr-ologists, as a cruel persecutor; by Catholics, as a blessed martyr. Like some of his contemporaries, he was both. But the character of this illustrious man deserves a fairer estimate than has been given it, either by his adorers or his enemies. It behoves us ever to bear in mind, that while actions are always to be judged by the immutable standard of right and wrong, the judgment which we pass upon men must be qualified by considerations of age, country, situation, and other incidental circumstances; and it will then be found, that he who is most charitable in his judgment is generally the least unjust. Sir Thomas More would, in any age of the world, have ranked among the wisest and best of men. One generation earlier, he would have appeared as a

persecutor of the Reformation, and perhaps have delayed it by procuring a correction of grosser abuses, and thereby rendering its necessity less urgent. One generation later, and his natural place would have been in Elizabeth's Council, among the pillars of the State, and the founders of the Church of England. But the circumstances wherein he was placed were peculiarly unpropitious to his disposition, his happiness, and even his character in aftertimes. His high station (for he had been made Chancellor upon Wolsey's disgrace) compelled him to take an active part in public affairs; in forwarding the work of persecution, he believed that he was discharging not only a legal, but a religious, duty; and it is but too certain, that he performed it with activity and zeal. 'The Lord forgive Sir Thomas More.' were among the last words which Bainham uttered amid the flames. The Protestants who, by his orders, and some of them actually in his sight, were flogged and racked, to make them declare with whom they were connected, and where was the secret deposit of their forbidden books, imputed the cruelty of the laws to his personal inhumanity. In this they were as unjust to him, as he was in imputing moral criminality to them; for his was one of those unworldly dispositions which are ever more willing to endure evil than to inflict it. It is because this was so certainly his temper and his principle, that his decided intolerance has left a stain upon his memory: what in his contemporaries was only consistent with themselves and with the times, appearing monstrous in him, who in other points was advanced so far beyond his age. But by this very superiority it may partly be explained. He perceived, in some of the crude and perilous opinions which were now promulgated, consequences to which the Reformers, in the ardour and impatience of their sincerity, were blind: he saw that they tended to the subversion, not of existing institutions alone, but of civil society itself: the atrocious frenzy of the Anabaptists in Germany confirmed him in this apprehension; and the possibility of re-edifying the Church upon its old foundations, and giving it a moral

strength which should resist all danger, entered not into his mind, because he was contented with it as it stood, and in the strength of his attachment to its better principles, loved some of its errors and excused others. Herein he was unlike his friend Erasmus, whom he resembled equally in extent of erudition and in sportiveness of wit. But More was characteristically devout: the imaginative part of Romanism had its full effect upon him; its splendid ceremonials, its magnificent edifices, its alliance with music, painting, and sculpture, (the latter arts then rapidly advancing to their highest point of excellence,) its observances, so skilfully interwoven with the business, the festivities, and the ordinary economy of life, . . . in these things he delighted, . . . and all these the Reformers were for sweeping away. But the impelling motive for his conduct was, his assent to the tenet, that belief in the doctrines of the Church was essential to salvation. For upon that tenet, whether it be held by Papist or Protestant, toleration becomes, what it has so often been called, . . . soul-murder: persecution is then, in the strictest sense, a duty; and it is an act of religious charity to burn heretics alive, for the purpose of deterring others from damnation. The tenet is proved to be false by its intolerable consequences . . . and no stronger example can be given of its injurious effect upon the heart, than that it should have made Sir Thomas More a persecutor.

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843): *The Bock of the Church*

9 The Usual Story

And why was all this striving in blood against insurmountable difficulties? Why were men sent thus to slaughter, when the application of a just science would have rendered the operation comparatively easy? Because the English ministers, so ready to plunge into war, were quite ignorant of its exigencies; because the English people are warlike without being military, and under pretence of maintaining a liberty which they do not possess, oppose in peace all use-

ful martial establishments. Expatriating in their schools and colleges upon Roman discipline and Roman valour, they are heedless of Roman institutions; they desire, like that ancient republic, to be free at home and conquerors abroad, but start at perfecting their military system, as a thing incompatible with a constitution, which they yet suffer to be violated by every minister who trembles at the exposure of corruption. In the beginning of each war, England has to seek in blood for the knowledge necessary to ensure success, and like the fiend's progress towards Eden, her conquering course is through chaos followed by death.

SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS PATRICK NAPIER (1785-1860):

History of the War in the Peninsula

10 *The Battle of Syracuse*

Demosthenes, after obtaining the required reinforcements at Korkyra, had crossed the Ionian sea to the islands called Choerades on the coast of Iapygia; where he took aboard a band of 150 Messapian darters, through the friendly aid of the native prince Artas, with whom an ancient alliance was renewed. Passing on farther to Metapontum, already in alliance with Athens, he was there reinforced with two triremes and three hundred darters, with which addition he sailed to Thurii. Here he found himself cordially welcomed; for the philo-Athenian party was in full ascendancy, having recently got the better in a vehement dissention, and passed a sentence of banishment against their opponents. They not only took a formal resolution to acknowledge the same friends and the same enemies as the Athenians, but equipped a regiment of 700 hoplites and 300 darters to accompany Demosthenes, who remained there long enough to pass his troops in review and verify the completeness of each division. After having held this review on the banks of the river Sybaris, he marched his troops by land through the Thurian territory to the banks of the river Hylias which divided it from Kroton. He was here met by Krotoniate envoys, who

forbade the access to their territory: upon which he marched down the river to the sea-shore, got on shipboard, and pursued his voyage southward along the coast of Italy—touching at the various towns, all except the hostile Lokri.

His entry into the harbour of Syracuse—accomplished in the most ostentatious trim, with decorations and musical accompaniments—was no less imposing from the magnitude of his force, than critical in respect to opportunity. Taking Athenians, allies, and mercenary forces, together—he conducted 73 triremes, 5000 hoplites, and a large number of light troops of every description; archers, slingers, darters, etc., with other requisites for effective operation. At the sight of such an armament, not inferior to the first which had arrived under Nikias, the Syracusans lost for a moment the confidence of their recent triumph, and were struck with dismay as well as wonder. That Athens could be rash enough to spare such an armament, at a moment when the full burst of Peloponnesian hostility was reopening upon her, and when Dekeleia was in course of being fortified—was a fact out of all reasonable probability, and not to be credited unless actually seen. And probably, the Syracusans, though they knew that Demosthenes was on his way, had no idea beforehand of the magnitude of his armament.

On the other hand, the hearts of the discomfited and beleaguered Athenians again revived as they welcomed their new comrades. They saw themselves again masters by land as well as by sea; and they displayed their renewed superiority by marching out of their lines forthwith and ravaging the lands near the Anapus; the Syracusans not venturing to engage in a general action, and merely watching the movement with some cavalry from the Olympieion.

But Demosthenes was not imposed upon by this delusive show of power, so soon as he had made himself master of the full state of affairs, and had compared his own means with those of the enemy. He found the army of Nikias not merely worn down with long-continued toil, and disheartened by previous defeat, but also weakened in a terrible

degree by the marsh fever general towards the close of summer, in the low ground where they were encamped.

He saw that the Syracusans were strong in multiplied allies, extended fortifications, a leader of great ability, and general belief that theirs was the winning cause. Moreover, he felt deeply the position of Athens at home, and her need of all her citizens against enemies within sight of her own walls. But above all, he came penetrated with the deplorable effects which had resulted from the mistake of Nikias, in wasting irreparably so much precious time, and frittering away the first terror-striking impression of his splendid armament. All these considerations determined Demosthenes to act without a moment's delay, while the impression produced by his arrival was yet unimpaired—and to aim one great and decisive blow, such as might, if successful, make the conquest of Syracuse again probable. If this should fail, he resolved to abandon the whole enterprise, and return home with his armament forthwith.

By means of the Athenian lines, he had possession of the southernmost portion of the slope of Epipolæ. But all along that slope from east to west, immediately in front or to the north of his position, stretched the counter-wall built by the Syracusans; beginning at the city-wall on the lowest ground, and reaching up first in a north-westerly, next in a westerly direction, until it joined the fort on the upper ground near the cliff, where the road from Euryalus down to Syracuse passed. The Syracusans as defenders were on the north side of this counter-wall; he and the Athenians on the south side. It was a complete bar to his progress, and he could not stir a step without making himself master of it; towards which end there were only two possible means—either to storm it in front, or to turn it from its western extremity by marching round up to the Euryalus. He began by trying the first method. But the wall was abundantly manned and vigorously defended; his battering machines were all burnt or disqualified, and every attempt which he made was completely repulsed. There remained only the

second method—to turn the wall, ascending by circuitous roads to the heights of Euryalus behind it, and then attacking the fort in which it terminated.

But the march necessary for this purpose—first, up the valley of the Anapus, visible from the Syracusan posts above; next, ascending to the Euryalus by a narrow and winding path—was so difficult, that even Demosthenes, naturally sanguine, despaired of being able to force his way up in the daylight, against an enemy seeing the attack. He was therefore constrained to attempt a night-surprise, for which, Nikias and his other colleagues consenting, he accordingly made preparations on the largest and most effective scale. He took command himself, along with Menander and Eurymedon (Nikias being left to command within the lines)—conducting hoplites and light troops, together with masons and carpenters, and all other matters necessary for establishing a fortified post—lastly, giving orders that every man should carry with him provisions for five days.

Fortune so far favoured him, that not only all these preliminary arrangements, but even his march itself, was accomplished without any suspicion of the enemy. At the beginning of a moonlight night, he quitted the lines, moved along the low ground on the left bank of the Anapus and parallel to that river for a considerable distance—then following various roads to the right, arrived at the Euryalus or highest pitch of Epipolæ, where he found himself in the same track by which the Athenians in coming from Katana a year and a half before—and Gylippus in coming from the interior of the island about ten months before—had passed in order to get to the slope of Epipolæ above Syracuse. He reached, without being discovered, the extreme Syracusan fort on the high ground—assailed it completely by surprise—and captured it after a feeble resistance. Some of the garrison within it were slain; but the greater part escaped, and ran to give the alarm to the three fortified camps of Syracusans and allies, which were placed one below another behind the long continuous wall, on the declivity of Epipolæ.

—as well as to a chosen regiment of six hundred Syracusan hoplites under Hermocrates, who formed a night-watch or bivouac. This regiment hastened up to the rescue, but Demosthenes and the Athenian vanguard, charging impetuously forward, drove them back in disorder upon the fortified positions in their rear. Even Gylippus, and the Syracusan troops advancing upwards out of these positions, were at first carried back by the same retreating movement.

GEORGE GROTE (1794-1871): *History of Greece*

11 *Frederick's Domestic Policy*

For the first ten years of his reign, he had a heavy, continual struggle, getting his finance and other branches of administration extricated from their strangling imbroglios of coiled nonsense, and put upon a rational footing. His labour in these years, the first of little Fritz's life, must have been great; the pushing and pulling strong and continual. The good plan itself, this comes not of its own accord; it is the fruit of 'genius' (which means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all): given a huge stack of tumbled thrums, it is not in your sleep that you will find the vital centre of it, or get the first thrum by the end! And then the execution, the realising, amid the contradiction, silent or expressed, of men and things? Explosive violence was by no means Friedrich Wilhelm's method; the amount of slow stubborn broad-shouldered strength, in all kinds, expended by the man, strikes us as very great. The amount of patience even, though patience is not reckoned his forte.

That of the *Ritter-Dienst* (Knights'-Service), for example, which is but one small item of his business, the commuting of the old feudal duty of his Landholders to do Service in War-time, into a fixed money payment: nothing could be fairer, more clearly advantageous to both parties; and most of his 'Knights' gladly accepted the proposal: yet a certain factious set of them, the Magdeburg set, stirred-up by some seven or eight of their number, 'hardly above seven or eight

really against me.' saw good to stand out; remonstrated, recalcitrated; complained in the Diet (Kaiser too happy to hear of it, that he might have a hook on Friedrich Wilhelm); and for long years that paltry matter was a provocation to him. But if your plan *is* just, and a bit of Nature's plan, persist in it like a law of Nature. This secret too was known to Friedrich Wilhelm. In the space of ten years, by actual human strength loyally spent, he had managed many things; saw all things in a course towards management. All things, as it were, fairly on the road; the multiplex team pulling one way, in rational human harness, not in imbroglios of coiled thrums made by the Nightmares.

How he introduced a new mode of farming his Domain Lands, which are a main branch of his revenue, and shall be farmed on regular lease henceforth, and not wasted in speculation and indolent mismanagement as heretofore; new modes of levying his taxes and revenues of every kind: How he at last concentrated, and harmonised into one easy-going effective *General Directory*, the multifarious conflicting Boards, that were jolting and jangling in a dark use-and-wont manner, and leaving their work half-done, when he first came into power: How he insisted on having daylight introduced to the very bottom of every business, fair-and-square observed as the rule of it, and the shortest road adopted for doing it: How he drained bogs, planted colonies, established manufactures, made his own uniforms of Prussian wool, in a *Lagerhaus* of his own: How he dealt with the Jew Gompert about farming his Tobacco;—how, from many a crooked case and character he, by slow or short methods, brought out something straight; would take no denial of what was his, nor make any demand of what was not; and did prove really a terror to evil-doers of various kinds, especially to prevaricators, defalcators, imaginary workers, and slippery unjust persons: How he urged diligence on all mortals, would not have the very Applewomen sit 'without knitting' at their stalls; and brandished his stick, or struck it fiercely down, over the incorrigibly idle:—All this, as well

as his ludicrous explosions and unreasonable violences, is on record concerning Friedrich Wilhelm, though it is to the latter chiefly that the world has directed its unwise attention, in judging of him. He was a very arbitrary King. Yes, but then a good deal of his *arbitrium*, or sovereign will, was that of the Eternal Heavens as well; and did exceedingly behave to be done, if the Earth would prosper. Which is an immense consideration in regard to his sovereign will and him! He was prompt with his rattan, in urgent cases; had his gallows also, prompt enough, where needful. Let him see that no mistakes happen, as certainly he means that none shall!

Yearly he made his country richer; and this not in money alone (which is of very uncertain value, and sometimes has no value at all, and even less), but in frugality, diligence, punctuality, veracity—the grand fountains from which money, and all real *values* and valours spring for men. To Friedrich Wilhelm, in his rustic simplicity, money had no lack of value; rather the reverse. To the homespun man it was a success of most excellent quality, and the chief symbol of success in all kinds. Yearly he made his own revenues, and his people's along with them and as the source of them, larger: and in all states of his revenue, he had contrived to make his expenditure less than it; and yearly saved masses of coin, and 'repositied them in barrels in the cellars of his Schloss,'—where they proved very useful, one day. Much in Friedrich Wilhelm proved useful, beyond even his expectations. As a Nation's *Husband* he seeks his fellow among Kings, ancient and modern. Happy the Nation which gets such a Husband, once in the half-thousand years. The Nation, as foolish wives and Nations do, repines and grudges a good deal, its weak whims and will being thwarted very often; but it advances steadily, with consciousness or not, in the way of well-doing; and after long times the harvest of this diligent sowing becomes manifest to the Nation and to all Nations.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881):
History of Frederick the Great

12 *The Historical Faculty*

History is the account of the actions of men; and in actions' are comprehended the thoughts, opinions, motives, impulses of the actors and of the circumstances in which their work was executed. The actions without motives are nothing, for they may be interpreted in many ways, and can only be understood in their causes. If 'Hamlet' or 'Lear' was exact to outward fact—were they and their fellow-actors on the stage exactly such as Shakespeare describes them—and if they did the acts which he assigns to them, that was perfect history, and what we call history is only valuable as it approaches to that pattern. To say that the character of real men cannot be thus completely known, that their inner nature is beyond our reach, that the dramatic portraiture of things is only possible to poetry, is to say that history ought not to be written, for the inner nature of the persons of whom it speaks is the essential thing about them; and, in fact, the historian assumes that he does know it, for his work without it is pointless and colourless. And yet to penetrate really into the hearts and souls of men, to *give* each his due, to represent him as he appeared at his best to himself, and not to his enemies, to sympathise in the collision of principles with each party in turn, to feel as they felt, to think as they thought, and to reproduce the various beliefs, the acquirements, the intellectual atmosphere of another age, is a task which requires gifts as great or greater than those of the greatest dramatists, for all is required which is required of the dramatist, with the obligation to truth of ascertained fact besides. It is for this reason that historical works of the highest order are so scanty. The faculty itself, the imaginative and reproductive insight, is among the rarest of human qualities. The moral determination to use it for purposes of truth only is rarer still—nay, it is but in particular ages of the world that such work can be produced at all. The historians of genius themselves, too, are creatures of their own times and it is only at periods when men of intellect

have 'swallowed formulas,' when conventional and established ways of thinking have ceased to satisfy, that, if they are serious and conscientious, they are able 'to sympathise with opposite sides.'

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1818-1894): *Life of Carlyle*

13 *The Battle of Hastings*

The fight was now over; night had closed in, and those among the English host who had not fallen around their King had left the field under cover of the darkness. William now returned to the hill, where all resistance had long ceased. He looked around, we are told, on the dead and dying thousands, not without a feeling of pity that so many men had fallen, even as a sacrifice to his own fancied right. But the victory was truly his own; in the old phrase of our Chroniclers, the Frenchmen had possession of the place of slaughter. A place of slaughter indeed it was, where, from morn till twilight, the axe and javelin of England, the lance and bow of Normandy, had done their deadly work at the bidding of the two mightiest captains upon earth. Dead and dying men were heaped around, and nowhere were they heaped so thickly as around the fallen Standard of England. There, where the flower of England's nobility and soldiery lay stretched in death, there, where the banner of the Fighting Man now lay beaten to the ground, the Conqueror knelt, he gave his thanks to God, and bade his own banner be planted as the sign of the victory which he had won. He bade the dead be swept aside; the ducal tent was pitched in this, as it were, the innermost sanctuary of the Conquest, and meat and drink were brought for his repast in the midst of the ghastly trophies of his prowess. In vain did Walter Giffard warn him of the rashness of such an act. Many of the English who lay around were not dead; many were only slightly wounded; they would rise and escape in the night, or they would seek to have their revenge, well pleased to sell their lives at the price of the life of a Norman. But the

strong heart of William feared not; God had guarded him thus far, and he trusted in God to guard him still. Then he took off his armour; his shield and helmet were seen to be dinted with many heavy blows, but the person of the Conqueror was unhurt. He was hailed by the loud applause of his troops, likening him to Roland and Oliver and all the heroes of old. Again he returned thanks to God, again he thanked his faithful followers, and sat down to eat and drink among the dead.

EDWARD FREEMAN (1823-1892):

The History of the Norman Conquest

14 *Sitting in Judgment*

Those who judge morality by the intention have been less shocked at the crimes of power, where the temptation is so strong and the danger so slight, than at those committed by men resisting oppression. Assuredly, the best things that are loved and sought by man are religion and liberty—they, I mean, and not pleasure or prosperity, not knowledge or power. Yet the paths of both are stained with infinite blood; both have been often a plea for assassination, and the worst of men have been among those who claimed to promote each sacred cause.

Do not open your minds to the filtering of the fallacious doctrine that it is less infamous to murder men for their politics than for their religion or their money, or that the courage to execute the deed is worse than the cowardice to excuse it. Let us not flinch from condemning without respite or remission, not only Marat and Carrier, but also Barnave. Because there may be hanging matter in the lives of illustrious men, of William the Silent and Farnese, of Cromwell and Napoleon, we are not to be turned from justice towards the actions, and still more the thoughts, of those whom we are about to study.

Having said this, I shall endeavour, in that which is before us, to spare you the spectacles that degrade, and the plain-

tive severity that agitates and wearies. The judgment I call for is in the conscience, not upon the lips, for ourselves, and not for display. 'Man,' says Taine, 'is a wild beast, carnivorous by nature, and delighting in blood. That cruel speech is as much confirmed by the events that are crowding upon us as it has ever been in royal or Christian history.

The Revolution will never be intelligibly known to us until we discover its conformity to the common law, and recognise that it is not utterly singular and exceptional, that other scenes have been as horrible as these, and many men as bad.

JOHN E. E. DALBERG-ACTON, LORD ACTON (1834-1902) :
Lectures on the French Revolution

15 *Barbarossa*

The reign of Frederick the First, whom the Italians sur-named Barbarossa, is the most brilliant in the annals of the Empire. Its territory had been wider under Charles, its strength perhaps greater under Henry the Third, but it never appeared in such pervading vivid activity, never shone with such lustre of chivalry, as under the prince whom his countrymen have taken to be one of their national heroes, and who is still, as the half-mythic type of Teutonic character, honoured by picture and statue, in song and in legend, through the breadth of the German lands. The reverential fondness of his annalists and the whole tenour of his life go far to justify this admiration, and dispose us to believe that nobler motives were joined with personal ambition in urging him to assert so haughtily and carry out so harshly those imperial rights in which he had unbounded confidence. Under his guidance the Transalpine power made its greatest effort to subdue the two antagonists which then threatened and were fated in the end to destroy it—the Papacy and the spirit of municipal independence in Italy.

Even before Gregory VIFs time it might have been predicted that two such potentates as the Emperor and the Pope, closely bound together, yet each with pretensions

wide and undefined, must ere long come into collision. The boldness of that great pontiff in enforcing, the unflinching firmness of his successors in maintaining, the supremacy of clerical authority, inspired their supporters with a zeal and courage which more than compensated the advantages of the Emperor in defending rights he had long enjoyed. On both sides the hatred was soon very bitter. But even had men's passions permitted a reconciliation, it would have been found difficult to bring into harmony adverse principles, each theoretically irresistible, yet mutually destructive. As the spiritual power, in itself purer, since exercised over the soul and directed to the highest of all ends, eternal felicity, was entitled to the obedience of all, laymen as well as clergy; so the spiritual person, to whom, according to the view⁷ then universally accepted, there had been imparted by ordination a mysterious sanctity, could not without sin be subject to the lay magistrate, be installed by him in office, be judged in his court, and render to him any compulsory service. Yet it was no less true that civil government was indispensable to the peace and advancement of society; and while it continued to subsist, another jurisdiction could not be suffered to paralyse its workings, nor one-half of the people be altogether removed from its control. Thus the Emperor and the Pope were forced into hostility as champions of opposite systems, however fully each might admit the strength of his adversary's position, however bitterly he might bewail the violence of his own partizans. There had also arisen other causes of quarrel, less respectable but not less dangerous. The pontiff demanded and the monarch refused the lands which the Countess Matilda of Tuscany had bequeathed to the Holy See; Frederick claiming them as feudal suzerain, the Pope eager by their means to carry out those schemes of temporal dominion which Constantine's donation sanctioned, and Lothar's apparent renunciation of the sovereignty of Rome had done much to encourage. As feudal superior of the Norman kings of Naples and Sicily, as protector of the towns and barons of North Italy who feared the German

yoke, the successor of Peter wore already the air of an independent potentate.

No man was less likely than Frederick to submit to these encroachments. He was a sort of imperialist Hildebrand, strenuously proclaiming the immediate dependence of his office on God's gift, and holding it every whit as sacred as his rival's. On his first journey to Rome, he refused to hold the Pope's stirrup, as Lothar had done, till Pope Hadrian the Fourth's threat that he would withhold the crown enforced compliance. Complaints arising not long after on some other ground, the Pope exhorted Frederick by letter to show himself worthy of the kindness of his mother the Roman Church, who had given him the imperial crown, and would confer on him, if dutiful, benefits still greater. This word benefits—*beneficia*—understood in its usual legal sense of 'fief,' and taken in connection with the picture set up at Rome to commemorate Lothar's homage, provoked angry shouts from the nobles assembled in Diet at Besancon in Burgundy; and when the legate (afterwards Pope Alexander III) answered, 'From whom, then, if not from our Lord the Pope, does your king hold the Empire?' his life was scarcely safe from their fury. On this occasion Frederick's vigour and the remonstrances of the Transpalatine prelates obliged Hadrian to explain away the obnoxious word, and remove the picture. Soon after the quarrel was renewed by other causes, and came to centre itself round the Pope's demand that Rome should be left entirely to his government. Frederick, in reply, appeals to the civil law, and closes with the words, 'Since by the ordination of God I both am called and am Emperor of the Romans, in nothing but name shall I appear to be ruler if the control of the Roman city be wrested from my hands.' That such a claim should need assertion marks a change since Henry III; how much more that it could not be enforced. Hadrian's tone rises into defiance; he mingles the threat of excommunication with references to the time when the Germans did not yet possess the Empire. 'What were the Franks till Pope

Zacharias welcomed Pipin? What is the Teutonic king now till consecrated at Rome by holy hands? The chair of Peter has given and can withdraw its gifts.'

The disputed papal election that followed Hadrian's death produced a second and more momentous conflict. Frederick, as head of Christendom, proposed to summon the bishops of Europe to a general council, over which he should preside, like Justinian or Heraclitus. Quoting the favourite text of two swords: 'On earth,' he continues, 'God has placed no more than two powers: above there is but one God, so here one Pope and one Emperor. Divine Providence has specially appointed the Roman Empire as a remedy against continued schism.' The plan failed; and Frederick adopted the candidate whom his own faction had chosen, while the rival claimant, Alexander III, appealed, with a confidence which the issue justified, to the support of sound churchmen throughout Europe. The keen and long doubtful strife of twenty years that followed, while apparently a dispute between rival Popes, was in substance an effort by the secular monarch to recover his command of the priesthood, not less truly so than that contemporaneous conflict of the English Henry II and St. Thomas of Canterbury, with which it was frequently involved. Unsupported, not all Alexander's genius and resolution could have saved him: with the aid of the Lombard cities, whose league he had counselled and hallowed, and of the fevers of Rome, by which the conquering German host was suddenly annihilated, he won a triumph the more signal, that it was over a prince so wise and so pious as Frederick. At Venice, which, inaccessible by her position, maintained a sedulous neutrality, claiming to be independent of the Empire, yet seldom led into war by sympathy with the Popes, the two powers whose strife had roused all Europe were induced to meet by the mediation of the doge Sebastian Ziani. Three slabs of red marble in the porch of St. Mark's point out the spot where Frederick knelt in sudden awe, and the Pope with tears of joy raised him, and gave the kiss of peace. A

later legend, to which poetry and painting have given an undeserved currency, tells how the pontiff set his foot on the neck of the prostrate king, with the words, 'The young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.' It needed not this exaggeration to enhance the significance of that scene, even more full of meaning for the future than it was solemn and affecting to the Venetian crowd that thronged the church and the piazza. For it was the renunciation by the mightiest prince of his time of the project to which his life had been devoted: it was the abandonment by the secular power of a contest in which it had twice been vanquished, and which it could not renew under more favourable conditions.

JAMES, VISCOUNT BRYCE (1838-1922):
The Holy Roman Empire

16 A Vain Assault

The army was now winding between high mountains, along a narrow way by the side of a rushing river, which roared loudly, swollen by the winter rains. Hour after hour the army pursued its march through wild mountain scenery now all hidden in the folds of night. At length, after having climbed one considerable eminence, the guide spoke some words to the leader, and pointed down the valley. The army halted. All the officers came together, and conversed apart in low voices. In the valley beneath lay the strong nest of that 'proud bird of the mountains' for whose extermination they had come so far. Dawn was approaching. Already the dense weight of the darkness was much relaxed. They could see dimly the walls and towers of the chieftain's stronghold, showing white in the surrounding dusk, or half-concealed by trees. It was not a castle, only a small town, with walls and gates.

Then cautiously the Lord Deputy's army began to descend from the heights. Silence was enjoined on all, not to be broken on pain of death. Each subaltern was responsible

for the behaviour of his own file; he had strict orders to keep his men together, and prevent straying on any pretext. As they drew nearer, the scaling ladders were unpacked. The little city as yet gave no sign of alarm; not a cock crowed or dog barked. No watch had been set, or, if there had been, he slept. All within, man and beast, seemed plunged in profound slumber. Some strong detachments now separated from the main body, and moved through the trees to the right and the left. Their object was to surround the city, and cut off all retreat. There was another gate at the rear, opening upon a wooden bridge, which spanned a considerable stream. There were only two gates to the city, that in front, at which the main body was assembled, and the rear gate, whither the detachments were now tending. They never got there. At one moment there was silence, broken only by the murmuring of the stream or the occasional crackling of some rotten twig; and the next, the silence rang with the sharp, clear roll of a kettle-drum, the detonations so rapid that they seemed one continuous noise—

'Oh, listen, for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.'

As suddenly as that drum had sounded, so abruptly it ceased; some one struck the drummer boy to the earth senseless, perhaps lifeless. But he had done his work. The roll of a kettle-drum can no more be recalled than the spoken word. The city, so sound asleep one minute past, was now awake and alive in every fibre. Bugles sounded there; arms and armour rang, and fierce voices in a strange tongue shouted passionate commands. Dogs bayed, horses neighed, women wailed, and children wept; and all the time the noise of trampling feet sounded like low thunder, a bass accompaniment to all that treble. The fume and glare of fast multiplying torches rose above the white walls, which were now alive with the morions of armed men, and presently ablaze with firearms. The assailants were themselves surprised and taken unawares. Their various detachments

were separated. The original plan of assault had miscarried, and new arrangements were necessary. The leader bade his trumpet sound the recall, and withdrew his men out of range, with the loss of a few wounded. When half-an-hour later a general attack was made on the walls, there was no one to receive it. They stormed an evacuated town. The chieftain, all his men, women, and children, ail his animals and the most valuable of his movable property, were seen dimly at the other side of the river, moving up the dark valley with the men of war in the rear. Pursuit was dangerous, and was not attempted. The half-victorious army took half-joyful possession of the deserted city.

STANDISH O'GRADY (1846-1928): *The Bog of Stars*

17 *Lord Sandwich's Difficulties*

Sandwich's success in dealing with his first delicate problem made some sensation in official circles in London, and Newcastle, who claimed the credit of his selection, was loudly exultant. It was decided to entrust to Sandwich, rather than to Trevor, two other important matters, the preparation of a joint plan of campaign for 1747, and the obtaining leave from the Republic for the allied troops to take up winter quarters upon Dutch soil. Hitherto the troops had wintered in the Austrian Netherlands, but these were now so reduced by French successes as no longer to offer the necessary accommodation. Both commissions presented serious difficulties. The proposal as to a new campaign was certain to arouse Dutch suspicions as to the sincerity of the professed desire of England for an early peace. And the Dutch had no desire to provide winter quarters for foreign troops. The Pandours and other irregular forces of Austria were not likely to be pleasant guests, and the presence of enemy troops upon Dutch soil would furnish France with a convenient pretext for following them thither. And Sandwich himself was hampered by the continued discrepancy between the official instructions which he received from Harrington

and the private guidance which was supplied by Newcastle. By one post came a letter from Harrington to say that, if Puyzieulx proposed d'Argenson's project, Sandwich was to reply by reading the criticisms of the project that had been sent to Trevor on 20 June. The next post brought an agitated letter from Newcastle to say that he was to do nothing of the kind, that both project and criticism were out of date, and that the Cabinet would insist upon the revocation of Harrington's order. The revocation duly followed, and a few days later Harrington wrote a moderate dispatch about the next campaign and the winter quarters, but evaded Sandwich's request for new instructions as to the terms of a future peace. Newcastle, however, on the same day sent him for his information, not direction, the full notes of the Cabinet meeting, together with his own proposals (not yet accepted) as to the altered terms which England should be prepared to accept. In his plan there was to be no neutrality for the Low Countries, however qualified, no establishment for Don Philip, and no surrender of Cape Breton, even for an equivalent. Sandwich must have been in some doubt as to how far it would be safe to follow the suggestions of the sanguine Duke and to go beyond the directions of his official superior. And his difficulties were not diminished by the necessity, when he was absent from The Hague, of entrusting a good deal of business to Trevor, whom he suspected of a desire to thwart his designs, and who was all the time carrying on his own correspondence with Harrington. It must be remembered that Sandwich, from the outset, was in close relation with Bentinck and the Orange partisans in three provinces which resented the predominance of Holland, and was giving them informal assurances of English support. On this subject he wrote carefully concealed letters to Newcastle, who, by way of strengthening himself in his duel with Harrington, secretly handed them on to the King.

SIR RICHARD LODGE (*b.* 1885):
Studies in Eighteenth-Century Diplomacy

18 *Religion and Politics*

The secularization of political thought, which was to be the work of the next two centuries, had profound reactions on social speculation, and by the Restoration the whole perspective, at least in England, has been revolutionized. Religion has been converted from the keystone which holds together the social edifice into one department within it, and the idea of a rule of right is replaced by economic expediency as the arbiter of policy and the criterion of conduct. From a spiritual being, who, in order to survive, must devote a reasonable attention to economic interests, man seems sometimes to have become an economic animal, who will be prudent, nevertheless, if he takes due precautions to assure his spiritual well-being.

The result is an attitude which forms so fundamental a part of modern political thought, that both its precarious philosophical basis, and the contrast which it offers with the conceptions of earlier generations, are commonly forgotten. Its essence is a dualism which regards the secular and religious aspects of life, not as successive stages within a larger unity, but as parallel and independent provinces, governed by different laws, judged by different standards, and amenable to different authorities. To the most representative minds of the Reformation, as of the Middle Ages, a philosophy which treated the transactions of commerce and the institutions of society as indifferent to religion would have appeared, not merely morally reprehensible, but intellectually absurd. Holding as their first assumption that the ultimate social authority is the will of God, and that temporal interests are a transitory episode in the life of spirits which are eternal, they state the rules to which the social conduct of the Christian must conform, and, when circumstances allow, organize the discipline by which those rules may be enforced. By their successors in the eighteenth century the philosophy of Indifferentism, though rarely formulated as a matter of theory, is held in practice as a

truism which it is irrational, if not actually immoral, to question, since it is in the heart of the individual that religion has its throne, and to externalize it in rules and institutions is to tarnish its purity and to degrade its appeal. Naturally, therefore, they formulate the ethical principles of Christianity in terms of a comfortable ambiguity, and rarely indicate with any precision their application to commerce, finance, and the ownership of property. Thus the conflict between religion and those natural economic ambitions, which the thought of an earlier age had regarded with suspicion, is suspended by a truce which divides the life of mankind between them. The former takes as its province the individual soul, the latter the intercourse of man with his fellows in the activities of business and the affairs of society. Provided that each keeps to its own territory, peace is assured. They cannot collide, for they can never meet.

History is a stage where forces which are within human control contend and co-operate with forces which are not. The change of opinion described in these pages drew nourishment from both. The storm and fury of the Puritan revolution had been followed by a dazzling outburst of economic enterprise, and the transformation of the material environment prepared an atmosphere, in which a judicious moderation seemed the voice at once of the truest wisdom and the sincerest piety. But the inner world was in motion as well as the outer. The march of external progress woke sympathetic echoes in hearts already attuned to applaud its triumph, and there was no consciousness of an acute tension between the claims of religion and the glittering allurements of a commercial civilization, such as had tormented the age of the Reformation.

It was partly the natural, and not unreasonable, diffidence of men who were conscious that traditional doctrines of social ethics, with their impracticable distrust of economic motives, belonged to the conditions of a vanished age, but who lacked the creative energy to state them anew, in a form applicable to the needs of a more complex and mobile social

order. It was partly that political changes had gone far to identify the Church of England with the ruling aristocracy, so that, while in France, when the crash came, many of the lower clergy threw in their lot with the *tiers etat*, in England it was rarely that the officers of the Church did not echo the views of society which commended themselves to the rulers of the State. It was partly that, to one important body of opinion, the very heart of religion was a spirit which made indifference to the gross world of external circumstances appear, not a defect, but an ornament of the soul. Untrammelled by the silken chains which bound the Establishment, and with a great tradition of discipline behind them, the Nonconformist Churches might seem to have possessed opportunities for reasserting the social obligations of religion with a vigour denied to the Church of England. What impeded their utterance was less a weakness, than the most essential and distinctive of their virtues. Founded on the repudiation of the idea that human effort could avail to win salvation, or human aid to assist the pilgrim in his lonely quest, they saw the world of business and society as a battlefield, across which character could march triumphant to its goal, not as crude materials waiting the architect's hand to set them in their place as the foundations of the Kingdom of Heaven. It did not occur to them that character is social, and society, since it is the expression of character, spiritual. Thus the eye is sometimes blinded by light itself.

RICHARD HENRY TAWNEY (6. 1880):
Religion and the Rise of Capitalism

19 William I

(From 1066 to 1087.)

A great change was made in England after the Duke of Normandy became king.

All the Normans spoke French, and the English spoke the old Saxon language; so at first they could not under-

stand one another. By degrees the English learnt a little French, and the Normans learnt a little Saxon, and then they mixed both together, and made the language called English, which you and I speak and write now.

The Normans were used to live in finer and larger houses than the Saxon English. So when they came to England they laughed at the long low wooden houses they found, and built high castles of stone for themselves, and made chimneys in their rooms, with the hearth in one side, instead of in the middle of the floor, as I told you the Saxons did in King Athelstane's time.

There was one law the Normans made, which vexed the English very much.

In the Saxon times, anybody who found a wild animal, such as a deer, or a hare, or a partridge, or a pheasant, in his fields or garden, or even in the woods, might kill it, and bring it home for his family to eat. But when the Normans came, they would not allow anybody but themselves, or some of the Saxon noblemen, to hunt and kill wild animals; and if they found a poor person doing so, they used either to put out his eyes, to cut off his hand, or to make him pay a great deal of money; and this they called 'The Forest Law'; I must say I think the new King William behaved very cruelly about this.

He was so fond of hunting himself, although he would not let the Saxons hunt, that he turned the people out of a great many villages in Hampshire, and pulled down their houses, and spoilt their gardens, to make a great forest for himself and the Norman barons to hunt in, and that part of the country is still called 'The New Forest.'

There was another rule which William made, and which the Saxons did not like, but I am not sure whether it was wrong; and as he made the Normans obey it, as well as the Saxons, it was fair at least.

I must tell you what it was; he made every body put out their fires at eight o'clock at night. Now, though it might have been of use to some people to keep a fire later, yet, as

almost all the houses, both in the towns and the country, were built of wood, it was much safer for every body to put out their fire early.

I should never have done, if I were to tell you all the changes that were made in dear old England by the Normans. But there is one I must try to explain to you, because it will help you to understand the rest of our history. When William was quite settled in England, which was not till after seven years, when the poor Saxons were tired of trying to drive him and his Normans away, he took the houses and lands from the Saxons' thanes and earls, and gave them to the Norman noblemen, who were called barons.

This was unjust. But as the Normans had conquered the Saxons, they were obliged to submit even to this. But William made an agreement with the barons, to whom he gave the lands of the old thanes, that when he went to war they should go with him; that they should have those lands for themselves and their children, instead of being paid for fighting, as soldiers and their officers are now, and that they should bring with them horses and arms for themselves, and common men to fight also.

Some of the barons, who had very large shares of land given to them, were bound to take a hundred men or more to the wars; some, who had less land, took fifty, or even twenty. The greatest barons had sometimes so much land, that it would have been troublesome to them to manage it all themselves; so they divided it among gentlemen whom they knew, and made them promise to go with them to the wars, and bring their servants, in the same manner as the great barons themselves did to the king.

Now these lands were called feods, and the king was called feudal lord of the barons, because they received the feod or piece of land from him, and they in return promised to serve him; and the great barons were called the feudal lords of the small barons, or gentlemen, for the same reason. And when these feods were given by the king to a great baron, or by a great baron to another, the person to whom

it was given knelt down before his feudal lord, and kissed his hand, and promised to serve him.

There is only one more thing that I shall tell you about William. He sent people to all parts of England, to see what towns and villages there were, and how many houses and people in them; and he had all the names written in a book called 'Doomsday Book.' Doomsday means the day of judging; and the use he made of the book was to judge how much land and how much money he could take from the English to give the Normans.

At last William the first died. He hurt himself while he was riding on horseback in Normandy, and was carried to the Abbey of St. Gervas, near Rouen, where he died. He was Duke of Normandy and afterwards King of England, and is sometimes called William the Conqueror, because he conquered English Harold at the battle of Hastings. He was very cruel and very passionate; he took money and land from whoever offended him; and, as I have told you, vexed the Saxons, and indeed all the poor, very much. And this is being a tyrant, rather than a king.

He had a very good wife, whose name was Matilda, but his sons were more like him than their mother; however, you shall read about the two youngest of them, who came to be Kings of England, while the eldest was Duke of Normandy for a little while.

MARIA, LADY CALLCOTT (1785-1842):
Little Arthur's History of England

§ iii. AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND JOURNALS

i *A Common Day*

Every day is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated: whence it is, that old Jacob numbers his life by days; and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic—To number not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate.

We can best teach others by ourselves: let me tell your lordship how I would pass my days, whether common or sacred; that you, or whosoever others overhearing me, may either approve my thriftiness or correct my errors. To whom is the account of my hours either more due or more known?

All days are his who gave time a beginning and continuance; yet some he hath made ours; not to command, but to use. In none may we forget him: in some, we must forget all besides him.

First, therefore, I desire to awake at those hours, not when I will, but when I must: pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health: neither do I consult so much with the sun as mine own necessity, whether of body, or, in that, of the mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking, it should never sleep; but now, it must be pleased, that it may be serviceable.

Now, when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God. My first thoughts are for him, who hath made the, night for rest and the day for travail; and, as he gives, so blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with his presence, it will savour of him all day after.

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While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task; bethinking what is to be done, and in what order; and marshalling, as it may, my hours with my work.

That done, after some while meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books; and, sitting down amongst them, with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them till I have first looked up to heaven, and craved favour of him to whom all my studies are duly referred; without whom, I can neither profit nor labour. After this, out of no over-great variety, I call forth those which may best fit my occasions; wherein I am not too scrupulous of age; sometimes, I put myself to school to one of those ancients whom the Church hath honoured with the name of Fathers; whose volumes, I confess not to open, without a secret reverence of their holiness and gravity: sometimes, to those later doctors which want nothing but age to make them classical: always, to God's Book. That day is lost, whereof some hours are not improved in those divine monuments: others, I turn over of choice; these, out of duty.

Ere I can have sat unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions: not without some short preparation.

These, heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety.

Now therefore can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One while, mine eyes are busied; another while, my hand; and sometimes my mind takes the burden from them both: wherein I would imitate the skilfullest cooks, which make the best dishes with manifold mixtures. One hour is spent in textual divinity; another, in controversy: histories relieve them both. Now, when the mind is wearied of others' labours, it begins to undertake her own; sometimes, it meditates and winds up

for future use; sometimes, it lays forth her conceits into present discourse; sometimes for itself, often for others. Neither know I, whether it works or plays in these thoughts: I am sure no sport hath more pleasure; no work more use: only the decay of a weak body makes me think these delights insensibly laborious.

Thus could I, all day, as ringers use, make myself music with changes; and complain sooner of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil; were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast. I must yield to both: while my body and mind are joined together in these unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker.

Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts; and now, would forget that I ever studied. A full mind takes away the body's appetite, no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind. Company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome.

These prepare me for a diet; not gluttonous, but medicinal: the palate may not be pleased, but the stomach; nor that, for its own sake. Neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect, in themselves; but in their use, in their end: so far as they may enable me to better things. If I see any dish to tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple; and would please myself in a wilful denial.

I rise capable of more, not desirous; not now immediately from my trencher to my book, but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings, where those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour of desire either succeed not or continue not.

After my latter meal, my thoughts are slight; only my memory may be charged with her task, of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day; and my heart is busy in examining my hands, and my mouth and all other senses, of that day's behaviour.

And now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more

carefully take in his wares, clear his shopboard, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably, which, like a camel, lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God. Thus do we rather drive away the time before us, than follow it.

I grant, neither is my practice worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countryman, differ no less than their dispositions; yet must all conspire in honest labour. Sweat is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men which spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent! as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for! as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning; 'Item, spent upon my pleasures, forty years.' These men shall once find, that no blood can privilege idleness; and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away—time.

Such are my common days. But God's day calls for another respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it; yet, because that Sun of Righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life unto the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept unto it, therefore justly do we sing with the Psalmist, *This is the day which the Lord hath made*. Now I forget the world, and in a sort myself; and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who, in some times of their privacy, forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the businesses of this day; which I dare not bestow on any work or pleasure but heavenly. I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other: but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion; easy, in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day; and, according to my care of this, is my blessing on the rest.

I show your lordship what I would do, and what I ought: I commit my desires to the imitation of the weak; my actions to the censures of the wise and holy; my weaknesses, to the pardon and redress of my merciful God.

JOSEPH HALL (1574-1656): *Epistle to Lord Denny*

2 *An biterview with M. de Luynes*

Sitting thus in a chair before Monsieur de Luynes, he demanded the effect of my business; I answered, that the King my master commanded me to mediate a peace betwixt his Majesty and his subjects of the religion, and that I desired to do it in all those fair and equal terms, which might stand with the honour of France and the good intelligence betwixt the two kingdoms: to which he returned this rude answer only, 'What hath the King your master to do with our actions? why doth he meddle with our affairs?'

My reply was, that the King my master ought not to give an account of the reason which induced him hereunto, and for me it was enough to obey him; howbeit, if he did ask me in more gentle terms, I should do the best I could to give him satisfaction; to which, though he answered no more than the word *bien*, or well, I, pursuing my instruction, said that the King my master, according to the mutual stipulation betwixt Henry the Fourth and himself, that the survivor of either of them should procure the tranquillity and peace of the other's estate; had sent this message; and that he had not only testified this his pious inclination heretofore, in the late civil wars of France, but was desirous on this occasion also to show how much he stood affected to the good of the kingdom; besides, he hoped that when peace was established here, that the French King might be the more easily disposed to assist the Palatine, who was an ancient friend and ally of the French crown.

His reply to this was, 'We will have none of your advices:' whereupon I said, that I took those words for an answer, and was sorry only that they did not understand sufficiently the

affection and good will of the King my master; and since they rejected it upon those terms, I had in charge to tell him, that we knew very well what we had to do. Luynes seeming offended herewith, said, '*Nous ne vous craignons pas*' or, 'We are not afraid of you.' I replied hereupon, that if you had said you had not loved us, I should have believed you, but should have returned you another answer; in the meanwhile, that I had no more to say than what I had told him formerly, which was, that we knew what we had to do.

This, though somewhat less than was my instructions, so angered him, that in much passion he said, *Par Dieu, si vous iietiez Monsieur V Ambassadeur, je vous traiterais d'un' autre sorte*—'By God, if you were not Monsieur Ambassador, I would use you after another fashion.' My answer was, that as I was an ambassador, so I was also a gentleman; and therewithal, laying my hand upon the hilt of my sword, told him, there was that which should make him an answer, and so arose from my chair; to which Monsieur de Luynes made no reply, but, arising likewise from his chair, offered civilly to accompany me to the door; but I telling him there was no occasion for him to use ceremony, after so rude an entertainment, I departed from him.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY (1583-1648): *Autobiography*

3 *The Duke of Monmouth*

July gth, 1685. Just as was coming into the lodgings at Whitehall, a little before dinner, my Lord of Devonshire standing very near his Majesty's bedchamber-door in the lobby, came Colonel Culpeper, and in a rude manner looking at my Lord in the face, asked whether this was a time and place for excluders to appear; my Lord at first took little notice of what he said, knowing him to be a hot-headed fellow, but he reiterating it, my Lord asked Culpeper whether he meant him; he said yes, he meant his Lordship. My Lord told him he was no excluder (as indeed he was not); the other affirming it again, my **Lord told** him

he lied; on which Culpeper struck him a box on the ear, which my Lord returned, and felled him. They were soon parted, Culpeper was seized, and his Majesty, who was all the while in his bedchamber, ordered him to be carried to the Green-Cloth Officer, who sent him to the Marshalsea, as he deserved. My Lord Devon had nothing said to him.

I supped this night at Lambeth at my old friend's Mr. Elias Ashmole's, with my Lady Clarendon, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and Dr. Tenison, when we were treated at a great feast.

July 10th. The Count of Castel Mellor, that great favourite and prime minister of Aiphonso, late King of Portugal, after several years' banishment, being now received to grace and called home by Don Pedro, the present King, as having been found a person of the greatest integrity after all his sufferings, desired me to spend part of this day with him, and assist him in a collection of books and other curiosities, which he would carry with him into Portugal.

Mr. Hussey, a young gentleman who made love to my late dear child, but whom she could not bring herself to answer in affection, died now of the same cruel disease, for which I was extremely sorry, because he never enjoyed himself after my daughter's decease, nor was I averse to the match, could she have overcome her disinclination.

i\$th. I went to see Dr. Tenison's library.

Monmouth was this day brought to London and examined before the King, to whom he made great submission, acknowledged his seduction by Ferguson, the Scot, whom he named the bloody villain. He was sent to the Tower, had an interview with his late Duchess, whom he received coldly, having lived dishonestly with the Lady Henrietta Wentworth for two years. He obstinately asserted his conversation with that debauched woman to be no sin; whereupon, seeing he could not be persuaded to his last breath, the divines who were sent to assist him thought not fit to administer the Holy Communion to him. For the rest of his faults he professed great sorrow, and so died without any

apparent fear. He would not make use of a cap or other circumstance, but lying down, bid the fellow to do his office better than to the late Lord Russell, and gave him gold; but the wretch made five chops before he had his head off; which so incensed the people, that had he not been guarded and got away, they would have torn him to pieces.

The Duke made no speech on the scaffold (which was on Tower-Hill), but gave a paper containing not above five or six lines, for the King, in which he disclaims all title to the Crown, acknowledges that the late King, his father, had indeed told him he was but his base son, and so desired his Majesty to be kind to his wife and children. This relation I had from Dr. Tenison (Rector of St. Martin's), who, with the Bishops of Ely and Bath and Wells, were sent to him by his Majesty, and were at the execution.

Thus ended this quondam Duke, darling of his father and the ladies, being extremely handsome and adroit; an excellent soldier and dancer, a favourite of the people, of an easy nature, debauched by lust; seduced by crafty knaves, who would have set him up only to make a property, and taken the opportunity of the King being of another religion, to gather a party of discontented men. He failed, and perished.

He was a lovely person, had a virtuous and excellent lady that brought him great riches, and a second dukedom in Scotland. He was Master of the Horse, General of the King his father's army, Gentleman of the Bedchamber, Knight of the Garter, Chancellor of Cambridge; in a word, had accumulations without end. See what ambition and want of principles brought him to! He was beheaded on Tuesday, 14th July. His mother, whose name was Barlow, daughter of some very mean creatures, was a beautiful strumpet, whom I had often seen at Paris; she died miserably without anything to bury her; yet this Perkin had been made to believe that the King had married her, a monstrous and ridiculous forgery! And to satisfy the world of the iniquity of the report, the King his father (if his father he really was, for he most resembled one Sidney who was familiar wth his

mother) publicly and most solemnly renounced it, to be so entered in the Council Book some years since, with all the Privy Councillors' attestation.

Had it not pleased God to dissipate this attempt in the beginning, there would in all appearance have gathered an irresistible force which would have desperately proceeded to the ruin of the Church and Government; so general was the discontent and expectation of the opportunity. For my own part, I looked upon this deliverance as most signal. Such an inundation of fanatics and men of impious principles must needs have caused universal disorder, cruelty, injustice, rapine, sacrilege, and confusion, an unavoidable civil war, and misery without end.

JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706): *Diary*

4 *The Early Quakers*

Having passed through Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Hertfordshire, we came to London again; where I stayed a while, visiting Friends in their meetings, which were very large, and the Lord's power was over all. After some time I left the city again, and travelled into Kent, having Thomas Briggs with me. We went to Ashford, where we had a quiet, and a very blessed meeting; and on First-day we had a very good and peaceable one at Cranbrook. Then we went to Tenterden, and had one there, to which many Friends came from several parts, and many other people came in, and were reached by the truth. When the meeting was over, I walked with Thomas Briggs into a field, while our horses were got ready; and turning my head, I espied a captain coming, and a great company of soldiers with lighted matches and muskets. Some of them came to us, and said, 'we must go to their captain.' When they had brought us before him, he asked, 'where is George Fox? which is he?' I said, 'I am the man.' Then he came to me and was somewhat struck, and said, 'I will secure you among the soldiers.' So he called for them to take me. He took Thomas Briggs, and the man of

the house, with many more; but the power of the Lord was mightily over them all. Then he came to me again, and said, 'I must go along with him to the town;' and he carried himself pretty civilly, bidding the soldiers bring the rest after. As we walked, I asked him, 'why they did thus;' for I had not seen so much to do a great while, and I bid him be civil to his peaceable neighbours. When we were come to the town, they had us to an inn that was the jailer's house; and after a while the mayor of the town, and this captain, and the lieutenant, who were justices, came together and examined me, 'why I came thither to make a disturbance?' I told them, I did not come to make a disturbance, neither had I made any since I came. They said, 'there was a law against the Quakers' meetings, made only against them.' I told them, I knew no such law. Then they brought forth the act that was made against Quakers and others; I told them, that was against such as were a terror to the king's subjects, and were enemies, and held principles dangerous to the government, and therefore that was not against us, for we held truth; and our principles were not dangerous to the government, and our meetings were peaceable, as they knew, who knew their neighbours were a peaceable people. They told me, 'I was an enemy to the king.' I answered, We loved all people and were enemies to none; that I, for my own part, had been cast into Derby dungeon, about the time of Worcester fight, because I would not take up arms against him, and that I was afterwards brought by Colonel Hacker to London, as a plotter to bring in King Charles, and was kept prisoner there till set at liberty by Oliver. They asked me, 'whether I was imprisoned at the time of the insurrection?' I said, yes; I had been imprisoned then, and since that also, and had been set at liberty by the king's own command. I opened the act to them, and showed them the king's late declaration; gave them examples of other justices, and told them also what the House of Lords had said of it. I spoke also to them concerning their own conditions, exhorting them to live in the fear of God, to be tender to-

wards their neighbours that feared Him, and to mind God's wisdom, by which all things were made and created, that they might come to receive it, be ordered by it, and by it order all things to God's glory. They demanded bond of us for our appearance at the sessions; but we, pleading our innocence, refused to give bond. Then they would have us promise to come no more there; but we kept clear of that also. When they saw they could not bring us to their terms, they told us, 'we should see they were civil to us, for it was the mayor's pleasure we should all be set at liberty.' I told them their civility was noble, and so we parted.

GEORGE FOX (1624-1691): *Journal*

5 A Well-spent Day

January 16th, 1660. In the morning I went up to Mr. Crew's, and at his bedside he gave me direction to go to-morrow with Mr. Edward to Twickenham, and likewise did talk to me concerning things of state; and expressed his mind how just it was that the secluded members should come to sit again. I went from thence, and in my way went into an alehouse and drank my morning draught with Matthew Andrews and two or three more of his friends, coachmen. And of one of them I did hire a coach to carry us to-morrow to Twickenham. From thence to my office, where nothing to do; but Mr. Downing he came and found me all alone; and did mention to me his going back into Holland, and did ask me whether I would go or no, but gave me little encouragement, but bid me consider of it; and asked me whether I did not think that Mr. Hawly could perform the work of my office alone or no. I confess I was at a great loss, all the day after, to bethink myself how to carry this business. At noon, Harry Ethall came with me and v'ent along with Mr. Maylard by coach as far as Salisbury Court, and there we set him down, and we went to the Clerks, where we came a little too late, but in a closet we had a very good dinner by Mr. Pinkney's courtesy, and after dinner we had pretty good singing, and

one, Hazard, sung alone after the old fashion, which was very much cried up, but I did not like it. Thence we went to the Green Dragon, on Lambeth Hill, both the Mr. Pinkney's, Smith, Harrison, Morrice, that sang the bass, Sheply and I, and there we sang all sorts of things, and I ventured with good success upon things at first sight; and after that I played on my flageolet, and staid there till nine o'clock, very merry and drawn on with one song after another till it came to be so late. After that Sheply, Harrison and myself, we went towards Westminster on foot, and at the Golden Lion, near Charing Cross, we went in and drank a pint of wine, and so parted, and thence home, where I found my wife and maid a-washing. I staid up till the bell-man came by with his bell just under my window as I was writing of this very line, and cried, 'Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning.' I then went to bed, and left my wife and the maid a-washing still.

SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703): *Diary*

6 Prattle

January 1. Morning. I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new-year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write Pdfr. Patrick wishes me a happy new-year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith 'tis cold. I was so politic last night with AID, never saw the like. Get the Examiners, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountaine; but perhaps to-night I may answer MD's letter; so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow.

I wish you both a merry new year,
Roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer,

And me a share of your good cheer.
That I was there, or you were here,
And you're a little saucy dear.

Good morrow again, dear sirrahs; one cannot rise for your play.—At night. I went this morning to visit Lady Kerry and Lord Shelburn, and they made me dine with them. Sir Andrew Fountaine is better. And now let us come and see what this saucy dear letter of MD says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets; here it is underneath, and it won't come out. Come out] again, I say; so there. Here it is. What says Presto to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with Presto, Madam Stella? You write your eighth when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth when I receive your eighth. Don't you allow for what are upon the road, simpleton? what say you to that? and so you kept Presto's little birthday, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health, rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say Amen with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor Presto lives.

I can't be merry so near any splenetic talk; so I made that long line, and now all's well again. Yes, you are a pretending slut, indeed, with your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your journal, and every thing. Wind—we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true;

I hate all wind, before and behind,
From cheeks with eyes, or from blind.

Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that's a damned lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Don't put such things upon us; those matters will not pass here; keep a little to possibilities. My Lord Hertford would

have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take care what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, 'tis hard to break oneself of it. *Jemmy Leigh* talks of going over; but *quando*? I don't know when he'll go. O, now you have had my ninth, now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of Lady S. Will nobody cut that D——y's throat! Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They say she died with grief, partly being forced to appear as witness in court about some squabble among their servants.—The Bishop of Clogher showed you a pamphlet. Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say anything. The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days: who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence? how durst you think so?

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745): *Journal to Stella*

7 Nokes

Nokes was an actor of a quite different genius from any I have ever read, heard of, or seen, since or before his time; and yet his general excellence may be comprehended in one article, viz. a plain and palpable simplicity of nature, which was so utterly his own, that he was often as unaccountably diverting in his common speech as on the stage. I saw him once, giving an account of some table-talk, to another actor behind the scenes, which, a man of quality accidentally listening to, was so deceived by his manner, that he ask'd him if that was a new play he was rehearsing? It seems almost amazing that this simplicity, so easy to Nokes, should never be caught by any one of his successors. Leigh and Underhil have been well copied, tho' not equalled by others. But not all the mimical skill of Eastcourt (fam'd as he was for it), tho' he had often seen Nokes, could scarce give us an

idea of him. After this perhaps it will be saying less of him, when I own, that though I have still the sound of every line he spoke in my ear (which us'd not to be thought a bad one), yet I have often try'd, by myself, but in vain, to reach the least distant likeness of the *vis cotnica* of Nokes. Though this may seem little to his praise, it may be negatively saying a good deal to it, because I have never seen any actor, except himself, whom I could not, at least so far imitate, as to give you a more than tolerable notion of his manner. But Nokes was so singular a species, and was so form'd by nature for the stage, that I question if (beyond the trouble of getting words by heart) it ever cost him an hour's labour to arrive at that high reputation he had and deserved.

The characters he particularly shone in, were Sir Martin Marr-all, Gomez in the *Spanish Friar*, Sir Nicholas Cully in *Love in a Tub*, Barnaby Brittle in the *Wanton Wife*, Sir Davy Dunce in the *Soldier's Fortune*, Sosia in *Amphytrion*, etc. To tell you how he acted them is beyond the reach of criticism; but, to tell you what effect his action had upon the spectator is not impossible. This then is all you will expect from me, and from hence I must leave you to guess at him.

He scarce ever made his first entrance in a play but he was received with an involuntary applause, not of hands only, for those may be, and have often been partially prostituted and bespoken; but by a general laughter, which the very sight of him provoked, and nature could not resist; yet the louder the laugh the graver was his look upon it; and sure, the ridiculous solemnity of his features were enough to have set a whole bench of bishops into a titter, cou'd he have been honour'd (may it be no offence to suppose it) with such grave and right reverend auditors. In the ludicrous distresses, which by the laws of comedy, folly is often involv'd in, he sunk into such a mixture of piteous pusillanimity, and a consternation so ruefully ridiculous and inconsolable, that when he had shook you, to a fatigue of laughter, it became a moot point whether you ought not to have pitied him.

When he debated any matter by himself, he would shut up his mouth with a dumb studious pout, and roll his full eye into such a vacant amazement, such a palpable ignorance of what to think of it that his silent perplexity (which would sometimes hold him several minutes) gave your imagination as full content as the most absurd thing he could say upon it. In the character of Sir Martin Marr-all, who is always committing blunders to the prejudice of his own interest, when he had brought himself to a dilemma in his affairs, by vainly proceeding upon his own head, and was afterwards afraid to look his governing servant and counsellor in the face, what a copious and distressful harangue have I seen him make with his looks (while the house has been in one continued roar, for several minutes) before he could prevail with his courage to speak a word to him! Then might you have, at once, read in his face vexation—that his own measures, which he had piqued himself upon, had fair'd. Envy—of his servant's superior wit. Distress—to retrieve the occasion he had lost. Shame—to confess his folly: and yet a sullen desire, to be reconciled and better advised for the future! What tragedy ever show'd us such a tumult of passions, rising, at once, in one bosom! or what buskin'd hero standing under the load of them, could have more effectually mov'd his spectators by the most pathetic speech, than poor miserable Nokes did, by this silent eloquence, and piteous plight of his features?

COLLEY CIBBER (1671-1757): *Apology for his Life*

8 *Spreading the Gospel*

Mon. 18. I left London early in the morning, and the next evening reached Bristol, and preached (as I had appointed, if God should permit) to a numerous congregation. My text now also was, 'Look unto him, and be saved, ail ye ends of the earth.' Howel Harris called upon me an hour or two after. He said, 'He had been much dissuaded from either hearing or seeing me, by many who said all manner of evil

of me; but, said he, as soon as I heard you preach, I quickly found what spirit you was of; and before you had done, I was so overpowered with joy and love that I had much ado to walk home.'

It is scarce credible, what advantage Satan had gained during my absence of only eight days: disputes had crept into our little Society, so that the love of many was already waxed cold. I showed them the state they were in the next day (both at Newgate and at Baptist-Mills), from those words, Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat.' And when we met in the evening, instead of reviving the dispute, we all betook ourselves to prayer. Our Lord was with us; our divisions were healed; misunderstandings vanished away; and all our hearts were sweetly drawn together, and united as at the first.

Fri. 22. I called on one who 'did run well,' till he was hindered by some of those called French prophets. 'Woe unto the prophets, saith the Lord, who prophesy in my name, and I have not sent them.' At Weaver's-Hall, I endeavoured to point them out, and earnestly exhorted all that followed after holiness, to avoid, as fire, all who do not speak according to 'the law and the testimony.'

In the afternoon I preached at the Fish-Ponds; but had no life or spirit in me; and was much in doubt, whether God would not lay me aside, and send other labourers into his harvest. I came to the Society full of this thought; and began, in much weakness, to explain, 'Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God.' I told them, 'They were not to judge of the spirit whereby any one spoke, either by appearances, or by common report, or by their own inward feelings. No, nor by any dreams, visions or revelations, supposed to be made to their souls, any more than by their tears, or any involuntary effects, wrought upon their bodies.' I warned them, all these were in themselves of a doubtful, disputable nature: they might be from God, and they might not; and were therefore not simply to be relied on (any more than simply to be con-

demned), but to be tried by a farther rule; to be brought to the only certain test, the law and the testimony. While I was speaking, one before me dropped down as dead, and presently a second and a third: five others sank down in half an hour, most of whom were in violent agonies. 'The pains of hell came about them; the snares of death overtook them.' In their trouble we called upon the Lord, and he gave us an answer of peace. One indeed continued an hour in strong pain; and one or two more for three days; but the rest were greatly comforted in that hour and went away rejoicing and praising God.

Sat. 23. I spoke severally with those who had been so troubled the night before: some of them I found were only convinced of sin; others had indeed found rest to their souls. This evening another was seized with strong pangs; but in a short time her soul was delivered.

Sun. 24. As I was riding to Rose-Green, in a smooth, plain part of the road, my horse suddenly pitched upon his head, and rolled over and over. I received no other hurt than a little bruise on one side, which, for the present, I felt not; but preached without pain to six or seven thousand people, on that important direction, 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of God.' In the evening, a girl of 13 or 14, and four or five other persons, some of whom had felt the power of God before, were deeply convinced of sin, and, with sighs and groans which could not be uttered, called upon God for deliverance.

JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791): *Journal*

9 *Arrival in Philadelphia*

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with

shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing, and want of rest, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who first refused it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to in Second Street, and asked for biscuits, intending such as we had in Boston; they, it seems, were not mad£ in Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money and the great cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bad him give me threepenny-worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned, and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which, by this time, had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the

market. I sat down among them, and after looking round a while, and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labour and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790): *Autobiography*

10 *Gossamer*

Selborne, June 8th, 1775.

DEAR SIR,—On September the 21st, 1741, being then on a visit, and intent on field-diversions, I rose before daybreak: when I came into the enclosures, I found the stubbles and clover-grounds matted all over with a thick coat of cobweb, in the meshes of which a copious and heavy dew hung so plentifully, that the whole face of the country seemed, as it were, covered with two or three setting-nets drawn one over another. When the dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded and hoodwinked that they could not proceed, but were obliged to lie down and scrape the incumbrances from their faces with their fore-feet, so that, finding my sport interrupted, I returned home musing in my mind on the oddness of the occurrence.

As the morning advanced, the sun became bright and warm, and the day turned out one of those most lovely ones which no season but the autumn produces; cloudless, calm, serene, and worthy of the South of France itself.

About nine an appearance very unusual began to demand our attention, a shower of cobwebs falling from very elevated regions, and continuing, without any interruption, till the close of the day. These webs were not single filmy threads, floating in the air in all directions, but perfect flakes or rags; some near an inch broad, and five or six long, which fell with a degree of velocity which showed they were considerably heavier than the atmosphere.

On every side, as the observer turned his eyes, might he

behold a continual succession of fresh flakes falling into his sight, and twinkling like stars as they turned their sides towards the sun.

How far this wonderful shower extended would be difficult to say; but we know that it reached Bradley, Selborne, and Alresford, three places which lie in a sort of triangle, the shortest of whose sides is about eight miles in extent.

At the second of those places there was a gentleman (for whose veracity and intelligent turn we have the greatest veneration) who observed it the moment he got abroad; but concluded that, as soon as he came upon the hill above his house, where he took his morning rides, he should be higher than this meteor, which he imagined might have been blown, like thistledown, from the common above: but, to his great astonishment, when he rode to the most elevated part of the down, 300 feet above his fields, he found the webs in appearance still as much above him as before; still descending into sight in a constant succession, and twinkling in the sun, so as to draw the attention of the most incurious.

Neither before nor after was any such fall observed; but on this day the flakes hung in the trees and hedges so thick, that a diligent person sent out might have gathered baskets full.

The remark that I shall make on these cobweb-like appearances, called gossamer, is, that, strange and superstitious as the notions about them were formerly, nobody in these days doubts but that they are the real production of small spiders, which swarm in the fields in fine weather in autumn, and have a power of shooting out webs from their tails so as to render themselves buoyant, and lighter than air. But why these apterous insects should *that day* take such a wonderful aerial excursion, and why their webs should at once become so gross and material as to be considerably more weighty than air, and to descend with precipitation, is a matter beyond my skill. If I might be allowed to hazard a supposition, I should imagine that those filmy threads, when first shot, might be entangled in the rising dew, and so drawn up, spiders and all, by a brisk evaporation, into the

region where clouds are formed: and if the spiders have a power of coiling and thickening their webs in the air, as Dr. Lister says they have, then, when they were become heavier than the air, they must fall.

Every day in fine weather, in autumn chiefly, do I see those spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft: they will go off from your finger, if you will take them into your hand. Last summer one alighted on my book as I was reading in the parlour; and, running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring; and I am sure that I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers seem to have, while mounting, some locomotive power without the use of wings, and to move in the air faster than the air itself.

GILBERT WHITE (1720-1793):

Natural History of Selborne: Letter to Barrington

11 *A Night in the Woods*

DA. 10. MO. 6. Set out early in the morning and crossed the Western Branch of Delaware called the Great Lehigh, near fort Allen, the water being high we went over in a Canow. here we met an Indian and had some friendly conversation with him, & gave him some BiscKet, and he having killed a Deer, gave the Indians with us some of it. Then after traveling some miles we met Several Indian men and women with a Cow and Horse & some household goods, who were lately come from their dwelling at Wioming, and going to Settle in another place. We made them some small presents, and some of them understanding English, I told them my motive in comeing into their Country, with which they appeared Satisfied: and one of our guides talking a while with an Antient women concerning us, The poor old woman came to my companion and me and took her leave of us with an Appearance of Sincere affection. So going on we pitched

our Tent near the banks of the Same River, having laboured hard in crossing some of those Mountains called the Blue Ridge, and by the roughness of the Stones, and the cavities between them, and the steepness of y^e hills, it appeared dangerous: but we were preserved in Safety through the kindness of him whose works in these Mountainous Deserts appeared awfull, toward whom my heart was turned during this days Travel.

Near our Tent on the sides of large Trees peeled for that purpose, were various Representations of men going to, and returning from the wars, and of Some killed in Battle, this being a path heretofore used by warriors. And as I walked about viewing those Indians histories, which were painted mostly in red but some with black, and thinking on the Innumerable Afflictions which the proud, fierce Spirit produceth in the world; Thinking of the Toyls and fatigues of warriors, traveling over Mountains and Deserts, Thinking on their miseries & Distresses when wounded far from home by their Enemies, and of their bruises and great weariness in Chaseing one another over the Rocks and Mountains, and of their restless, unquiet state of mind who live in this Spirit, and of the hatred which mutually grows up in the minds of the Children of those Nations Engaged in war with each other: The desire to cherish the Spirit of Love and peace amongst these people, arose very fresh in me.

This was the first night that we (were) in the woods, and being wet traveling in the rain, the ground & our Tent wet, and the bushes wet which we purposed to lay under, our Blankets also, all looked discouraging; but I believed that it was the Lord who had thus far brought me forward, and that he would dispose of me as He Saw good, and therein I felt easie. So we kindled a fire with our Tent door open to it, and with Some bushes next the ground, and then Blankets, we made our Bed, and lying down got some sleep, and in the morning feeling a little unwell I went into the River (all over:) The Water was cold, but soon after I felt fresh & well.

JOHN WOOLMAN (1720-1772): *Journal* (1763)

12 *Early Love*

I hesitate, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary and laborious duty in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal, and even learned, education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her fathers house. I passed some happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably en-

couraged the connection. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity: but on my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate: I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem. The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him. His daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend; and Mademoiselle Gurchod is now the wife of M. Necker, the minister, and perhaps the legislator, of the French monarchy.

J

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794):

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Memoirs of my Life and Writings

13 *Soldiers and Politicians*

I was fully determined to go upon the service, but before I went I thought it became me to express to Lord Castlereagh the sense I had of the manner in which I had been treated. When, therefore, he seemed to have finished all he had to

say, which was nearly what I have stated, I said to him: 'My Lord, the chaise is at my door, and upon leaving your Lordship's I shall set out for Portsmouth to join the troops with whom I perceive it is intended I should proceed as lieutenant-general. It may perhaps be my lot never to see you again. I, therefore, think it right to express to you my feeling of the unhandsome treatment I have received from you.' He said he was not sensible of the treatment to which I alluded. I therefore recapitulated all that had passed since my arrival in the Downs. 'Had I been an ensign it would hardly have been possible to treat me with less ceremony. It is only by inference at this moment that I know I am to be employed, for your Lordship has never told me in plain terms that I was appointed to serve with the army under Sir Hew Dalrymple as a lieutenant-general, and, coming from a chief command, if it was intended to employ me in an inferior station I was to expect that something would be said to me. You have told me that my conduct in Sweden was approved, but from your actions I should have concluded it was the reverse. I am at a loss to conceive the cause; for if there is an officer in the service who has steered a straight course, who without intrigue or detracting from the merit of others has endeavoured by his own exertions to establish his reputation, I think it is myself.

'Why I should be the object of such obloquy I cannot guess; but, my Lord, I have been treated unworthily and in a manner which no part of my conduct could justify. His Majesty's Ministers have a right to employ what officers they please, and had they on this occasion given the command to the youngest General in the army, I should neither have felt nor expressed the feeling that the least injury was done to me; but I have a right in common with all officers who have served zealously and well, to expect to be treated with attention, and when employment is offered to me, that some regard should be had to my former services.' In this I alluded to Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir H. Burrard, who, though both respectable and good men, are neither of them

officers of such service as myself. Lord Castlereagh said little to me during the conversation but that he was not sensible of having given me any cause of complaint. When I had finished what I had to say I rose abruptly and retired.

' SIR JOHN MOORE (1761-1809): *Journal*

14 Dr. Johnson Visiting

My sister Burney was invited to meet and play to them. The conversation was supported with a good deal of vivacity (N.B. my father being at home) for about half an hour, and then Hetty and *Snkey*, for the first time *in public*, played a duet; and in the midst of this performance Dr. Johnson was announced. He is, indeed, very ill-favoured; is tall and stout; but stoops terribly; he is almost bent double. His mouth is almost constantly opening and shutting as if he was chewing. He has a strange method of frequently twirling his fingers and twisting his hands. His body is in continual agitation, *see-sawing* up and down; his feet are never a moment quiet; and, in short, his whole person is in *perpetual motion*. His dress, too, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on his *best becomes*, being engaged to dine in a large company, was as much out of the common road as his figure; he had a large wig, snuff-coloured coat, and gold buttons, but no ruffles to his shirt, dirty fists and black worsted stockings. He is shockingly near-sighted, and did not, till she held out her hand to him, even know Mrs. Thrale. He *poked his nose* over the keys of the harpsichord till the duet was finished, and then my father introduced Hetty to him as an old acquaintance, and he cordially kissed her! When she was a little girl, he had made her a present oi'The *Idler*:

His attention, however, was not to be diverted five minutes from the books, as we were in the library; he pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost touching the backs of them with his eyelashes, as he read their titles. At last, having fixed upon one, he began, without further ceremony, to

read to himself, all the time standing at a distance from the company. We were all very much provoked, as we perfectly languished to hear him talk; but it seems he is the most silent creature, when not particularly drawn out, in the world.

My sister then played another duet with my father; but Dr. Johnson was so deep in the *Encyclopedie* that, as he is very deaf, I question if he ever knew what was going forward. When this was over, Mrs. Thrale, in a laughing manner, said, 'Pray, Dr. Burney, can you tell me what that song was and whose, which Savoi sung last night at Bach's concert, and which you did not hear?' My father confessed himself by no means so good a diviner, not having had time to consult the stars, though in the house of Sir Isaac Newton. However, wishing to draw Dr. Johnson into some conversation, he told him the question. The Doctor, seeing his drift, good-naturedly put away his book, and said very drolly, 'And pray, Sir, *who is Bach?* is he a piper?' Many exclamations of surprise you will believe followed this question. 'Why you have read his name often in the papers,' said Mrs. Thrale; and then she gave him some account of his Concert, and the number of fine performances she had heard at it.

Tray,' said he, gravely, 'Madam, what is the expense?'

'O!' answered she, 'much trouble and solicitation to get a Subscriber's Ticket;—or else, half a Guinea.'

'Trouble and solicitation,' said he, 'I will have nothing to do with; but I would be willing to give eighteen pence.'

(Ha! ha!)

Chocolate being then brought, we adjourned to the dining-room. And here, Dr. Johnson being taken from the books, entered freely and most cleverly into conversation; though it is remarkable he never speaks at all but when spoken to; nor does he ever *start*, though he so admirably *supports*, any subject.

The whole party was engaged to dine at Mrs. Montague's. Dr. Johnson said he had received the most flattering note he

had ever read, or that any body else had ever read, by way of invitation. 'Well! so have I too.' cried Mrs. Thrale; 'so if a note from Mrs. Montague is to be boasted of, I beg mine may not be forgot.'

⁴ 'Your note,' cried Dr. Johnson, 'can bear no comparison with *mine*; I am *at the head of the Philosophers*, she says.'

'And I,' cried Mrs. Thrale, '*have all the Muses in my train!*'

'A fair battle.' said my father. 'Come, compliment for compliment, and see who will hold out longest.'

'O! I am afraid for Mrs. Thrale.' cried Mr. Seward; 'for I know Mrs. Montague exerts all her forces when she attacks Dr. Johnson.'

'O, yes!' said Mrs. Thrale, 'she has often, I know, flattered *him*, till he has been ready to faint.'

'Well, ladies.' said my father, 'you must get him between you to-day, and see which can lay on the paint thickest, Mrs. Thrale or Mrs. Montague.'

'I had rather.' cried the Doctor, drily, 'go to Bach's Concert!'

FRANCES BURNEY (MADAME D'ARBLAY, 1752-1840):

The Early Diary

15 A Rural Ride

In quitting Tilford we came on to the land belonging to Waverley Abbey, and then, instead of going on to the town of Farnham, veered away to the left towards Wreclesham, in order to cross the Farnham and Alton turnpike-road, and to come on by the side of Crondall to Odiham. We went a little out of the way to go to a place called the Bourn, which lies in the heath at about a mile from Farnham. It is a winding narrow valley, down which, during the wet season of the year, there runs a stream beginning at the Holt Forest, and emptying itself into the Wey just below Moor Park, which was the seat of Sir William Temple when Swift was residing with him. We went to this Bourn in order that I might show my son the spot where I received the rudiments of my

education. There is a little hop-garden in which I used to work when from eight to ten years old; from which I have scores of times run to follow the hounds, leaving the hoe to do the best that it could to destroy the weeds; but the most interesting thing was a sandhill which goes from a part of the heath down to the rivulet. As a due mixture of pleasure with toil, I, with two brothers, used occasionally to disport ourselves, as the lawyers call it, at this sandhill. Our diversion was this: we used to go to the top of the hill, which was steeper than the roof of a house; one used to draw his arms out of the sleeves of his smock-frock, and lay himself down with his arms by his sides; and the others, one at the head, and the other at the feet, sent him rolling down the hill like a barrel or a log of wood. By the time he got to the bottom, his hair, eyes, ears, nose, and mouth were all full of this loose sand; then the others took their turn, and at every roll there was a monstrous spell of laughter. I had often told my sons of this while they were very little, and I now took one of them to see the spot. But, that was not all. This was the spot where I was receiving my education; and this was the sort of education; and I am perfectly satisfied that if I had not received such an education, or something very much like it—that, if I had been brought up a milksop, with a nursery-maid everlastingly at my heels, I should have been at this day as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster School, or from any of those dens of dunces called Colleges and Universities. It is impossible to say how much I owe to that sandhill; and I went to return it my thanks for the ability which it probably gave me to be one of the greatest terrors to one of the greatest and most powerful bodies of knaves and fools that ever were permitted to afflict this or any other country.

From the Bourn we proceeded on to Wrecclesham, at the end of which we crossed what is called the River Wey. Here we found a parcel of labourers at parish work. Amongst them was an old playmate of mine. The account they gave

had ever read, or that any body else had ever read, by way of invitation. 'Well! so have I too.' cried Mrs. Thrale; 'so if a note from Mrs. Montague is to be boasted of, I beg mine may not be forgot.'

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The Early Diary

15 *Rural Ride*

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From the Bourn we proceeded on to Wrecchlesham, at the end of which we crossed what is called the River Wey. Here we found a parcel of labourers at parish work. Amongst them was an old playmate of mine. The account they gave

of their situation was very dismal. The harvest was over early. The hop-picking is now over; and now they are employed by the parish—that is to say, not absolutely digging holes one day and filling them up the next; but, at the expense of half-ruined farmers and tradesmen and landlords, to break stones into very small pieces to make nice smooth roads lest the jolting, in going along them, should create bile in the stomachs of the over-fed tax-eaters. I call upon mankind to witness this scene and to say whether ever the like of this was heard of before. It is a state of things where all is out of order; where self-preservation, that great law of nature, seems to be set at defiance; for here are farmers unable to pay men for working for them, and yet compelled to pay them for working in doing that which is really of no use to any human being. There lie the hop-poles unstripped. You see a hundred things in the neighbouring fields that want doing. The fences are not nearly what they ought to be. The very meadows, to our right and our left in crossing this little valley, would occupy these men advantageously until the setting in of the frost; and here are they, not, as I said before, actually digging holes one day and filling them up the next, but, to all intents and purposes, as uselessly employed. Is this Mr. Canning's 'sun of prosperity'? Is this the way to increase or preserve a nation's wealth? Is this a sign of wise legislation and of good government? Does this thing 'work well,' Mr. Canning? Does it prove that we want no change? True, you were born under a Kingly Government; and so was I as well as you; but I was not born under Six Acts; nor was I born under a state of things like this. I was not born under it, and I do not wish to live under it; and, with God's help, I will change it if I can.

We left these poor fellows, after having given them, not 'religious tracts,' which would, if they could, make the labourer content with half-starvation, but something to get them some bread and cheese and beer, being firmly convinced that it is the body that wants filling and not the mind. However, in speaking of their low wages, I told them that

the farmers and hop-planters were as much objects of compassion as themselves, which they acknowledged.

We immediately after this crossed the road, and went on towards Crondall upon a soil that soon became stiff loam and flint at top, with a bed of chalk beneath. We did not go to Crondall, but kept along over Slade Heath, and through a very pretty place called Well. We arrived at Odiham about half after eleven, at the end of a beautiful ride of about seventeen miles, in a very fine and pleasant day.

WILLIAM COBBETT (1762-1835): *Rural Rides*

16 A Village Funeral

Sunday, 31 A great deal of corn is cut in the vale, and the whole prospect, though not tinged with a general autumnal yellow, yet softened down into a mellowness of colouring, which seems to impart softness to the forms of hills and mountains. At 11 o'clock Coleridge came, when I was walking in the still clear moonshine in the garden. He came over Helvellyn. Wm. was gone to bed, and John also, worn out with his ride round Coniston. We sate and chatted till half-past three. . . . Coleridge read us a part of *Chrisiabel*. Talked much about the mountains, etc. etc. . . .

Monday Morning, 1st September. We walked in the wood by the lake. W. read *Joanna*, and the *Firgrove*, to Coleridge. They bathed. The morning was delightful, with somewhat of an autumnal freshness. After dinner, Coleridge discovered a rock-seat in the orchard. Cleared away brambles. Coleridge went to bed after tea. John and I followed Wm. up the hill, and then returned to go to Mr. Simpson's. We borrowed some bottles for bottling rum. The evening somewhat frosty and grey, but very pleasant. I broiled Coleridge a mutton chop, which he ate in bed. Wm. was gone to bed. I chatted with John and Coleridge till near 12.

Tuesday, 2nd. In the morning they all went to Stickle Tarn. A very fine, warm, sunny, beautiful morning. . . . The fair-day. . . . There seemed very few people and very

few stalls, yet I believe there were many cakes and much beer sold. My brothers came home to dinner at 6 o'clock. We drank tea immediately after by candlelight. It was a lovely moonlight night. We talked much about a house on Helvellyn. The moonlight shone only upon the village. It did not eclipse the village lights, and the sound of dancing and merriment came along the still air. I walked with Coleridge and Wm. up the lane and by the church, and then lingered with Coleridge in the garden. John and Wm. were both gone to bed, and all the lights out.

Wednesday, yrd September. Coleridge, Wm., and John went from home, to go upon Helvellyn with Mr. Simpson. They set out after breakfast. I accompanied them up near the blacksmith's. . . . I then went to a funeral at John Dawson's. About 10 men and 4 women. Bread, cheese, and ale. They talked sensibly and cheerfully about common things. The dead person, 56 years of age, buried by the parish. The coffin was neatly lettered and painted black, and covered with a decent cloth. They set the corpse down at the door; and, while we stood within the threshold, the men with their hats off sang with decent and solemn countenances a verse of a funeral psalm. The corpse was then borne down the hill, and they sang till they had passed the Town-End. I was affected to tears while we stood in the house, the coffin lying before me. There were no near kindred, no children. When we got out of the dark house the sun was shining, and the prospect looked as divinely beautiful as I ever saw it. It seemed more sacred than I had ever seen it, and yet more allied to human life. The green fields, neighbours of the churchyard, were as green as possible; and, with the brightness of the sunshine, looked quite gay. I thought she was going to a quiet spot, and I could not help weeping very much. When we came to the bridge, they began to sing again, and stopped during four lines before they entered the churchyard. . . . Wm. and John came home at 10 o'clock.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH (1771-1855): *Journal*

17 *A Call on Blake*

17th Deer. For the sake of connection I will here insert a minute of a short call I this morning made on Blake. He dwells in Fountain Court in the Strand. I found him in a small room which seems to be both a working room and a bedroom. Nothing could exceed the squalid air both of the apartment and his dress, but in spite of dirt, I might say-filth, an air of natural gentility is diffused over him, and his wife, notwithstanding the same offensive character of her dress and appearance, has a good expression of countenance. So that I shall have pleasure in calling on and conversing with these worthy people. But I fear I shall not make any progress in ascertaining his opinions and feelings. That there being really no system or connection in his mind, all his future conversation will be but varieties of wildness and incongruity. I found him at work on Dante. The book (Cary) and his sketches both before him. He showed me his designs, of which I have nothing to say but that they evince a power of grouping and of throwing grace and interest over conceptions most monstrous and disgusting, which I should not have anticipated.

Our conversation began about Dante. 'He was an Atheist, a mere politician busied about this world as Milton was, till in his old age he returned back to God whom he had had in his childhood.'

I tried to get out from Blake that he meant this charge only in a higher sense and not using the word Atheism in its popular meaning. But he would not allow this. Tho' when he in like manner charged Locke with Atheism and I remarked that Locke wrote on the evidences of Christianity and lived a virtuous life, he had nothing to reply to me nor reiterated the charge of wilful deception. I admitted that Locke's doctrine leads to Atheism, and this seemed to satisfy him. From this subject we passed over to that of good and evil, on which he repeated his former assertions more decidedly. He allowed indeed that there is error, mis-

take, &c. And if these be evil—then there is evil but these are only negations. Nor would he admit that any education should be attempted except that of cultivation of the imagination and fine arts.—'What are called vices in the natural world are the highest sublimities in the spiritual world.' When I asked whether if he had been a father he would not have grieved if his child had become vicious or a great criminal, he answered, 'I must not regard when I am endeavouring to think rightly my own any more than other people's weaknesses.' And when I again remarked that this doctrine put an end to all exertion or even wish to change anything, he made no reply.

We spoke of the Devil and I observed that when a child I thought the Manichæan doctrine, or that of two principles, a rational one. He assented to this and in confirmation asserted that he did not believe in the *omnipotence* of God. The language of the Bible on that subject is only poetical or allegorical. Yet soon after he denied that the natural world is anything. It is all nothing and Satan's empire is the empire of nothing. He reverted soon to his favourite expression 'my visions.' I saw Milton in Imagination and he told me to beware of being misled by his *Paradise Lost*. In particular he wished me to show the falsehood of his doctrine that the pleasures of sex arose from the fall. The fall could not produce any pleasure. I answered the fall produced a state of *evil* in which there was a mixture of good or pleasure. And in that sense the fall may be said to produce the pleasure. But he replied that the fall produced only generation and death. And then he went off upon a rambling statement of a Union of sexes in Man as in God, an Androgynous state in which I could not follow him—As he spoke of Milton's appearing to him, I asked whether he resembled the prints of him. He answered: 'All.' Of what age did he appear to be—Various ages. Sometimes a very old man—he spoke of Milton as being at one time a sort of classical Atheist, and of Dante as being now with God.

Of the faculty of Vision he spoke as One he has had from

early infancy. He thinks all men partake of it, but it is lost by not being cultivated. And he eagerly assented to a remark I made that all men have all faculties to a greater or less degree.—I am to renew my visits and to read Wordsworth to him of Whom he seems to entertain a high idea.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON (1775-1867): *Diary* (1825)

18 *The New King*

Brook's, June 26th, 1830.

So poor Prinney is really dead—on a Saturday too, as was foretold. . . . I have just met our *great* Privy Councillors coming from the Palace (Warrender and Bob Adair included). I learnt from the former that the only observation he heard from the Sovereign was upon his going to write his name on parchment, when he said:—'You have damned bad pens here!' Here is Tankerville, who was at the Palace likewise. He says the difference in manner between the late and present sovereign upon the occasion of swearing in the Privy Council was very striking. Poor Prinney put on a dramatic, royal, distant dignity to all; Billy, who in addition to living out of the world, has become rather blind, was doing his best in a very natural way to make out the face of every Privy Councillor as each kneeled down to kiss his hand. In Tankerville's own case, Billy put one hand above his eyes and at last said in a most familiar tone:—'Oh, Lord Tankerville, is it you? I am very glad to see you. How d'ye do?' It seemed quite a restraint to him not to shake hands with people. He said to Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer—the cock-eyed Goulbourne—'D'ye know I'm grown so near-sighted that I can't make out who you are. You must tell me your name, if you please.' He read his declaration to the Council, which is said to be very favourable to the present Ministry; and it would be odd if it was not, as it was drawn up by the Beau. After reading this production of the Government, he treated the Council with a little impromptu of his own, and great was the fear of Wellington, as they say

visibly expressed on his face, least Billy should take too excursive a view of things; instead of which it was merely a little natural and pretty funeral oration over Prinney, who, he says, had always been the best and most affectionate of brothers.

THOMAS CREEVEY (1768-1838): *The Creevey Papers*

19 *Byron in Italy*

The day was very hot; the road to Monte Nero was very hot, through dusty suburbs; and when I got there, I found the hottest-looking house I ever saw. It was salmon colour. Think of this, flaring over the country in a hot Italian sun!

But the greatest of all heats was within. Upon seeing Lord Byron I hardly knew him, he was grown so fat; and he was longer in recognising me, I had grown so thin. He took me into an inner room, and introduced me to Madame Guiccioli, then very young as well as handsome, who was in a state of great agitation. Her face was flushed, her eyes lit up, and her hair (which she wore hanging loose) streaming as if in disorder. The Conte Pietro, her brother, came in presently, also in a state of agitation, and having his arm in a sling. I then learned that a quarrel having taken place among the servants, the young Count had interfered, and been stabbed. He was very angry; Madame Guiccioli was more so, and could not admit the charitable comments of Lord Byron, who was for making light of the matter. They seemed to think the honour of their nation at stake. Indeed, there was a look in the business not a little formidable; for though the stab was not much, the inflictor of it threatened more, and was at that minute keeping watch outside, with the avowed intention of assaulting the first person that issued forth. I looked out of the window, and met his eye glaring upwards like a tiger. He had a red cap on like a sansculotte, and a most sinister aspect, dreary and meagre—that of a proper caitiff.

How long things had continued in this state I cannot say; but the hour was come when Lord Byron and his friend took their evening drive, and the thing was to be put an end to somehow. A servant had been despatched for the police, and was not returned.

At length we set out, the lady earnestly entreating his lordship to keep back, and all of us uniting to keep in advance of Conte Pietro, who was exasperated.

It was a curious moment for a stranger from England. I fancied myself pitched into one of the scenes in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, Everything was new, foreign, and vehement. There was the lady, flushed and dishevelled, exclaiming against the 'scelerato'; the young Count, wounded and threatening; and the assassin waiting for us with his knife. Nobody, however, could have put a better face on the matter than Lord Byron did,—composed, and endeavouring to compose: and as to myself, I was so occupied with the whole scene, that I had not time to be frightened. Forth we issue at the house door, all squeezing to have the honour of being first, when a termination is put to the tragedy by the man's throwing himself on a bench, extending his arms, and bursting into tears. His cap was half over his eyes; his face gaunt, ugly, and unshaved; his appearance altogether more squalid and miserable than an Englishman would conceive it possible to find in such an establishment. This blessed figure reclined weeping and wailing, and asking pardon for his offence; and, to crown all, he requested Lord Byron to kiss him.

The noble Lord conceived such an excess of charity superfluous. He pardoned him, but said he must not think of remaining in his service; upon which the man renewed his weeping and wailing, and continued kissing his hand. I was then struck with the footing on which the gentry and their servants stand with each other in Italy, and the good-nature with which the strongest exhibitions of anger can be followed up. Conte Pietro, who was full of good qualities (for though he was here with his sister's lover, we must not judge

of Italian customs by English), accepted the man's hand, and even shook it heartily ; and Madame Guiccioli, though unable to subside so quickly from her state of indignant exaltation, looked in relenting sort, and speedily accorded him her grace also, seeing my lord had forgiven him. The man was all penitence and wailing, but he was obliged to quit. The police would have forced him, if he had not been dismissed. He left the country, and called in his way on Shelley, who was shocked at his appearance, and gave him some money out of his very antipathy; for he thought nobody would help such an ill-looking fellow, if he did not.

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859): *Autobiography*

20 *A Comptroller of Stamps*

In the morning of this delightful day, a gentleman, a perfect stranger, had called on me. He said he knew my friends, had a enthusiasm for Wordsworth, and begged I would procure him the happiness of an introduction. He told me he was a comptroller of stamps, and often had correspondence with the poet. I thought it a liberty; but still, as he seemed a gentleman, I told him he might come.

When we retired to tea we found the comptroller. In introducing him to Wordsworth I forgot to say who he was. After a little time the comptroller looked down, looked up, and said to Wordsworth, 'Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?' Keats looked at me, Wordsworth looked at the comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, Tray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?' 'No, sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not.' 'Oh,' said Lamb, 'then you are a silly fellow.' 'Charles! my dear Charles!' said Wordsworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire.

After an awful pause the comptroller said, 'Don't you think Newton a great genius?' I could not stand it any

longer. Keats put his head into my books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordsworth seemed asking himself, 'Who is this?' Lamb got up, and, taking a candle, said, 'Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?' He then turned his back on the poor man, and at every question of the comptroller he chaunted:

'Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his breeches on.'

The man in office, finding Wordsworth did not know who he was, said in a spasmodic and half-chuckling anticipation of assured victory, 'I have had the honour of some correspondence with you, Mr. Wordsworth.' 'With me, sir?' said Wordsworth. 'Not that I remember.' 'Don't you, sir? I am a comptroller of stamps.' There was a dead silence;—the comptroller evidently thinking that was enough. While we were waiting for Wordsworth's reply, Lamb sung out:

'Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle.'

'My dear Charles!' said Wordsworth,—

'Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,'

chaunted Lamb, and then rising, exclaimed, 'Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs.' Keats and I hurried Lamb into the painting-room, shut the door, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter. Monkhouse followed, and tried to get Lamb away. We went back, but the comptroller was irreconcilable. We soothed and smiled, and asked him to supper. He stayed though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being a good-natured man, we parted all in good humour, and no ill-effects followed.

All the while, until Monkhouse succeeded, we could hear Lamb struggling in the painting-room, and calling at intervals, 'Who is that fellow? Allow me to see his organs once more.'

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON (1786-1846): *Autobiography*

21 *The Corn Laws*

Yesterday afternoon Graham met Lord Lansdowne and John Russell; the conversation was frank and amicable. Lord John said he must ask 'what was the measure which Peel had intended to propose.' Graham said he could not tell him without Peel's consent. This morning he received a letter from Graham recapitulating what had passed, but informing him Peel declined to tell him what his intended measure was. It seems, however, that it was a measure of Repeal, or leading to ultimate Repeal, accompanied with certain other measures of relief; that in November he announced to his Cabinet that he thought this necessary; but that it was received with such opposition that *he never laid before them his measures*, and the Cabinet has actually broken up without knowing what they were. Strange and incredible as this appears, it must be true, for Graham told Lord John so. His and Peel's motives were, that the state of Ireland is so awful, with famine and complete disorganisation, and a social war probable, that money and coercive laws must have been called for; and these they could not demand of Parliament, and leave the Corn Laws as they are.

There was another meeting at Lord John's house at eleven to-day; present, the same as before, and the Duke of Bedford and Francis Baring. Lord John produced Graham's letter. Lord Lansdowne said that certainly he could not say there was anything in it at variance with what he had said at their interview, but that there was an appearance of drawing back in it, and something in the tone that he did not like. The feeling of this meeting was, that Peel and Graham were not going to deal fairly and frankly with them, and they would not hear of Peel's excusing himself from divulging his intentions, and giving as an excuse for his refusal that he could not tell them a plan which he had not told his colleagues. They unanimously agreed that great caution and determination were necessary, and that they must see their way more clearly before they committed themselves to tak-

ing office. It was settled that Lord Lansdowne and Lord John should go together to Windsor and tell Her Majesty what they proposed. This was, that Peel should again be invited to state frankly what sort of measure he contemplated and would be prepared to support; and if he refused to do this, Lord John was to commit to paper a project, which was to be sent to Peel, desiring at the same time that he would say whether he would support it, and what amount of support he calculated on being able to bring with him. They will have no appearance of intrigue or underhand dealing, but an open, frank proceeding which may enable them to see the exact condition in which they stand. I saw the Duke of Bedford soon after the meeting, who gave me precisely the same account that Clarendon had done.

CHARLES CAVENDISH FULKE GREVILLE (1794-1865):

A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria

22 *The Decisive Step*

And now that I am about to trace, as far as I can, the course of that great revolution of mind which led me to leave my own home, to which I was bound by so many strong and tender ties, I feel overcome with the difficulty of satisfying myself in my account of it, and have recoiled from doing so, till the near approach of the day, on which these lines must be given to the world, forces me to set about the task. For who can know himself, and the multitude of subtle influences which act upon him? and who can recollect, at the distance of twenty-five years, all that he once knew about his thoughts and his deeds, and that, during a portion of his life, when even at the time his observation, whether of himself or of the external world, was less than before or after, by very reason of the perplexity and dismay which weighed upon him,—when, though it would be most unthankful to seem to imply that he had not all-sufficient light amid his darkness, yet a darkness it emphatically was? And who can suddenly gird himself to a new and anxious undertaking, which he

might be able indeed to perform well, had he full and calm leisure allowed him to look through everything that he has written, whether in published works or private letters? but, on the other hand, as to that calm contemplation of the past, in itself so desirable, who can afford to be leisurely and deliberate, while he practises on himself a cruel operation, the ripping up of old griefs, and the venturing again upon the 'infandum dolorem' of years, in which the stars of this lower heaven were one by one going out? I could not in cool blood, nor except upon the imperious call of duty, attempt what I have set myself to do. It is both to head and heart an extreme trial, thus to analyze what has so long gone by, and to bring out the results of that examination. I have done various bold things in my life: this is the boldest: and, were I not sure that I should after all succeed in my object, it would be madness to set about it.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890):

Apologia pro Vita Sua

23 *The Mail to India*

While I was in Egypt, I finished *Doctor Thome*, and on the following day began *The Bertrams*. I was moved now by a determination to excel, if not in quality, at any rate in quantity. An ignoble ambition for an author, my readers will no doubt say. But not, I think, altogether ignoble, if an author can bring himself to look at his work as does any other workman. This had become my task, this was the furrow in which my plough was set, this was the thing the doing of which had fallen into my hands, and I was minded to work at it with a will. It is not upon my conscience that I have ever scamped my work. My novels, whether good or bad, have been as good as I could make them. Had I taken three months of idleness between each they would have been no better. Feeling convinced of that, I finished *Doctor Thome* on one day, and began *The Bertrams* on the next.

I had then been nearly two months in Egypt, and had at

last succeeded in settling the terms of a postal treaty. Nearly twenty years have passed since that time, and other years may yet run on before these pages are printed. I trust I may commit no official sin by describing here the nature of the difficulty which met me. I found, on my arrival, that I was to communicate with an officer of the Pasha, who was then called Nubar Bey. I presume him to have been the gentleman who has lately dealt with our Government as to the Suez Canal shares, and who is now well known to the political world as Nubar Pasha. I found him a most courteous gentleman, an Armenian. I never went to his office, nor do I know that he had an office. Every other day he would come to me at my hotel, and bring with him servants, and pipes, and coffee. I enjoyed his coming greatly; but there was one point on which we could not agree. As to money and other details, it seemed as though he could hardly accede fast enough to the wishes of the Postmaster-General; but on one point he was firmly opposed to me. I was desirous that the mails should be carried through Egypt in twenty-four hours, and he thought that forty-eight hours should be allowed. I was obstinate, and he was obstinate: and for a long time we could come to no agreement. At last his oriental tranquillity seemed to desert him, and he took upon himself to assure me, with almost more than British energy, that, if I insisted on the quick transit, a terrible responsibility would rest on my head. I made this mistake, he said,—that I supposed that a rate of travelling which would be easy and secure in England could be attained with safety in Egypt. "The Pasha, his master, would," he said, 'no doubt accede to any terms demanded by the British Post Office, so great was his reverence for everything British. In that case he, Nubar, would at once resign his position, and retire into obscurity. He would be ruined; but the loss of life and bloodshed which would certainly follow so rash an attempt should not be on his head.' I smoked my pipe, or rather his, and drank his coffee, with oriental quiescence but British firmness. Every now and again, through three

or four visits, I renewed the expression of my opinion that the transit could easily be made in twenty-four hours. At last he gave way,—and astonished me by the cordiality of his greeting. There was no longer any question of bloodshed or of resignation of office, and he assured me, with energetic complaisance, that it should be his care to see that the time was punctually kept. It was punctually kept, and, I believe, is so still. I must confess, however, that my persistency was not the result of any courage specially personal to myself. While the matter was being debated, it had been whispered to me that the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company had conceived that forty-eight hours would suit the purposes of their traffic better than twenty-four, and that, as they were the great paymasters on the railway, the Minister of the Egyptian State, who managed the railway, might probably wash to accommodate them. I often wondered who originated that frightful picture of blood and desolation. That it came from an English heart and an English hand I was always sure.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815-1882): *Autobiography*

24 *The President*

All the more singular it seemed afterwards to him that his first serious contact with the President should have been a struggle of will, in which the old man almost necessarily defeated the boy, but instead of leaving, as usual in such defeats, a lifelong sting, left rather an impression of as fair treatment as could be expected from a natural enemy. The boy met seldom with such restraint. He could not have been much more than six years old at the time—seven at the utmost—and his mother had taken him to Quincy for a long stay with the President during the summer. What became of the rest of the family he quite forgot; but he distinctly remembered standing at the house door one summer morning in a passionate outburst of rebellion against going to school. Naturally his mother was the immediate victim of his rage; that is

what mothers are for, and boys also; but in this case the boy had his mother at unfair disadvantage, for she was a guest, and had no means of enforcing obedience. Henry showed a certain tactical ability by refusing to start, and he met all efforts at compulsion by successful, though too vehement protest. He was in fair way to win, and was holding his own, with sufficient energy, at the bottom of the long staircase which led up to the door of the President's library, when the door opened, and the old man slowly came down. Putting on his hat, he took the boy's hand without a word, and walked with him, paralyzed by awe, up the road to the town. After the first moments of consternation at this interference in a domestic dispute, the boy reflected that an old gentleman close on eighty would never trouble himself to walk near a mile on a hot summer morning over a shadeless road to take a boy to school, and that it would be strange if a lad imbued with the passion of freedom could not find a corner to dodge around, somewhere before reaching the school door. Then and always, the boy insisted that this reasoning justified his apparent submission; but the old man did not stop, and the boy saw all his strategical points turned, one after another, until he found himself seated inside the school, and obviously the centre of curious if not malevolent criticism. Not till then did the President release his hand and depart.

The point was that this act, contrary to the inalienable rights of boys, and nullifying the social compact, ought to have made him dislike his grandfather for life. He could not recall that it had this effect even for a moment. With a certain maturity of mind, the child must have recognised that the President, though a tool of tyranny, had done his disreputable work with a certain intelligence. He had shown no temper, no irritation, no personal feeling, and had made no display of force. Above all he had held his tongue. During their long walk he had said nothing; he had uttered no syllable of revolting cant about the duty of obedience and the wickedness of resistance to law; he had shown no con-

cern in the matter; hardly even a consciousness of the boy's existence. Probably his mind at that moment was actually troubling itself little about his grandson's iniquities, and much about the iniquities of President Polk, but the boy could scarcely at that age feel the whole satisfaction of thinking that President Polk was to be the vicarious victim of his own sins, and he gave his grandfather credit for intelligent silence. For this forbearance he felt instinctive respect. He admitted force as a form of right; he admitted even temper, under protest; but the seeds of a moral education would at that moment have fallen on the stoniest soil in Quincy, which is, as every one knows, the stoniest glacial and tidal drift known in any Puritan land.

HENRY ADAMS (1838-1918) I

The Education of Henry Adams

25 *Inspiration*

I take this up again after an interruption—I in fact throw myself upon it under the *secousse* of its being brought home to me even more than I expected that my urgent material reasons for getting settled at productive work again are of the very most imperative. Je m'entends—I have had a discomfiture (through a stupid misapprehension of my own indeed); and I must now take up projected tasks—this long time *entrevus* and brooded over, with the firmest possible hand. I needn't expatiate on this—on the sharp consciousness of this hour of the dimly-dawning New Year, I mean; I simply make an appeal to all the powers and forces and divinities to whom I've ever been loyal and who haven't failed me yet—after all: never, never yet! Infinitely interesting—and yet somehow with a beautiful sharp poignancy in it that makes it strange and rather exquisitely formidable, as with an unspeakable deep agitation, the whole artistic question that comes up for me in the train of this idea . . . of the *donnee* for a situation that I began here the other day to fumble out. I mean I come back, I come back yet again and again,

to my only seeing it in the dramatic way—as I can only see everything and anything now; the way that filled my mind and floated and uplifted me when a fortnight ago I gave my few indications to X. Momentary side-winds—things of no real authority—break in every now and then to put their inferior little questions to me; but I come back, I come back, as I say, I all throbbingly and yearningly and passionately, oh mon bon, come back to this way that is clearly the only one in which I can do anything now, and that will open out to me more and more, and that has overwhelming reasons pleading all beautifully in its breast. What really happens is that the closer I get to the problem of the application of it in any particular case, the more I get *into* that application, so that the more doubts and torments fall away from me, the more I know where I am, the more everything spreads and shines and draws me on and I'm justified in my logic and my passion. . . . Causons, causons, mon bon—oh celestial, soothing, sanctifying process, with all the high sane forces of the sacred time fighting, through it, on my side! Let me fumble it gently and patiently out—with fever and fidget laid to rest—as in all the old enchanted months! It only looms, it only shines and shimmers, *too* beautiful and too interesting, it only hangs there too rich and too full and with too much to give and to pay; it only presents itself too admirably and too vividly, too straight and square and vivid, as a little organic and effective Action. . . .

Thus just these first little wavings of the oh so tremulously passionate little old wand (now!) make for me, I feel, a sort of promise of richness and beauty and variety; a sort of portent of the happy presence of the elements. The good days of last August and even my broken September and my better October come back to me with their gage of divine possibilities, and I welcome these to my arms, I press them with unutterable tenderness. I seem to emerge from these recent bad days—the fruit of blind accident—and the prospect clears and flushes, and my poor blest old Genius pats me so admirably and lovingly on the back that I turn, I screw

round, and bend my lips to passionately, in my gratitude, kiss its hands.

HENRY JAMES (1843-1916): *Letters*

26 Degas

The glass door of the cafe grates upon the sand again. It is Degas, a round-shouldered man in a suit of pepper and salt. There is nothing very trenchantly French about him either, except the large necktie. His eyes are small, his words sharp, ironical, cynical. Manet and Degas are the leaders of the Impressionistic school, but their friendship has been jarred by inevitable rivalry. Degas was painting *Semiramis* when I was painting *Modern Paris*,' says Manet. 'Manet is in despair because he cannot paint vulgar pictures like Duran, and be feted and decorated; he is an artist not by inclination but by force; he is a galley-slave chained to the oar,' says Degas. Degas is more inclined to look back than Manet; even his portraits are composed from drawings and notes, and looking at a picture by Degas we think, 'Yes, that was how we thought in the 'seventies and in the 'eighties.' Manet desired modernity as earnestly as Degas, but his genius saved him from the ideas that were of his time. Manet was a pure painter, and it mattered nothing to him whether he painted a religious subject—angels watching by the side of the Dead Christ—or yachting at Argenteuil. Manet was an instinct, Degas is an intellectuality, and believes with Edgar Poe that one becomes original by saying, 'I will not do a certain thing because it has been done before.'

So the day came when Degas put *Semiramis* aside for a ballet girl. *Semiramis* had been painted again and again; but the ballet girl in pink tights, clumsy shoes, and bunched skirts, looking unnatural as a cockatoo, had not. And it was Degas who introduced the acrobat into art, and the *repas-seuse*. His portrait of Manet on the sofa listening to Madame Manet playing the piano is one of the most intellectual pieces

of painting ever done in the world; its intellectuality reminds one of Leonardo da Vinci, for, like Degas, Leonardo painted by intellect rather than by instinct. It was in the Louvre a few months ago that it occurred to me to compare Leonardo with Degas. I had gone there on a special errand, and when wearied with examination and debate, I turned into the Salle Carree for relaxation, and there wandered about, waiting to be attracted. Long ago the *Mona Lisa* was my adventure, but this year Rembrandt's portrait of his wife held me at gaze. It did not delight me as Manet delights; the emotion was deeper, vaguer and more intense, and I seemed to myself like a magnetic patient in the coil of some powerful enchantment. The emotion that this picture awakens is almost physical. It gets at you like music, like a sudden breath of perfume. When one approaches, the eyes fade into brown shadow, and when one withdraws, they begin to tell their story, and the story they tell is of a woman's soul. She seems conscious of her weakness, of her sex, and the burden of her own special lot—she is Rembrandt's wife, a servant, a satellite, a watcher. The mouth is no more than a little shadow, but what wistful tenderness there is in it! and the colour of the face is white, faintly tinted with bitumen, and in the cheeks some rose madder transpires through the yellow. She wears a fur jacket, but the fur was no trouble to Rembrandt; he did not strive for realism. It is fur, that is sufficient. Grey pearls hang in her ears; there is a brooch upon her breast, and a hand at the bottom of the picture passing out of the frame, and that hand reminds one as the chin does, of the old story that God took a little clay and made man out of it. That chin and that hand and arm are moulded without display of knowledge as Nature moulds. The picture seems as if it had been breathed upon the canvas. Did not a great poet once say that God breathed into Adam? The other pictures seem dry and insignificant, the *Mona Lisa*, celebrated in literature, hanging a few feet away, seems factitious when compared with this portrait;

that smile, so often described as mysterious, that hesitating smile which held my youth in a little tether has come to seem to me but a grimace, and the pale mountains no more mysterious than a globe or map seems at a distance.

GEORGE MOORE (b. 1857): *'Hail and Farewell!': Vale*

27 *A Rational Animal*

Here, before leaving this subject, I beg the reader to allow me a personal confession, lest he should misunderstand the temper in which I approach these speculations. Every pursuit has a certain warmth about it and sees its object in a golden light which, from that point of view, is a part of the thing discerned; and he who sees it can hardly avoid using disparaging terms in regard to those who miss that revelation or are indifferent to it. So any artist in regard to his art, or any patriot in regard to his country. For the same reason the intellectual or spiritual life, especially when cultivated in unison with some long-established religious tradition, sets up its precise standards and prizes them absolutely: whatsoever satisfies other ambitions seems to it either a stepping-stone in its own path or else sheer vanity and illusion. Nevertheless it would be senseless to demand insight of a stone; in the spiritual life there is nothing obligatory. Those who have spirit in them will live in the spirit, or will suffer horribly in the flesh; but this very insight into pure Being and into the realm of essence shows that both are absolutely infinite, the one implicitly, the other explicitly; they therefore release the mind from any exclusive allegiance to this or that good. It is only by the most groundless and unstable of accidents that any such good has been set up, or any such world as that to which this good is relevant; and only to the merest blindness does *this* world or *this* good seem absolute or exclusive. Now it would be stupid in a blind man, because he was blind, to deny the greatness of a painter who was admittedly supreme in his art, or the sanctity of a saint, or the insight of some thoroughly trained,

purged, and disinterested intellect; yet that blind man would by no means be bound in his own person to begin for that reason to paint, to pray, or to go into the Indian wilderness and contemplate pure Being. Humility in these respects is not incompatible with freedom. Let those excel who can in their rare vocations and leave me in peace to cultivate my own garden. Much as I may admire and in a measure emulate spiritual minds, I am aware of following them *nonpassibus cequis*; and I think their ambition, though in some sense the most sublime open to man, is a very special one, beyond the powers and contrary to the virtues possible to most men. As for me, I frankly cleave to the Greeks and not to the Indians, and I aspire to be a rational animal rather than a pure spirit. Preferences are matters of morals, and morals are a part of politics. It is for the statesman or the humanist to compare the functions of various classes in the state and the importance or timeliness of various arts. He must honour the poets as poets and the saints as saints, but on occasion he is not forbidden to banish them.

GEORGE SANTAYANA (*b.* 1863): *The Realm of Essence*

28 *Early Studies*

It was only when I began to study psychical research and mystical philosophy that I broke away from my father's influence. He had been a follower of John Stuart Mill and had grown to manhood with the scientific movement. In this he had never been of Rossetti's party who said that it mattered to nobody whether the sun went round the earth or the earth round the sun. But through this new research, this reaction from popular science, I had begun to feel that I had allies for my secret thought.

Once when I was in Dowden's drawing-room a servant announced my late head-master. I must have got pale or red, for Dowden with some ironical, friendly remark, brought me into another room, and there I stayed until

the visitor was gone. A few months later, when I met the head-master again, I had more courage. We chanced upon one another in the street and he said, 'I want you to use your influence with so-and-so, for he is giving all his time to some sort of mysticism and he will fail in his examination.' I was in great alarm, but I managed to say something about the children of this world being wiser than the children of light. He went off with a brusque 'Good morning.' I do not think that even at that age I would have been so grandiloquent but for my alarm. He had, however, aroused all my indignation.

My new allies and my old had alike sustained me. 'Intermediate examinations,' which I had always refused, meant money for pupil and for teacher, and that alone. My father had brought me up never when at school to think of the future or of any practical result. I have even known him to say, 'When I was young, the definition of a gentleman was a man not wholly occupied in getting on.' And yet this master wanted to withdraw my friend from the pursuit of the most important of all the truths. My friend, now in his last year at school, was a show boy, and had beaten all Ireland again and again, but now he and I were reading Baron Reichenbach on Odic Force and manuals published by the Theosophical Society. We spent a good deal of time in the Kildare Street Museum passing our hands over the glass cases, feeling or believing we felt the Odic Force flowing from the big crystals. We also found pins blindfolded and read papers on our discoveries to the Hermetic Society that met near the roof in York Street. I had, when we first made our society, proposed for our consideration that whatever the great poets had affirmed in their finest moments was the nearest we could come to an authoritative religion, and that their mythology, their spirits of water and wind were but literal truth. I had read *Prometheus Unbound* with this thought in mind and wanted help to carry my study through all literature. I was soon to vex my father by defining truth as 'the dramatically appropriate

utterance of the highest man.' And if I had been asked to define the 'highest' man, I would have said perhaps, 'We can but find him as Homer found Odysseus when he was looking for a theme.'

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (*b.* 1865) :
Reveries over Childhood and Youth

29 *A Breakdown*

February 22. Last night we had an exceedingly unpleasant experience, with some hours of serious alarm. I suppose such things must be expected to happen under the circumstances, but I shall be extremely glad when we have settled down into sea trim. As far as I was concerned the trouble began at 1 A.M., when Skelton called me and asked permission to stop the engines, as the pumps had refused duty, and the water was gaining on the ship. When we stopped, the ship dropped broadside on the swell and commenced to roll 30" each way. This was not a pleasing condition under which to contend with any difficulty, much less with such a one as now faced us, for on looking down into the engine-room I found that the water had risen well over the stoke-hole plates, and with the rolling of the ship, it was washing to and fro with tremendous force. It was evident that the fires in the main boilers would soon be swamped; so to avoid accidents they were drawn, which of course put the steam pump out of action, even if it had been in working order.

The next thing was to try the hand pumps, and the carpenter with the deck watch was soon heaving at these, but without any result. Examination showed that they were quite choked up with ice, so the next hour or two was spent in attempts to clear them. Meanwhile the water was obviously gaining, though to this moment we have failed to discover exactly why, as there is no serious leak to our knowledge. At 3 A.M. it was suggested that the small boiler under the fore-castle should be lighted, and an attempt be

made to work the steam pump with it. An hour later therefore one party was rushing to and fro with fuel for this boiler, and another was struggling with the refractory hand pumps, but the water was gaining as steadily as ever. Meanwhile Dellbridge, working up to his waist in water, had taken the steam pump to pieces, examined each part, and replaced it.

It was 6 A.M. before we had steam in the small boiler, and this meant that it had been raised *in* the quickest time on record. At the same time Dellbridge reported the pump ready again. I asked somewhat needlessly, if he thought it would work now, to which he grimly replied, 'It's got to, sir.' Nevertheless when it was started we found to our consternation that it did not. Then, and not till then, someone thought of examining the bilge suction, and here in a moment was found the cause of all the trouble. The pump, we discovered, had never been out of order, but the rose which drew the water from the bilges was quite choked up with fine ashes. When we left our winter quarters all this part had been a mass of ice, and it had therefore been impossible to clear out the bilges, which were still in a half-frozen condition. When this suction had been cleared we had the satisfaction of seeing a stream of water pouring out of the ship's side, and soon after the hand pumps brought their small power to aid in the relief. By eight o'clock everything was reported in working order, the fires were re-lit and I got to bed. The whole of our engine-room staff have been on duty for twenty-four hours without a spell. Our scare has been useful in one way, as we can rely on our pumps for any sudden call in future.

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT (1868-1912):
The Voyage of the Discovery

§ iv. BIOGRAPHY AND CHARACTERS

1 *Cardinal Wolsey*

Then about the feast of Saint Michael next ensuing, my lord took his journey towards Cawood Castle, the which is within six miles of York: and passing thither he lay two nights and a day at Saint Oswald's Abbey, where he himself confirmed children in the church, from eight of the clock in the morning until eleven of the clock at noon. And making a short dinner, resorted again to the church at one of the clock, and there began again to confirm more children, until four of the clock, where he was at the last constrained for weariness to sit down in a chair, the number of children was such. That done he said his evensong, and then went to supper, and rested him there all that night. And the next morning he applied himself to depart towards Cawood; and or ever he departed, he confirmed almost an hundred children more, and then rode on his journey: and by the way, there were assembled at a stone cross standing upon a green within a quarter of a mile of Ferrybridge, about the number of two hundred children to confirm, where he alighted and never removed his foot until he had confirmed them all; and then took his mule again and rode to Cawood, where he lay along after with much honour and love of the country, both of the worshipful and of the simple, exercising himself in good deeds of charity, and kept there an honourable and plentiful house for all comers; and also built and repaired the castle, which was then greatly decayed, having a great multitude of artificers and labourers, above the number of three hundred persons daily in wages. And lying there he had intelligence by the gentlemen of

the country, that used to repair unto him, that there was sprung a great variance and deadly hate between Sir Richard Tempest and Master Bryan Hastings, then but a squire, which was after made Knight, between whom was like to ensue great murder, unless some good mean might be found to redress the inconvenience that was most likeliest to ensue. My lord being thereof advertised, lamenting the case, made such means by his wisdom and letters, with other persuasions, that these two gentlemen were content to resort to my lord to Cawood, and there to abide his order, high and low. Then was there a day appointed of their assembly before my lord, at which day they came not without great number on each part. Wherefore against which day, my lord had required many worshipful gentlemen to be there present to assist him with their wisdoms to appease these two worthy gentlemen, being at deadly feud; and to see the king's peace kept, commanding no more of their number to enter into the castle with these two gentlemen than six persons of each of their menial servants, and all the rest to remain without in the town, or where they listed to repair. And my lord himself issuing out of the gates, calling the number of both parties before him, straitly charged them most earnestly to observe and keep the king's peace, in the king's name, upon their paroles, without other bragging or quarrelling either with other; and caused them to have both beer and wine sent them into the town; and then returned again into the castle, being about nine of the clock. And because he would have these gentlemen to dine with him at his own table, thought it good in avoiding of further inconvenience to appease their rancour before. Whereupon he called them into his chapel, and there with the assistance of the other gentlemen, he fell into communication with the matter, declaring unto them the dangers and the mischiefs that through their wilfulness and folly were most likeliest to ensue; with divers other good exhortations. Notwithstanding the parties laying and alleging many things for their defence, sometimes adding

each to other stout and despiteful words of defiance, the which my lord and the other gentlemen had much ado to qualify, their malice was so great. Howbeit at length, with long continuance and wise arguments, and deep persuasions made by my lord, they were agreed and finally accorded about four of the clock at afternoon, and so made them friends. And as it seemed they both rejoiced and were right well contented therewith, to the great comfort of all the other worshipful gentlemen, causing them to shake hands, and so go arm in arm to dinner; and so went to dinner, though it was very late to dine. Yet notwithstanding, they dined together with the other gentlemen at my lord's table where they drank lovingly each to other, with countenance of great amity. After dinner my lord caused them to discharge their routs and assembly that remained in the town and to retain with them no more servants than they were accustomed most commonly to ride with. And that done, these gentlemen fulfilling his commandment tarried at Cawood, and lay there all night; whom my lord entertained in such sort that they accepted his noble heart in great worthiness, trusting to have of him a special jewel in their country, having him in great estimation and favour, as it appeared afterwards by their behaviour and demeanour towards him.

GEORGE CAVENDISH (1500-1561):
The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey

2 *George Herbert*

His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol: and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such, that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; and at his return would say 'That his time spent in prayer, and Cathedral-music, elevated his

soul, and was his Heaven upon earth.' But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private Music-meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.'

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

In one of his walks to Salisbury, he overtook a gentleman, that is still living in that City; and in their walk together, Mr. Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused, if he asked some account of his faith; and said, 'I do this the rather, because though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tithe from you by the hand of your tenant; and, Sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know there be some sermon-hearers that be like those fishes, that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh.'

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

In another of his Salisbury walks, he met with a neighbour Minister; and after some friendly discourse betwixt them, and some condolment for the decay of piety, and too general contempt of the clergy, Mr. Herbert took occasion to say,

'One cure for these distempers would be, for the clergy themselves to keep the Ember-weeks strictly, and beg of their parishioners to join with them in fasting and prayers for a more religious clergy.'

And another cure would be, for themselves to restore the great and neglected duty of catechising, on which the Salvation of so many of the poor and ignorant lay-people does depend; but principally, that the clergy themselves would be sure to live unblameably; and that the dignified clergy especially which preach temperance, would avoid surfeiting, and take all occasions to express a visible humility and charity in their lives; for this would force a love and an imitation, and an unfeigned reverence from all that knew them to be such. (And for proof of this, we need no other testimony than the life and death of Dr. Lake, late Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.) 'This,' said Mr. Herbert, 'would be a cure for the wickedness and growing atheism of our age. And, my dear brother, till this be done by us, and done in earnest, let no man expect a reformation of the manners of the laity; for 'tis not learning, but this, this only that must do it; and, till then, the fault must lie at our doors.'

In another walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load: they were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the Good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, 'That if he loved himself he should be merciful to his beast.' Thus he left the poor man: and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed: but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him 'He had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment,' his answer was, 'That the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place: for if I be found to

pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or shewing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let's tune our instruments.'

IZAACK WALTON (1593-1683): *Life of Mr. George Herbert*

3 *The Earl of Arundel*

The Earl of Arundel was the next officer of State, who in his own right and quality, preceded the rest of the council. He was generally thought to be a proud man, who lived always within himself, and to himself, conversing little with any, who were in common conversation, so that he seemed to live as it were in another nation, his house being a place to which all men resorted, who resorted to no other place; strangers, or such who affected to look like strangers, and dressed themselves accordingly. He resorted sometimes to the Court, because there only was a greater man than himself; and went thither the seldomer because there was a greater man than himself. He lived towards all favourites and great officers without any kind of condescension, and rather suffered himself to be ill treated by their power and authority (for he was often in disgrace, and once or twice prisoner in the Tower) than to descend in making any application to them.

And upon these occasions he spent a great interval of his time in several journeys into foreign parts, and, with his wife and family, had lived some years in Italy; the humour and manners of which nation he seemed most to like and approve, and affected to imitate. He had a good fortune by descent, and a much greater from his wife, who was the sole daughter upon the matter (for neither of the two Sisters left any issue) of the great house of Shrewsbury; but his expenses were without any measure, and always

exceeded very much his revenue. He was willing to be thought a scholar, and to understand the most mysterious parts of Antiquity, because he made a wonderful and costly purchase of excellent statues whilst he was in Italy and in Rome (some whereof he could never obtain permission to remove from Rome, though he had paid for them) and had a rare collection of the most curious Medals; whereas in truth he was only able to buy them, never to understand them, and as to all parts of learning he was almost illiterate, and thought no other part of history considerable but what related to his own family, in which no doubt there had been some very memorable persons.

It cannot be denied, that he had in his person, in his aspect and countenance, the appearance of a great man, which he preserved in his gait and motion. He wore and affected a habit very different from that of the time, such as men had only beheld in the pictures of the most considerable men, all which drew the eyes of most and the reverence of many towards him, as the image and representative of the primitive nobility, and native gravity of the nobles, when they had been most venerable. But this was only his outside, his nature and true humour being so much disposed to levity, and vulgar delights, which indeed were very despicable and childish.

He was never suspected to love anybody, nor to have the least propensity to justice, charity, or compassion, so that, though he got all he could, and by all the ways he could, and spent much more than he got or had, he was never known to give anything, nor in all his employments (for he had employments of great profit as well as honour, being sent Ambassador extraordinary into Germany, for the treaty of that General peace, for which he had great appointments, and in which he did nothing of the least importance, and which is more wonderful, he was afterwards made General of the Army raised for Scotland, and received full pay as such, and in his own office of Earl Marshal, more money was drawn from the people by his authority and pretence of jurisdiction, than

had ever been extorted by all the officers precedent), yet I say in all his offices and employments, never man used, or employed by him, ever got any fortune under him, nor did ever any man acknowledge any obligation to him. He was rather thought to be without religion, than to incline to this or that party of any. He would have been a proper instrument for any tyranny, if he could have a man tyrant enough to have been advised by him, He had little other affection for the nation or the kingdom than as he had a great share in it, in which like the great Leviathan he might sport himself, from which he withdrew himself, as soon as he discerned the repose thereof was like to be disturbed, and died in Italy, under the same doubtful character of religion in which he lived.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON (1608-1674): *History*

4 *Colonel Hutchinson*

He was of a middle stature, of a slender and exactly well-proportioned shape in all parts, his complexion fair, his hair of a light brown, very thick set in his youth, softer than the finest silk, curling into loose great rings at the ends, his eyes of a lively grey, well-shaped and full of life and vigour, graced with many becoming notions, his visage thin, his mouth well made, and his lips very ruddy and graceful, although the nether chap shut over the upper, yet it was in such a manner as was not unbecoming, his teeth were even and white as the purest ivory, his chin was something long, and the mould of his face, his forehead was not very high, his nose was raised and sharp, but withal he had a most amiable countenance, which carried in it something of magnanimity and majesty mixed with sweetness, that at the same time bespoke love and awe in all that saw him; his skin was smooth and white, his legs and feet excellently well made, he was quick in his pace and turns, nimble and active and graceful in all his motions, he was apt for any bodily exercise, and any that he did became him, he could dance

admirably well, but neither in youth nor riper years made any practice of it; he had skill in fencing such as became a gentleman, he had a great love of music, and often diverted himself with a viol, on which he played masterly; he had an exact ear and judgment in other music, he shot excellently in bows and guns, and much used them for his exercise; he had great judgment in paintings, graving, sculpture, and all liberal arts, and had many curiosities of value in all kinds; he took great delight in perspective glasses, and for his other rarities was not so much affected with the antiquity as the merit of the work—he took much pleasure in improvement of grounds, in planting groves and walks, and fruit-trees, in opening springs and making fish-ponds; of country recreations he loved none but hawking, and in that was very eager and much delighted for the time he used it, but soon left it off; he was wonderful neat, cleanly, and gentle in his habit, and had a very good fancy in it, but he left off very early the wearing of anything that was costly, yet in his plainest negligent habit appeared very much a gentleman; he had more address than force of body, yet the courage of his soul so supplied his members that he never wanted strength when he found occasion to employ it; his conversation was very pleasant for he was naturally cheerful, had a ready wit and apprehension; he was eager in everything he did, earnest in dispute, but withal very rational, so that he was seldom overcome; everything that was necessary for him to do he did with delight, free and unconstrained; he hated ceremonious compliment, but yet had a natural civility and complaisance to all people; he was of a tender constitution, but through the vivacity of his spirit could undergo labours, watchings and journeys, as well as any of stronger compositions; he was rheumatic, and had a long sickness and distemper occasioned thereby two or three years after the war ended, but else for the latter half of his life was healthy tho tender; in his youth and childhood he was sickly, much troubled with weakness and toothaches, but then his spirits carried him through them; he was very

patient under sickness or pain or any common accidents, but yet upon occasions, though never without just ones, he would be very angry, and had even in that such a grace as made him to be feared, yet he was never outrageous in passion; he had a very good faculty in persuading, and would speak very well pertinently and effectually without premeditation upon the greatest occasions that could be offered, for indeed his judgment was so nice, that he could never frame any speech beforehand to please himself, but his invention was so ready and wisdom so habitual in all his speeches, that he never had reason to repent himself of speaking at any time without ranking the words beforehand; he was not talkative yet free of discourse, of a very spare diet, not much given to sleep, an early riser when in health, he never was at any time idle, and hated to see anyone else so; in all his natural and ordinary inclinations and composure, there was something extraordinary and tending to virtue, beyond what I can describe, or can be gathered from a bare dead description; there was a life of spirit and power in him that is not to be found in any copy drawn from him: to sum up therefore all that can be said of his outward frame and disposition we must truly conclude, that it was a very handsome and well furnished lodging prepared for the reception of that prince, who in the administration of all excellent virtues reigned there awhile, till he was called back to the palace of the universal emperor.

LUCY HUTCHINSON (b. 1620):
Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson

5 *Henry Hastings*

Mr. Hastings, by his quality, being the son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon, and his way of living, had the first place amongst us. He was peradventure an original in our age, or rather the copy of our nobility in ancient days in hunting and not warlike times; he was low, very strong and very active, of a reddish flaxen hair, his clothes

always green cloth, and never all worth when new five pounds. His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer, and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen, many fish-ponds, and great store of wood and timber; a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed; they used round sand bowls, and it had a banqueting-house like a stand, a large one built in a tree. He kept all manner of sport-hounds that ran buck, fox, hare, otter and badger, and hawks long and short winged; he had all sorts of nets for fishing: he had a walk in the New Forest and the manor of Christ Church. This last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish; and indeed all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time in such sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters, there being not a woman in all his walks of the degree of a yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault if he were not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, who was to boot very welcome to his house whenever he came. There he found beef pudding and small beer in great plenty, a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes, the great hall strewed with marrow bones, full of hawks' perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers, the upper sides of the hall hung with the fox-skins of this and the last year's skinning, here and there a polecat intermixed, guns and keepers' and huntsmen's poles in abundance. The parlour was a large long room, as properly furnished; on a great hearth paved with brick lay some terriers and the choicest hounds and spaniels; seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed, he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen inches long lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served

for places to lay his arrows, crossbows, stonebows, and other suchlike accoutrements; the corners of the room full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles; an oyster-table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper through all seasons: the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him with them. The upper part of this room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a church Bible, on the other the Book of Martyrs; on the tables were hawks' hoods, bells, and such like, two or three old green hats with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself; tables, dice, cards, and boxes were not wanting. In a hole of the desk were store of tobacco-pipes that had been used. On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink or permitted it. On the other side was a door into an old chapel not used for devotion; the pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, pasty of venison, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pie, with thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was very good to eat at, his sports supplying all but beef and mutton, except Friday, when he had the best sea-fish as well as other fish he could get, and w^{as} the day that his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with 'my part lies therein-a.' He drank a glass of wine or two at meals, very often syrup of gilliflower in his sack, and had always a tun glass without feet stood by him holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with a great sprig of rosemary. He was well natured, but soon angry, calling his servants bastard and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to a hundred, never

lost his eyesight, but always writ and read without spectacles and got to horse without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any.

1ST EARL OF SHAFTESBURY (1621-1683):

From *Fragment of Autobiography*

6 *Thomas Hobbes*

There was a report (and surely true) that in Parliament, not long after the King was settled, some of the bishops made a motion to have the good old gentleman burnt for a heretic. Which he hearing, feared that his papers might be searched by their order, and he told me he had burnt part of them. I have received word from his amanuensis and executor that he 'remembers there were such verses, for he wrote them out, but knows not what became of them, unless he presented them to Judge Vaughan, or burnt them as I did seem to intimate.' But I understand since by W. Crooke, that he can retrieve a good many of them.

1660. The winter-time of 1659 he spent in Derbyshire. In March following was the dawning of the coming in of our gracious sovereign, and in April the Aurora.

I then sent a letter to him in the country to advertise him of the advent of his master the King, and desired him by all means to be in London before his arrival; and knowing his Majesty was a great lover of good painting, I must needs presume he could not but suddenly see Mr. Cowper's curious pieces, of whose fame he had so much heard abroad and seen some of his work, and likewise that he would sit to him for his picture, at which place and time he would have the best convenience of renewing his Majesty's graces to him. He returned me thanks for my friendly intimation, and came to London in May following.

It happened about two or three days after his Majesty's happy return, that, as he was passing in his coach through the Strand, Mr. Hobbes was standing at Little Salisbury-House gate (where his lord then lived). The King espied

him, put off his hat very kindly to him, and asked him how he did. About a week after, he had a conference with his Majesty at Mr. S. Cowper's, where, as he sat for his picture, he was diverted by Mr. Hobbes's pleasant discourse. Here his Majesty's favours were reintegrated to him, and order was given that he should have free access to his Majesty, who who was always much delighted in his wit and smart repartees.

The wits at Court were wont to bait him. But he feared none of them, and would make his part good. The King would call him *the bear*: 'Here comes the bear to be baited.'

Head. In his old age he was very bald (which claimed a veneration); yet within door, he used to study, and sit, bare-headed, and said that he never took cold in his head, but that the greatest trouble was to keep off the flies from pitching on his baldness. His head was . . . inches in compass (I have the measure), and of a mallet-form (approved by the physiologers).

Skin. His skin was soft and of that kind which my Lord Chancellor Bacon in his *History of Life and Death* calls a goose-skin, i.e. of a wide texture:—

Crassa cutis, crassum cerebrum, crassum ingenium.

Face not very great; ample forehead; whiskers yellowish-reddish, which naturally turned up—which is a sign of a brisk wit, e.g. James Howell, Henry Jacob of Merton College. . . .

Eye. He had a good eye, and that of a hazel colour, which was full of life and spirit, even to the last. When he was earnest in discourse, there shone (as it were) a bright live-coal within it. He had two kind of looks:—when he laughed, was witty, and in a merry humour, one could scarce see his eyes; by and by, when he was serious and positive, he opened his eyes round (i.e. his eye-lids). He had middling eyes, not very big, nor very little (from Sir William)[Petty]. . . .

Reading. He had much, if one considers his long life;

but his contemplation was much more than his reading. He was wont to say that if he had read as much as other men, he should have known no more than other men.

JOHN AUBREY (1626-1697): *Brief Lives*

7 Charles II

He had a mechanical head, which appeared in his inclination to shipping and fortification, &c. This would make one conclude, that his thoughts would naturally have been more fixed to business, if his pleasures had not drawn them away from it.

He had a very good memory, though he would not always make equal good use of it. So that if he had accustomed himself to direct his faculties to his business, I see no reason why he might not have been a good deal master of it. His chain of memory was longer than his chain of thought; the first could bear any burden, the other was tired by being carried on too long; it was fit to ride a heat, but it had not wind enough for a long course.

A very great memory often forgetteth how much time is lost by repeating things of no use. It was one reason of his talking so much; since a great memory will always have something to say, and will be discharging itself, whether in or out of season, if a good judgment doth not go along with it, to make it stop and turn. One might say of his memory, that it was a *beaute journaliere*; Sometimes he would make shrewd applications, &c, at others he would bring things out of it, that never deserved to be laid in it.

He grew by age into a pretty exact distribution of his hours, both for his business, pleasures, and the exercise for his health, of which he took as much care as could possibly consist with some liberties he was resolved to indulge in himself. He walked by his watch, and when he pulled it out to look upon it, skilful men would make haste with what they had to say to him.

He was often retained in his personal against his politic

capacity. He would speak on those occasions most dexterously against himself; Charles Stuart would be bribed against the King; and in the distinction, he leaned more to his natural self than his character would allow. He would not suffer himself to be so much fettered by his character as was convenient; he was still starting out of it, the power of nature was too strong for the dignity of his calling, which generally yielded as often as there was a contest.

It was not the best use he made of his back-stairs to adm men to bribe him against himself, to procure a defalcation, help a lame accountant to get off, or side with the farmers against the improvement of the revenue. The King was made the instrument to defraud the Crown, which is somewhat extraordinary.

That which might tempt him to it probably was, his finding that those about him so often took money upon those occasions; so that he thought he might do well at least to be a partner. He did not take the money to hoard it; there were those at Court who watched those times, as the Spaniards do for the coming in of the Plate Fleet. The beggars of both sexes helped to empty his cabinet, and had to leave room in them for a new lading upon the next occasion. These negotiators played double with him too, when it was for their purpose so to do. He knew it, and went on still; so he gained his present end, at the time, he was less solicitous to enquire into the consequences.

He could not properly be said to be either covetous or liberal; his desire to get was not with an intention to be rich; and his spending was rather an easiness in letting money go, than any premeditated thought for the distribution of it. He would do as much to throw off the burden of a present importunity, as he would to relieve a want.

When once the aversion to bear uneasiness taketh place in a man's mind, it doth so check all the passions, that they are dampt into a kind of indifference; they grow faint and languishing, and come to be subordinate to that

fundamental maxim, of not purchasing anything at the price of a difficulty. This made that he had as little eagerness to oblige, as he had to hurt men; the motive of his giving bounties was rather to make men less uneasy to him, than more easy to themselves; and yet no ill-nature all this while. He would slide from an asking face, and could guess very well. It was throwing a man off from his shoulders, that leaned upon them with his whole weight; so that the party was not gladder to receive, than he was to give. It was a kind of implied bargain; though men seldom kept it, being so apt to forget the advantage they had received, that they would presume the King would as little remember the good he had done them, so as to make it an argument against their next request.

GEORGE SAVILE, MARQUIS OF HALIFAX (1633-1695):

A Character of King Charles the Second

8 Rochester

John Wilmot, afterwards Earl of Rochester, the son of Henry, Earl of Rochester, better known by the title of Lord Wilmot, so often mentioned in Clarendon's *History*, was born April 10, 1647, at Ditchley, in Oxfordshire. After a grammatical education at the school of Burford, he entered a nobleman into Wadham College in 1659, only twelve years old; and in 1661, at fourteen, was, with some other persons of high rank, made Master of Arts by Lord Clarendon in person.

He travelled afterwards into France and Italy; and, at his return, devoted himself to the Court. In 1665 he went to sea with Sandwich, and distinguished himself at Bergen by uncommon intrepidity; and the next summer served again on board the ship commanded by Sir Edward Spragge, who, in the heat of the engagement, having a message of reproof to send to one of his captains, could find no man ready to carry it **but** Wilmot, who, in an open boat, went and returned amidst the storm of shot.

But his reputation for bravery was not lasting; he was reproached with slinking away in street quarrels and leaving his companions to shift as they could without him; and Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, has left a story of his refusal to fight him.

He had very early an inclination to intemperance, which he totally subdued in his travels; but when he became a courtier, he unhappily addicted himself to dissolute and vicious company, by which his principles were corrupted and his manners depraved. He lost all sense of religious restraint; and finding it not convenient to admit the authority of laws which he was resolved not to obey, sheltered his wickedness behind infidelity.

As he excelled in that noisy and licentious merriment which wine incites, his companions eagerly encouraged him in excess, and he willingly indulged it, till, as he confessed to Dr. Burnet, he was for five years together continually drunk, or so much inflamed by frequent ebriety as in no interval to be master of himself.

In this state he played many frolics, which it is not for his honour that we should remember, and which are not now distinctly known. He often pursued low amours in mean disguises, and always acted with great exactness and dexterity the characters which he assumed.

He once erected a stage on Tower-hill, and harangued the populace as a mountebank; and, having made physic part of his study, is said to have practised it successfully.

He was so much in favour with King Charles that he was made one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber, and ranger of Woodstock Park.

Having an active and inquisitive mind he never, except in his paroxysms of intemperance, was wholly negligent of study; he read what is considered as polite learning so much, that he is mentioned by Wood as the greatest scholar of all the nobility. Sometimes he retired into the country and amused himself with writing libels, in which he did not pretend to confine himself to truth.

His favourite author in French was Boileau, and in English Cowley.

Thus in a course of drunken gaiety and gross sensuality, with intervals of study perhaps yet more criminal, with an avowed contempt of all decency and order, a total disregard to every moral, and a resolute denial of every religious obligation, he lived worthless and useless, and blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness, till, at the age of one and thirty, he had exhausted the fund of life, and reduced himself to a state of weakness and decay.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784): *Lives of the Poets*: Rochester

9 *Jeremy Bentham*

Mr. Bentham, in private life, is an amiable and exemplary character. He is a little romantic or so, and has dissipated part of a handsome fortune on impractical speculations. He lends an ear to plausible projectors, and, if he cannot prove them to be wrong in their premises or their conclusions, thinks himself bound *in reason* to stake his money on the venture. Strict logicians are licensed visionaries. Mr. Bentham is half-brother to the late Mr. Speaker Abbott. *Proh pudor!* He was educated at Eton, and still takes our novices to task about a passage in Homer or a metre in Virgil. He was afterwards at the University, and he has described the scruples of an ingenuous youthful mind about subscribing the Articles, in a passage in his *Church-of-Englandism*, which smacks of truth and honour both, and does one good to read it in an age, when 'to be honest' (or not to laugh at the very idea of honesty) 'is to be one man picked out of ten thousand!' Mr. Bentham relieves his mind sometimes, after the fatigue of study, by playing on a fine old organ, and has a relish for Hogarth's prints. He turns wooden utensils in a lathe for exercise, and fancies he can turn men in the same manner. He has no great fondness for poetry, and can hardly extract a moral out of Shakespeare. His house is warmed and lighted by

steam. He is one of those who prefer the artificial to the natural in most things, and think the mind of man omnipotent. He has a great contempt for out-of-door prospects, for green fields and trees, and is for referring every thing to Utility. There is a little narrowness in this; for if ail the sources of satisfaction are taken away, what is to become of utility itself? It is, indeed, the great fault of this able and extraordinary man, that he has concentrated his faculties and feelings too entirely on one subject and pursuit, and has not 'looked enough abroad into universality.'

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830):
The Spirit of the Age: Jeremy Bentham

10 *Persian Methods*

Mr. Morrit's mention of the 'happy young family clustered round him at Mr. Laidlaw's *kirn*, reminds me that I ought to say a few words on Scott's method of treating his children in their early days. He had now two boys and two girls;—and he never had more. He was not one of those who take much delight in a mere infant; but no father ever devoted more time and tender care to his offspring than he did to each of his, as they successively reached the age when they could listen to him, and understand his talk. Like their mute playmates, Camp and the greyhounds, they had at all times free access to his study: he never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or nine-pins, and resume his labour as if refreshed by the interruption. From a very early age he made them dine at table, and 'to sit up to supper' was the great reward when they had been 'very good bairns.' In short, he considered it as the highest duty as well as the sweetest pleasure of a parent

to be the companion of his children; he partook all their little joys and sorrows, and made his kind unformal instructions to blend so easily and playfully with the current of their own sayings and doings, that so far from regarding him with any distant awe, it was never thought that any sport or diversion could go on in the right way, unless *papa* were of the party, or that the rainiest day could be dull so he were at home.

Of the irregularity of his own education he speaks with considerable regret, in the autobiographical fragment written this year at Ashestiel; yet his practice does not look as if that feeling had been strongly rooted in his mind;—for he never did show much concern about regulating systematically what is usually called *education* in the case of his own children. It seemed, on the contrary, as if he attached little importance to any thing else, so he could perceive that the young curiosity was excited—the intellect, by whatever springs of interest, set in motion. He detested and despised the whole generation of modern children's books, in which the attempt is made to convey accurate notions of scientific minutiae: delighting cordially, on the other hand, in those of the preceding age, which, addressing themselves chiefly to the imagination, obtain through it, as he believed, the best chance of stirring our graver faculties also. He exercised the memory, by selecting for tasks of recitation passages of popular verse the most likely to catch the fancy of children; and gradually familiarize them with the ancient history of their own country, by arresting attention, in the course of his own oral narrations, on incidents and characters of a similar description. Nor did he neglect to use the same means of quickening curiosity as to the events of sacred history. On Sunday he never rode—at least not until his growing infirmity made his pony almost necessary to him—for it was his principle that all domestic animals have a full right to their Sabbath of rest; but after he had read the church service, he usually walked with his whole family, dogs included, to some favourite spot at a considerable

distance from the house—most frequently the ruined tower of Elibank—and there dined with them in the open air on a basket of cold provisions, mixing his wine with the water of the brook beside which they all were grouped around him on the turf; and here, or at home, if the weather kept them from their ramble, his Sunday talk was just such a series of biblical lessons as that which we have preserved for the permanent use of rising generations, in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, on the early history of Scotland. I wish he had committed that other series to writing too;—how different that would have been from our thousand compilations of dead epitome and imbecile cant! He had his Bible, the Old Testament especially, by heart; and on these days inwove the simple pathos or sublime enthusiasm of Scripture, in whatever story he was telling, with the same picturesque richness as he did, in his week-day tales, the quaint Scotch of Pitscottie, or some rude romantic old rhyme from Barbour's Bruce or Blind Harry's Wallace.

By many external accomplishments, either in girl or boy, he set little store. He delighted to hear his daughters sing an old ditty, or one of his own framing; but, so the singer appeared to feel the spirit of her ballad, he was not at all critical of the technical execution. There was one thing, however, on which he fixed his heart hardly less than the ancient Persians of the *Cyropaedia*; like them, next to love of truth, he held love of horsemanship for the prime point of education. As soon as his eldest girl could sit a pony, she was made the regular attendant of his mountain rides; and they all, as they attained sufficient strength, had the like advancement. He taught them to think nothing of tumbles, and habituated them to his own reckless delight in perilous fQrds and flooded streams; and they all imbibed in great perfection his passion for horses—as well, I may venture to add, as his deep reverence for the more important article of that Persian training. Without courage,' he said, there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue.'

He had a horror of boarding-schools; never allowed his girls to learn anything out of his own house; and chose their governess—(Miss Miller)—who about this time was domesticated with them, and never left them while they needed one with far greater regard to her kind good temper and excellent moral and religious principles, than to the measure of her attainments in what are called fashionable accomplishments. The admirable system of education for boys in Scotland combines all the advantages of public and private instruction; his carried their satchels to the High School, when the family was in Edinburgh, just as he had done before them, and shared of course the evening society of their happy home. But he rarely, if ever, left them in town, when he could himself be in the country; and at Ashestiel he was, for better or for worse, his eldest boy's daily tutor, after he began Latin.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART (1794-1854): *Life of Sir Walter Scott*

11 *Christmas Holidays at Haworth*

When the sisters met at home in the Christmas holidays, they talked over their lives, and the prospect which they afforded of employment and remuneration. They felt that it was their duty to relieve their father of the burden of their support, if not entirely, or that of all three, at least that of one or two; and, naturally, the lot devolved upon the elder ones to find some occupation which would enable them to do this. They knew that they were never likely to inherit much money. Mr. Bronte had but a small stipend, and was both charitable and liberal. Their aunt had an annuity of 50'., but it reverted to others at her death, and her nieces had no right, and were the last persons in the world, to reckon upon her savings. What could they do? Charlotte and Emily were trying teaching, and, as it seemed, without much success. The former, it is true, had the happiness of having a friend for her employer, and of being surrounded by those who knew her and loved her; but her

salary was too small for her to save out of it; and her education did not entitle her to a larger. The sedentary and monotonous nature of the life, too, was preying upon her health and spirits, although, with necessity 'as her mistress,' she might hardly like to acknowledge this even to herself. But Emily—that free, wild, untamable spirit, never happy nor well but on the sweeping moors gathered round her home—that hater of strangers, doomed to live amongst them, and not merely to live but to slave in their service—what Charlotte could have borne patiently for herself, she could not bear for her sister. And yet what to do? She had once hoped that she herself might become an artist, and so earn her livelihood; but her eyes had failed her in the minute and useless labour which she had imposed upon herself with a view to this end.

It was the household custom among these girls to sew till nine o'clock at night. At that hour, Miss Branwell generally went to bed, and her nieces' duties for the day were accounted done. They put away their work, and began to pace the room backwards and forwards, up and down,—as often with the candles extinguished, for economy's sake, as not,—their figures glancing into the fire-light, and out into the shadow, perpetually. At this time, they talked over past cares and troubles; they planned for the future, they consulted each other as to their plans. In after years this was the time for discussing together the plots of their novels. And again, still later, this was the time for the last surviving sister to walk alone, from old accustomed habit, round and round the desolate room, thinking sadly upon the 'days that were no more.' But this Christmas of 1836 was not without its hopes and daring aspirations. They had tried their hands at story-writing, in their miniature magazine, long ago; they all of them 'made out' perpetually. They had likewise attempted to write poetry; and had a modest confidence that they had achieved a tolerable success. But they knew that they might deceive themselves, and that sisters' judgments of each other's productions were

likely to be too partial to be depended upon. So Charlotte, as the eldest, resolved to write to Southey. I believe (from an expression in a letter to be noticed hereafter) that she also consulted Coleridge; but I have not met with any part of that correspondence.

On December 29th, her letter to Southey was despatched; and from an excitement not unnatural in a girl who has worked herself up to the pitch of writing to a Poet Laureate and asking his opinion of her poems, she used some high-flown expressions, which, probably, gave him the idea that she was a romantic young lady unacquainted with the realities of life.

This, most likely, was the first of those adventurous letters that passed through the little post-office of Haworth. Morning after morning of the holidays slipped away, and there was no answer; the sisters had to leave home, and Emily to return to her distasteful duties, without knowing even whether Charlotte's letter had ever reached its destination.

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL (1810-1865):
Life of Charlotte Bronte

12 *Gladstone and Parnell*

A fierce current was soon perceived to be running. All the elements so powerful for high enthusiasm, but hazardous where an occasion demands circumspection, were in full blast. The deep instinct for domestic order was awake. Many were even violently and irrationally impatient that Mr. Gladstone had not peremptorily renounced the alliance on the very morrow of the decree. As if, Mr. Gladstone himself used to say, it could be the duty of any party leader to take into his hands the intolerable burden of exercising the rigours of inquisition and private censorship over every man with whom what he judged the highest public expediency might draw him to co-operate. As if, moreover, it could be the duty of Mr. Gladstone to hurry headlong

into action, without giving Mr. Parnell time or chance of taking such action of his own as might make intervention unnecessary. Why was it to be assumed that Mr. Parnell would not recognise the facts of the situation? 'I determined,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'to watch the state of feeling in this country. I made no public declaration, but the country made up its mind. I was in some degree like the soothsayer Shakespeare introduces into one of his plays. He says, "I do not make the facts; *I* only foresee them." I did not foresee the facts even; they were present before me.'

The facts were plain, and Mr. Gladstone was keenly alive to the full purport of every one of them. Men, in whose hearts religion and morals held the first place, were strongly joined by men accustomed to settle political action by political considerations. Platform-men united with pulpit-men in swelling the whirlwind. Electoral calculation and moral faithfulness were held for once to point the same way. The report from every quarter, every letter to a member from a constituent, all was in one sense. Some, as I have said, pressed the point that the misconduct itself made co-operation impossible; others urged the impossibility of relying upon political understandings with one to whom habitual duplicity was believed to have been brought home. We may set what value we choose upon such arguments. Undoubtedly they would have proscribed some of the most important and admired figures in the supreme doings of modern Europe. Undoubtedly some who have fallen into shift and deceit in this particular relation, have yet been true as steel in all else. For a man's character is a strangely fitted mosaic, and it is unsafe to assume that all his traits are of one piece, or inseparable in fact because they ought to be inseparable by logic. But people were in no humour for casuistry, and whether all this be sophistry or sense, the volume of hostile judgment and obstinate intention could neither be mistaken, nor be wisely breasted if home rule was to be saved in Great Britain.

Mr. Gladstone remained at Hawarden during the week. To Mr. Arnold Morley he wrote (Nov. 23):—'I have a bundle of letters every morning on the Parnell business, and the bundles increase. My own opinion has been the same from the first, and I conceive that the time for action has now come. All my correspondents are in unison.' Every post-bag was heavy with admonitions, of greater cogency than such epistles sometimes possess; and a voluminous bundle of letters still at Hawarden bears witness to the emotions of the time. Sir William Harcourt and I, who had taken part in the proceedings at Sheffield, made our reports. The acute manager of the liberal party came to announce that three of our candidates had bolted already, that more were sure to follow, and that this indispensable commodity in elections would become scarcer than ever. Of the general party opinion, there could be no shadow of doubt. It was no application of special rigour because Mr. Parnell was an Irishman. Any English politician of his rank would have fared the same or worse, and retirement, temporary or for ever, would have been inevitable. Temporary withdrawal, said some; permanent withdrawal, said others; but for withdrawal of some sort, almost all were inexorable.

JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY (1838-1923): *Life of Gladstone*

§v. LETTERS

1 *Sir Walter Raleigh, to his wife, the Night before he expected to be put to death at Winchester,* 1603

You shall now receive (my dear wife) my last words, in these my last lines. My Love I send you, that you may keep it, when I am dead, and my Counsel that you may remember it, when I am no more; I would not by my will present you with Sorrows (Dear Bess). Let them go into the grave with me; and be buried in the dust; and seeing it is not the will of God, that I shall see you any more in this life, bear it patiently, and with an heart like thy self.

First I send you all my thanks, which my heart can conceive, or my words can express for your many travails and Care taken for me, which though they have not taken effect, as you wished, yet my debt to you, is not the less, but pay it I never shall, in this world.

Secondly I beseech you, for the love you bare me living, do not hide yourself many days, after my death, but by your Travails seek to help your miserable fortunes, and the Right of your poor Child. Thy mournings cannot avail me, I am but dust.

Thirdly you shall understand, that my Land was conveyed bona fide to my Child, the writings were drawn at Midsummer twelve months; my honest Cousin Brett can testify so much, and Dalberrie too, can remember somewhat therein. And I trust my blood will quench their Malice, that have thus cruelly murdered me, and that they will not seek also to kill thee and thine with extreme poverty.

To what friend to direct thee, I know not, for all mine have left me, in the true time of trial; and I plainly perceive, that my death was determined from the first day.

Most sorry I am (God knows) that being thus surprised with death, I can leave you in no better estate. God is my witness, I meant you all my office of wines, or all that I could have purchased by selling it, half my stuff, and all my Jewels. But some on't for the Boy, but God hath prevented all my Resolutions, and even that great God that ruleth all in all; but if you can live free from want, care for no more; the rest is but vanity.

Love God, and begin betimes, to repose your self on him, and therein shall you find true and lasting Riches, and endless Comfort. For the rest when you have travailed and wearied all your thoughts, over all sorts of worldly Cogitations, you shall but sit down by sorrow in the end.

Teach your son also to love and fear God whilst he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him; and the same God will be a husband to you, and a Father to him; a husband, and a Father, which cannot be taken from you.

Bay lie oweth me 200£ and Adrian Gilbert 600£. In Jersey, I have also much money owing me. Besides, the Arrearages of the Wines will pay my depts. And howsoever you do, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men.

When I am gone, no doubt you shall be sought by many; for the world thinks, that I was very rich. But take heed of the pretences of men, and their affections; for they last not but in honest, and worthy Men; and no greater misery can befall you in this life, than to become a prey, and afterwards to be despised: I speak not this (God knows) to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect of the world and of God.

As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine, Death hath cut us asunder; and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me.

Remember your poor Child, for his Father's sake, who chose you, and loved you, in his happiest times.

Get those Letters (if it be possible) which I writ to the Lords, wherein I sued for my life. God is my witness, it was for you and yours I desired life. But it is true that I disdain myself for begging it, for know it (dear wife) that your son, is the son of a true man, and one, who in his own respect, despiseth Death, and all his misshapen and ugly shapes.

I cannot write much: God he knows, how hardly, I steal this time, while others sleep: and it is also high time, that I should separate my thoughts from the world.

Beg my dead body, which living was denied thee; and either lay it at Sherbourne (if the Land continue) or in Excester Church by my Father and Mother.

I can say no more, time and death call me away.

The everlasting, powerful, infinite and omnipotent God, that Almighty God, who is goodness itself, the true life, and true light, keep thee, and thine; have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and Accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom.

My dear wife farewell, Bless my poor Boy, Pray for me, and Let my Good god hold you both in his arms.

Written with the dying hand of sometime thy Husband, but now (alas) overthrown

Wa: Raleigh.

yours that was, But now not my own.

W: R:

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (c. 1552-1618)

2 To Sir William Temple

(Sunday 5 March 1654.)

SIR,

'Tis well you have given over your reproaches; I can allow you to tell me of my faults kindly and like a friend. Possibly it is a weakness in me, to aim at the world's esteem

as if I could not be happy without it; but there are certain things that custom has made almost of absolute necessity, and reputation I take to be one of those. If one could be invisible I should choose that, but since all people are seen and known, and shall be talked of in spite of their teeth, who is it that does not desire at least that nothing of ill may be said of them, whether justly or otherwise? I never knew any so satisfied with their own innocence as to be content the world should think them guilty; some out of pride have seemed to condemn ill reports when they have found they could not avoid them; but none out of strength of reason though many have pretended to it; no, not my Lady Newcastle with all her philosophy; therefore you must not expect it from me. I shall never be ashamed to own that I have a particular value for you above any other, but 'tis not the greatest merit of person will excuse a want of fortune; in some degree I think it will, at least with the most rational part of the world, and as far as that will reach I desire it should. I would not have the world believe I married out of interest and to please my friends; I had much rather they should know I chose the person, and took his fortune because 'twas necessary, and that I prefer a competency with one I esteem infinitely before a vast estate in other hands. 'Tis much easier, sure, to get a good fortune than a good husband; but whosoever marries without any consideration of fortune shall never be allowed to do it out of so reasonable an apprehension; the whole world (without any reserve) shall pronounce they did it merely to satisfy their giddy humour. Besides though you imagine 'twere a great argument of my kindness to consider nothing but you, in earnest I believe 'twould be an injury to you; I do not see that it puts any value upon men, when women marry them for love (as they term it); 'tis not their merit but our folly that is always presumed to cause it; and would it be any advantage to you to have your wife thought an indiscreet person? All this I can say to you, but when my brother disputes it with me I have other

arguments for him, and I drove him up so close t'other night that for want of a better gap to get out at, he was fain to say that he feared as much your having a fortune as your having none, for he saw you held my Lord L's principles, that religion or honour were things you did not consider at all, and that he was confident you would take any engagement, serve in any employment or do anything to advance yourself. I had no patience with this; to say you were a beggar, your father not worth £4000 in the whole world, was nothing in comparison of having no religion nor no honour. I forgot all my disguise and we talked ourselves weary; he renounced me again, and I defied him, but both in as civil language as it would permit, and parted in great anger with the usual ceremony of a leg and a curtsey, that you would have died with laughing to have seen us.

The next day I, not being at dinner, saw him not till night; then he came into my chamber, where I supped but he did not. Afterwards Mr. Gibson and he and I talked of indifferent things till all but we two went to bed. Then he sat half an hour and said not one word, nor I to him. At last in a pitiful tone, sister, says he, I have heard you say that when anything troubles you, of all things you apprehend going to bed, because there it increases upon you, and you lie at the mercy of all your sad thoughts, which the silence and darkness of the night adds a horror to; I am at that pass now; I vow to God I would not endure another night like the last to gain a crown. I, who resolved to take no notice what ailed him, said 'twas a knowledge I had raised from my spleen only, and so fell into a discourse of melancholy and the causes, and from that (I know not how) into religion; and we talked so long of it and so devoutly, that it laid all our anger, and we grew to a calm and peace with all the world. Two hermits conversing in a cell they equally inhabit, never expressed more humble charitable kindness one towards another than we; he asked my pardon and I his, and he has promised

me never to speak of it to me whilst he lives, but leave the event to God Almighty; and till he sees it done, he will be always the same to me that he is; then he shall leave me, he says, not out of want of kindness to me, but because he cannot see the ruin of a person that he loves so passionately and in whose happiness he had laid up all his. These are the terms we are at, and I am confident he will keep his word with me, so that you have no reason to fear him in any respect; for though he should break his promise he should never make me break mine: no, let me assure you, this rival nor any other shall ever alter me: therefore spare your jealousy and turn it all into kindness.

I will write every week, and no miss of letters shall give us any doubts of one another. Time nor accidents shall not prevail upon our hearts, and if God Almighty please to bless us, we will meet the same we are, or happier. I will do all you bid me; I will pray, and wish and hope, but you must do so too then; and be so careful of yourself that I may have nothing to reproach you with when you come back. That vile wench lets you see all my scribbles I believe; how do you know I took care your hair should not be spoiled? 'Tis more than e'er you did I think, you are so negligent on't and keep it so ill, 'tis pity you should have it. May you have better luck in the cutting it than I had with mine; I cut it two or three year ago, and it never grew since. Look to it, if I keep the lock you give me better than you do all the rest, I shall not spare you; expect to be soundly chidden. What do you mean to do with all my letters? leave them behind you? If you do, it must be in safe hands; Some of them concern you, and me, and other people besides us, very much, and they will almost load a horse to carry.

Does not my cousins at Moor Park mistrust us a little? I have a great belief they do. I'm sure Robin Cheke told my brother of it since I was last in town. Of all things I admire my cousin Molle has not got it by the end, he that frequents that family so much and is at this instant at Kimbolton.

If he has, and conceals it, he is very discreet; I could never discern by any thing that he knew it. I shall endeavour to accustom myself to the noise on't and make it as easy to me as I can, though I had much rather it were not talked of till there were an absolute necessity of discovering it, and you can oblige me in nothing more than in concealing it. I take it very kindly that you promise to use all your interest in your father to persuade him to endeavour our happiness, and he appears so confident of his power that it gives me great hopes.

Dear, shall we ever be so happy, think you? Ah! I dare not hope it; yet 'tis not want of love gives me these fears. No, in earnest, I think (nay, I am sure) I love you more than ever, and 'tis that only gives me these despairing thoughts, when I consider how small a proportion of happiness is allowed in this world, and how great mine would be in a person for whom I have a passionate kindness and who has the same for me. As it is infinitely above what I can deserve, and more than God Almighty usually allots to the best people, I can find nothing in reason but seems to be against me; and, methinks, 'tis as vain in me to expect it as 'twould be to hope I might be a queen (if that were really as desirable a thing as 'tis thought to be); and it is just it should be so. We complain of this world and the variety of crosses and afflictions it abounds in, and yet for all this who is weary on't (more than in discourse), who thinks with pleasure of leaving it, or preparing for the next? We see old folks that have outlived all the comforts of life, desire to continue it, and nothing can wean us from the folly of preferring a mortal being, subject to great infirmities and unavoidable decays, before an immortal one, and all the glories that are promised with it. Is not this very like preaching? Well, 'tis too good for you; you shall have no more on't. I am afraid you are not mortified enough for such discourses to work upon, though I am not of my brother's opinion neither (that you have no religion in you); in earnest, I never took anything he ever

said half so ill, as nothing sure is so great an injury, it must suppose one to be a devil in human shape. Oh me! now I am speaking of religion, let me ask you is not his name Bagshaw that you say rails on love and women? Because I heard one t'other day speaking of him and commending his wit, but withal said he was a perfect atheist; if so I can allow him to hate us, and love, which sure has something of divine in it, since God requires it of us. I am coming into my preaching vein again: what think you? were it not a good way of preferment as the times are? If you advise me to it I'll venture. The woman at Somerset House was cried up mightily; think on't;

Dear, I am yours

DOROTHY OSBORNE (1627-1695)

3 To Jacob Tonson

London, July 1st 1719.

Here has been so great a slaughter of your old friends since you went, I wish those who are left may have share enough in your affections, to incline you to think of England with any pleasure.

I don't know whether you'll reckon me amongst the first or the last, since I have taken this great leap in the dark, marriage. But tho' you should rate me with the former, I know at least you would be glad to know how 'tis in this (perhaps) your future state: for you have not forgot it ever was agreed, if I fell, you'd tremble. Don't be too much dismayed however, for, if there be any truth in married man, (who I own I have ever esteemed a very lying creature) I have not yet repented. Thus far, 'tis possible you may believe me; if I offer at more, 'tis like you won't; so I have done. Only this; that I am confirmed (as far as six months practice goes) my old opinion was right; That whatever there was of good or bad in marriage, it was fitter to end our life with, than begin it.

I don't know how to reproach you for not writing to me, since you might give me my reproach again; but I have very often inquired at Shakespeare Head how you did, and what you did; and more than once, have found myself so far from a slave, that I have dared to own I wished myself with you for eight and forty hours: for you must know, whatever evils marriage may design me, it has not yet lessened one grain of my affections to an old friend. And as to the place you are in; I am so far from being disgusted to it, by the treatment I once met with, that I think that very thing (at least the occasion of it) has doubled a romantic desire of seeing it again. In short, I have it so much in my thoughts, that I have talked even my gentlewoman into a good disposition of being of the party if things will fall kindly out for it, next Spring. In the meantime, I hope you'll make a Winter trip to England; and after being a little pleased with some folks, and very weary of others, you'll find yourself ready for a fresh expedition.

I lately went to make my Lord Cobham a visit at Stowe, where he is very well, and in very good humour: and much entertained with (besides his wife) the improvements of his house and gardens, in which he spends all he has to spare. I took Blenheim in my way back, not with any affection (for I am thoroughly weaned), but some curiosity, the Duchess of Marlborough having taken a run at last to finish in earnest; which (tho' in no good or graceful manner) she has advanced so far, that in less than a month it will be fit to receive the Duke, who is at Windsor Lodge, 'till 'tis ready for him. He is in point of health, much as usual; and I doubt, not likely ever to grow better. She is likewise in point of vigour as she used to be, and not very likely to grow worse.

I dined yesterday, here in Town, with the Duke of Newcastle, who talked very much of you (as he often does), and your health and good return was drunk. The Brigadier is at the old rate, storm and sunshine. He was e'en gone

t'other day; but the ladies stood his friends, and made ail up. The Duke has fitted up and furnished Nottingham Castle, and designs to go there in August.

I have nothing to say to you of State affairs, the spirit of that conversation being all sunk with the Queen. We are so quiet, the whole Regency had fallen asleep, if it had not been for a few Highlanders and weavers.

I believe my brother Charles is coming home through France; he'll probably stop a little at Paris, where I hope you'll drink a chopine together. If you'll let me hear from you, say what you will, your letter will be as welcome as ever to Your faithful old Friend and Servant

J. Vanbrugh.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH (1664-1726)

4 To Mrs. Whiteway

November 8th, 1735.

Swift

MADAM,

November 3, to Dunshaughlin, twelve long miles, very weary; November 4, to Kells, sixteen miles, ten times wearier; the 5th, to Crosskeys, seventeen long miles, fifty times wearier; the 6th, to Cavan, *five* miles, weariest of all; yet I baited every day and dined where I lay, and this very day I am weary, and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at Cavan, the Doctor's Canaan, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side Scotland. Let the Doctor do his part.

Sheridan

Not quite so bad, I assure you, although his teal was spoiled in the roasting; and I can assure you that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would wear goloshes, as I do, he would have no cause of complaint. As for my wife and daughter,

I have nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope when the weather mends, that everything will be better, except the two before mentioned. Now the Dean is to proceed.

Szvift

In short, but not literally in short, I got hither, not safe and sound, but safe and sore. Looking in my equipage I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it Spanish liquorice, enough to serve this whole county who had coughs for nine years. My beast told me it was you forced him to pull it all up. Pray go sometimes to the Deanery, and see how the world goes there. The Doctor is a philosopher above all economy, like Philosopher Webber. I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter said, they did not know but I loved it well roasted. The Doctor, since his last illness, complains that he has a straitness in his breast, and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother Helsham this post for his. Write me no news of the Club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading.

Sheridan

Dear Madam, I beg you may rather think me like the devil, or my wife, than Webber. I do assure you that my house, and all about it, is clean *in potentia*. If you do not understand so much logic, Mr. Harrison will tell you; but I suppose you ignorant of nothing but doing anything wrong. Be pleased to send me one of your fattest pigeons m a post letter, and I will send you in return a fat goose, under cover to one of the Club. The Dean may say what he pleases of my ay con O my, but I assure you I have this moment in my house, a quarter of fat beef, a fat sheep, two mallards, a duck, and a teal, besides some fowl in squadrons. I wish you were here. Ask the Dean if I have

not fine ale, table drink, good wine, and a new pair of tables. Now hear the Dean.

Swift

It grows dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what the Doctor last writ; but conclude it all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldest master and miss, with your clerk and school-boy? So God bless you all. If the Doctor hath anything more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assurance that I am ever, with great affection, yours, etc.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for me at Doctor Sheridan's in Cavan; but let a Clubman frank it, as I do this. Mr. Rochfort is my franker: yours may be General——, or some other (great beast of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole journey, over puppied their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf.

Sheridan

The devil a lie I writ, nor will I write to the end of my life. May all happiness attend you and your family. I am, with all good wishes and affection,

your most obedient humble servant,

Thomas Sheridan

You were plaguey saucy, who did not like my nuts; I do assure you my dog Lampey cracks them; the Dean is my witness.

*Letter from Jonathan Swift (1667-1745)
and Thomas Sheridan (1687-1738)*

5 To Mary Lady Worthy Montagu

September 1, 1718.

MADAM,—I have been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter some weeks. I was informed you were at sea, and that it was to no purpose to write till some news had been heard of your arriving somewhere or other.

Besides, I have had a second dangerous illness, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the first, having now some hopes of seeing you again. If you make any tour in Italy, I shall not easily forgive you for not acquainting me soon enough to have met you there. I am very certain I can never be polite unless I travel with you; and it is never to be repaired, the loss that Homer had sustained for want of my translating him in Asia. You will come hither full of criticisms against a man who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company. You have no way of making me amends but by continuing an Asiatic when you return to me, whatever English airs you may put on to other people.

I prodigiously long for your sonnets, your remarks, your Oriental learning; but I long for nothing so much as your Oriental self. You must of necessity be *advanced* so far *back* into true nature and simplicity of manners, by these three years residence in the East, that I shall look upon you as so many years younger than you was, so much nearer innocence, (that is, truth,) and infancy (that is, openness). I expect to see your soul as much thinner dressed as your body; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumbersome, a great many damned European habits. Without offence to your modesty be it spoken, I have a burning desire to see your soul stark naked, for I am confident it is the prettiest kind of white soul in the universe. But I forget whom I am talking to; you may possibly by this time believe, according to the prophet, that you have none; if so, show me that which comes next to a soul; you may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian for a soul, and please him as well with it;—I mean your heart;—Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts; which (together with fine eyes and other agreeable equivalents) are worth all the souls on this side the world. But if I must be content with seeing your body only, God send it to come quickly: I honour it more than the diamond-casket that held Homer's Iliads; for in the very twinkle of one eye of it there is more wit,

and in the very dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning, than all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making of them.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me.» I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common-field, where, under the shade of a hay-cock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five and twenty, Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July,) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair;—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her

face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarahs eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton Harcourt in Oxfordshire; where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better; I think it was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleased
Sent his own lightning and the victims seiz'd.

I

Think not, by rigorous judgment seiz'd
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleas'd
And snatched them in celestial fire.

II

Live well, and fear no sudden fate :
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another,—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is

the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one, who had no sooner found out an object for the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation from others, by being so miserably in the right to think other women what they really are. Such an one cannot but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am content. I have detested the sound of *honest woman*, and *loving spouse*, ever since I heard the pretty name of Odaliche. Dear madam, I am for ever your, &c.

My most humble services to Mr. Wortley. Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half our letters are lost.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)

6 To the Countess of——

Saturday—Florence.

I set out from Bologna the moment I had finished the letter I wrote you on Monday last, and shall now continue to inform you of the things that have struck me most in this excursion. Sad roads—hilly and rocky—between Bologna and Fierenzuola. Between this latter place and Florence, I went out of my road to visit the monastery of La Trappe, which is of French origin, and one of the most austere and self-denying orders I have met with. In this gloomy retreat it gave me pain to observe the infatuation of men, who have devoutly reduced themselves to a much worse condition than that of the beasts. Folly, you see, is the lot of humanity, whether it arises in the flowery paths of pleasure, or the thorny ones of an ill-judged devotion. But of the two sorts of fools, I shall always think that the merry one has the

most eligible fate; and I cannot well form a notion of that spiritual and ecstatic joy, that is mixed with sighs, groans, hunger, and thirst, and the other complicated miseries of monastic discipline. It is a strange way of going to work for happiness to excite an enmity between soul and body, which Nature and Providence have designed to live together in union and friendship, and which we cannot separate like man and wife when they happen to disagree. The profound silence that is enjoined upon the monks of La Trappe is a singular circumstance of their unsociable and unnatural discipline, and were this injunction never to be dispensed with, it would be needless to visit them in any other character than as a collection of statues; but the superior of the convent suspended in our favour that rigorous law, and allowed one of the mutes to converse with me, and answer a few discreet questions. He told me that the monks of this order in France are still more austere than those of Italy, as they never taste wine, flesh, fish, or eggs; but live entirely upon vegetables. The story that is told of the institution of this order is remarkable, and is well attested if my information be good. Its founder was a French nobleman whose name was Bouthillier de Ranee, a man of pleasure and gallantry, which were converted into the deepest gloom of devotion by the following incident. His affairs obliged him to absent himself, for some time, from a lady with whom he had lived in the most intimate and tender connections of successful love. At his return to Paris he proposed to surprise her agreeably, and, at the same time, to satisfy his own impatient desire of seeing her, by going directly and without ceremony to her apartment by a back stair, which he was well acquainted with—but think of the spectacle that presented itself to him at his entrance into the chamber that had so often been the scene of love's highest raptures! his mistress dead—dead of the small-pox—disfigured beyond expression—a loathsome mass of putrified matter—and the surgeon separating the head from the body, because the coffin had been made too short! He stood for a moment

motionless in amazement, and filled with horror—and then retired from the world, shut himself up in the convent of La Trappe, where he passed the remainder of his days in the most cruel and disconsolate devotion.—Let us quit this sad subject.

I must not forget to tell you that before I came to this monastery I went to see the burning mountains near Fierenzuola, of which the naturalists speak as a great curiosity. The flame it sends forth is without smoke, and resembles brandy set on fire. The ground about it is well cultivated, and the fire appears only in one spot where there is a cavity whose circumference is small, but in it are several crevices whose depths are unknown. It is remarkable that when a piece of wood is thrown into this cavity, though it cannot pass through the crevices, yet it is consumed in a moment, and that though the ground about it be perfectly cold, yet if a stick be rubbed with any force against it, it emits a flame, which, however, is neither hot nor durable like that of the volcano. If you desire a more circumstantial account of this phenomenon, and have made a sufficient progress in Italian to read Father Carrazzi's description of it, you need not be at a loss, for I have sent this description to Mr. F——, and you have only to ask it of him. After observing the volcano, I scrambled up all the neighbouring hills, partly on horseback, partly on foot, but could find no vestige of fire in any of them; though common report would make one believe that they all contain volcanoes.

I hope you have not taken it into your head to expect from me a description of the famous gallery here, where I arrived on Thursday at noon; this would be requiring a volume instead of a letter; besides, I have as yet seen but a part of this immense treasure, and I propose employing some weeks more to survey the whole. You cannot imagine any situation more agreeable than Florence. It lies in a fertile and smiling valley watered by the Arno, which runs through the city, and nothing can surpass the beauty and magnificence of its public buildings, particularly the cathe-

dral, whose grandeur filled me with astonishment. The palaces, squares, fountains, statues, bridges, do not only carry an aspect full of elegance and greatness, but discover a taste quite different, in kind, from that which reigns in the public edifices in other countries. The more I see of Italy, the more I am persuaded that the Italians have a style (if I may use the expression) in everything, which distinguishes them almost essentially from all other Europeans. Where they have got it, whether from natural genius or ancient imitation and inheritance, I shall not examine; but the fact is certain. I have been but one day in the gallery, that amazing repository of the most precious remains of antiquity, and which alone is sufficient to immortalise the illustrious house of Medicis, by whom it was built, and enriched as we now see it. I was so impatient to see the famous Venus of Medicis, that I went hastily through six apartments in order to get a sight of this divine figure, purposing when I had satisfied this ardent curiosity, to return and view the rest at my leisure. As I, indeed, passed through the great room which contains the ancient statues, I was stopped short at viewing the Antinous, which they have placed near that of Adrian, to revive the remembrance of their preposterous loves, which I suppose the Florentines rather look upon as an object of envy, than of horror and disgust. This statue, like that of the Venus de Medicis, spurns description: such figures my eyes never beheld—I can now understand that Ovid's comparing a fine woman to a statue, which I formerly thought a very disobliging similitude, was the nicest and highest piece of flattery. The Antinous is entirely naked; all its parts are bigger than nature; but the whole taken together, and the fine attitude of the figure, carry such an expression of ease, elegance, and grace, as no words can describe. When I saw the Venus I was wrapped in wonder,—and I could not help casting a thought back upon Antinous. They ought to be placed together. They are worthy of each other. If marble could see and feel, **the** separation might be prudent. If it could

only see, it would certainly lose its coldness and learn to feel, and in such a case the charms of these two figures would produce an effect quite opposite to that of the Gorgon's head, which turned flesh into stone. Did I pretend to describe to you the Venus, it would only set your imagination at work to form ideas of her figure, and your ideas would no more resemble that figure, than the Portuguese face of Miss N——, who has enchanted our knights, resembles the sweet and graceful countenance of Lady——, his former flame. The description of a face or figure is a needless thing, as it never conveys a true idea; and it only gratifies the imagination with a fantastic one, until the real one is seen. So, my dear, if you have a mind to form a true notion of the divine forms and features of the Venus and Antinous, come to Florence.

I would be glad to oblige you and your friend Vertue, by executing your commission with respect to the sketches of Raphael's cartoons at Hampton Court; but I cannot do it to my satisfaction. I have, indeed, seen in the grand-duke's collection, four pieces in which that wonderful artist had thrown freely from his pencil the first thoughts and rude lines of some of these compositions; and as the first thoughts of a great genius are precious, these pieces attracted my curiosity in a particular manner; but when I went to examine them closely, I found them so damaged and effaced, that they did not at all answer my expectation. Whether this be owing to negligence or envy, I cannot say; I mention the latter, because it is notorious that many of the modern painters have discovered ignoble marks of envy at a view of the inimitable production of the ancients. Instead of employing their art to preserve the masterpieces of antiquity, they have endeavoured to destroy and efface many of them. I have seen with my own eyes an evident proof of this at Bologna, where the greatest part of the paintings in fresco on the walls of the convent of St. Michael in Bosco, done by the Caracci and Guido Reni, have been ruined by the painters, who after having copied some of the finest heads,

scraped them almost entirely out with nails. Thus you see nothing is exempt from human malignity.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU (1690-1762)

7 To his Son

London, March 18, O.S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND, I acquainted you in a former letter that I had brought a bill into the House of Lords for correcting and reforming our present calendar, which is the Julian; and for adopting the Gregorian. I will now give you a more particular account of that affair, from which reflections will naturally occur to you that I hope may be useful, and which I fear you have not made. It was notorious, that the Julian calendar was erroneous, and had overcharged the solar year with eleven days. Pope Gregory XIII. corrected this error; his reformed calendar was immediately received by all the Catholic Powers of Europe, and afterwards adopted by all the Protestant ones, except Russia, Sweden, and England. It was not, in my opinion, very honourable for England to remain in a gross and avowed error, especially in such company; the inconvenience of it was likewise felt by all those who had foreign correspondences, whether political or mercantile. I determined, therefore, to attempt the reformation; I consulted the best lawyers, and the most skilful astronomers, and we cooked up a bill for that purpose. But then my difficulty began: I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter; and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part, I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well; so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose,

and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them; and many of them said, that I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of: but as his words, his periods, and his utterance were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me. This will ever be the case; every numerous assembly is *mob*, let the individuals who compose it be what they will. Mere reason and good sense is never to be talked to a mob; their passions, their sentiments, their senses, and their seeming interests, are alone to be applied to. Understanding they have collectively none; but they have ears, and eyes, which must be flattered and seduced; and this can only be done by eloquence, tuneful periods, graceful action, and all the various parts of oratory.

When you come into the House of Commons, if you imagine that speaking plain and unadorned sense and reason will do your business, you will find yourself most grossly mistaken. As a speaker, you will be ranked only according to your eloquence, and by no means according to your matter; everybody knows the matter almost alike, but few can adorn it. I was early convinced of the importance and powers of eloquence; and from that moment I applied myself to it. I resolved not to utter one word, even in common conversation, that should not be the most expressive and the most elegant that the language could supply me with for that purpose; by which means I have

acquired such a certain degree of habitual eloquence, that I must now really take some pains, if I would express myself very inelegantly. I want to inculcate this known truth into you, which you seem by no means to be convinced of yet—that ornaments are at present your only objects. Your sole business now is to shine, not to weigh. Weight without lustre is lead. You had better talk trifles elegantly to the most trifling woman, than coarse inelegant sense to the most solid man: you had better return a dropped fan genteelly, than give a thousand pounds awkwardly; and you had better refuse a favour gracefully, than grant it clumsily. Manner is all, in everything; it is by manner only that you can please, and consequently rise. Ail your Greek will never advance you from Secretary to Envoy, or from Envoy to Ambassador; but your address, your manner, your air, if good, very probably may. Marcel can be of much more use to you than Aristotle. I would, upon my word, much rather that you had Lord Bolingbroke's style and eloquence, in speaking and writing, than all the learning of the Academy of Sciences, the Royal Society, and the two Universities united.

Having mentioned Lord Bolingbroke's style, which is, undoubtedly, infinitely superior to anybody's, I would have you read his works, which you have, over and over again, with particular attention to his style. Transcribe, imitate, emulate it if possible: that would be of real use to you in the House of Commons, in negotiations, in conversation; with that, you may justly hope to please, to persuade, to seduce, to impose; and you will fail in those articles, in proportion as you fall short of it. Upon the whole, lay aside, during your year's residence at Paris, all thoughts of all that dull fellows call solid, and exert your utmost care to acquire what people of fashion call shining. *Prenez Veclat et Je brillant d'un galant homme.*

Among the commonly-called little things to which you do not attend, your handwriting is one, which is indeed shamefully bad, and illiberal; it is neither the hand of a

man of business, nor of a gentleman, but of a truant school-boy; as soon, therefore, as you have done with Abbe Nollet, pray get an excellent writing master (since you think that you cannot teach yourself to write what hand you please), and let him teach you to write a genteel, legible, liberal hand, and quick, not the hand of a *procureur*, or a writing-master, but that sort of hand in which the first *commis* in foreign bureaus commonly write; for I tell you truly, that were I Lord Albemarle, nothing should remain in my bureau written in your present hand. From hand to arms the transition is natural: is the carriage and motion of your arms so too? The motion of the arms is the most material part of a man's air, especially in dancing; the feet are not near so material. If a man dances well from the waist upwards, wears his hat well, and moves his head properly, he dances well. Do the women say that you dress well? for that is necessary, too, for a young fellow. Have you *un gout vif*, or a passion for anybody? I do not ask for whom; an Iphigenia would both give you the desire, and teach you the means to please.

In a fortnight or three weeks you will see Sir Charles Hotham at Paris, in his way to Toulouse, where he is to stay a year or two. Pray be very civil to him, but do not carry him into company, except presenting him to Lord Albemarle; for, as he is not to stay at Paris above a week, we do not desire that he should taste of that dissipation: you may show him a play and an opera. Adieu, my dear child!

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD
(1694-1773)

8 To Horace Walpole

January, 1747.

It is doubtless an encouragement to continue writing to you, when you tell me you answer me with pleasure: I have

another reason which would make me very copious, had I anything to say; it is, that I write to you with equal pleasure, though not with equal spirits, nor with like plenty of materials: please to subtract then so much for spirit, and so much for matter; and you will find me, I hope, neither so slow, nor so short, as I might otherwise seem. Besides, I had a mind to send you the remainder of Agrippina, that was lost in a wilderness of papers. Certainly you do her too much honour: she seemed to me to talk like an *Oldboy*, all in figures and mere poetry, instead of nature and the language of real passion. Do you remember *Approchez-vous, Neron*—Who would not rather have thought of that half line than all Mr. Rowe's flowers of eloquence? However, you will find the remainder here at the end in an outrageous long speech: it was begun above four years ago (it is a misfortune you know my age, else I might have added), when I was very young. Poor West put a stop to that tragic torrent he saw breaking in upon him:—have a care, I warn you, not to set open the flood-gate again, lest it should drown you and me and the bishop and all.

I am very sorry to hear you treat philosophy and her followers like a parcel of monks and hermits, and think myself obliged to vindicate a profession I honour, bien que j'en tienne pas boutique (as Mad: Sevigne says). The first man that ever bore the name, if you remember, used to say, that life was like the Olympic games (the greatest public assembly of his age and country), where some came to show their strength and agility of body, as the champions; others, as the musicians, orators, poets, and historians, to show their excellence in those arts; the traders, to get money; and the better sort, to enjoy the spectacle, and judge of all these. They did not then run away from society for fear of its temptations: they passed their days in the midst of it: conversation was their business: they cultivated the arts of persuasion, on purpose to show men it was their interest, as well as their duty, not to be foolish, and false, and unjust; and that too in many instances with success:

which is not very strange; for they showed by their life that their lessons were not impracticable; and that pleasures were no temptations, but to such as wanted a clear perception of the pains annexed to them. But I have done preaching a la Grecque. Mr. Ratcliffe made a shift to behave very rationally without their instructions, at a season which they took a great deal of pains to fortify themselves and others against: one would not desire to lose one's head with a better grace. I am particularly satisfied with the humanity of that last embrace to all the people about him. Sure it must be somewhat embarrassing to die before so much good company!

You need not fear but posterity will ever be glad to know the absurdity of their ancestors: the foolish will be glad to know they were as foolish as they, and the wise will be glad to find themselves wiser. You will please all the world then; and if you recount miracles you will be believed so much the sooner. We are pleased when we wonder; and we believe because we are pleased. Folly and wisdom, and wonder and pleasure, join with me in desiring you would continue to entertain them: refuse us if you can. Adieu, dear sir!

T. Gray
THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)

9 To Sir Horace Mann

September st, 1750.

Here, my dear child, I have two letters of yours to answer. I will go answer them; and then, if I have anything to tell you, I will. I accept very thankfully all the civilities you showed to Madame Capello on my account, but don't accept her on my account: I don't know who has told you that I liked her, but you may believe me, I never did. For the Darners, they have lived much in the same world that I do. He is moderately sensible, immoderately proud, self-

sufficient, and whimsical. She is very sensible, has even humour, if the excessive reserve and silence that she draws from both father and mother would let her, I may almost say, ever show it. You say, 'What people do we send you?' I reply, 'What people we do not send you!' Those that travel are reasonable, compared with those who can never prevail on themselves to stir beyond the atmosphere of their own whims. I am convinced that the opinions I give you about several people, must appear very misanthropic; but yet, you see, you are generally forced to own at last that I did not speak from prejudice: but I won't triumph, since you own that I was in the right about the Barrets. I was a little peevish with you in your last, when I came to the paragraph where you begin to say 'I have made use of all the interest I have with Mr. Pelham.' I concluded you was proceeding to say, 'To procure your arrears' instead of that it was, to make him serve Mr. Milbank—will you never have done obliging people? do begin to think of being obliged. I dare say Mr. Milbank is a very pretty sort of man, very sensible of your attentions, and who will never forget them—till he is past the Giogo. You recommend him to me: to show you that I have not naturally an inclination to hate people, I am determined not to be acquainted with him, that I may not hate him for forgetting you. Mr. Pelham will be a little surprised at not finding his sister at Hanover. That was all a pretence of his wise relations here, who grew uneasy that he was happy in a way that they had not laid out for him: Mrs. Temple is in Sussex. They looked upon the pleasure of an amour of choice as a transient affair; so to make his satisfaction permanent, they propose to *marry* him, and, to a girl he scarce ever saw!

I suppose you have heard all the exorbitant demands of the Heralds for your pedigree! I have seen one this morning infinitely richer and better done, which will not cost more: it is for my Lady Pomfret. You would be entertained with all her imagination in it. She and my Lord both descend from Edward the First, by his two Queens. The

pedigree is painted in a book: instead of a vulgar genealogical tree, she has devised a pine-apple plant, sprouting out of a basket, on which is King Edward's head; on the leaves are all the intermediate arms: the fruit is sliced open, and discovers the busts of the Earl and Countess, from whence issue their issue! I have had the old Vere pedigree lately in my hands, which derives that house from Lucius Verus; but I am now grown to bear no descent but my Lord Chesterfield's, who has placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed *Adam de Stanhope*, and *Eve de Stanhope*; the ridicule is admirable. Old Peter Le Neve, the herald, who thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family, made this epitaph, and it was a good one, for young Craggs, whose father had been a footman, 'Here lies the last who died before the first of his family!' Pray mind, how I string old stories today! This old Craggs, who was angry with Arthur Moore, who had worn a livery too, and who was getting into a coach with him, turned about and said, 'Why, Arthur, I am always going to get up behind; are not you?' I told this story the other day to George Selwyn, whose passion is to see coffins and corpses, and executions: he replied, 'that Arthur Moore had had his coffin chained to that of his mistress.'—'Lord!' said I, 'how do you know?' 'Why, I saw them the other day in a vault at St. Giles's.' He was walking this week in Westminster Abbey with Lord Abergavenny, and met the man who shows the tombs, 'Oh! your servant, Mr. Selwyn; I expected to have seen you here the other day, when the old Duke of Richmond's body was taken up.' Shall I tell you another story of George Selwyn before I tap the chapter of Richmond, which you see opens here very *apropos*? With this strange and dismal turn, he has infinite fun and humour in him. He went lately on a party of pleasure to see places with Lord Abergavenny and a pretty Mrs. Frere, who love one another a little. At Cornbury there are portraits of all the royalists and regicides, and illustrious headless. Mrs. Frere ran about, looked at noth-

ing, let him look at nothing, screamed about Indian paper, and hurried over all the rest. George grew peevish, called her back, told her it was monstrous, when he had come so far with her, to let him see nothing, 'And you are a fool, you don't know what you missed in the other room!'—'Why, what?'—'Why, my Lord Holland's picture.'—'Well, what is my Lord Holland to me?'—'Why, do you know,' said he, 'that my Lord Holland's body lies in the same vault in Kensington church with my Lord Abergavenny's mother?' Lord! she was so obliged, and thanked him a thousand times.

The Duke of Richmond is dead, vastly lamented: the Duchess is left in great circumstances. Lord Albemarle, Lord Lincoln, the Duke of Marlborough, Duke of Leeds, and the Duke of Rutland, are talked of for Master of the Horse. The first is likeliest to succeed; the Pelhams wish most to have the last: you know he is Lady Catherine's brother, and at present attached to the Prince. His son Lord Granby's match, which is at last to be finished to-morrow, has been a mighty topic of conversation lately. The bride is one of the great heiresses of old proud Somerset. Lord Winchilsea, who is her uncle, and who has married the other sister very loosely to his own relation, Lord Guernsey, has tied up Lord Granby so rigorously, that the Duke of Rutland has endeavoured to break the match. She has four thousand pounds a year: he is said to have the same in present, but not to touch hers. He is in debt ten thousand pounds. She was to give him ten, which now Lord Winchilsea refuses. Upon the strength of her fortune, Lord Granby proposed to treat her with presents of twelve thousand pounds; but desired her to buy them. She, who never saw nor knew the value of ten shillings while her father lived, and has had no time to learn it, bespoke away so roundly, that for one article of the plate she ordered ten sauceboats: besides this, she and her sister have squandered seven thousand pounds a-piece in all kinds of baubles and frippery; so her four thousand pounds a year is to be set apart

for two years to pay her debts. Don't you like this English management? two of the greatest fortunes meeting and setting out with poverty and want! Sir Thomas Bootle, the Prince's Chancellor, who is one of the guardians, wanted to have her tradesmen's bills taxed; but in the mean time he has wanted to marry her Duchess-mother: his love-letter has been copied and dispersed everywhere. To give you a sufficient instance of his absurdity, the first time he went with the Prince of Wales to Cliefden, he made a night-gown, cap, and slippers of gold brocade, in which he came down to breakfast the next morning.

My friend M'Lean is still the fashion: have not I reason to call him my friend? He says, if the pistol had shot me, he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is? They have made a print, a very dull one, of what I think I said to Lady Caroline Petersham about him,

"Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around!"

You have seen in the papers a Hanoverian duel, but may be you don't know that it was an affair of jealousy. Swiegel, the slain, was here two years ago, and paid his court so assiduously to the Countess, that it was intimated to him to return; and the summer we went thither afterwards, he was advised to stay at his villa. Since that, he has grown more discreet, and a favourite. Freychappel came hither lately, was proclaimed a beauty by the monarch, and to return the compliment, made a tender of all his charms where Swiegel had. The latter recollected his own passion, jostled Freychappel, fought, and was killed. I am glad he never heard what poor Gibberne was intended for.

They have put in the papers a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet.

Mr. Whithed has been so unlucky to have a large part of

his seat, which he had just repaired, burnt down : it is a great disappointment to me too, who was going thither gothicizing. I want an act of Parliament to make master-builders liable to pay for any damage occasioned by fire before their workmen have quitted it. Adieu! This I call a very gossiping letter; I wish you don't call it worse.

HORACE WALPOLE (1717-1797)

10 To Lord Chesterfield

February yth, 1755.

M Y LORD,—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile

of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble

Most obedient servant,

Sam. Johnson.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)

11 *To Lady Hesketh*

Olney, Nov. 9, 1785.

MY DEAREST COUSIN,—Whose last most affectionate letter has run in my head ever since I received it, and which I now sit down to answer two days sooner than the post will serve me; I thank you for it, and with a warmth for which I am sure you will give me credit, though I do not spend many words in describing it. I do not seek *new* friends, not being altogether sure that I should find them, but have unspeakable pleasure in being still beloved by an old one. I hope

that now our correspondence has suffered its last interruption, and that we shall go down together to the grave, chatting and chirping as merrily as such a scene of things will permit.

I am happy that my poems have pleased you. My volume has afforded me no such pleasure at any time, either while I was writing it, or since its publication, as I have derived from yours and my uncle's opinion of it. I make certain allowances for partiality, and for that peculiar quickness of taste, with which you both relish what you like, and after all drawbacks upon those accounts duly made, find myself rich in the measure of your approbation that still remains. But above all, I honour John Gilpin, since it was he who first encouraged you to write. I made him on purpose to laugh at, and he served his purpose well; but I am now in debt to him for a more valuable acquisition than all the laughter in the world amounts to, the recovery of my intercourse with you, which is to me inestimable. My benevolent and generous cousin, when I was once asked if I wanted anything, and given delicately to understand that the inquirer was ready to supply all my occasions, I thankfully and civilly, but positively, declined the favour. I neither suffer, nor have suffered, any such inconveniences as I had not much rather endure than come under obligations of that sort to a person comparatively with yourself a stranger to me. But to you I answer otherwise. I know you thoroughly, and the liberality of your disposition, and have that consummate confidence in the sincerity of your wish to serve me, that delivers me from all awkward constraint, and from all fear of trespassing by acceptance. To you, therefore, I reply, yes. Whensoever, and whatsoever, and in what manner-soever you please; and add moreover, that my affection for the giver is such as will increase to me tenfold the satisfaction that I shall have in receiving. It is necessary, however, that I should let you a little into the state of my finances, that you may not suppose them more narrowly circumscribed than they are. Since Mrs. Unwin and I have lived at Olney, we

have had but one purse, although during the whole of that time, till lately, her income was nearly double mine. Her revenues indeed are now in some measure reduced, and do not much exceed my own; the worst consequence of this is, that we are forced to deny ourselves some things which hitherto we have been better able to afford, but they are such things as neither life, nor the well-being of life, depend upon. My own income has been better than it is, but when it was best, it would not have enabled me to live as my connexions demanded that I should, had it not been combined with a better than itself, at least at this end of the kingdom. Of this I had full proof during three months that I spent in lodgings at Huntingdon, in which time by the help of good management, and a clear notion of economical matters, I contrived to spend the income of a twelvemonth. Nov.', my beloved cousin, you are in possession of the whole case as it stands. Strain no points to your own inconvenience or hurt, for there is no need of it, but indulge yourself in communicating (no matter what) that you can spare without missing it, since by so doing you will be sure to add to the comforts of my life one of the sweetest that I can enjoy—a token and proof of your affection. . . .

I cannot but believe but that I should know you, notwithstanding all that time may have done: there is not a feature of your face, could I meet it upon the road, by itself, that I should not instantly recollect. I should say, that is my cousin's nose, or those are her lips and her chin, and no woman upon earth can claim them but herself. As for me, I am a very smart youth of my years; I am not indeed grown grey so much as I am grown bald. No matter. There was more hair in the world than ever had the honour to belong to me. Accordingly having found just enough to curl a little at my ears, and to intermix with a little of my own, that still hangs behind, I appear, if you see me in an afternoon, to have a very decent head-dress, not easily distinguished from my natural growth, which being worn with a small bag and

a black riband about my neck, continues to me the charms of my youth, even on the verge of age. Away with the fear of writing too often! W. C.

P.S.—That the view I give you of myself may be complete, I add the two following items—That I am in debt to nobody, and that I grow fat.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)

12 *Grand Cairo*

Grand Cairo, zjth Aug. 1779.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—In coming to this place, we were in great peril, and bade adieu to the sea at the hazard of our lives, the Bar of the Nile being exceedingly dangerous. Fourteen persons were lost there, the day before we crossed it, a circumstance that of course tended to increase our anxiety on the subject, and which was told me just before I closed my last letter; but for the world I would not have communicated such intelligence. Our only alternative to this hazardous passage, was crossing a desert, notorious for the robberies and murders committed on it; where we could not hope for escape, and from the smallness of our number, had no chance of superiority in case of attack. The night after we had congratulated ourselves on being out of danger from the Bar, we were alarmed by perceiving a boat making after us, as the people said, to plunder, and perhaps, to murder us. Our Jew interpreter, who, with his wife, slept in the outer cabin, begged me not to move our dollars, which I was just attempting to do, lest the thieves should hear the sound, and kill us all, for the supposed booty. You may judge in what a situation we remained, while this dreadful evil seemed impending over us. Mr. Fay fired two pistols, to give notice of our being armed. At length, thank God, we out-sailed them; and nothing of the kind occurred again, during our stay on board; though we passed several villages, said to be inhabited entirely by thieves.

As morning broke, I was delighted with the appearance of

the country, a more charming scene my eyes never beheld. The Nile, that perpetual source of plenty, was just beginning to overflow its banks; so that on every side, we saw such quantities of water drawn up for the use of more distant lands, that it is surprising any remains. The machine chiefly used for that purpose is a wheel with earthen pitchers tied round it, which empty themselves into tubs, from whence numerous canals are supplied. Oxen and buffaloes are the animals generally employed in this labour. It is curious to see how the latter contrive to keep themselves cool during the intense heat that prevails here; they lie in the river by hundreds, with their heads just above water, for hours together.

Rosetta is a most beautiful place, surrounded by groves of lemon and orange trees; and the flat roofs of the houses have gardens on them, whose fragrance perfumes the air. There is an appearance of cleanliness in it, the more gratifying to an English eye, because seldom met with in any degree, so as to remind us of what we are accustomed to at home. The landscape around was interesting from its novelty, and became peculiarly so on considering it as the country where the children of Israel sojourned. The beautiful, I may say, the unparalleled story of Joseph and his brethren, rose to my mind as I surveyed those banks, on which the Patriarch sought shelter for his old age; and where his self-convicted sons bowed down before their younger brother, and I almost felt as if in a dream, so wonderful appeared the circumstance of my being here. You will readily conceive that, as I drew near Grand Cairo, and beheld those prodigies of human labour, the Pyramids of Egypt, these sensations were still more strongly awakened; and I could have fancied myself an inhabitant of a world long passed away: for who can look on buildings, reared (moderately computing the time) above *three thousand years ago*, without seeming to step back as it were, in existence, and live through days, now gone by, and sunk in oblivion 'like a tale that is told.'

Situated as I was, the Pyramids were not all in sight, but I was assured that those which came under my eye were decidedly the most magnificent. We went out of our way to view them nearer, and by the aid of a telescope, were enabled to form a tolerable idea of their construction. It has been supposed by many that the Israelites built these Pyramids, during their bondage in Egypt, and I rather incline to that opinion; for, altho' it has lately been proved that they were intended to serve for repositories for the dead, yet each, being said to contain only one sarcophagus, this circumstance, and their very form, rendered them of so little comparative use that most probably they were raised to furnish employment for multitudes of unfortunate slaves; and who more aptly agree with this description, than the wretched posterity of Jacob? I understand there is a little flat, on the tops of the larger Pyramids, from which it is conjectured that the Egyptians made astronomical observations. The largest is said to be, above five hundred feet high, perpendicularly. The inclined plane must measure much more: the steps are nearly three feet distant of the Pyramids; though I very anxiously wished to have inspected them, and the sphynx, prudence forbade me from making the attempt, as you will allow, when I proceed farther in my narrative.

On the 29th, we reached Bulac the port of Grand Cairo, and within two miles of that city, to my great joy; for on this river, there is either little wind, or else it comes in squalls, so suddenly, that the boats are often in danger of being upset, as they carry only, what I believe is called, a shoulder-of-mutton sail, which turns on a sort of swivel, and is very difficult to manage, when the wind takes it the wrong way. It seems indeed almost miraculous how we escaped.

Mr. Fay set out almost immediately to Mr. Baldwin's, who received him with much civility, and sent an ass for me, with directions to make all possible haste, as a Caravan was to set off in three hours. . . .

ELIZA FAY (1756-1816): *Letters from India*

13 To——

Quinta de S. Joao. 27th June, 1811.

I have had the honor of receiving your——letter of the 3rd inst: and it is impossible not to feel for the unhappiness of the young lady which you have so well described; but it is not so easy as you imagine to apply the remedy.

It appears that I should be guilty of a breach of discretion if I were to send for the fortunate object of this young lady's affections, and to apprise him of the pressing necessity for his early return to England; the application for permission to go ought to come from himself, and, at all events the offer ought not to be made by me, and particularly not founded on the secret of this interesting young lady.

But this fortunate Major now commands his battalion, and I am very apprehensive that he could not with propriety quit it at present, even though the life of this female should depend on it; and therefore, I think that he will not ask for leave.

We read occasionally, of desperate cases of this description, but I cannot say that I have ever yet known of a young lady dying of love. They contrive, in some manner, to live, and look tolerably well, notwithstanding their despair and the continued absence of their lover; and some have even been known to recover so far as to be inclined to take another lover, if the absence of the first has lasted too long. I don't suppose that your prote gde can ever recover so far, but I do hope that she will survive the continued necessary absence of the Major, and enjoy with him hereafter many happy days.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON (1769-1852)

This officer afterwards married the young lady. He returned to the army, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Vittoria.

14 To Charles Lamb

May 2, 1812.

M Y DEAR CHARLES,—I should almost deserve what I have suffered, if I refused even to put my life in hazard in defence of my own honour and veracity, and in satisfaction of the honour of a friend. I say *honour*, in the latter instance, *singly*, because I never felt as a matter of serious complaint, *what* was stated to have been said (for this, though painfully aggravated, was yet substantially true)—but *by* WHOM it was said, and *to* whom, and *how*, and *when*. Grievously unseasonable therefore as it is, that I should again be overtaken and hurried back by the surge, just as I had begun to feel the firm ground under my feet—just as I had flattered myself, and given reason to my hospitable friends to flatter themselves, that I had regained tranquillity, and had become quite myself—at the time, too, when every thought should be given to my lectures, on the success or failure of my efforts in which no small part of my reputation and future prospects will depend—yet if Wordsworth, upon reflection, adheres to the plan proposed, I will not draw back. It is right, however, that I should state one or two things. First, that it has been my constant desire that evil should not propagate evil—or the unhappy accident become the means of *spreading* dissention. (2) That I never quarrelled with Mr. Montagu—say rather, for that is the real truth, that Mr. Montagu never was, or appeared to be, a man with whom I could, without self-contempt, allow myself to quarrel—and lastly, that in the present business there are but three possible cases—either (1) Mr. Wordsworth said what I solemnly aver that I most distinctly recollect Mr. Montagu's representing him as having said, and which I understood, not merely as great unkindness and even cruelty, but as an intentional means of putting an end to our long friendship, or to terms at least, under which it had for so long a period subsisted—or (2), Mr. Montagu has grossly misrepresented Wordsworth, and most cruelly and wantonly injured me—or (3), I have wan-

tonly invented and deliberately persevered in atrocious falsehoods, which place me in the same relation to Mr. Montagu as (in the second case) Mr. Montagu would stand in to me. If, therefore, Mr. Montagu declares to my face that he did not say what I solemnly aver that he did—what must be the consequence, unless I am a more abject coward than I have hitherto suspected, I need not say. Be the consequences what they may, however, I will not shrink from doing my duty; but previously to the meeting I should very much wish to transmit to Wordsworth a statement which I long ago began, with the intention of sending it to Mrs. Wordsworth's sister,—but desisted in consequence of understanding that she had already decided the matter against me. My reason for wishing this is that I think it right that Wordsworth should know, and have the means of ascertaining, some conversations which yet I could not publicly bring forward without hazarding great disquiet in a family known (though slightly) to Wordsworth—(2) Because common humanity would embarrass me in stating before a man what I and others think of his wife—and lastly, certain other points which my own delicacy and that due to Wordsworth himself and his family, preclude from being talked of. For Wordsworth ought not to forget that, whatever influence old associations may have had on his mind respecting Montagu, yet that . ' never respected or liked him—for if I had ever in a *common* degree done so, I should have quarrelled with him long before we arrived in London. Yet all these facts ought to be known—because supposing Montagu to affirm what I am led to suppose he has—then nothing remains but the comparative probability of our two accounts, and for this the state of my feelings towards Wordsworth and his family, my opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, and my previous intention not to lodge with them in town, are important documents as far as they do not rely on my own present assertions. Woe is me that a friendship of fifteen years should come to this! and such a friendship, in which I call God Almighty to be my witness, as I ever thought it no

more than my duty, so did I ever feel a readiness to prefer him to myself, yea, even if life and outward reputation itself had been the pledge required. But this is now vain talking. Be it, however, remembered that I have never wandered beyond the one single complaint, that I had been cruelly and unkindly treated—that I made no charge against my friend's veracity, even in respect to his charges against me—that I have explained the circumstance to those only who had already more or less perfectly become acquainted with our difference, or were certain to hear of it from others, and that except on this one point, no word of reproach, or even of subtraction from his good name, as a good man, or from his merits as a great man, ever escaped me. May God bless you, my dear Charles.

S. T. Coleridge

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)

15 To Coleridge

March qth, 1822.

DEAR C,—It gives me great satisfaction to hear that the pig turned out so well—they are interesting creatures at a certain age—what a pity such buds should blow out into the maturity of rank bacon! You had all some of the crackling—and brain sauce—did you remember to rub it with butter, and gently dredge it a little, just before the crisis? Did the eyes come away kindly with no CEdipean avulsion? Was the crackling the colour of the ripe pomegranate? Had you no complement of boiled neck of mutton before it, to blunt the qdge of delicate desire? Did you flesh maiden teeth in it? Not that I sent the pig, or can form the remotest guess what part Owen could play in the business. I never knew him give anything away in my life. He would not begin with strangers. I suspect the pig, after all, was meant for me; but at the unlucky juncture of time being absent, the present somehow went round to Highgate. To confess an honest truth, a pig is one of those things I could never think of

sending away. Teals, widgeons, snipes, barn-door fowl, ducks, geese—your tame villatic things—Welsh mutton, collars of brawn, sturgeons, fresh or pickled, your potted char, Swiss cheeses, French pies, early grapes, muscadines, I impart as freely unto my friends as to myself. They are but self-extended; but pardon me if I stop somewhere—where the fine feeling of benevolence giveth a higher smack than the sensual rarity—there my friends (or any good man) may command me; but pigs are pigs, and I myself therein am nearest to myself. Nay, I should think it an affront, an undervaluing done to Nature who bestowed such a boon upon me, if in a churlish mood I parted with the precious gift. One of the bitterest pangs of remorse I ever felt was when a child—when my kind old aunt had strained her pocket-strings to bestow a sixpenny whole plum-cake upon me. In my way home through the Borough, I met a venerable old man, not a mendicant, but thereabouts—a look-beggar, not a verbal petitioner; and in the coxcombry of taught-charity I gave away the cake to him. I walked on a little in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock, when of a sudden my old aunt's kindness crossed me—the sum it was to her—the pleasure she had a right to expect that I—not the old impostor—should take in eating her cake—the cursed ingratitude by w^hich, under the colour of a Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like—and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and proved a lesson to me ever after. The cake has long been masticated, consigned to dung-hill with the ashes of that unseasonable pauper.

But when Providence, who is better to us all than our aunts, gives me a pig, remembering my temptation and my fall, I shall endeavour to act towards it more in the spirit of the donor's purpose.

Yours (short of pig) to command in everything.

C. L.

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)

16 To John Murray

Venice, April 6, 1819.

DEAR SIR,—The Second Canto of *Don Juan* was sent, on Saturday last, by post, in four packets, two of four, and two of three sheets each, containing in all two hundred and seventeen stanzas, octave measure. But I will permit no curtailments, except those mentioned about Castlereagh and the two *Bobs* in the Introduction. You sha'n't make *Canticles* of my Cantos. The poem will please, if it is lively; if it is stupid, it will fail; but I will have none of your damned cutting and slashing. If you please, you may publish *anonymously*; it will perhaps be better; but I will battle my way against them all, like a porcupine.

So you and Mr. Foscolo, etc., want me to undertake what you call a 'great work'—an Epic poem, I suppose, or some such pyramid. I'll try no such thing; I hate tasks. And then 'seven or eight years!' God send us all well this day three months, let alone years. If one's years can't be better employed than in sweating poesy, a man had better be a ditcher. And works, too!—is *Childe Harold* nothing? You have so many '*divine*' poems, is it nothing to have written a *Human* one without any of your worn-out machinery? Why, man, I could have spun the thoughts of the four cantos of that poem into twenty, had I wanted to book-make, and its passion into as many modern tragedies. Since you want *length*, you shall have enough *oijuan*, for I'll make fifty cantos.

And Foscolo, too! Why does *he* not do something more than the *Letters of Ortis*, and a tragedy, and pamphlets? He has good fifteen years more at his command than I have: what has he done all that time?—proved his Genius, doubtless, but not fixed its fame, nor done his utmost.

Besides, I mean to write my best work in *Italian*, and it will take me nine years more thoroughly to master the language; and then if my fancy exist, and I exist too, I will try what I *can* do *really*. As to the estimation of the English

which you talk of, let them calculate what it is worth, before they insult me with their insolent condescension.

I have not written for their pleasure. If they are pleased, it is that they chose to be so; I have never flattered their opinions, nor their pride; nor will I. Neither will I make 'ladies' books' *al dilettar le fettine e laplebe*. I have written from the fullness of my mind, from passion, from impulse, from many motives, but not for their 'sweet voices.'

I know the precise worth of popular applause, for few scribblers have had more of it; and if I chose to swerve into their paths, I could retain it, or resume it, or increase it. But I neither love ye, nor fear ye; and though I buy with ye and sell with ye, and talk with ye, I will neither eat with ye, drink with ye, nor pray with ye. They made me, without my search, a species of popular Idol; they, without reason or judgment, beyond the caprice of their good pleasure, threw down the Image from its pedestal; it was not broken with the fall, and they would, it seems, again replace it—but they shall not.

You ask about my health: about the beginning of the year I was in a state of great exhaustion, attended by such debility of stomach that nothing remained upon it; and I was obliged to reform my 'way of life,' which was conducting me from the 'yellow leaf to the ground, with all deliberate speed. I am better in health and morals, and very much yours ever,

Bn

P.S.—Tell Mrs. Leigh I have never had 'my Sashes,' and I want some tooth-pow'der, the red, by all or any means.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON (1788-1824)

17 To Lord Byron

Villa Magni, Lerici, May 3rd, 1822.

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,—I have been compelled by circumstances to tell Clare the real state of the case. I will not describe her grief to you; you have already suffered too

much; and, indeed, the only object of this letter is to convey her last requests to you, which, melancholy as one of them is, I could not refuse to ask, and I am sure you will readily grant. She wishes to see the coffin before it is sent to England, and I have ventured to assure her that this consolation, since she thinks it such, will not be denied her. It had better be at Leghorn than at Pisa, on many accounts; you can tell me exactly on what day the funeral will be there, and thus save an hour of unnecessary delay in our journey, during which I shall suffer scarcely less than Clare. She also wishes you would give her a portrait of Allegra, and if you have it, a lock of her hair, however small. May I ask you, if you think fit to do this, to send the portrait and the hair by the bearer of this letter; anything, however slight, might be at once the food and the diversion of grief so excessive as she suffers. If you have only one portrait, and desire to retain the original, I will engage to obtain a copy of it, and to return you the former.

This letter will, I fear, infect you, as it has been infected, with the melancholy that reigns here. But Nature is here as vivid and joyous as we are dismal, and we have built, as Faust says, 'our little world in the great world of all' as a contrast rather than a copy of that divine example. I ought to tell you Tita is arrived with Mrs. Dawkins' passport, and has reassumed his marine life. He seems as happy as a bird just let loose from a cage. Will you have the goodness to pay Pietro ten crowns for me, which in the hurry of my departure I forgot to leave with him for Mary's Greek master? which we will settle when we meet. Pray give my kindest regards to Pietro, who is a person for whom I feel no common liking, and remind him of his promise to come quickly and stay long with us here. *You* will be delighted with Spezia, although the accommodations are as wretched as the scenery is divine. The Williamses, with all their furniture embarked, and no place to sleep in, have taken refuge with me for the present; and they are, in my actual situation, a great relief and consolation. Of this, indeed, I have great

need. Poor Clare begins to get very ill with the excessive and unintermitted suffering she sustains; although what I chiefly dreaded is spared, as she retains her senses. The messenger will wait for your reply. I shall probably see you soon. Tell me how you are, and what news, good or bad, you have received, and believe me,

My dear Lord B.,

Yours most faithfully, P. B. Shelley

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)

18 To Benjamin Bailey

Burford Bridge, Nov. 22nd, 1817.

MY DEAR BAILEY,—I will get over the first part of this (wnsaid) letter as soon as possible, for it relates to the affairs of poor Cripps.—To a man of your nature such a letter as Haydon's must have been extremely cutting—What occasions the greater part of the world's quarrels?—simply this—two minds meet, and do not understand each other time enough to prevent any shock or surprise at the conduct of either party—As soon as I had known Haydon three days, I had got enough of his character not to have been surprised at such a letter as he has hurt you with. Nor, when I knew it, was it a principle with me to drop his acquaintance; although with you it would have been an imperious feeling. I wish you knew all that I think about Genius and the Heart—and yet I think that you are thoroughly acquainted with my innermost breast in that respect, or you could not have known me even thus long, and still hold me worthy to be your dear friend. In passing, however, I must say one thing that has pressed upon me lately, and increased my humility and capability of submission—and that is this truth—Men of Genius are great as certain ethereal chemicals operating on the mass of neutral intellect—but they have not any individuality, any determined character—I would call the top and head of those who have a proper self Men of Power.

But I am running my head into a subject which I am certain I could not do justice to under five years' study, and 3 vols, octavo—and, moreover, I long to be talking about the Imagination—so, my dear Bailey, do not think of this unpleasant affair, if possible do not—I defy any harm to come of it—I defy. I shall write to Cripps this week, and request him to tell me all his goings-on from time to time by letter wherever I may be. It will go on well—so don't because you have suddenly discovered a coldness in Haydon suffer yourself to be teased—Do not my dear fellow—O! I wish I was as certain of the end of all your troubles as that of your momentary start about the authenticity of the Imagination. I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the heart's affections, and the truth of Imagination. What the Imagination seizes as beauty must be truth—whether it existed before or not,—for I have the same idea of all our passions as of love: they are all, in their sublime, creative of essential beauty. In a word, you may know my favourite speculation by my first book, and the little song I sent in my last, which is a representation from the fancy of the probable mode of operating in these matters. The Imagination may be compared to Adam's dream,—he awoke and found it truth:—I am more zealous in this affair, because I have never yet been able to perceive how anything can be known for truth by consecutive reasoning—and yet it must be. Can it be that even the greatest philosopher ever arrived at his goal without putting aside numerous objections? However it may be, O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts! It is 'a vision in the form of youth,' a shadow of reality to come—And this consideration has further convinced me,—for it has come as auxiliary to another favourite speculation of mine,—that we shall enjoy ourselves hereafter by having what we call happiness on earth repeated in a finer tone—And yet such a fate can only befall those who delight in sensation, rather than hunger as you do after truth. Adam's dream will do here, and seems to be a conviction that Imagination and its empyreal reflection, is the same as human life and its

spiritual repetition. But, as I was saying, the simple imaginative mind may have its rewards in the repetition of its own silent working coming continually on the spirit with a fine suddenness—to compare great things with small, have you never by being surprised with an old melody, in a delicious place by a delicious voice, *felt* over again your very speculations and surmises at the time it first operated on your soul?—do you not remember forming to yourself the singer's face—more beautiful than it was possible, and yet with the elevation of the moment you did not think so? Even then you were mounted on the wings of Imagination, so high that the prototype must be hereafter—that delicious face you will see. What a time! I am continually running away from the subject. Sure this cannot be exactly the case with a complex mind—one that is imaginative, and at the same time careful of its fruits,—who would exist partly on sensation, partly on thought—to whom it is necessary that years should bring the philosophic mind? Such a one I consider yours, and therefore it is necessary to your eternal happiness that you not only drink this old wine of Heaven, which I shall call the redigestion of your most ethereal musings upon earth, but also increase in knowledge and know all things. I am glad to hear that you are in a fair way for Easter. You will soon get through your unpleasant reading, and then!—but the world is full of troubles, and I have not much reason to think myself pestered with many.

I think Jane or Marianne has a better opinion of me than I deserve: for, really and truly, I do not think my brother's illness connected with mine—you know more of the real Cause than they do; nor have I any chance of being rack'd as you have been. You perhaps at one time thought there was such a thing as worldly happiness to be arrived at, at certain periods of time marked out,—you have of necessity from your disposition been thus led away—I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness—I look not for it if it be not in the present hour,—nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights, or if a

sparrow come before my window, I take part in its existence and pick about the gravel. The first thing that strikes me on hearing a misfortune having befallen another is this—'Well, it cannot be helped: he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his spirit'—and I beg now, my dear Bailey, that hereafter should you observe anything cold in me not to put it to the account of heartlessness, but abstraction—for I assure you I sometimes feel not the influence of a passion or affection during a whole week—and so long this sometimes continues, I begin to suspect myself, and the genuineness of my feelings at other times—thinking them a few barren tragedy tears.

My brother Tom is much improved—he is going to Devonshire—whither I shall follow him. At present, I am just arrived at Dorking—to change the scene—change the air, and give me a spur to wind up my poem, of which there are wanting 500 lines. I should have been here a day sooner, but the Reynoldses persuaded me to stop in Town to meet your friend Christie. There were Rice and Martin—we talked about ghosts. I will have some talk with Taylor and let you know,—when please God I come down at Christmas. I will find that Examiner if possible. My best regards to Gleig, my brothers', to you and Mrs. Bentley.

Your affectionate Friend

John Keats.

I want to say much more to you—a few hints will set me going. Direct Burford Bridge near Dorking.

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)

19 To *Frederic Tennyson*

May 24th, 1844.

MY DEAR FREDERIC,—I think you mean never to write to me again, but you should, for I enjoy your letters much for years after I have got them. They tell me all I shall know of Italy, besides many other good things. I received one letter from you from Florence, and as you gave me no particular

direction, I wrote to you at the Poste Restante there. I am now inditing this letter on the same venture. As my location is much more permanent, I command you to respond to me the very day you get this, warmed into such faint inspiration as my turnip radiance can kindle. You have seen a turnip lantern perhaps. Well, here I continue to exist: having broken my rural vegetation by one month in London, where I saw all the old faces—some only in passing, however—saw as few sights as possible, leaving London two days before the Exhibition opened. This is not out of moroseness or love of singularity: but I really supposed there could be nothing new: and therefore the best way would be to come new to it oneself after three or four years' absence. I see in Punch a humorous catalogue of supposed pictures; Prince Albert's favourite spaniel and boot-jack, the Queen's Macaw with a Muffin, etc., by Landseer, etc., in which I recognise Thackeray's fancy. He is in full vigour play and pay in London, writing in a dozen reviews, and a score of newspapers: and while health lasts he sails before the wind. I have not heard of Alfred since March. . . . Spedding devotes his days to Lord Bacon in the British Museum: his nights to the usual profligacy. . . . My dear Frederic, you must select some of your poems and publish them: we want some bits of strong genuine imagination to help put to flight these—etc. Publish a book of fragments, if nothing else but single lines, or else the whole poems. When will you come to England and do it? I dare say I should have stayed longer in London had you been there: but the wits were too much for me. Not Spedding, mind: who is a dear fellow. But one finds few in London *serious* men: I mean *serious* even in fun: with a true purpose and character whatsoever it may be. London melts away all individuality into a common lump of cleverness. I am amazed at the humour and worth and noble feeling in the country, however much railroads have mixed us up with metropolitan civilisation. I can still find the heart of England beating healthily down here, though no one will believe it.

You know my way of life so well that I need not describe it to you, as it has undergone no change since I saw you. I read of mornings; the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones: walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which China roses climb, with my pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself. We have had such a spring (bating the last ten days) as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! white clouds moving over the new-fledged tops of oak trees, and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of, how new to see! I believe that Leslie's life of Constable (a very charming book) has given me a fresh love of Spring. Constable loved it above all seasons: he hated Autumn. When Sir G. Beaumont who was of the old classical taste asked him if he did not find it difficult to place *his brown tree* in his pictures, 'Not at all.' said C, 'I never put one in at all.' And when Sir George was crying up the tone of the old masters' landscapes, and quoting an *old violin* as the proper tone of colour for a picture, Constable got up, took an old Cremona, and laid it down on the sunshiny grass. You would like the book. In defiance of all this, I have hung my room with pictures, like very old fiddles indeed: but I agree with Sir George and Constable both. I like pictures that are not like nature. I can have nature better than any picture by looking out of my window. Yet I respect the man who tries to paint up to the freshness of earth and sky. Constable did not wholly achieve what he tried at: and perhaps the old masters chose a soberer scale of things as more within the compass of lead paint. To paint dew with lead!

I also plunge away at my old Handel of nights, and delight in the Allegro and Penseroso, full of pomp and fancy. What a pity Handel could not have written music to some great Masque, such as Ben Jonson or Milton would have written, if they had known of such a musician to write for.

EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809-1883)

20 *To Sydney Colvin*

Vailima, Samoa, Oct. 6th, 1894.

M Y DEAR COLVIN,—We have had quite an interesting month and mostly in consideration of that road which I think I told you was about to be made. It was made without a hitch, though I confess I was considerably surprised. When they got through, I wrote a speech to them, sent it down to a Missionary to be translated, and invited the lot to a feast. I thought a good deal of this feast. The occasion was really interesting. I wanted to pitch it in hot. And I wished to have as many influential witnesses present as possible. Well, as it drew towards the day I had nothing but refusals. Everybody supposed it was to be a political occasion, that I had made a hive of rebels up here, and was going to push for new hostilities.

The Amanuensis has been ill, and after the above trial petered out. I must return to my own, lone Waverley. The captain refused, telling me why; and at last I had to beat up for people almost with prayers. However, I got a good lot, as you will see by the accompanying newspaper report. The road contained this inscription, drawn up by the chiefs themselves:

'THE ROAD OF GRATITUDE

'Considering the great love of Tusitala in his loving care of us in our distress in the prison, we have therefore prepared a splendid gift. It shall never be muddy, it shall endure for ever, this road that we have dug.' This the newspaper reporter could not give, not knowing any Samoan. The same reason explains his references to Seumanutafa's speech, which was not long and *was* important, for it was a speech of courtesy and forgiveness to his former enemies. It was very much applauded. Secondly, it was not Poe, it was Mataafa (don't confuse with Mataafa) who spoke for the prisoners. Otherwise it is extremely correct.

I beg your pardon for so much upon my aborigines. Even you must sympathise with me in this unheard-of compliment, and my having been able to deliver so severe a sermon with acceptance. It remains a nice point of conscience what I should wish done in the matter. I think this meeting, its immediate results, and the terms of what I said to them, desirable to be known. It will do a little justice to me, who have not had too much justice done me. At the same time, to send this report to the papers is truly an act of self-advertisement, and I dislike the thought. Query, in a man who has been so much calumniated, is that not justifiable? I do not know; be my judge. Mankind is too complicated for me; even myself. Do I wish to advertise? I think I do, God help me! I have had hard times here, as every man must have who mixes up with public business; and I bemoan myself, knowing that all I have done has been in the interest of peace and good government; and having once delivered my mind, I would like it, I think, to be made public. But the other part of me *regimbs*.

I know I am at a climacteric for all men who live by their wits, so I do not despair. But the truth is I am pretty nearly useless at literature, and I will ask you to spare *St. Ives* when it goes to you; it is a sort of *Count Robert of Paris*. But I hope rather a *Dombey and Son*, to be succeeded by *Our Mutual Friend* and *Great Expectations* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. No toil has been spared over the ungrateful canvas; and it *will not* come together, and I must live, and my family. Were it not for my health, which made it impossible, I could not find it in my heart to forgive myself that I did not stick to an honest, common-place trade when I was young, which might have now supported me during these ill years. But do not suppose me to be down in anything else; only, for the nonce, my skill deserts me, such as it is, or was. It was a very little dose of inspiration, and a pretty little trick of style, long lost, improved by the most heroic industry. So far, I have managed to please the journalists. But I am a fictitious article and have long known it. I am read by

journalists, by my fellow-novelists, and by boys; with these, *incipit et explicit* my vogue. Good thing anyway! for it seems to have sold the Edition. And I look forward confidently to an aftermath; I do not think my health can be so hugely improved, without some subsequent improvement in my brains. Though, of course, there is the possibility that literature is a morbid secretion, and abhors health! I do not think it is possible to have fewer illusions than I. I sometimes wish I had more. They are amusing. But I cannot take myself seriously as an artist; the limitations are so obvious. I did take myself seriously as a workman of old, but my practice has fallen off. I am now an idler and cumberer of the ground; it may be excused to me perhaps by twenty years of industry and ill-health, which have taken the cream off the milk.

As I was writing this last sentence, I heard the strident rain drawing near across the forest, and by the time I was come to the word 'cream' it burst upon my roof, and has since redoubled, and roared upon it. A very welcome change. All smells of the good wet earth, sweetly, with a kind of Highland touch fthe crystal rods of the shower, as I look up, have drawn their criss-cross over everything and a gentle and very welcome coolness comes up around me in little draughts, blessed draughts, not chilling, only equalising the temperature. Now the rain is off this spot, but I hear it roaring still in the nigh neighbourhood—and that moment, I was driven from the verandah by random raindrops, spitting at me through the Japanese blinds. These are not tears with which the page is spotted! Now the windows stream, the roof reverberates. It is good; it answers something which is in my heart; I know not what; old memories of the wet moorland belike.

Well, it has blown by again, and I am in my place once more, with an accompaniment of perpetual dripping on the verandah—and very much inclined for a chat. The exact subject I do not know. It will be bitter at least, and that is strange, for my attitude is essentially *not* bitter, but I have

come into these days when a man sees above all the seamy side, and I have dwelt some time in a small place where he has an opportunity of reading little motives that he would miss in the great world, and indeed, to-day, I am almost ready to call the world an error. Because? Because I have not drugged myself with successful work, and there are all kinds of trifles buzzing in my ear, unfriendly trifles, from the least to the—well, to the pretty big. All these that touch me are Pretty Big; and yet none touch me in the least, if rightly looked at, except the one eternal burthen to go on making an income. If I could find a place where I could lie down and give up for (say) two years, and allow the sainted public to support me, if it were a lunatic asylum, wouldn't I go, just! But we can't have both extremes at once, worse luck! I should like to put my savings into a proprietary investment, and retire in the meanwhile into a communistic retreat, which is double-dealing. But you men with salaries don't know how a family weighs on a fellow's mind.

I hear the article in next week's *Herald* is to be a great affair, and all the officials who came to me the other day are to be attacked! This is the unpleasant side of being (without a salary) in public life; I will leave anyone to judge if my speech was well intended, and calculated to do good. It was even daring—I assure you one of the chiefs looked like a fiend at my description of Samoan warfare. Your warning was not needed; we are all determined to *keep the peace* and to *hold our peace*. I know, my dear fellow, how remote all this sounds! Kindly pardon your friend. I have my life to live here; these interests are for me immediate; and if I do not write of them, I might as soon not write at all. There is the difficulty in a distant correspondence. It is perhaps easy for me to enter into and understand your interests; I own it is difficult for you; but you must just wade through them for friendship's sake, and try to find tolerable what is vital for your friend. I cannot forbear challenging you to it, as to intellectual lists. It is the proof of intelligence, the proof of not being a barbarian, to be able to enter into something

outside of oneself, something **that** does not touch one's next neighbour in the city omnibus.

Good-bye, my lord. May your race continue and you flourish.—Yours ever,

Tusitala.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

21 *To John Sampson*

Oxford, Jan. 1st, 1906.

I suppose one does learn a little, even after forty; and whenever here I come across a man who says that he stands out, and records his protest, on the *principle* of the thing, I strike him off my list of useful allies. There's no need to talk about principles when you are really dying for your race or your religion; the talk chiefly comes in when you are dressing yourself, not to give anyone pleasure, but against rival beauties.

I wish I could get that Shakespeare begun. I fear I'm getting middle-aged and shan't capture the zest. Moreover I'm sick of my own syntax. It's stiff and monotonous, and I can't change it. Everything I write seems pretentious. I have had to chuck an article I promised, because I couldn't read it over without nausea.

Also I'm sick of what is called 'the serious business of Scholarship'—the baggage of the campaign. I've passed a wasted life; I ought to have written straight—on things. Now I can't acquire the art.

Doctorates are given daily to men who would never have got to be shop-walkers if they had been drapers' assistants. The academic business is, in the main, a small-minded affair. The Comedy of Pedantry seems to be two-thirds of life. Soldiers are just the same. So, I suppose, are sailors, even. The comfort is that Nelson hadn't a touch of it; nor had Napoleon, and their contemporaries did really know that here was the real thing. Men are stuffy little fellows.

Their manliness bores me—it is almost universal, and humanity is very rare.' A very wise woman, young and free, **once** told me that for the majority of human creatures only one virtue is possible—appreciation. The good, says she, are those that see power or virtue or beauty in those who have it, or a piece of it. The rest is vanity> This single virtue is not common: the poor things keep on struggling in a web of phantoms. They play with dolls all their lives. It's no good talking to them about wisdom and beauty. They have a complete system. There's even a doll Hell.

' This is not Timonism, I am an optimists They are saved, most of them by their guts. A doll has no guts.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1879-1922)

PART II

SCIENTIFIC PROSE

- § i. Science
- § ii. Philosophy
- § iii. Theology
- § iv. Politics
- § v. Law
- § vi. Strategy and Tactics
- § vii. Sport
- § viii. Criticism

§ i. SCIENCE

1 *Shining Flesh*

When I was about to go to bed, an amanuensis of mine, accustomed to make observations, informed me, that one of the servants of the house, going upon some occasion into the larder, was frightened by something of luminous, that she saw (notwithstanding the darkness of the place,) where the meat had been hung up before. Whereupon, suspending for a while my going to rest, I presently sent for the meat into my chamber, and caused it to be placed in a corner of the room capable of being made considerably dark, and then I plainly saw, both with wonder and delight, that the joint of meat did, in divers places, shine like rotten wood or stinking fish; which was so uncommon a sight, that I had presently thoughts of inviting you to be a sharer in the pleasure of it. But the late hour of the night did not only make me fear to give you too unseasonable a trouble, but being joined with a great cold, I had got that day by making trial of a new telescope, you saw, in a windy place, I durst not sit up long enough to make all the trials, that I thought of, and judged the occasion worthy of. But yet, because I effectually resolved to employ the little time I had to spare, in making such observations and trials, as the accommodations I could procure at so inconvenient an hour would enable me, I shall here give you a brief account of the chief circumstances and phenomena, that I had opportunity to take notice of.

i. Then I must tell you, that the subject, we discourse of, was a neck of veal, which, as I learned by enquiry, had been bought of a country-butcher on the Tuesday preceding.

2. In this one piece of meat I reckoned distinctly above

twenty several places, that did all of them shine, though not all of them alike, some of them doing it but very faintly.

3. The bigness of these lucid parts was differing enough, some of them being as big as the nail of a man's middle finger, some few bigger, and most of them less. Nor were their figures at all more uniform, some being inclined to a round, others almost oval, but the greatest part of them very irregularly shaped.

4. The parts, that shone most, which it was not so easy to determine in the dark, were some gristly or soft parts of the bones, where the butcher's cleaver had passed; but these were not the only parts that were luminous; for by drawing to and fro the medulla spinalis, we found, that a part of that also did not shine ill: and I perceived one place in a tendon to afford some light; and lastly, three or four spots in the fleshy parts, at a good distance from the bones, were plainly discovered by their own light, though that were fainter than in the parts above mentioned.

5. When all these lucid parts were surveyed together, they made a very splendid show; but it was not so easy, because of the moistness and grossness of the lump of matter, to examine the degree of their luminousness, as it is to estimate that of glow-worms, which being small and dry bodies, may be conveniently laid in a book, and made to move from one letter or word to another. But by good fortune having by me the curious transactions of this month, I was able so to apply that flexible paper to some of the more resplendent spots, that I could plainly read divers consecutive letters of the title.

6. The colour, that accompanied the light, was not in all the same, but in those, which shone liveliest, it seemed to have such a fine greenish blue, as I have divers times observed in the tails of glow-worms.

7. But notwithstanding the vividness of this light, I could not, by the touch, discern the least degree of heat in the parts, whence it proceeded; and having put some marks on one or two of the more shining places, that I might know

them again, when brought to the light, I applied a sealed weather-glass, furnished with tinted spirit of wine, for a pretty while, and could not satisfy myself, that the shining parts did at all sensibly warm the liquor: but the thermoscope, though good in its kind, being not fitted for such nice experiments, I did not much build upon that trial.

8. Notwithstanding the great number of lucid parts in this neck of veal, yet neither I, nor any of those that were about me, could perceive, by the smell, the least degree of stink, whence to infer any putrefaction; the meat being judged very fresh, and well-conditioned, and fit to be dressed.

9. The floor of the larder, where this meat was kept, is almost a story lower than the level of the street, and it is divided from the kitchen but by a partition of boards, and is furnished with but one window, which is not great, and looks towards the street, which lies northward from it.

10. The wind, as far as we could observe it, was then at south-west, and blustering enough. The air, by the sealed thermoscope, appeared hot for the season. The moon was passed its last quarter. The mercury in the barometer stood at 29½ inches.

11. We cut off with a knife one of the luminous parts, which proved to be a tender bone, and being of about the thickness of a half-crown piece, appeared to shine on both sides, though not equally; and that part of the bone, whence this had been cut off, continued joined to the rest of the neck of veal, and was seen to shine, but nothing near so vividly as the part we had taken off, did before.

12. To try, whether I could obtain any juice, or moist substance from this, as I have several times done from the tails of glow-worms, I rubbed some of the softer and more lucid parts, (which I caused to be purposely cut off) as dexterously as I could, upon my hand, but I did not at all perceive any luminous moisture was thereby imparted; though the flesh seemed, by that operation, to have lost some of *its* light.

13. I caused also a piece of shining flesh to be compressed betwixt two pieces of glass, to try, how well the contexture of it would resist that external force; but I did not find the light to be thereby extinguished, during the short time I could allot to the experiment.

14. But supposing, that high rectified spirit of wine might so alter the contexture of the body it permeated, as to destroy its faculty of shining, I put a luminous piece of veal into a crystalline vial, and pouring on it a little pure spirit of wine, that would have burned all away, after I had shaken them together, I laid by the glass, and in about a quarter of an hour, or less, I found that the light was vanished.

15. But water would not so easily quench our seeming fires; for having put one of them into a China cup, and almost filled it with cold water, the light did not only appear, perhaps undiminished, through that liquor, but above an hour after was vigorous enough not to be eclipsed by being looked upon at no great distance from a burning candle, that was none of the smallest; and probably the light would have been seen much longer if we could have afforded to watch out its duration.

16. Whilst these things were doing, I caused the pneumatic engine to be prepared in a room without fire, (that the experiment might be tried in a greater degree of darkness;) and having conveyed one of the largest luminous pieces into a small receiver, we caused the candles to be put out, and the pump to be plied in the dark; but the diminution of light, after the pump seemed to have been employed for a competent while, appeared so inconsiderable, (whether because our eyes had leisure to be fitted to that dark place, or for what other cause soever,) that I began to suspect, that the instrument, having been managed in the dark, had leaked all the while. Wherefore causing the lights to be brought in, and a mercurial gauge to be put into the receiver, when we were sure that this glass was well cemented on to the engine, the candles being removed, the pump was set a-work again; and then opening my eyes, which I had

kept closed against the light of the candles, I could perceive, upon the gradual withdrawing of the air, a discernible and gradual lessening of the light; which yet was never brought quite to disappear (as I long since told you, the light of rotten wood and glow-worms had done) or to be so near vanishing as one would have expected; though, upon the bringing in of the candles again, it appeared by the gauge, that the pump had been diligently applied. But the room being once again darkened, by the hasty increase of light, that had disclosed itself in the veal, upon this letting in of the air to the exhausted receiver, it appeared more manifestly than before, that the decrement, though but slowly made, had been considerable. This trial we once more repeated with a not unlike success; which, though it convinced us, that the luminous matter of our included body was more vigorous, or tenacious, than that of most other shining bodies, yet it left us some doubts, that the light would have been much more impaired, if not quite made to vanish, if the subject of it could have been kept long enough in our exhausted receiver: but the unseasonable time of the night reducing me at length to go to bed, I could not stay to prosecute this, or any other trial.

17. Only, whilst I was undressing, this further observation occurred, that supposing there might be, in the same larder, more joints of the same veal than one, ennobled with this shining faculty, it was found, that a leg of veal, which was caused to be brought into my chamber, had some shining places in it; though they were but very few, and faint, in comparison of those that were conspicuous in the above mentioned neck.

18. What further phenomena this morning might have afforded me, I cannot tell, having been hastily called up, before day, for a niece, that I am very justly and exceedingly concerned for; who was thought to be upon the point of death, and whose almost gasping condition had too much affected and employed me, to leave me any time for philosophical entertainments, that require a calm, if not a

pleased mind. Only this I took notice of, because the observation could not cost me a minute of an hour, that whilst they were bringing me candles for to rise by, I looked upon a clean vial, that I had laid upon the bed by me, after a piece of our luminous veal had been included in it, and found it to shine vividly at that time, which was between four and five of the clock this morning; since when I have made no one observation, or trial.

POSTSCRIPT.

Near two days after I had made the fore-mentioned observations, those horrid symptoms of my niece's disease, that had so much alarmed the physicians, and me, being, through God's goodness, considerably abated, I began to resume the thoughts of our shining veal; and through having in the hurry I was in forgotten to take any order about it, I found it was already disposed of; yet the piece, I lately mentioned to have been included in a vial, being preserved in it, I looked upon it the third day (inclusively) after we had first observed the meat it was cut off from to be luminous; and I found it to shine in the dark as vigorously as ever. The fourth day its light was also conspicuous; so that I was able, in a dark corner of the room, to show it, even in the day-time, to three or four very ingenious physicians, all of them, save one, members of the Royal Society; and I presume, I need not remind you, that the following night, I invited you to be a spectator of it, though before that time the light had begun to decay, and the offensive smell to grow somewhat strong: which seems to argue, that the disposition, upon whose account our veal was luminous, may very well consist both with its being, and not being, in a state of putrefaction, and consequently, is not likely to be derived merely from the one, or the other. The fifth day, in the morning, looking upon it when I awaked, and before the curtains were opened, it seemed to shine better than it had done the day preceding. The same night also, it was manifest enough, though not vivid, in the dark. When I awaked, the sixth day in the

morning, after the sun was risen, I could, within the curtains, perceive a glimmering light. But the seventh day, which was yesterday, I could not, late at night, discern any light at all.

You saw too much in what a condition I was, when you did me the favour to visit me, to expect, that I should presume to entertain you with any speculations about the cause of these unusual apparitions of light. It is true indeed, that in some notes I formerly mentioned to you, I endeavoured to make it probable, that whether light depend upon a particular kind of impulse, propagated through a transparent medium, or upon a diffusion of extremely little parts from the luminous body, or upon the action of some other corporeal agent; whatever the efficient be, the effect is produced in a mechanical way. But though I had these papers by me, yet, to determine what peculiar kind of motions, or other operations, nature really employed in the production of a light, which seemed not clearly, by what I shall presently note, referable either to the particular and settled constitution of the animals, whose flesh shined, (as in our glow-worms, and some American flies,) or to that intestine and unusual motion of the parts, that causes, or accompanies putrefaction in rotten wood, or fishes; since, upon the first and liveliest appearance of the light, there was not any, (at least, that could be taken notice of by the senses:) To determine this, I say, it seemed to me so difficult a task, that I shall willingly leave the solution of such abstruse phenomena, as some of ours, unattempted; especially since I may, God permitting, make an historical mention of them the day after to-morrow, at the meeting of the Royal Society; where, I doubt not, much more, and more to the purpose, will be said, and considered, than I have vanity to think myself capable of offering. Only, for the prevention of some needless conjectures, to which, without this previous advertisement, one might upon plausible grounds indulge, I shall, in the mean while add, and conclude with one observation more, which may possibly take off our thoughts from striving

to deduce the shining of our veal from the peculiar nourishment, or constitution, or properties, of that individual calf, whose flesh, &c. was luminous. For, having several nights sent purposely into the larder, to observe, whether any veal, since brought thither, or any other meat, *did* afford any light, a negative answer was always brought me back; save at one time, which happened to be within less than forty-eight hours of that, at which the luminousness of the veal had been first taken notice of; for at this time there was, in the same larder, a conspicuous light seen in a pullet, that hung up there, which having caused to be brought up into a darkened place in my chamber, in the night time, I perceived four or five luminous places; which were not indeed near so large as those of the veal, but were little less vivid than they. All of these I took notice to be either upon, or near the rump; and that, which appeared most like a spark of fire, shone at the very tip of that part. Yet was not this fowl mortified, nor at all ill scented, but so fresh, that the next day I found it very good meat.

THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE (1627-1691):

Philosophical Works: Observations upon Shining Flesh

2 *The Origin of Mountains*

We have been in the hollows of the Earth, and the Chambers of the Deep, amongst the damps and steams of those lower Regions; let us now go air ourselves on the tops of the Mountains, where we shall have a more free and large Horizon, and quite another face of things will present itself to our observation.

The greatest objects of Nature are, methinks, the most pleasing to behold; and next to the great Concave of the Heavens, and those boundless Regions where the Stars inhabit, there is nothing that I look upon with more pleasure than the wide Sea and the Mountains of the Earth. There is something august and stately in the Air of these things, that inspires the mind with great thoughts and passions; We do

naturally, upon such occasions, think of God and his greatness: and whatsoever hath but the shadow and appearance of INFINITE, as all things have that are too big for our comprehension, they fill and overbear the mind with their Excess, and cast it into a pleasing kind of stupor and admiration.

And yet these Mountains we are speaking of, to confess the truth, are nothing but great ruins; but such as show a certain magnificence in Nature; as from old Temples and broken Amphitheatres of the *Romans* we collect the greatness of that people. But the grandeur of a Nation is less sensible to those that never see the remains and monuments they have left, and those who never see the mountainous parts of the Earth, scarce ever reflect upon the causes of them, or what power in Nature could be sufficient to produce them. The truth is, the generality of people have not sense and curiosity enough to raise a question concerning these things, or concerning the Original of them. You may tell them that Mountains grow out of the Earth like Fuzzballs, or that there are Monsters underground that throw up Mountains as Moles do Mole-hills; they will scarce raise one objection against your doctrine; or if you would appear more Learned, tell them that the Earth is a great Animal, and these are Wens that grow upon its body. This would pass current for Philosophy; so much is the World drowned in stupidity and sensual pleasures, and so little inquisitive into the works of God and Nature.

There is nothing doth more awaken our thoughts, or excite our minds to enquire into the causes of such things, than the actual view of them; as I have had experience myself when it was my fortune to cross the *Alps* and *Apennine* Mountains; for the sight of those wild, vast and indigested heaps of Stones and Earth, did so deeply strike my fancy, that I was not easy till I could give myself some tolerable account how that confusion came in Nature. 'Tis true, the height of Mountains compared with the Diameter of the Earth is not considerable, but the extent of them and the

ground they stand upon, bears a considerable proportion to the surface of the Earth; and if from *Europe* we may take our measures for the rest, I easily believe, that the Mountains do at least take up the tenth part of the dry land. The Geographers are not very careful to describe or note in their Charts, the multitude or situation of Mountains; They mark the bounds of Countries, the site of Cities and Towns, and the course of Rivers, because these are things of chief use to civil affairs and commerce, and that they design to serve, and not Philosophy or Natural History. But *Cluverius* in his description of *Ancient Germany, Switzerland and Italy* hath given Maps of those Countries more approaching to the natural face of them, and we have drawn (at the end of this Chapter) such a Map of either Hemisphere, without marking Countries or Towns, or any such artificial things; distinguishing only Land and Sea, Islands and Continents, Mountains and not Mountains; and 'tis very useful to imagine the Earth in this manner, and to look often upon such bare draughts as show us Nature undressed; for then we are best able to judge what her true shapes and proportions are.

. . . Seeing that there are no hopes of explaining the Origin of Mountains, either from particular Earthquakes, or from the general Deluge, according to the common notion and Explication of it; these not being causes answerable to such vast effects; Let us try our *Hypothesis* again; which hath made us a Channel large enough for the Sea, and room for all subterraneous Cavities, and I think will find us materials enough to raise all the Mountains of the Earth. We suppose the great Arch or circumference of the first Earth to have fallen into the Abyss at the Deluge, and seeing that was larger than the surface it fell upon, 'tis absolutely certain, that it could not all fall flat, or lie under the water: Now as all those parts that stood above the Water made dry Land, or the present habitable Earth, so such parts of the dry Land as stood higher than the rest, made Hills and

Mountains; And this is the first and general account of them, and of all the inequalities of the Earth. But to consider these things a little more particularly; There is a double cause and necessity of Mountains, first this now mentioned, because the exterior Orb of the Earth was greater than the interior which it fell upon, and therefore it could not all fall flat; and secondly, because this exterior Orb did not fall so flat and large as it might, or did not cover all the bottom of the Abyss, as it was very capable to do; but as we showed before in explaining the Channel of the Ocean, it left a gaping in the middle, or an *Abyss-channel*, as I should call it; and the broader this Abyss-channel was, the more Mountains there would be upon the dry Land; for there would be more Earth, or more of the falling Orb left, and less room to place it in, and therefore it must stand more in heaps.

In what parts of the Earth these heaps would lie, and in what particular manner, it cannot be expected that we should tell; but all that we have hitherto observed concerning Mountains, how strange soever and otherwise unaccountable, may easily be explained, and deduced from this original; we shall not wonder at their greatness and vastness, seeing they are the ruins of a broken World; and they would take up more or less of the dry Land, according as the Ocean took up more or less space of our Globe; Then as to their figure and form, whether External or Internal, 'tis just such as answers our expectation, and no more than what the *Hypothesis* leads us to; For you would easily believe that these heaps would be irregular in all manner of ways, whether considered apart, or in their situation to one another. And they would lie commonly in Clusters and in Ridges, for those are two of the most general postures of the parts of a ruin, when they fall inwards. Lastly, we cannot wonder that Mountains should be generally hollow; For great bodies falling together in confusion, or bearing and leaning against one another, must needs make a great many hollownesses in them, and by their unequal Applications

empty spaces will be intercepted. We see also the same reason, why mountainous Countries are subject to Earth-quakes; and why Mountains often sink and fall down into the Caverns that lie under them; their joints and props being decayed and worn, they become unable to bear their weight. And all these properties you see hang upon one and the same string, and are just consequences from our supposition concerning the dissolution of the first Earth. And there is no surer mark of a good *Hypothesis*, than when it doth not only hit luckily in one or two particulars, but answers all that it is to be applied to, and is adequate to Nature in her whole extent.

THOMAS BURNET (c. 1635-1715):
The Sacred Theory of the Earth

3 *The Division of Labour*

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

near so obvious, and has accordingly been much less observed.

To take an example, therefore, from a very trifling manufacture, but one in which the division of labour has been very often taken notice of, the trade of a pin-maker: a workman not educated to this business (which the division of labour has rendered a distinct trade), nor acquainted with the use of the machinery employed in it (to the invention of which the same division of labour has probably given occasion), could scarce, perhaps, with his utmost industry, make one pin in a day, and certainly could not make twenty. But in the way in which this business is now carried on, not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a number of branches, of which the greater part are likewise peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire; another straightens it; a third cuts it; a fourth points it; a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on is a peculiar business; to whiten the pins is another; it is even a trade by itself to put them into the paper; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which, in some manufactories, are all performed by distinct hands, though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them. I have seen a small manufactory of this kind, where ten men only were employed, and where some of them consequently performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are in a pound upwards of four thousand pins of a middling size. Those ten persons, therefore, could make among them upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each person, therefore, making a tenth part of forty-eight thousand pins, might be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins in a day. But if they had all wrought separately and independently, and

without any of them having been educated to this peculiar business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin a day; that is, certainly, not the two hundred and fortieth, perhaps not the four thousand eight hundredth, part of what they are at present capable of performing, in consequence of a proper division and combination of their different operations.

ADAM SMITH (1723-1790): *The Wealth of Nations*

4 Conductors

It appears from experiment, that some bodies suffer the electric fluid to pass with great readiness between their pores; while others will not suffer it to do so without great difficulty; and some hardly suffer it to do so at all. The first sort of bodies are called conductors, the others non-conductors. What this difference in bodies is owing to I do not pretend to explain.

It is evident that the electric fluid in conductors may be considered as moveable, or answers to the definition given of that term in page 6. As to the fluid contained in non-conducting substances, though it does not absolutely answer to the definition of immoveable, as it is not absolutely confined from moving, but only does so with great difficulty; yet it may be in most cases looked upon as such without sensible error.

Air does in some measure permit the electric fluid to pass through it; though, if it is dry, it lets it pass but very slowly, and not without difficulty; it is therefore to be called a non-conductor.

It appears that conductors would readily suffer the fluid to run in and out of them, were it not for the air which surrounds them: for if the end of a conductor is inserted into a vacuum, the fluid runs in and out of it with perfect readiness; but when it is surrounded on all sides by the air, as no fluid can run out of it without running into the air, the fluid will not do so without difficulty.

If any body is surrounded on all sides by the air, or other non-conducting substances, it is said to be insulated: if on the other hand it anywhere communicates with any conducting body, it is said to be not insulated. When I say that a body communicates with the ground, or any other body, I would be understood to mean that it does so by some conducting substance.

Though the terms positively and negatively electrified are much used, yet the precise sense in which they are to be understood seems not well ascertained; namely, whether they are to be understood in the same sense in which I have used the words over or undercharged, or whether, when any number of bodies, insulated and communicating with each other by conducting substances, are electrified by means of excited glass, they are all to be called positively electrified (supposing, according to the usual opinion, that excited glass contains more than its natural quantity of electricity); even though some of them, by the approach of a stronger electrified body, are made undercharged. I shall use the words in the latter sense; but as it will be proper to ascertain the sense in which I shall use them more accurately, I shall give the following definition.

In order to judge whether any body, as A, is positively or negatively electrified: suppose another body B, of a given shape and size, to be placed at an infinite distance from it, and from any other over or undercharged body; and let B contain the same quantity of electric fluid as if it communicated with A by a canal of incompressible fluid: then, if B is overcharged, I call A positively electrified; and if it is undercharged, I call A negatively electrified; and the greater the degree in which B is over or undercharged, the greater is the degree in which A is positively or negatively electrified.

HENRY CAVENDISH (1731-1810):

First Published Papers on Electricity

5 *Vapour*

Bodies which become wetted by fluids with which they do not combine chemically, or in which they do not dissolve, are simple and well-known instances of this kind of attraction.

All those cases of bodies which being insoluble in water and not combining with it are hygrometric, and condense its vapour around or upon their surface, are stronger instances of the same power, and approach a little nearer to the cases under investigation. If pulverised clay, protoxide or peroxide of iron, oxide of manganese, charcoal, or even metals, as spongy platina or precipitated silver, be put into an atmosphere containing vapour of water, they soon become moist by virtue of an attraction which is able to condense the vapour upon, although not to combine it with, the substances ; and if, as is well known, these bodies so damped be put into a dry atmosphere, as, for instance, one confined over sulphuric acid, or if they be heated, then they yield up this water again almost entirely, it not being in direct or permanent combination.

Still better instances of the power I refer to, because they are more analogous to the cases to be explained, are furnished by the attraction existing between glass and air, so well known to the barometer and thermometer makers, for here the adhesion or attraction is exerted between a solid and gases, bodies having very different physical conditions, having no power of combination with each other, and each retaining, during the time of action, its physical state unchanged. When mercury is poured into a barometer tube, a film of air will remain between the metal and glass for months, or, as far as is known, for years, for it has never been displaced except by the action of means especially fitted for the purpose. These consist in boiling the mercury, or, in other words, of forming an abundance of vapour, which coming in contact with every part of the glass and every portion of surface of the mercury, gradually mingles with,

dilutes, and carries off the air attracted by, and adhering to, those surfaces, replacing it by other vapour, subject to an equal or perhaps greater attraction, but which when cooled condenses into the same liquid as that with which the tube is filled.

MICHAEL FARADAY (1791-1867):
Experimental Researches in Electricity

6 Natural Selection

I have endeavoured briefly in this chapter to show that the mental qualities of our domestic animals vary, and that the variations are inherited. Still more briefly I have attempted to show that instincts vary slightly in a state of nature. No one will dispute that instincts are of the highest importance to each animal. Therefore I can see no difficulty, under changing conditions of life, in natural selection accumulating slight modifications of instinct to any extent, in any useful direction. In some cases habit or use and disuse have probably come into play. I do not pretend that the facts given in this chapter strengthen in any great degree my theory; but none of the cases of difficulty, to the best of my judgment, annihilate it. On the other hand, the fact that instincts are not always absolutely perfect and are liable to mistakes—that no instinct has been produced for the exclusive good of other animals, but that each animal takes advantage of the instinct of others; that the canon in natural history, of 'Natura non facit saltum,' is applicable to instincts as well as to corporeal structure, and is plainly explicable on the foregoing views, but is otherwise inexplicable—all tend to corroborate the theory of natural selection.

This theory is, also, strengthened by some few other facts in regard to instincts; as by that common case of closely allied, but distinct, species, when inhabiting distant parts of the world and living under considerably different conditions of life, yet often retaining nearly the same instincts. For instance, we can understand, on the principle of inheritance,

how it is that the thrush of South America lines its nest with mud, in the same peculiar manner as does our British thrush: how it is that the hornbills of Africa and India have the same extraordinary instinct of plastering up and imprisoning the females in a hole in a tree, with only a small hole left in the plaster through which the males feed them and their young when hatched: how it is that the male wrens (*Troglodytes*) of North America build 'cock-nests.' to roost in, like the males of our distinct Kitty-wrens—a habit wholly unlike that of any other known bird. Finally, it may not be a logical deduction, but to my imagination it is far more satisfactory to look at such instincts as the young cuckoo ejecting its foster-brothers, ants making slaves, the larvae of *ichneumonidæ* feeding within the live bodies of caterpillars, not as specially endowed or created instincts, but as small consequences of one general law, leading to the advancement of all organic beings—namely, multiply, vary, let the strongest live and the weakest die.

CHARLES DARWIN (1809-1882): *The Origin of Species*

7 *The Melting of Ice*

And now with regard to the melting of ice. On the surface of a flask containing a freezing mixture we obtain a thick fur of hoar-frost. Sending the beam through a water-cell, its luminous waves are concentrated upon the surface of the flask. Not a spicula of the frost is dissolved. We now remove the water-cell, and in a moment a patch of frozen fur as large as half-a-crown is melted. Hence, inasmuch as the full beam produces this effect, and the luminous part of the beam does not produce it, we fix upon the dark portion the melting of the frost.

As before, we clench this inference by concentrating the dark waves alone upon the flask. The frost is dissipated exactly as it was by the full beam.

These effects are rendered strikingly visible by darkening with ink the freezing mixture within the flask. When the

hoar-frost is removed, the blackness of the surface from which it had been melted comes out in strong contrast with the adjacent snowy whiteness. When the flask itself, instead of the freezing mixture, is blackened, the purely luminous waves being absorbed by the glass, warm it; the glass reacts upon the frost, and melts it. Hence the wisdom of darkening, instead of the flask itself, the mixture within the flask.

This experiment proves to demonstration the statement in paragraph (36): that it is the dark waves of the sun that melt the mountain snow and ice, and originate all the rivers derived from glaciers.

There are writers who seem to regard science as an aggregate of facts, and hence doubt its efficacy as an exercise of the reasoning powers. But all that I have here taught you is the result of reason, taking its stand, however, upon the sure basis of observation and experiment. And this is the spirit in which our further studies are to be pursued.

JOHN TYNDALL (1820-1893): *The Forms of Water*

8 A Matter of Life or Death

The mathematician, the physicist, and the chemist contemplate things in a condition of rest; they look upon a state of equilibrium as that to which all bodies normally tend.

The mathematician does not suppose that a quantity will alter, or that a given point in space will change its direction with regard to another point, spontaneously. And it is the same with the physicist. When Newton saw the apple fall, he concluded at once that the act of falling was not the result of any power inherent in the apple, but that it was the result of the action of something else on the apple. In a similar manner, all physical force is regarded as the disturbance of an equilibrium to which things tended before its exertion,—to which they will tend again after its cessation.

The chemist equally regards chemical change in a body as the effect of the action of something external to the body

changed. A chemical compound once formed would persist for ever, if no alteration took place in surrounding conditions.

But to the student of Life the aspect of Nature is reversed. Here, incessant, and, so far as we know, spontaneous change is the rule, rest the exception—the anomaly to be accounted for. Living things have no inertia, and tend to no equilibrium.

Permit me, however, to give more force and clearness to these somewhat abstract considerations by an illustration or two.

Imagine a vessel full of water, at the ordinary temperature, in an atmosphere saturated with vapour. The *quantity* and the *figure* of that water will not change, so far as we know, for ever.

Suppose a lump of gold be thrown into the vessel—motion and disturbance of figure exactly proportional to the momentum of the gold will take place. But after a time the effects of this disturbance will subside—equilibrium will be restored, and the water will return to its passive state.

Expose the water to cold—it will solidify—and in so doing its particles will arrange themselves in definite crystalline shapes. But once formed, these crystals change no further.

Again, substitute for the lump of gold some substance capable of entering into chemical relations with the water:—say, a mass of that substance which is called 'protein'—the substance of flesh:—a very considerable disturbance of equilibrium will take place—all sorts of chemical compositions and decompositions will occur; but in the end, as before, the result will be the resumption of a condition of rest.

Instead of such a mass of *dead* protein, however, take a particle of *living* protein—one of those minute microscopic living things known as Infusoria—such a creature, for instance, as an Euglena, and place it in our vessel of water. It is a round mass provided with a long filament, and except in this peculiarity of shape, presents no appreciable physical or chemical difference whereby it might be distinguished from the particle of dead protein.

But the difference in the phenomena to which it will give rise is immense: in the first place it will develop a vast quantity of physical force—cleaving the water in all directions with considerable rapidity by means of the vibrations of the long filament or cilium.

Nor is the amount of chemical energy which the little creature possesses less striking. It is a perfect laboratory in itself, and it will act and react upon the water and the matters contained therein: converting them into new compounds resembling its own substance, and at the same time giving up portions of its own substance which have become effete.

Furthermore, the *Euglena* will increase in size; but this increase is by no means unlimited, as the increase of a crystal might be. After it has grown to a certain extent it divides, and each portion assumes the form of the original, and proceeds to repeat the process of growth and division.

Nor is this all. For after a series of such divisions and subdivisions, these minute points assume a totally new form, lose their long tails—round themselves, and secrete a sort of envelope or box, in which they remain shut up for a time, eventually to resume, directly or indirectly, their primitive mode of existence.

Now, so far as we know, there is no natural limit to the existence of the *Euglena*, or of any other living germ. A living species once launched into existence tends to live for ever.

Consider how widely different this living particle is from the dead atoms with which the physicist and chemist have to do.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895):
Science and Education

9 *Physical Science*

Physical Science is that department of knowledge which relates to the order of nature, or, in other words, to **the** regular succession of events.

The name of physical science, however, is often applied in a more or less restricted manner to those branches of science in which the phenomena considered are of the simplest and most abstract kind, excluding the consideration of the more complex phenomena, such as those observed in living beings.

The simplest case of all is that in which an event or phenomenon can be described as a change in the arrangement of certain bodies. Thus the motion of the moon may be described by stating the changes in her position relative to the earth in the order in which they follow one another.

In other cases we may know that some change of arrangement has taken place, but we may not be able to ascertain what that change is.

Thus when water freezes we know that the molecules or smallest parts of the substance must be arranged differently in ice and in water. We also know that this arrangement in ice must have a certain kind of symmetry, because the ice is in the form of symmetrical crystals, but we have as yet no precise knowledge of the actual arrangement of the molecules in ice. But whenever we can completely describe the change of arrangement we have a knowledge, perfect so far as it extends, of what has taken place, though we may still have to learn the necessary conditions under which a similar event will always take place.

Hence the first part of physical science relates to the relative position and motion of bodies.

JAMES CLERK-MAXWELL (1831-1879): *Matter and Motion*

10 Inductive Logic

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had very long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

Cheshire Puss.' she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only

grinned a little wider. 'Come, it's pleased so far,' thought Alice, and she went on, 'Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?'

'That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,' said the Cat.

'I don't much care where——' said Alice.

'Then it doesn't matter which way you go,' said the Cat.

'——so long as I get *somewhere*' Alice added as an explanation.

'Oh, you're sure to do that,' said the Cat, 'if you only walk long enough.'

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. 'What sort of people live about here?'

'In *that* direction,' the Cat said, waving its right paw round, 'lives a Hatter: and in *that* direction,' waving the other paw, 'lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad.'

'But I don't want to go among mad people,' Alice remarked.

'Oh, you can't help that,' said the Cat: 'we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.'

'How do you know I'm mad?' said Alice.

'You must be,' said the Cat, 'or you wouldn't have come here.'

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on: 'And how do you know that you're mad?'

'To begin with,' said the Cat, 'a dog's not mad. You grant that?'

'I suppose so,' said Alice.

'Well, then,' the Cat went on, 'you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now . ' growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad.'

'.' call it purring, not growling,' said Alice.

'Call it what you like,' said the Cat. 'Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?'

'I should like it very much.' said Alice, 'but I haven't been invited yet.'

'You'll see me there.' said the Cat, and vanished.

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON (1832-1898):

Alice in Wonderland

11 *Borneo Coast*

It will frequently be found convenient for a sailing vessel to keep tolerably close to the coast of Borneo, especially when working to windward against the north-east monsoon, as favourable tidal streams will be found near the shore when a strong current is running to the southward some distance from it. Between Masein Tiga islets and Tanjong Bangkai, a vessel may stand towards the coast, guided by the lead, into 7 or 6 fathoms; farther out, between the Greig shoals and Pulo Data, the depths are from 13 to 16 fathoms.

Small vessels may pass in safety between Pulo Temaju and the mainland, the channel being a mile wide with depths of 7 fathoms.

Between Temaju and Semesa, vessels may stand towards the coast into 7 fathoms, and pass on either side of Pulo Baru; avoiding the shoal off the north extreme. Northward of Semesa the channel is clear as far as Tanjong Batu Belat, excepting the two patches of 4 and 4- fathoms, charted; abreast this point the depths decrease suddenly to the shore bank, from 13 fathoms to 8 and 2 fathoms, and must be guarded against; thence it is advisable to pass between Pulo Kabung and the 4 -fathoms shoal in the fairway.

The Burong islands may be boldly approached from the westward; large sailing vessels had better pass outside them, but smaller craft and steam vessels may often, with advantage, pass between them, taking care to avoid the charted dangers.

China Sea Pilot, 1st Edition

12 *Scientific Thought*

We have, then, come somehow to the following conclusions. By scientific thought we mean the application of past experience to new circumstances by means of an observed order of events. By saying that this order of events is exact we mean that it is exact enough to correct experiments by, but we do not mean that it is theoretically or absolutely exact, because we do not know. The process of inference we found to be in itself an assumption of uniformity, and we found that, as the known exactness of the uniformity became greater, the stringency of the inference increased. By saying that the order of events is reasonable we do not mean that everything has a purpose, or that everything can be explained, or that everything has a cause; for neither of these is true. But we mean that to every reasonable question there is an intelligible answer, which either we or posterity may know *by the exercise of scientific thought*.

For I specially wish you not to go away with the idea that the exercise of scientific thought is properly confined to the subjects from which my illustrations have been chiefly drawn to-night. When the Roman jurists applied their experience of Roman citizens to dealings between citizens and aliens, showing by the difference of their actions that they regarded the circumstances as essentially different, they laid the foundations of that great structure which has guided the social progress of Europe. That procedure was an instance of strictly scientific thought. When a poet finds that he has to move a strange new world which his predecessors have not moved; when, nevertheless, he catches fire from their flashes, arms from their armoury, sustentation from their footprints, the procedure by which he applies old experience to new circumstances is nothing greater nor less than scientific thought. When the moralist, studying the conditions of society and the ideas of right and wrong which have come down to us from a time when war was the normal condition

of man and success in war the only chance of survival, evolves from them the conditions and ideas which must accompany a time of peace, when the comradeship of equals is the condition of national success; the process by which he does this is scientific thought and nothing else. Remember, then, that it is the guide of action; that the truth which it arrives at is not that which we can ideally contemplate without error, but that which we may act upon without fear; and you cannot fail to see that scientific thought is not an accompaniment or condition of human progress, but human progress itself. And for this reason the question what its characters are, of which I have so inadequately endeavoured to give you some glimpse, is the question of all questions for the human race.

WILLIAM KINGDOM CLIFFORD (1845-1879):
On the Aims and Instruments of Scientific Thought

13 *Magic and Religion*

If an Age of Religion has thus everywhere, as I venture to surmise, been preceded by an Age of Magic, it is natural that we should enquire what causes have led mankind, or rather a portion of them, to abandon magic as a principle of faith and practice and to betake themselves to religion instead. When we reflect upon the multitude, the variety, and the complexity of the facts to be explained, and the scantiness of our information regarding them, we shall be ready to acknowledge that a full and satisfactory solution of so profound a problem is hardly to be hoped for, and that the most we can do in the present state of our knowledge is to hazard a more or less plausible conjecture. With all due diffidence, then, I would suggest that a tardy recognition of the inherent falsehood and barrenness of magic set the more thoughtful part of mankind to cast about for a truer theory of nature and a more fruitful method of turning her resources to account. The shrewder intelligences must in time have come to perceive that magical ceremonies and incantations did not really effect the results which they

were designed to produce, and which the majority of their simpler fellows still believed that they did actually produce. This great discovery of the inefficacy of magic must have wrought a radical though probably slow revolution in the minds of those who had the sagacity to make it. The discovery amounted to this, that men for the first time recognised their inability to manipulate at pleasure certain natural forces which hitherto they had believed to be completely within their control. It was a confession of human ignorance and weakness. Man saw that he had taken for causes what were no causes, and that all his efforts to work by means of these imaginary causes had been vain. His painful toil had been wasted, his curious ingenuity had been squandered to no purpose. He had been pulling at strings to which nothing was attached; he had been marching, as he thought, straight to the goal, while in reality he had only been treading in a narrow circle. Not that the effects which he had striven so hard to produce did not continue to manifest themselves. They were still produced, but not by him. The rain still fell on the thirsty ground: the sun still pursued his daily, and the moon her nightly journey across the sky: the silent procession of the seasons still moved in light and shadow, in cloud and sunshine across the earth: men were still born to labour and sorrow, and still, after a brief sojourn here, were gathered to their fathers in the long home hereafter. All things indeed went on as before, yet all seemed different to him from whose eyes the old scales had fallen. For he could no longer cherish the pleasing illusion that it was he who guided the earth and the heaven in their courses, and that they would cease to perform their great revolutions were he to take his feeble hand from the wheel. In the death of his enemies and his friends he no longer saw a proof of the resistless potency of his own or of hostile enchantments; he now knew that friends and foes alike had succumbed to a force stronger than any that he could wield, and in obedience to a destiny which he was powerless to control.

SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER (*b.* 1854): *The Golden Bough*

14 *Preferential Mating*

If we wish to discover whether preferential mating with regard to any organ or character is taking place in a given form of life, we must investigate whether the type and variability of the mated and unmated members of one or other sex are the same. If they are not, then sexual selection in the form of preferential mating is undoubtedly at work. But in this matter we shall find that sexual selection is just as hard to deal with as natural selection. We cannot be certain that the organ discussed is the one directly preferred, its type may have been modified owing to the selection of a correlated organ. For example, let us suppose that the mean eye-colour of wives differs from that of spinsters of middle age. Are we to conclude that this is directly due to a selection of wives by eye-colour, or is indirectly due to the fact that eye-colour is correlated with hair-colour, complexion, and even stature? At most we can only make a plausible guess, and it would be safest merely to affirm the existence of preferential mating without specification of characters or organs.

Again, we must be careful to take our mated and unmated material *homogeneous*. We are almost certain, for example, to find a change of type and variability if we compare parent and offspring. In the first place, natural selection and even growth may act periodically on offspring before they become possible mates. In the next, fertility may be correlated with the very character or organ measured; every mate is not a parent. Further, we must be careful to see that reproduction itself is unlikely to have influenced the quantitative value of the character investigated. But with due precautions as to the character and individuals chosen, there seems no doubt that a quantitative answer can be obtained to the general problem as to whether preferential mating is really at work in any form of life. It appears to me just one of those cases in which it is better to quietly collect the statistics, than to enter into an endless argument as to

whether sexual selection is or is not a *vera causa* of evolution. For example, in the case of man, let us take, say, 1000 husbands and 1000 bachelors at the ages of forty-five to fifty, from the same social class, and measure their stature or classify their hair and eye-colour. Again, let us take 1000 wives and 1000 spinsters from the same period of life and class, and measure these or other characters in them. If this be done, we shall soon ascertain whether preferential mating, at any rate with regard to these or correlated characters, is or is not at work among mankind. Nor need we take bachelors or spinsters alone. If our statistics are sufficiently ample we may compare husbands or wives with the general population of the same age and class, and notice whether the differences mark them off as a distinct group.

KARL PEARSON (*b.* 1857): *The Grammar of Science*

15 *Shrimps*

Shrimps are much quicker at finding food than prawns. They hunt with their faces down on the ground like hounds questing, while the prawn hunts with his head held up as usual. If a piece of worm be just buried in sand, a shrimp will dig it out at once, whether blind or not. I have also seen a prawn, after much hesitation, plunge its two arms resolutely into an anemone (*Anthea*) and pull out a worm which the anemone had closed over. In like manner a blind *Stenorhyncus* or *Inachus* will perceive a piece of worm when it has been in the water a few minutes, and will then set out and find it. I have seen them hunting about when worms have been put into another tank from which water was flowing into their own vessel. There can then be no doubt that these animals find their food by scent, and it becomes difficult to determine what sort of objects they can see. It is not even certain that they can see each other. If a prawn is eating a piece of worm and another prawn finds it and takes it away, the first prawn will again begin to quest wildly

as at first, and does not make for the prawn with the worm, though it may be only a few inches off. Nevertheless, it is certain that prawns at all events can perceive more than mere difference between light and darkness, for they notice a hand or even a thin stick placed between them and the light, putting out their antennae towards it. *Stenorhyncus* also will put up its anterior pair of walking legs when a fish swims close over its head. It would appear that the eyes of these creatures are particularly sensitive to shadows. If a worm is hung by a thread in the water about eight inches from the bottom, the prawns will first hunt on the bottom as usual, and will then begin swimming about in quest, but on coming within a few inches below the worm they will rise to it directly.

WILLIAM BATESON (1861-1926)

Scientific Papers: Notes and Memoranda

16 Atoms

We have seen that all things are made of about ninety kinds of atoms, and that in them is wrapped up the mystery and infinite variety of the natural world. In each there is a nucleus which is positively charged; round the nucleus are electrons which are units of negative electricity. The positive charge of the nucleus is a multiple of a certain unit charge, equal to the charge on the electron, but of opposite sign. The number of electrons which every atom possesses under normal conditions is an exact balance to the positive charge on the nucleus, so that the atom as a whole is not charged; its positive and negative charges balance. Whether or no the electrons are revolving round the central nucleus like planets round a sun, or whether they possess other more complicated motions are not matters of importance to us for the moment. Something is known of these points, but the whole question is difficult. The only consequences of this strange arrangement of nucleus and electrons which we must consider can be drawn without thinking about the

possible motions. One consequence is that the atoms do not encroach on each other's domains under ordinary circumstances. Each has an outer cloak or shell of electrons; and when two atoms are brought close together there is a resisting force which we may suppose to be due to the mutual repulsion of the two shells. But when two atoms are hurled at each other with sufficient speed the outer defences may be broken down and the atoms pass through each other. When this happens the atoms may afterwards disentangle themselves and pass on their way as if there had been no encounter at all: one or both may have suffered the loss of an electron or two, but the damage is soon made good. It is only when the nucleus of one approaches sufficiently close to the nucleus of the other that there is a change of motion like that due to the meeting of two balls. Changes of this kind are so rare and imply such a closeness of approach that we are bound to think of the nucleus as very small indeed. These penetrations of atomic domains are brought to our notice by the actions of radium and similar substances, as explained in the first lecture, and are of importance to us because they make us realise the empty nature of the atom, and its sun and planet structure. They do not occur in the usual relations of atoms to one another, because the speed is far too small. The domain which the atom occupies to the exclusion of others is about a hundred millionth of an inch across; it is within this minute space that the nucleus and the electrons perform their relative motions. The light atoms have smaller domains, and the heavier somewhat larger: a factor of three or four will take us from the smallest to the largest.

I have said that all atoms are in motion, and that there is a constant struggle between some form of attractive force which would draw all the atoms together and this motion which would keep them independent. The existence of an attractive force which we here take into account as something very important does not at first seem to be reconcilable with the atomic structure we have just considered, because

in this we supposed that the outer shells of electrons would prevent the atoms from coming too close to each other. It is a difficult point, because both views are entirely correct. It is, no doubt, our present ignorance of the nature of these forces that prevents us from arriving at a clear understanding. We have seen how it can happen that when two atoms approach each other at great speeds they go through one another, while at moderate speeds they bound off each other like two billiard balls. We have to go a step further, and see how, at very slow speeds of approach, they may actually stick together. We have all seen those swinging gates which, when their swing is considerable, go to and fro without locking. When the swing has declined, however, the latch suddenly drops into its place, the gate is held and after a short rattle the motion is all over. We have to explain an effect something like that. When the two atoms meet, the repulsions of their electron shells usually cause them to recoil; but if the motion is small, and the atoms spend a longer time in each other's neighbourhood, there is time for something to happen in the internal arrangements of both atoms, like the drop of the latch-gate into its socket, and the atoms are held. It all depends on some structure of the atom which causes a want of uniformity over its surface, so that there is usually a repulsion; but the repulsion will be turned into attraction if the two atoms are allowed time to make the necessary arrangements, or even if at the outset they are presented to each other in the right way.

SIR WILLIAM BRAGG (b. 1862):
Concerning the Nature of Things

17 A Cosmic Problem

It may be thought that, although we can obtain no direct evidence of the existence of the ether, yet we can find evidence of something of the nature of waves passing through it, in all the phenomena which are generally taken to prove the undulatory nature of light—Newton's rings, diffraction

patterns, and interference phenomena in general. This, however, is not so, for again we have no knowledge of the supposed waves except where there are particles of matter to reveal them to us. The phenomena just mentioned give us no knowledge of things passing through the ether, but only of things falling on matter. So far as we know, nothing at all is propagated that is more concrete than a mathematical abstraction—it is like astronomical noon being propagated over the surface of the earth as the earth turns round under the sun. Yet I can imagine a physicist intervening with an objection at this stage; it would be something like this:

Physicist. The sunshine out of doors represents energy which was generated in the sun. Eight minutes ago it was in the sun; now it is here. Consequently it must have come from the sun, and so must have travelled through the space which intervenes between the sun and us. It seems to me, then, that energy must be propagated through space.

Mathematician. Let us make the question at issue as precise as possible. Let us fix our attention on a definite parcel of sunlight, say that which falls on my book in the space of a second, as I sit reading out in the bright sunshine. This, you say, was in the sun eight minutes ago. Four minutes ago it was, I suppose, out in space, half-way between the sun and ourselves. Six minutes ago it was three-quarters of the way towards us?

Physicist. Yes; and that is what is called being propagated through space; energy moves from one bit of space to another.

Mathematician. Your concept implies that at any instant the different little bits of space are occupied by different amounts of energy. If so, it ought, of course, to be possible to calculate or measure how much is in a given bit of space at a given instant. If you assume that the sun is at rest in an ether, and that sunlight is energy propagated through this ether, then, I admit you can get a quite definite answer to the problem; Maxwell gave it in 1863. Also, if you assume that the sun, and of course the whole solar system with it, is

moving steadily through the ether at a known speed, say 1000 miles a second, you can also get a definite answer to your problem. But—and this is the crux of the matter—the two answers are different. Will you tell me which is the right one?

Physicist. Obviously the first is right if the sun is at rest in the ether, and the second if the sun has a steady speed of 1000 miles a second through the ether.

Mathematician. Yes, but we are in agreement that 'at rest in the ether' means nothing at all, and 'a steady speed of 1000 miles a second through the ether' means nothing at all. If we try to attach any meaning to them, all the phenomena of nature insist that the same meaning must be attached to both. Consequently I find your answer meaningless.

SIR JAMES JEANS (b. 1877): *The Mysterious Universe*

§ ii. PHILOSOPHY

1 *Body and Mind*

If we reflect but upon our own souls, how manifestly do the species of reason, freedom, perception, and the like, offer themselves to us, whereby we may know a thousand times more distinctly what our souls are than what our bodies are: For the former we know by an immediate converse with ourselves, and a distinct sense of their operations; whereas all our knowledge of the body is little better than merely historical, which we gather up by scraps and piecemeals from more doubtful and uncertain experiments which we make of them: but the notions which we have of a mind, *i.e.* something within us that thinks, apprehends, reasons, and discourses, are so clear and distinct from all those notions which we can fasten upon a body, that we can easily conceive that if all body-being in the world were destroyed, yet we might then as well subsist as now we do.

JOHN SMITH (1618-1652):

Discourse of the Immortality of the Soul

2 *Infinity*

There are some I have met with that put so much difference between infinite duration and infinite space, that they persuade themselves that they have a positive idea of eternity, but that they have not, nor can have any idea of infinite space. The reason of which mistake I suppose to be this: that, finding by a due contemplation of causes and effects, that it is necessary to admit some eternal Being, and so to consider the real existence of that Being, as taken

up and commensurate to their idea of eternity; but, on the other side, not finding it necessary, but, on the contrary, apparently absurd, that body should be infinite, they forwardly conclude that they have no idea of infinite space, because they can have no idea of infinite matter. Which consequence, I conceive, is very ill collected; because the existence of matter is no ways necessary to the existence of space, no more than the existence of motion, or the sun, is necessary to duration, though duration uses to be measured by it: and I doubt not but that a man may have the idea of ten thousand miles square, without any body so big, as well as the idea of ten thousand years, without any body so old. It seems as easy to me to have the idea of space empty of body, as to think of the capacity of a bushel without corn, or the hollow of a nutshell without a kernel in it: it being no more necessary that there should be existing a solid body infinitely extended, because we have an idea of the infinity of space, than it is necessary that the world should be eternal because we have an idea of infinite duration. And why should we think our idea of infinite space requires the real existence of matter to support it, when we find that we have as clear an idea of an infinite duration to come, as we have of infinite duration past? though I suppose nobody thinks it conceivable that anything does or has existed in that future duration. Nor is it possible to join our idea of future duration with present or past existence, any more than it is possible to make the ideas of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow to be the same; or bring ages past and future together, and make them contemporary. But if these men are of the mind, that they have clearer ideas of infinite duration than of infinite space, because it is past doubt that God has existed from all eternity, but there is no real matter co-extended with infinite space: yet those philosophers who are of opinion that infinite space is possessed by God's infinite omnipresence, as well as infinite duration by his eternal existence, must be allowed to have as clear an idea of infinite space as of infinite duration;

though neither of them, I think, has any positive idea of infinity in either case.

JOHN LOCKE (1632-1704):

Essay concerning Human Understanding

3 False Principles

1. Philosophy being nothing else but the study of wisdom and truth, it may with reason be expected that those who have spent most time and pains in it should enjoy a greater calm and serenity of mind, a greater clearness and evidence of knowledge, and be less disturbed with doubts and difficulties than other men. Yet so it is, we see the illiterate bulk of mankind, that walk the high-road of plain common sense, and are governed by the dictates of nature, for the most part easy and undisturbed. To them nothing that is familiar appears unaccountable or difficult to comprehend. They complain not of any want of evidence in their senses, and are out of all danger of becoming Sceptics. But no sooner do we depart from sense and instinct to follow the light of a superior principle—to reason, meditate, and reflect on the nature of things, but a thousand scruples spring up in our minds concerning those things which before we seemed fully to comprehend. Prejudices and errors of sense do from all parts discover themselves to our view; and, endeavouring to correct these by reason, we are insensibly drawn into uncouth paradoxes, difficulties, and inconsistencies, which multiply and grow upon us as we advance in speculation, till at length, having wandered through many intricate mazes, we find ourselves just where we were, or, which is worse, sit down in a forlorn Scepticism.

2. The cause of this is thought to be the obscurity of things, or the natural weakness and imperfection of our understandings. It is said, 'the faculties we have are few, and those designed by nature for the support and pleasure of life, and not to penetrate into the inward essence

and constitution of things. Besides, the mind of man being finite, when it treats of things which partake of infinity, it is not to be wondered at if it run into absurdities and contradictions, out of which it is impossible it should ever extricate itself, it being of the nature of infinite not to be comprehended by that which is finite.'

3. But, perhaps, we may be too partial to ourselves in placing the fault originally in our faculties, and not rather in the wrong use we make of them. It is a hard thing to suppose that right deductions from true principles should ever end in consequences which cannot be maintained or made consistent. We should believe that God has dealt more bountifully with the sons of men than to give them a strong desire for that knowledge which he had placed quite out of their reach. This were not agreeable to the wonted indulgent methods of Providence, which, whatever appetites it may have implanted in the creatures, doth usually furnish them with such means as, if rightly made use of, will not fail to satisfy them. Upon the whole, I am inclined to think that the far greater part, if not all, of those difficulties which have hitherto amused philosophers, and blocked up the way to knowledge, are entirely owing to ourselves—that we have first raised a dust and then complain we cannot see.

4. My purpose therefore is, to try if I can discover what those Principles are which have introduced all that doubtfulness and uncertainty, those absurdities and contradictions, into the several sects of philosophy; insomuch that the wisest men have thought our ignorance incurable, conceiving it to arise from the natural dulness and limitation of our faculties. And surely it is a work well deserving our pains to make a strict inquiry concerning the First Principles of Human Knowledge, to sift and examine them on all sides, especially since there may be some grounds to suspect that those lets and difficulties, which stay and embarrass the mind in its search after truth, do not spring from any darkness and intricacy in the objects, or natural defect in

the understanding, so much as from false Principles which have been insisted on, and might have been avoided.

GEORGE BERKELEY (1685-1753):

A Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge

4 *Laying the Basis*

1. Propositions (consisting of a subject and predicate united by the copula) may take a categorical, conditional, or interrogative form.

(1) An interrogative, when they ask a Question (*e.g.* Does Free-trade benefit the poorer classes?), and imply that possibly it does, and possibly it does not.

(2) A conditional, when they express a Conclusion (*e.g.* Free-trade therefore benefits the poorer classes), and both imply, and imply their dependence on, other propositions.

(3) A categorical, when they simply make an Assertion (*e.g.* Free-trade does benefit), and imply the absence of any condition or reservation of any kind, looking neither before nor behind, as resting in themselves and being intrinsically complete.

These three modes of shaping a proposition, distinct as they are from each other, follow each other in natural sequence. A proposition, which starts with being a Question, may become a Conclusion, and then be changed into an Assertion; but it has of course ceased to be a question, so far forth as it has become a conclusion, and has rid itself of its argumentative form—that is, has ceased to be a conclusion—so far forth as it has become an assertion. A question has not yet got so far as to be a conclusion, though it is the necessary preliminary of a conclusion; and an assertion has got beyond being a mere conclusion, though it is **the** natural issue of a conclusion. Their correlation is **the** measure of their distinction one from another.

No one is likely to deny that a question is distinct **both** from a conclusion and from an assertion; and an assertion will be found to be equally distinct from a conclusion. **For,**

if we rest our affirmation on arguments, this shows that we are not asserting; and, when we assert, we do not argue. An assertion is as distinct from a conclusion, as a word of command is from a persuasion or recommendation. Command and assertion, as such, both of them, in their different ways, dispense with, discard, ignore antecedents of any kind, though antecedents may have been a *sine qua non* condition of their being elicited. They both carry with them the pretension of being personal acts.

In insisting on the intrinsic distinctness of these three modes of putting a proposition, I am not maintaining that they may not co-exist as regards one and the same subject. For what we have already concluded, we may, if we will, make a question of; and what we are asserting, we may of course conclude over again. We may assert to one man, and conclude to another, and ask of a third; still, when we assert, we do not conclude, and, when we assert or conclude, we do not question.

2. The internal act of holding propositions is for the most part analogous to the external act of enunciating them; as there are three ways of enunciating, so are there three ways of holding them, each corresponding to each. These three mental acts are Doubt, Inference, and Assent. A question is the expression of a doubt; a conclusion is the expression of an act of inference; and an assertion is the expression of an act of assent. To doubt, for instance, is not to see one's way to hold that Free-trade is or is not a benefit; to infer, is to hold on sufficient grounds that Free-trade may, must, or should be a benefit; to assent to the proposition, is to hold that Free-trade is a benefit.

Moreover, propositions, while they are the material of these three enunciations, are the objects of the three corresponding mental acts; and as without a proposition there cannot be a question, conclusion, or assertion, so without a proposition there is nothing to doubt about, nothing to infer, nothing to assent to. Mental acts of whatever kind presuppose their objects.

And, since the three enunciations are distinct from each other, therefore the three mental acts also, Doubt, Inference, and Assent, are, with reference to one and the same proposition, distinct from each other; else, why should their several enunciations be distinct? And indeed it is very evident, that, so far forth as we infer, we do not doubt, and that, when we assent, we are not inferring, and, when we doubt, we cannot assent.

And in fact, these three modes of entertaining propositions, —doubting them, inferring them, assenting to them, are so distinct in their action, that, when they are severally carried out into the intellectual habits of an individual, they become the principles and notes of three distinct states or characters of mind. For instance, in the case of Revealed Religion, according as one or other of these is paramount within him, a man is a sceptic as regards it; or a philosopher, thinking it more or less probable considered as a conclusion of reason; or he has an unhesitating faith in it, and is recognized as a believer. If he simply disbelieves, or dissents, he is assenting to the contradictory of the thesis, viz. that there is no Revelation.

Many minds of course there are, which are not under the predominant influence of any one of the three. Thus men are to be found of irreflective, impulsive, unsettled, or again of acute minds, who do not know what they believe and what they do not, and who may be by turns sceptics, inquirers, or believers; who doubt, assent, infer, and doubt again, according to the circumstances of the season. Nay further, in all minds there is a certain co-existence of these distinct acts; that is, of two of them, for we can at once infer and assent, though we cannot at once either assent or infer and also doubt. Indeed, in a multitude of cases we infer truths, or apparent truths, before, and while, and after we assent to them.

Lastly, it cannot be denied that these three acts are all natural to the mind; I mean, that, in exercising them, we are not violating the laws of our nature, as if they were in

themselves an extravagance or weakness, but are acting according to it, according to its legitimate constitution. Undoubtedly, it is possible, it is common, in the particular case, to err in the exercise of Doubt, of Inference, and of Assent; that is, we may be withholding a judgment about propositions on which we have the means of coming to some conclusion; or we may be assenting to propositions which we ought to receive only on the credit of their premisses, or again to keep ourselves in suspense about; but such errors of the individual belong to the individual, not to his nature, and cannot avail to forfeit for him his natural right, under proper circumstances, to doubt, or to infer, or to assent. We do but fulfil our nature in doubting, inferring, and assenting; and our duty is, not to abstain from the exercise of any function of our nature, but to do what is in itself right rightly.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890):

The Grammar of Assent

5 *Intuition and Experience*

Now, the difference between these two schools of philosophy, that of Intuition, and that of Experience and Association, is *not* a mere matter of abstract speculation; it is full of practical consequences, and lies at the foundation of all the greatest differences of practical opinion in an age of progress. The practical reformer has continually to demand that changes be made in things which are supported by powerful and widely-spread feelings, or to question the apparent necessity and indefeasibleness of established facts; and it is often an indispensable part of his argument to show, how those powerful feelings had their origin, and how those facts came to seem necessary and indefeasible. There is therefore a natural hostility between him and a philosophy which discourages the explanation of feelings and moral facts by circumstances and association, and prefers to treat them as ultimate elements of human

nature; a philosophy which is addicted to holding up favourite doctrines as intuitive truths, and deems intuition to be the voice of Nature and of God, speaking with an authority higher than that of our reason. In particular, I have long felt that the prevailing tendency to regard all the marked distinctions of human nature as innate, and in the main indelible, and to ignore the irresistible proofs that by far the greater part of those differences, whether between individuals, races, or sexes, are such as not only might but naturally would be produced by differences in circumstances, is one of the chief hindrances to the rational treatment of great social questions, and one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to human improvement. This tendency has its source in the intuitional metaphysics which characterised the reaction of the nineteenth century against the eighteenth, and it is a tendency so agreeable to human indolence, as well as to conservative interests generally, that unless attacked at the very root, it is sure to be carried to even a greater length than is really justified by the more moderate forms of the intuitional philosophy.

JOHN STUART MILL (1806-1873): *Autobiography*

6 Going Round the Squirrel

Some years ago, being with a camping party in the mountains, I returned from a solitary ramble to find everyone engaged in a ferocious metaphysical dispute. The *corpus* of the dispute was a squirrel—a live squirrel supposed to be clinging to one side of a tree-trunk; while over against the tree's opposite side a human being was imagined to stand. This human witness tries to get sight of the squirrel by moving rapidly round the tree, but no matter how fast he goes, the squirrel moves as fast in the opposite direction, and always keeps the tree between himself and the man, so that never a glimpse of him is caught. The resultant metaphysical problem now is this: *Does the man go round the squirrel or not?* He goes round the tree, sure enough, and

the squirrel is on the tree; but does he go round the squirrel? In the unlimited leisure of the wilderness, discussion had been worn threadbare. Everyone had taken sides, and was obstinate; and the numbers on both sides were even. Each side, when I appeared, therefore appealed to me to make it a majority. Mindful of the scholastic adage that whenever you meet a contradiction you must make a distinction, I immediately sought and found one, as follows: Which party is right.' I said, depends on what you *practically mean* by "going round" the squirrel. If you mean passing from the north of him to the east, then to the south, then to the west, and then to the north of him again, obviously the man does go round him, for he occupies these successive positions. But if, on the contrary, you mean being first in front of him, then on the right of him, then behind him, then on his left, and finally in front again, it is quite as obvious that the man fails to go round him, for by the compensating movements the squirrel makes, he keeps his belly turned towards the man all the time, and his back turned away. Make the distinction, and there is no occasion for any farther dispute. You are both right and both wrong according as you conceive the verb "to go round" in one practical fashion or the other.'

WILLIAM JAMES (1842-1910): *Pragmatism*

7 Volition

I must next venture a few words on an embarrassing topic, the supposed revelation of reality within the self as force or will. And the difficulty comes, not so much from the nature of the subject, as from the manner of its treatment. If we could get a clear statement as to the matter revealed, we could at this stage of our discussion dispose of it in a few words, or rather point out that it has been already disposed of. But a clear statement is precisely that which (so far as my experience goes) is not to be had.

The reader who recalls our discussions on activity, will

remember how it literally was riddled by contradictions. All the puzzles as to adjectives and relations and terms, every dilemma as to time and causation, seemed to meet in it and there even to find an addition. Far from reducing these to harmony, activity, when we tried to think it, fell helplessly asunder or jarred with itself. And to suppose that the self is to bring order into this chaos, after our experience hitherto of the self's total impotence, seems more sanguine than rational.

If now we take force or cause, as it is revealed in the self, to be the same as volition proper, that clearly will not help us. For in volition we have an idea, determining change in the self, and so producing its own realisation. Volition, perhaps at first sight, may seem to promise a solution of our metaphysical puzzles. For we seem to find at last something like a self-contained cause with an effect within itself. But this surely is illusory. The old difficulties about the beginning of change in its process in time, the old troubles as to diversity in union with sameness—how is any one of these got rid of, or made more tractable? It is bootless to enquire whether we have found a principle which is to explain the universe. For we have not even found anything which can bear its own weight, or can endure for one moment the most superficial scrutiny. Volition gives us, of course, an intense feeling of reality; and we may conclude, if we please, that in this lies the heart of the mystery of things. Yes, perhaps; here lies the answer—for those who may have understood; and the whole question turns on whether we *have* reached an understanding. But what you offer me appears much more like an experience, not understood but interpreted into hopeless confusion. It is with you as with the man who, transported by his passion, feels and knows that only love gives the secret of the universe. In each case the result is perfectly in order, but one hardly sees why it should be called metaphysics.

And we shall make no advance, if we pass from will proper where an idea is realised, and fall back on an obscurer

revelation of energy. In the experience of activity, or resistance, or will, or force (or whatever other phrase seems most oracular), we are said to come at last down to the rock of reality. And I am not so ill-advised as to offer a disproof of the message revealed. It is doubtless a mystery, and hence those who could inform the outer world of its meaning, are for that very reason compelled to be silent and to seem even ignorant. What I can do is to set down briefly the external remarks of one not initiated.

In the first place, taken psychologically, the revelation is fraudulent. There is no original experience of anything like activity, to say nothing of resistance. This is quite a secondary product, the origin of which is far from mysterious, and on which I have said something in the preceding chapter. You may, doubtless, point to an outstanding margin of undetermined sensations, but these will not contain the essence of the matter. And I do not hesitate to say this: Where you meet a psychologist who takes this experience as elementary, you will find a man who has not ever made a serious attempt to decompose it, or ever resolutely faced the question as to what it contains. And in the second place, taken metaphysically, these tidings, given from whatever source, are either meaningless or false. And here once again we have the all-important point. I do not care what your oracle is, and your preposterous psychology may here be gospel if you please; the real question is whether your response (so far as it means anything) is not appearance and illusion. If it means nothing, that is to say, if it is merely a datum which has no complex content that can be taken as a principle—then it will be much what we have in, say, pleasure or pain. But if you offered me one of these as a theoretical account of the universe, you would not be even mistaken, but simply nonsensical. And it is the same with activity or force, if these also merely are, and say nothing. But if, on the other hand, the revelation does contain a meaning, I will commit myself to this: either the oracle is so confused that its signification is not discoverable, or,

upon the other hand, if it can be pinned down to any definite statement, then that statement will be false. When we drag it out into the light, and expose it to the criticism of our foregoing discussions, it will exhibit its helplessness. It will be proved to contain mere unsolved discrepancies, and will give us, therefore, not truth, but in the end appearance. And I intend to leave this matter so without further remark.

FRANCIS HERBERT BRADLEY (1846-1924):
Appearance and Reality

8 *Mathematics a Vice*

Mathematics, if it were nothing more than a pleasure, might conceivably become a vice. Those addicted to it might be indulging an atavistic taste at the expense of their humanity. It would then be in the position now occupied by mythology and mysticism. Even as it is, mathematicians share with musicians a certain partiality in their characters and mental development. Masters in one abstract subject, they may remain children in the world; exquisite manipulators of the ideal, they may be erratic and clumsy in their earthly ways. Immense as are the uses and wide the applications of mathematics, its texture is too thin and inhuman to employ the whole mind or render it harmonious. It is a science which Socrates rejected for its supposed want of utility; but perhaps he had another ground in reserve to justify his humorous prejudice. He may have felt that such a science, if admitted, would endanger his thesis about the identity of virtue and knowledge.

GEORGE SANTAYANA (&. 1863): *Reason in Science*

9 *Mathematics a Virtue*

Of the effects of mathematics outside its own sphere, more has been written than on the subject of its own proper ideal. The effect upon philosophy has, in the past, been most

notable, but most varied; in the seventeenth century, idealism and rationalism, in the eighteenth, materialism and sensationalism, seemed equally its offspring. Of the effect which it is likely to have in the future it would be very rash to say much; but in one respect a good result appears probable. Against that kind of scepticism which abandons the pursuit of ideals because the road is arduous and the goal not certainly attainable, mathematics, within its own sphere, is a complete answer. Too often it is said that there is no absolute truth, but only opinion and private judgment; that each of us is conditioned, in his view of the world, by his own peculiarities, his own taste and bias; that there is no external kingdom of truth to which, by patience and discipline, we may at last obtain admittance, but only truth for me, for you, for every separate person. By this habit of mind one of the chief ends of human effort is denied, and the supreme virtue of candour, of fearless acknowledgment of what is, disappears from our moral vision. Of such scepticism mathematics is a perpetual reproof; for its edifice of truths stands unshakable and inexpgnable to all the weapons of doubting cynicism.

BERTRAND RUSSELL (b. 1872): *Mysticism and Logic*

10 *Cheerfulness breaking in*

When we got to Dr. Johnson's house, and were seated in his library, the dialogue went on admirably. EDWARDS. 'Sir, I remember you would not let us say *prodigious* at College. For even then, Sir, (turning to me,) he was delicate in language, and we all feared him.' JOHNSON, (to Edwards,) 'From your having practised the law long, Sir, I presume you must be rich.' EDWARDS. 'NO, Sir; I got a good deal of money; but I had a number of poor relations to whom I gave a great part of it.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, you have been rich in the most valuable sense of the word.' EDWARDS. 'But I shall not die rich.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, sure, Sir, it is better to *live* rich than to *die* rich.' EDWARDS. 'I wish I

had continued at College.' JOHNSON. 'Why do you wish that, Sir?' EDWARDS. 'Because I think I should have had a much easier life than mine has been. I should have been a parson, and had a good living, like Bloxham and several others, and lived comfortably.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, the life of a parson, of a conscientious clergyman, is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. I would rather have Chancery suits upon my hands than the cure of souls. No, Sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life.' Here taking himself up all of a sudden, he exclaimed, 'O! Mr. Edwards! I'll convince you that I recollect you. Do you remember our drinking together at an ale-house near Pembroke gate? At that time, you told me of the Eton boy, who, when verses of our SAVIOUR'S turning water into wine were prescribed as an exercise, brought up a single line, which was highly admired,—

"Vidit et crubuit lympa pudlca Deum"

and I told you of another fine line in "Camden's Remains," a eulogy upon one of our Kings, who was succeeded by his son, a prince of equal merit:—

"Mira cano, Sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est." '

EDWARDS. 'YOU are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in.'—Mr. Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Courtenay, Mr. Malone, and, indeed, all the eminent men to whom I have mentioned this, have thought it an exquisite trait of character. The truth is, that philosophy, like religion, is too generally supposed to be hard and severe, at least so grave as to exclude all gaiety.

EDWARDS. 'I have been twice married, Doctor. You, I suppose, have never known what it was to have a wife.'

JOHNSON. 'Sir, I have known what it was to have a wife, and (in a solemn, tender, faltering tone) I have known what it was to *lose a zvife*.—It had almost broke my heart.'

EDWARDS. 'How do you live, Sir? For my part, I must have my regular meals, and a glass of good wine. I find I require it.' JOHNSON. 'I now drink no wine, Sir. Early in life I drank wine: for many years I drank none. I then for some years drank a great deal.' EDWARDS. 'Some hogs-heads, I warrant you.' JOHNSON. 'I then had a severe illness, and left it off, and I have never begun it again. I never felt any difference upon myself from eating one thing rather than another, nor from one kind of weather rather than another. There are people, I believe, who feel a difference; but I am not one of them. And as to regular meals, I have fasted from the Sunday's dinner to the Tuesday's dinner, without any inconvenience. I believe it is best to eat just as one is hungry: but a man who is in business, or a man who has a family, must have stated meals. I am a straggler. I may leave this town and go to Grand Cairo, without being missed here or observed there.' EDWARDS. 'Don't you eat supper, Sir?' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir.' EDWARDS. 'For my part, now, I consider supper as a turnpike through which one must pass, in order to go to bed.'

JOHNSON. 'YOU are a lawyer, Mr. Edwards. Lawyers know life practically. A bookish man should always have them to converse with. They have what he wants.' EDWARDS. 'I am grown old: I am sixty-five.' JOHNSON. 'I shall be sixty-eight next birthday. Come, Sir, drink water, and put in for a hundred.'

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795): *Life of Dr. Johnson*

§ iii. THEOLOGY

i *The Law which Angels do work by*

But now that we may lift up our eyes (as it were) from the footstool to the throne of God, and leaving these natural, consider a little the state of heavenly and divine creatures; touching Angels which are spirits immaterial and intellectual, the glorious habitants of those sacred palaces, where nothing but light and blessed immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontentments, griefs, and uncomfortable passions to work upon, but all joy, tranquillity, and peace, even for ever and ever doth dwell; as in number and order they are huge, mighty, and royal armies; so likewise in perfection of obedience unto that law, which the Highest, whom they adore, love, and imitate, hath imposed upon them, such observants they are thereof, that our Saviour himself being to set down the perfect *idea* of that which we are to pray and wish for on earth, did not teach to pray or wish for more, than only that here it might be with us, as with them it is in heaven. God which moveth mere natural agents as an efficient only, doth otherwise move intellectual creatures, and especially his holy Angels. For beholding the face of God, in admiration of so great excellency they all adore him; and being rapt with the love of his beauty, they cleave inseparably for ever unto him. Desire to resemble him in goodness, maketh them unweariable, and even unsalable in their longing to do by all means all manner good unto all the creatures of God, but especially unto the children of men; in the countenance of whose nature looking downward they behold themselves beneath themselves, even as upward in God, beneath whom themselves are, they

see that character which is nowhere but in themselves and us resembled. Thus far even the Paynims have approached; thus far they have seen into the doings of the Angels of God; *Orpheus* confessing that the fiery throne of God is attended on by those most industrious Angels, careful how all things are performed amongst men; and the mirror of human wisdom plainly teaching, that God moveth Angels, even as that thing doth stir man's heart, which is thereunto presented amiable. Angelical actions may therefore be reduced into these three general kinds; first, most delectable love, arising from the visible apprehension of the purity, glory, and beauty of God, invisible saving only unto Spirits that are pure; secondly, adoration grounded upon the evidence of the greatness of God, on whom they see how all things depend; thirdly, imitation, bred by the presence of his exemplary goodness, who ceaseth not before them daily to fill heaven and earth with the rich treasures of most free and undeserved grace.

RICHARD HOOKER (1554?-1600): *Ecclesiastical Polity*

2 *Interpretation of the Scriptures*

Now besides all this, who knows not how many surreptitious works are ingrafted into the legitimate writings of the Fathers? And of those Books that pass for authentic, who knows what hath been tampered withal, what hath been razed out, what hath been inserted? Besides the late legerdmain of the Papists, that which Sulpitius writes concerning Origen's books gives us cause vehemently to suspect there hath been packing of old. In the third chapter of his 1st Dialogue we may read what wrangling the bishops and monks had about the reading or not reading of Origen; some objecting that he was corrupted by heretics; others answering that all such books had been so dealt with. How then shall I trust these times to lead me, that testify so ill of leading themselves? Certainly of their defects their own witness may be best received, but of the rectitude and sin-

cerity of their life and doctrine, to judge rightly we must judge by that which was to be their rule.

But it will be objected, that this was an unsettled state of the Church, wanting the temporal magistrate to suppress the licence of false brethren, and the extravagance of still-new opinions; a time not imitable for Church government, where the temporal and spiritual power did not close in one belief, as under Constantine. I am not of opinion to think the church a vine in this respect, because, as they take it, she cannot subsist without clasping about the elm of worldly strength and felicity, as if the heavenly city could not support itself without the props and buttresses of secular authority. They extol Constantine because he extolled them; as our home-bred monks in their histories blanch the kings their benefactors, and brand those that went about to be their correctors. If he had curbed the growing pride, avarice, and luxury of the clergy, then every page of his story should have swelled with his faults, and that which Zozimus the heathen writes of him should have come in to boot; we should have heard then in every declamation how he slew his nephew Commodus, a worthy man, his noble and eldest son Crispus, his wife Fausta, besides numbers of his friends: then his cruel exactions, his unsoundness in religion, favouring the Arians that had been condemned in a council, of which himself sat as it were president; his hard measure and banishment of the faithful and invincible Athanasius; his living unbaptised almost to his dying day: these blurs are too apparent in his life. But since he must needs be the lodestar of *Reformation*, as some men clatter, it will be good to see further his knowledge of *Religion* what it was, and by that we may likewise guess at the sincerity of his times in those that were not heretical, it being likely that he would converse with the famousest *Prelates* (for so he had made them) that were to be found for learning.

Of his Arianism we heard, and for the rest, a pretty scantling of his knowledge may be taken by his deferring

to be baptised so many years, a thing not usual, and repugnant to the tenor of *Scripture*; Philip knowing no thing that should hinder the *Eunuch* to be *baptised* after *profession* of his *belief*. Next, by the excessive devotion, that I may not say superstition both of him and his mother Helena, to find out the cross on which *Christ* suffered, that had long lain under the rubbish of old ruins (a thing which the Disciples and Kindred of our Saviour might with more ease have done, if they had thought it a pious duty); some of the nails whereof he put into his helmet, to bear off blows in battle; others he fastened among the studs of his bridle, to fulfil (as he thought, or his Court *Bishops* persuaded him) the prophecy of Zachariah: "*And it shall be that which is in the bridle shall be holy to the Lord*" Part of the cross, in which he thought such virtue to reside, as would prove a kind of *Palladium* to save the *City* wherever it remained, he caused to be laid up in a pillar of porphyry by his statue. How he or his teachers could trifle thus with half an eye open upon *St. Paul's* principles, I know not how to imagine.

How should then the dim taper of this Emperor's age that had such need of snuffing, extend any beam to our times, wherewith we might hope to be better lighted, than by those luminaries that God hath set up to shine to us far nearer hand? And what *Reformation* he wrought for his own time, it will not be amiss to consider. He appointed certain times for fasts and feasts, built stately churches, gave large immunities to the clergy, great riches and promotions to *Bishops*; gave and ministered occasion to bring in a deluge of ceremonies, thereby either to draw in the heathen by a resemblance of their rites, or to set a gloss upon the simplicity and plainness of Christianity; which, to the gorgeous solemnities of *Paganism*, and the sense of the world's children, seemed but a homely and yeomanly *Religion*; for the beauty of inward sanctity was not within their prospect.

So that in this manner the *Prelates*, both then and ever since, coming from a mean and plebeian *Life* on a sudden

to be Lords of stately palaces, rich furniture, delicious fare, and *princely* attendance, thought the plain and homespun verity of *Christ's* gospel unfit any longer to hold their lordships' acquaintance, unless the poor threadbare Matron were put into better clothes: her chaste and modest veil, surrounded with celestial beams, they overlaid with wanton tresses, and in a flaring tire bespeckled her with all the gaudy allurements of a whore.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674):
Of the Reformation in England

3 *The Strength of the Spirit*

Because the strength of the soul is spiritual it is generally despised: but if ever you would be Divine, you must admit this principle: That spiritual things are the greatest, and that spiritual strength is the most excellent, useful, and delightful. For which cause it is made as easy as it is endless and invincible. Infinity is but one object, almighty power is another, eternal wisdom is another which it can contemplate; from infinity it can go to power, from power to wisdom, from wisdom to goodness, from goodness to glory, and so to blessedness, and from these to any object or all whatsoever, contemplating them as freely as if it had never seen an object before. If any one say, that though it can proceed thus from one object to another, yet it cannot comprehend any one of them, all I shall answer is this. It can comprehend any one of them as much as a creature can possibly do: and the possibility of a creature dependeth purely upon the power of God: for a creature may be made able to do all that which its Creator is able to make it to do. So if there be any defect in His power there must of necessity a limit follow in the power of His creature, which even God Himself cannot make a creature to exceed. But this, you will say, is an argument only of what may be, not of what is. Though considering God's infinite love, it is sufficient to show what is possible; because His love will do

all it can for the glory of itself and its object: yet further to discover what is, we may add this, that when a soul hath contemplated the Infinity of God, and passeth from that to another object, all that it is able to contemplate on any other it might have added to its first contemplation. So that its liberty to contemplate all shows its illimitedness to any one. And truly I think it pious to believe that God hath without a metaphor infinitely obliged us.

THOMAS TRAHERNE (1636?-1674):
Centuries of Meditation

4 The Unitarian Faith

i. If there be three distinct and separate Persons, then three distinct and separate Substances, because every person is inseparable from its own Substance; and as there is no person that's not a Substance in common acceptation among men, so do the Scriptures plentifully agree herein; and since the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Spirit is God (which their Opinion necessitates them to confess), then unless the Father, Son, and Spirit are three distinct Nothings, they must be three distinct Substances, and consequently three distinct Gods.

2. It's farther proved, if it be considered, that either the Divine Persons are finite or infinite; if the first, then something finite is inseparable to the infinite Substance, whereby something finite is in God; If the last, then three distinct Infinites, three Omnipotents, three Eternals, and so three Gods.

3. If each Person be God, and that God subsists in three Persons, then in each Person are three Persons or Gods, and from three, they will increase to nine, and so *ad infinitum*.

4. But if they shall deny the three Persons, or Subsistences to be infinite (for so there would unavoidably be three Gods); it will follow that they must be finite, and so the absurdity is not abated from what it was; for that of

one substance having three subsistences, is not greater, than that an infinite Being should have three finite modes of subsisting. But though that mode which is finite can't answer to a substance that's infinite, yet to try if we can make their Principle to approach common sense, let's conceive that three persons, which may be finite separately, make up an infinite conjunctly; however this will follow, that they are no more incommunicable or separate, nor properly subsistences, but a subsistence; for the infinite Substance can't find a bottom or substance in any one or two, therefore jointly. And here I am also willing to overlook finiteness in the Father, Son, and Spirit, which this Doctrine must suppose.

5. Again, if these three distinct Persons are one, with some one thing, as they say they are with the Godhead, then are not they incommunicable among themselves; but so much the contrary, as to be one in the place of another; for if that the only God is the Father, and Christ be that only God, then Christ is the Father. So if that one God be the Son, and the Spirit that one God, then is the Spirit the Son, and so round. Nor is it possible to stop, or that it should be otherwise, since if the Divine Nature be inseparable from the three Persons, or communicated to each, and each Person have the whole Divine Nature, then is the Son in the Father, and the Spirit in the Son, unless that the Godhead be as incommunicable to the Persons, as they are reported to be amongst themselves; or that the three Persons have distinctly allotted them such a proportion of the Divine Nature, as is not communicable to each other; which is alike ridiculous and shameful. Much more might be said to manifest the gross contradiction of this Trinitarian Doctrine, as vulgarly received; but I must be brief.

WILLIAM PENN (1644-1718): *Sandy Foundation Shaken*

5 *Early Difficulties*

When the mysteries of the Christian faith were dangerously exposed to public debate, it might be observed that the human understanding was capable of forming three distinct, though imperfect, systems concerning the nature of the Divine Trinity; and it was pronounced that none of these systems, in a pure and absolute sense, were exempt from heresy and error. I. [*Arianism.*] According to the first hypothesis, which was maintained by Arius and his disciples, the *Logos* was a dependent and spontaneous production, created from nothing by the will of the Father. The Son, by whom all things were made, had been begotten before all worlds, and the longest of the astronomical periods could be compared only as a fleeting moment to the extent of his duration; yet this duration was not infinite, and there *had* been a time which preceded the ineffable generation of the *Logos*. On this only-begotten Son the Almighty Father had transfused his ample spirit, and impressed the effulgence of his glory. Visible image of invisible perfection, he saw, at an immeasurable distance beneath his feet, the thrones of the brightest archangels; yet he shone only with a reflected light, and, like the sons of the Roman emperors who were invested with the titles of Csesar or Augustus, he governed the universe in obedience to the will of his Father and Monarch. II. [*Tritheism.*] In the second hypothesis, the *Logos* possessed all the inherent, incommunicable perfections which religion and philosophy appropriate to the Supreme God. Three distinct and infinite minds or substances, three co-equal and co-eternal beings, composed the Divine Essence; and it would have implied contradiction that any of them should not have existed or that they should ever cease to exist. The advocates of a system which seemed to establish three independent Deities attempted to preserve the unity of the First Cause, so conspicuous in the design and order of the

world, by the perpetual concord of their administration and the essential agreement of their will. A faint resemblance of this unity of action may be discovered in the societies of men, and even of animals. The causes which disturb their harmony proceed only from the imperfection and inequality of their faculties; but the omnipotence which is guided by infinite wisdom and goodness cannot fail of choosing the same means for the accomplishment of the same ends. III. [*Sabellianism.*] Three Beings, who, by the self-derived necessity of their existence, possess all the divine attributes in the most perfect degree; who are eternal in duration, infinite in space, and intimately present to each other and to the whole universe; irresistibly force themselves on the astonished mind as one and the same Being, who, in the economy of grace, as well as in that of nature, may manifest himself under different forms, and be considered under different aspects. By this hypothesis, a real substantial Trinity is refined into a trinity of names and abstract modifications, that subsist only in the mind which conceives them. The *Logos* is no longer a person, but an attribute; and it is only in a figurative sense that the epithet of Son can be applied to the eternal reason which was with God from the beginning, and by *which*, not by *whom*, all things were made. The incarnation of the *Logos* is reduced to a mere inspiration of the Divine Wisdom, which filled the soul, and directed all the actions of the man Jesus. Thus, after revolving round the theological circle, we are surprised to find that the Sabellian ends where the Ebionite had begun; and that the incomprehensible mystery which excites our adoration eludes our enquiry.

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794):

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire

6 Reason

Reason teaches you there must be a God; else how was this all-wonderful universe made? It could not make itself; man could not make it, he is but a part of it; each man has a beginning, there must have been a first man, and who made him? To the thought of God then we are forced from the nature of the case; we must admit the idea of an Almighty Creator, and that Creator must have been from everlasting. He must have had no beginning, else how came He to be? Else, we should be in our original difficulty, and must begin our argument over again. The Creator, I say, had no beginning; for, if He was brought into being by another before Him, then how came that other to be? And so we shall proceed in an unprofitable series or catalogue of creators, which is as difficult to conceive as an endless line of men. Besides, if it was not the Creator Himself who was from everlasting, then there would be one being who was from everlasting, and another who was Creator; which is all one with saying there are two Gods. It is the least trial then to our reason, it is simplest and most natural, to pronounce, that the Creator of the world had no beginning;—and if so, He is self-existing; and if so, He can undergo no change. What is self-existing and everlasting has no growth or decay; It is what It ever was, and ever shall be the same. As It originated in nothing else, nothing else can interfere with It or affect It. Besides, everything that is has originated in It; everything therefore is dependent on It, and It is independently of everything.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890):
Discourses Addressed to Mixed Congregations

7 The Man in the Lift

About 1915 Einstein made a further development of his theory of relativity, extending it to non-uniform motion.

The easiest way to approach this subject is by considering the Man in the Lift.

Suppose that this room is a lift. The support breaks and down we go with ever-increasing velocity, falling freely.

Let us pass the time by performing physical experiments. The lift is our laboratory and we shall start at the beginning and try to discover all the laws of Nature—that is to say, Nature as interpreted by the Man in the Lift. To a considerable extent this will be a repetition of the history of scientific discovery already made in the laboratories on *terra firma*. But there is one notable difference.

I perform the experiment of dropping an apple held in the hand. The apple cannot fall any more than it was doing already. You remember that our lift and all things contained in it are falling freely. Consequently the apple remains poised by my hand. There is one incident in the history of science which will not repeat itself to the men in the lift, viz. Newton and the apple tree. The magnificent conception that the agent which guides the stars in their courses is the same as that which in our common experience causes apples to drop, breaks down because it is our common experience *in the lift* that apples do not drop.

I think we have now sufficient evidence to prove that in all other respects the scientific laws determined in the lift will agree with those determined under more orthodox conditions. But for this one omission the men in the lift will derive all the laws of Nature with which we are acquainted, and derive them in the same form that we have derived them. Only the force which causes apples to fall is not present in their scheme.

I am crediting our observers in the lift with the usual egocentric attitude, viz. the aspect of the world to *me* is its natural one. It does not strike them as odd to spend their lives falling in a lift; they think it much more odd to be perched on the earth's surface. Therefore although they perhaps have calculated that to beings supported in this strange way apples would seem to have a perplexing habit

of falling, they do not take our experience of the ways of apples any more seriously than we have hitherto taken theirs.

Are we to take their experience seriously? Or to put it another way—What is the comparative importance to be attached to a scheme of natural laws worked out by observers in the falling lift and the one worked out by observers on *terra firma*? Is one truer than the other? Clearly the difference if any arises from the fact that the schemes are referred to different frames of space and time. Our frame is a frame in which the solid ground is at rest; similarly their frame is a frame in which their lift is at rest. We have had examples before of observers using different frames, but those frames differed by a *uniform velocity*. The velocity of the lift is ever-increasing—accelerated. Can we extend to accelerated frames our principle that Nature is indifferent to frames of space and time, so that no one frame is superior to any other? I think we can. The only doubt that arises is whether we should not regard the frame of the man in the lift as superior to, instead of being merely coequal with, our usual frame.

When we stand on the ground the molecules of the ground support us by hammering on the soles of our boots with force equivalent to some ten-stone weight. But for this we should sink through the interstices of the floor. *We are being continuously and vigorously buffeted.* Now this can scarcely be regarded as the ideal condition for a judicial contemplation of our natural surroundings, and it would not be surprising if our senses suffering from this treatment gave a jaundiced view of the world. Our bodies are to be regarded as scientific instruments used to survey the world. We should not willingly allow any one to hammer on a galvanometer when it was being used for observation; and similarly it is preferable to avoid a hammering on one's body when it is being used as a channel of scientific knowledge. We get rid of this hammering when we cease to be supported.

Let us then take a leap over a precipice so that we may contemplate Nature undisturbed. Or if that seems to you an odd way of convincing yourself that bodies do not fall, let us enter the runaway lift again. Here nothing need be supported; our bodies, our galvanometers, and all measuring apparatus are relieved of hammering and their indications can be received without misgiving. The space—and time—frame of the falling lift is the frame natural to observers who are unsupported; and the laws of Nature determined in these favourable circumstances should at least have not inferior status to those established by reference to other frames.

I perform another experiment. This time I take two apples and drop them at opposite ends of the lift. What will happen? Nothing much at first; the apples remain poised where they were let go. But let us step outside the lift for a moment to watch the experiment. The two apples are pulled by gravity towards the centre of the earth. As they approach the centre their paths converge and they will meet at the centre. Now step back into the lift again. To a first approximation the apples remain poised above the floor of the lift; but presently we notice that they are drifting towards one another, and they will meet at the moment when (according to an outside observer) the lift is passing through the centre of the earth. Even though apples (in the lift) do not tend to fall to the floor there is still a mystery about their behaviour; and the Newton of the lift may yet find that the agent which guides the stars in their courses is to be identified with the agent which plays these tricks with apples nearer home.

It comes to this. There are both relative and absolute features about gravitation. The feature that impresses us most is relative—relative to a frame that has no special importance apart from the fact that it is the one commonly used by us. This feature disappears altogether in the frame of the man in the lift and we ought to disregard it in any attempt to form an absolute picture of gravitation. But

there always remains something absolute, for which we must try to devise an appropriate picture. For reasons which I shall presently explain we find that it can be pictured as a curvature of space and time.

ARTHUR STANLEY EDDINGTON (*b.* 1882):
The Nature of the Physical World

§ iv. POLITICS

I *Ireland*

Now we will proceed to other like defects, amongst which there is one general inconvenience which reigneth almost throughout all Ireland: that is, of the Lords of lands and Free-holders, who do not there use to set out their lands to farm, or for term of years, to their tenants, but only from year to year, and some during pleasure; neither indeed will the Irish tenant or husbandman otherwise take his land than so long as he list himself. The reason hereof in the tenant is, for that the landlords there use most shamefully to rack their tenants, laying upon him Coigny and Livery at pleasure, and exacting of him (besides his covenant) what he please. So that the poor husbandman either dare not bind himself to him for longer time, or that he thinketh by his continual liberty of change to keep his landlord the rather in awe for wronging him. And the reason why the Landlord will not longer covenant with him is, for that he daily looketh after changes and alterations, and hovereth in expectation of new worlds.

EUDOXUS. But what evil cometh hereby to the commonwealth; or what reason is it that any landlord should not set, nor any tenant take his land as himself list?

IREN.'EUS. Marry! the evils which cometh thereby are great, for by this mean both the landlord thinketh that he hath his tenant more at command, to follow him into what action soever he shall enter, and also the tenant, being left at his liberty, is fit for every occasion of change that shall be offered by time; and so much also the more ready and willing is he to run into the same, for that he hath no such

estate in any his holding, no such building upon any farm, no such costs employed in fencing and husbanding the same, as might withhold him from any such wilful course, as his Lord's cause, or his own lewd disposition may carry him unto. All which he hath forborne, and spared so much expense, for that he had no firm estate in his tenement, but was only a tenant at will or little more, and so at will may leave it. And this inconvenience may be reason enough to ground any ordinance for the good of a commonwealth, against the private behoof or will of any landlord that shall refuse to grant any such term or estate unto his tenant as may tend to the good of the whole realm.

EDMUND SPENSER (c. 1552-1599):

A View of the Present State of Ireland

2 To Parliament

We have heard your Declaration, and perceive that you care for our State, by falling into the consideration of a grateful acknowledgment of such benefits as you have received; and that your coming is to present thanks unto us, which I accept with no less joy than your loves can have desire to offer such a present. I do assure you, that there is no Prince that loveth his subjects better, or whose love can countervail our love; there is no jewel, be it of never so rich a price, which I prefer before this jewel, I mean your love; for I do more esteem it than any treasure or riches; for that we know how to prize, but love and thanks I count inestimable. And though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my crown, that I have reigned with your loves. This makes me that I do not so much rejoice, that God hath made me to be a Queen, as to be a Queen over so thankful a people. Therefore I have cause to wish nothing more than to content the subject, and that is a duty which I owe. Neither do I desire to live longer days, than that I may see your prosperity, and that's my only desire. And as I am that person that still, yet under God,

hath delivered you; so I trust, by the Almighty Power of God, that I still shall be his instrument to preserve you from envy, peril, dishonour, shame, tyranny and oppression, partly by means of your intended helps, which we take very acceptably, because it manifesteth the largeness of your loves, and loyalties unto your sovereign. Of myself I must say this, I never was any greedy, scraping grasper, nor a strait fast-holding Prince, nor yet a waster; my heart was never set on worldly goods, but only for my subjects good. What you do bestow on me, I will not hoard it up, but receive it to bestow on you again.

QUEEN ELIZABETH (1533-1603):

Speech in Parliament, 20th November, 1601

3 *Seditions and Troubles*

Concerning the Materials of seditions. It is a thing well to be considered: for the surest way to prevent seditions (if the times do bear it) is to take away the matter of them. For if there be fuel prepared, it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire. The matter of seditions is of two kinds—much poverty, and much discontentment. It is certain, so many overthrown estates, so many votes for troubles. Lucan noteth well the state of Rome before the civil war:

*Hinc usura vorax rapidumque in tempore fœnus,
Hinc concussa fides, et multis utile helium.*

This same *multis utile bellum* is an assured and infallible sign of a State disposed to seditions and troubles. And if this poverty and broken estate in the better sort be joined with a want and necessity in the mean people, the danger is imminent and great. For the rebellions of the belly are the worst. As for discontentments, they are in the politic body like to humours in the natural, which are apt to gather a preternatural heat, and to inflame. And let no prince measure the danger of them by this, whether they be just

or unjust (for that were to imagine people to be too reasonable; who do often spurn at their own good), nor yet by this, whether the griefs whereupon they rise be in fact great or small; for they are the most dangerous discontentments, where the fear is greater than the feeling. *Dolendi modus, timendi non item.* Besides, in great oppressions, the same things that provoke the patience do withal mate the courage; but in fears it is not so. Neither let any prince, or State, be secure concerning discontentments, because they have been often, or have been long, and yet no peril hath ensued. For as it is true that every vapour or fume doth not turn into a storm, so it is nevertheless true that storms, though they blow over divers times, yet may fall at last. And, as the Spanish proverb noteth well, *The cord breaketh at the last by the weakest pull.*

The Causes and Motives of seditions are innovation in religion, taxes, alteration of laws and customs, breaking of privileges, general oppression, advancement of unworthy persons, strangers, dearths, disbanded soldiers, factions grown desperate, and whatsoever in offending people joineth and knitteth them in a common cause.

For the Remedies; there may be some general preservatives, whereof we will speak: as for the just cure, it must answer to the particular disease, and so be left to counsel rather than rule.

FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM (1561-1626) :
Of Seditions and Troubles

4 *The Necessity for Sovereignty*

So that in the nature of man, we find three principal causes of quarrel. First, competition; Secondly, diffidence; Thirdly, glory.

The first maketh men invade for gain; the second, for safety; and the third, for reputation. The first use violence, to make themselves masters of other men's persons, wives, children, and cattle; the second, to defend them; the third,

for trifles, as a word, a smile, a different opinion, and any other sign of undervalue, either direct in their persons, or by reflection in their kindred, their friends, their nation, their profession, or their name.

Hereby it is manifest, that during the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called war; and such a war, as is of every man, against every man. For WAR consisteth not in battle only, or the act of fighting; but in a tract of time, wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known: and therefore the notion of *time* is to be considered in the nature of war; as it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of foul weather lieth not in a shower or two of rain; but in an inclination thereto of many days together: So the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting; but in the known disposition thereto, during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is PEACE.

Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of war, where every man is enemy to every man; the same is consequent to the time, wherein men live without other security, than what their own strength and their own invention shall furnish them withal. In such condition, there is no place for industry; because the fruit thereof is uncertain: and consequently no culture of the earth; no navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea; no commodious building; no instruments of moving, and removing such things as require much force; no knowledge of the face of the earth; no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society; and which is worst of all, continual fear, and danger of violent death: And the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

THOMAS HOBBES (1588-1679): *Leviathan*

5 Censorship

If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate ail recreations and pastimes, all that is

delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies, must be thought on; there are shrewd books, with dangerous frontispieces, set to sale: who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and rebbeck reads, even to the ballatry and the gammuth of every municipal fiddler; for these are the countryman's Arcadias, and his Monte Mayors. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony? Who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? And what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harboured? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober work-masters, to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? Who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state. To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian polities, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably. Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this, which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing, as will

make us all both ridiculous and weary, and yet frustrate; but those unwritten, or at least unconstraining, laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture, which Plato there mentions as the bonds and ligaments of the commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute; these they be, which will bear chief sway in such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness for certain are the bane of a commonwealth; but here the great art lies, to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674): *Areopagitica*

6 A Commonwealth

A Commonwealth is but a civil society of men: let us take any number of men (as twenty) and immediately make a commonwealth. Twenty men (if they be not all idiots, perhaps if they be) can never come so together, but there will be such a difference in them, that about a third will be wiser, or at least less foolish than all the rest; these upon acquaintance, though it be but small, will be discovered, and (as stags that have the largest heads) lead the herd: for w^hile the six discoursing and arguing one with another, show the eminence of their parts, the fourteen discover things that they never thought on; or are cleared in divers truths which had formerly perplexed them. Wherefore in matter of common concernment, difficulty, or danger, they hang upon their lips as children upon their fathers'; and the influence thus acquired by the six, the eminence of whose parts is found to be a stay and comfort to the fourteen, is the *Authority of the Fathers*. Wherefore this can be no other than a natural aristocracy, diffused by God throughout the whole body of mankind to this end and purpose; and therefore such as the people have not only a natural, but a positive obligation to make use of as their guides; as where the people of *Israel* are commanded to *take wise men, and*

understanding, and known among their tribes, to be made rulers over them. The six then approved of, as in the present case, are the Senate, not by hereditary right, or *in* regard of the greatness of their estates only (which would tend to such power as might force or draw the people) but by election for their excellent parts, which tends to the advancement of the influence of their virtue or authority that leads the people. Wherefore the office of the Senate is not to be commanders, but counsellors of the people; and that which is proper to counsellors is first to debate, and afterward to give advice in the business whereupon they have debated; whence the decrees of the Senate are never laws, nor so called: and these being maturely framed, it is their duty to propose in the case to the people. Wherefore the Senate is no more than the debate of the Commonwealth. But to debate, is to discern or put a difference between things that, being alike, are not the same; or it is separating and weighing this reason against that, and that reason against this, which is dividing.

JAMES HARRINGTON (1611-1677): *Oceana*

7 *The Trimmer*

Our *Trimmer* believeth, that by the advantage of our situation, there can hardly any such sudden disease come upon us, but that the King may have time enough left to consult with his physicians in Parliament; pretences indeed may be made, but a real necessity so pressing, that no delay is to be admitted, is hardly to be imagin'd, and it will be neither easy to give an instance of any such thing for the time past, or reasonable to presume it will ever happen for the time to come: but if that strange thing should fall out, our *Trimmer* is not so straight-laced, as to let a nation die, or to be stifled, rather than it should be helped by any but the proper officers. The cases themselves will bring the remedies along with them; and he is not afraid to allow that in order to its preservation, there is a hidden power in government,

which would be lost if it was defined, a certain mystery, by virtue of which a nation may at some critical times be secured from ruin; but then it must be kept as a mystery; it is rendered useless when touched by unskilful hands, and no government ever had, or deserved to have that power, which was so unwary as to anticipate their claim to it. Our *Trimmer* cannot help thinking it had been better, if the Triennial Act had been observed; because 'tis the law, and he would not have the Crown, by such an example, teach the nation to break it; all irregularity is catching, it hath a contagion in it, especially in an age so much more inclined to follow ill patterns than good ones.

He would have had a Parliament, because 'tis an essential part of the Constitution, even without the law, it being the only provision in extraordinary cases, in which there would be otherwise *no* remedy, and there can be no greater solecism in Government, than a failure of justice.

He would have had one, because nothing else can unite and heal us, all other means are mere shifts and projects, houses of cards, to be blown down with the least breath, and cannot resist the difficulties, which are ever presumed in things of this kind; and he would have had one, because it might have done the King good, and could not possibly have done him hurt, without his consent, which in that case is not to be supposed; and therefore for him to fear it is so strange and so little to be comprehended, that the reasons can never be presumed to grow in our Soil, or to thrive in it when transplanted from any other country; and no doubt there are such irresistible arguments for calling a Parliament, that tho' it might be denied to the unmannerly mutinous petitions of men, that are malicious and disaffected, it will be granted to the soft and obsequious murmurs of his Majesty's best subjects; and there will be such rhetoric in their silent grief, that it will at last prevail against the artifices of those, who either out of guilt or interest, are afraid to throw themselves upon their country, knowing how scurvily they have used it; that day of judg-

ment will come, tho' we know neither the day nor the hour. And our *Trimmer* would live so as to be prepared for it, with full assurance in the mean time, that the lamenting voice of a nation cannot long be resisted, and that a Prince who could so easily forgive his people when they had been in the wrong, cannot fail to hear them when they are in the right.

GEORGE SAVILE, MARQUESS OF HALIFAX (1633-1695):
The Character of a Trimmer

8 Taxation

The difficulties we have to struggle with would not be so great as they are, notwithstanding the immense profusion to which the late war gave occasion and pretence, if we did not feel in this instance, as we feel in others, the fatal consequences of a precedent administration. The payment of our debts might have been easily provided for in that time: nay, fourteen years, which are little more than two-thirds of it, would have been sufficient to reduce them to twenty millions. If this had been done, the memory of the person, who was at the head of that administration, and had the sole power of it, might have deserved honour.

Let us nourish in ourselves, and cultivate in others, sentiments more elevated than these, and more worthy of the British genius. The greater our national distress and danger are, the greater should the efforts be of every particular man to relieve his country from one, and thereby to guard it against the other. We are in a crisis that must turn either to life or death, and that cannot turn to the former unless remedies are applied much more effectual than those of mountebanks, who find their account in palliating evils and in prolonging diseases. To palliate and to prolong would be, in our case, to kill, or to do something worse than kill, to break our constitution entirely, to render an accidental illness habitual and incurable.

One or two shillings in the pound, it is said, will be les-

sened this year upon land; and whatever is wanting for the current service, over and above the two shillings that remain, and the malt, will be borrowed on the credit of the sinking-fund at three per cent. The bait will be tempting; for so must every diminution of taxes be to those who have crouched so long under the weight of so many. But I may venture to say, that it will be no more than a bait; and that they, who swallowed it, will have reason to repent of their rashness, when they find, as they will find very probably, that the natural effect of such measures must prevent the discharge of any considerable part of our debt, except in a term of years much longer than the prosperity and even the safety of our government admits.

I say the safety, as well as the prosperity: and some reflections very plain and obvious, tho' made by few, will justify me for saying so. As to the first, trade gave us wealth, wealth gave us power, and power raised our island to be, at one time, a match for France. If we desire to return into the same state, we must return by the same steps which raised us to it: and he, who should make a scheme for the payment of our debts, without a principal regard to the improvement of our trade, would make a very silly scheme. But it would be just as silly, to make a scheme for both in such a manner, as would render neither practicable.

The necessity of diminishing taxes, in order to improve our trade, becomes a good reason, not for the strange purpose to which it is applied by some, but for hastening all the operations necessary to sink our debts, in order to hasten that diminution of taxes, which will become practicable when a part of our debt is sunk, and which will facilitate extremely the discharge of the rest. The truth is, that if we defer these operations too long, we may be never able to perform them with equal advantage, nor, by keeping pace with our neighbour, to renew our strength as fast, as they are intent to renew theirs. Our neighbours have suffered by former wars, and have been exhausted by the last, as well, tho', I apprehend, not so much, as we. France, for instance,

has contracted in the late war no more than one-third of the additional debt we have contracted in it, as I believe on very good authority: and she has been able to assign funds, which pay the interest of this debt regularly, and sink yearly a part of the principal. I am not so well apprised of the actual state of Spain. But the treasures of the West Indies are poured into her daily; and as she has been long recovered, or recovering, from her ancient indolence and ignorance, she seems to apply herself to the augmentation of her maritime force, to the improvement of her trade, and even to that of domestic manufactures. In a word, what has been said before may be repeated here: they, who get soonest out of the present common distress, will give the law to others, or be at least in a condition of not receiving it from any one.

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE (1678-1751):

Letter to Sir William Windham

9 Erastian Doctrine

It is the interest, and it is the duty, and because it is the interest and the duty it is the right, of government to attend much to opinions; because, as opinions soon combine with passions, even when they do not produce them, they have much influence on actions. Factions are formed upon opinions; which factions become in effect bodies corporate in the state;—nay, factions generate opinions in order to become a centre of union, and to furnish watchwords to parties; and this may make it expedient for government to forbid things in themselves innocent and neutral. I am not fond of defining with precision what the ultimate rights of the sovereign supreme power in providing for the safety of the commonwealth may be, or may not extend to. It will signify very little what my notions, or what their own notions, on the subject may be; because, according to the exigence, they will take, in fact, the steps which seem to them necessary for the preservation of the whole; for as self-preservation in individuals is the first law of nature, the same will prevail in

societies, who will, right or wrong, make that an object paramount to all other rights whatsoever. There are ways and means by which a good man would not even save the commonwealth. . . . All things founded on the idea of danger ought in a great degree to be temporary. All policy is very suspicious that sacrifices any part of the ideal good of the whole. The object of the state is (as far as may be) the happiness of the whole. Whatever makes multitudes of men utterly miserable can never answer that object; indeed, it contradicts it wholly and entirely; and the happiness or misery of mankind, estimated by their feelings and sentiments, and not by any theories of their rights, is, and ought to be, the standard for the conduct of legislators towards the people. This naturally and necessarily conducts us to the peculiar and characteristic situation of a people, and to a knowledge of their opinions, prejudices, habits, and all the circumstances that diversify and colour life. The first question a good statesman would ask himself, therefore, would be, how and in what circumstances do you find the society, and to act upon them.

EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797):

Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians; May 11, 1792

10 Borough Charters

It is a perversion of terms to say that a charter gives rights. It operates by a contrary effect—that of taking rights away. Rights are inherently in all the inhabitants; but charters, by annulling those rights in the majority, leave the right, by exclusion, in the hands of a few. If charters were constructed so as to express in direct terms, '*that every inhabitant, who is not a member of a corporation, shall not exercise the right of voting,*' such charters would, in the face, be charters not of rights, but of exclusion. The effect is the same under the form they now stand; and the only persons on whom they operate are the persons whom they exclude. Those whose rights are guaranteed, by not being taken away, exercise no

other rights than as members of the community they are entitled to without a charter; and, therefore, all charters have no other than an indirect negative operation. They do not give rights to A, but they make a difference in favour of A by taking away the right of B, and consequently are instruments of injustice.

But charters and corporations have a more extensive evil effect than what relates merely to elections. They are sources of endless contentions in the places where they exist, and they lessen the common rights of national society. A native of England, under the operation of these charters and corporations, cannot be said to be an Englishman in the full sense of the word. He is not free of the Nation in the same manner that a Frenchman is free of France, and an American of America. His rights are circumscribed to the town, and in some cases to the parish of his birth; and all other parts, though in his native land, are to him as a foreign country. To acquire a residence in these he must undergo a local naturalization by purchase, or he is forbidden or expelled the place. This species of feudality is kept up to aggrandize the corporations at the ruin of towns; and the effect is visible.

THOMAS PAINE (1737-1809): *The Rights of Man*

11 *The Formation of Government*

One difficulty there is that still sticks by us. It has been started indeed, but not solved. This is to find a note of distinction,—a characteristic mark, whereby to distinguish a society in which there *is* a habit of obedience, and that degree of perfection which is necessary to constitute a state of government, from a society in which there is *not*: a mark, I mean, which shall have a visible determinate commencement; insomuch that the instant of its first appearance shall be distinguishable from the last at which it had not as yet appeared. 'Tis only by the help of such a mark that we can be in a condition to determine, at any given time, whether

any given society is in a state of government, or in a state of nature. I can find no such mark, I must confess, anywhere, unless it be this; the establishment of names of office: the appearance of a certain man, or set of men, with a certain name, serving to mark them out as objects of obedience: such as King, Sachem, Cacique, Senator, Burgomaster, and the like. This, I think, may serve tolerably well to distinguish a set of men in a state of political union among *themselves* from the *same* set of men not yet in such a state.

But suppose an incontestable political society, and that a large one, formed; and from that a smaller body to break off: by this breach the smaller body ceases to be in a state of political union with respect to the larger: and has thereby placed itself, with respect to that larger body, in a state of nature. What means shall we find of ascertaining the precise juncture at which this change took place? What shall be taken for the *characteristic mark* in this case? The appointment, it may be said, of new governors with new names. But no such appointment, suppose, takes place. The subordinate governors, from whom alone the people at large were in use to receive their commands under the old government, are the same from whom they receive them under the new one. The habit of obedience which these subordinate governors were in with respect to that single person, we will say, who was the supreme governor of the whole, is broken off insensibly and by degrees. The old names by which these subordinate governors were characterized, while they were subordinate, are continued now they are supreme. In this case it seems rather difficult to answer.

JEREMY BENTHAM (1748-1832): *A Fragment on Government*

12 Population

The ultimate check to population appears then to be a want of food, arising necessarily from the different ratios according to which population and food increase. But this ultimate

check is never the immediate check, except in cases of actual famine.

The immediate check may be stated to consist in all those customs, and all those diseases, which seem to be generated by a scarcity of the means of subsistence; and all those causes, independent of this scarcity, whether of a moral or physical nature, which tend prematurely to weaken and destroy the human frame.

These checks to population, which are constantly operating with more or less force in every society, and keep down the number to the level of the means of subsistence, may be classed under two general heads—the preventive, and the positive checks.

The preventive check, as far as it is voluntary, is peculiar to man, and arises from that distinctive superiority in his reasoning faculties, which enables him to calculate distant consequences. The checks to the indefinite increase of plants and irrational animals are all either positive, or, if preventive, involuntary. But man cannot look around him, and see the distress which frequently presses upon those who have large families; he cannot contemplate his present possessions or earnings, which he now nearly consumes himself, and calculate the amount of each share, when with very little addition they must be divided, perhaps, among seven or eight, without feeling a doubt whether, if he follow the bent of his inclinations, he may be able to support the offspring which he will probably bring into the world. In a state of equality, if such can exist, this would be the simple question. In the present state of society other considerations occur. Will he not lower his rank in life, and be obliged to give up in great measure his former habits? Does any mode of employment present itself by which he may reasonably hope to maintain a family? Will he not at any rate subject himself to greater difficulties, and more severe labour, than in his single state? Will he not be unable to transmit to his children the same advantages of education and improvement that he had himself possessed? Does he even feel

secure that, should he have a large family, his utmost exertions can save them from rags and squalid poverty, and their consequent degradation in the community? And may he not be reduced to the grating necessity of forfeiting his independence, and of being obliged to the sparing hand of Charity for support?

THOMAS ROBERT MALTHUS (1766-1834): *Essay on Population*

13 *The Advance of Democracy*

With regard to the advance of democracy, there are two different positions which it is possible for a rational person to take up, according as he thinks the masses prepared, or unprepared, to exercise the control which they are acquiring over their destiny, in a manner which would be an improvement upon what now exists. If he thinks them prepared, he will aid the democratic movement; or if he deems it to be proceeding fast enough without him, he will at all events refrain from resisting it. If, on the contrary, he thinks the masses unprepared for complete control over their government—seeing at the same time that, prepared or not, they cannot long be prevented from acquiring it—he will exert his utmost efforts in contributing to prepare them; using all means, on the one hand, for making the masses themselves wiser and better; on the other, for so rousing the slumbering energy of the opulent and lettered classes, so storing the youth of those classes with the profoundest and most valuable knowledge, so calling forth whatever of individual greatness exists or can be raised up in the country, as to create a power which might partially rival the mere power of the masses, and might exercise the most salutary influence over them for their own good. When engaged earnestly in works like these, one can understand how a rational person might think that in order to give more time for the performance of them, it were well if the current of democracy, which can in no sort be stayed, could be prevailed upon for a time to flow less impetuously. With Conservatives of this sort, all

democrats of corresponding enlargement of aims could fraternize as frankly and cordially as with most of their own friends: and we speak from an extensive knowledge of the wisest and most high-minded of that body, when we take upon ourselves to answer for them, that they would never push forward their own political projects in a spirit or with a violence which could tend to frustrate any rational endeavours towards the object nearest their hearts, the instruction of the understandings and the elevation of the characters of all classes of their countrymen.

JOHN STUART MILL (1806-1873):

Dissertations and Discussions: Civilisation

14 A Second Chamber

Let me take first the most trenchant of the proposals recently before the country, the scheme for governing through a Parliament consisting of a single Chamber. This plan was advocated by Mr. J. S. Mill in one of his later writings, but it is just to him to bear in mind that in the single Chamber he proposed there was to be a minutely accurate representation of minorities. This condition was dropped in the late controversy, and it was thought enough to quote the well-known epigram of Sieyes on the subject of Second Chambers. 'If,' it runs, 'a Second Chamber dissents from the First, it is mischievous; if it agrees, it is superfluous.' It has perhaps escaped notice that this saying is a conscious or unconscious parody of that reply of the Caliph Omar about the books of the Alexandrian Library which caused them to be burnt. 'If the books, said the Commander of the Faithful to his lieutenant, 'differ from the book of the Prophet, they are impious; if they agree, they are useless.' The reasoning is precisely the same in both cases, and starts from the same assumption. It takes for granted that a particular utterance is divine. If the Koran is the inspired and exclusive word of God, Omar was right; if Vox Populi, Vox Dei, expresses a truth, Sieyes was right. If the decisions of the community,

conveyed through one particular organ, are not only imperative but all-wise, a Second Chamber is a superfluity or an impertinence. There is no question that the generality of First Chambers, or popularly elected Houses, do make the assumption on which this argument rests. They do not now-a-days rest their claim to authority on the English theory of the advantages of a balance of the historical elements in a given society. They do not appeal to the wise deduction from experience, as old as Aristotle, which no student of constitutional history will deny, that the best Constitutions are those in which there is a larger popular element. It is a singular proof of the widespread influence of the speculations of Rousseau that, although very few First Chambers really represent the entire community (indeed, there is no agreement as to what the entire community is, and nobody is quite sure how it can be represented), nevertheless in Europe they almost invariably claim to reflect it, and, as a consequence, they assume an air of divinity which, if it rightfully belonged to them, would be fatal to all argument for a Second Chamber.

There appears to me to be no escaping from the fact that all such institutions as a Senate, a House of Peers, or a Second Chamber, are founded on a denial or a doubt of the proposition that the voice of the people is the voice of God. They express the revolt of a great mass of human common sense against it. They are the fruit of the agnosticism of the political understanding. Their authors and advocates do not assert that the decisions of a popularly elected Chamber are always or generally wrong. These decisions are very often right. But it is impossible to be sure that they are right. And the more the difficulties of a multitudinous government are probed, and the more carefully the influences acting upon it are examined, the stronger grows the doubt of the infallibility of popularly elected legislatures. What, then, is expected from a well-constituted Second Chamber is not a rival infallibility, but an additional security. It is hardly too much to say that, in this view, almost any Second

Chamber is better than none. No such Chamber can be so completely unsatisfactory that its concurrence does not add some weight to a presumption that the First Chamber is in the right; but doubtless Upper Houses may be so constituted, and their discussions so conducted, that their concurrence would render this presumption virtually conclusive. The conception of an Upper House as a mere revising body, trusted with the privilege of dotting i's and crossing t's in measures sent up by the other Chamber, seems to me as irrational as it is poor. What is wanted from an Upper House is the security of its concurrence, after full examination of the measure concurred in.

SIR HENRY SUMNER MAINE (1822-1888): *Popular Government*

15 *The Danger of Federalism*

In a single state where the sovereign power is exercised by delegation, whether it be a limited monarchy or a republic, the danger most commonly is, that the sovereign will become too powerful for his constituents. In federal governments, where different states are represented in a general council, the danger is on the other side—that the members will be an overmatch for the common head; or, in other words, that it will not have sufficient influence and authority to secure the obedience of the several parts of the confederacy.

In a single state the sovereign has the whole legislative power as well as the command of the national forces—of course an immediate control over the persons and property of the subjects; every other power is subordinate and dependent. If he undertakes to subvert the constitution, it can only be preserved by a general insurrection of the people. The magistrates of the provinces, counties, or towns into which the State is divided, having only an executive and police jurisdiction, can take no decisive measures for counteracting the first indications of tyranny, but must content themselves with the ineffectual weapon of

petition and remonstrance. They cannot raise money, levy troops, nor form alliances. The leaders of the people must wait till their discontents have ripened into a general revolt, to put them in a situation to confer the powers necessary for their defence. It will always be difficult for this to take place; because the sovereign, possessing the appearance and forms of legal authority, having the forces and revenues of the State at his command, and a large party among the people besides,—which with those advantages he can hardly fail to acquire—he will too often be able to baffle the first motions of the discontented, and prevent that union and concert essential to the success of their opposition.

The security, therefore, of the public liberty must consist in such a distribution of the sovereign power, as will make it morally impossible for one part to gain an ascendancy over the others, or for the whole to unite in a scheme of usurpation.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (1757-1804): *The Continentalist*

16 *Indian Federation*

In order to estimate whether anything can now be done as a step in the direction of Indian Federation, however distant that goal may be, and in order to avoid false steps which could only lead us further away from it, let us visualise what the ultimate situation would be in a federated India. In its complete form, a Federal Legislature, a Federal Executive, and Federal Finance are all involved. The Federal Legislature would have to contain representatives both of the States and of the Provinces, and would exercise legislative powers over matters of common concern, together with powers of imposing and spending (or at any rate of distributing) federal taxes. The Federal Executive would be charged with the duty of administering federal subjects and, since it is useless to undertake a duty without means being available for carrying it out, would have to be able to secure the effectiveness of federal administration. The units

of federation would be (i) a series of Provinces, each with its legislature and its ministry responsible to the legislature, with a Governor at the head of the Province; the internal government of the Province would be in the hands of the Provincial ministry, and each Province would have its own Provincial revenues and expenditure; and (2) a series of Indian States autonomously governed so far as their internal affairs are concerned, each with its ruling Prince in relations with the British Crown, and each with its own internal constitutional arrangements and its own system of internal finance, but with no powers to impose customs duties at its boundaries. And over the whole would be the representative of the British Crown, as Viceroy in relation to the Indian States and Governor-General in relation to British India. The setting out of these elements in an ultimate Indian Federation helps to bring out some of the difficulties which have to be surmounted, and to show the need for caution and deliberation at every step. As regards legislative powers, since each State must remain free to make its own State laws, and each Province must also have its own legislative field, must not the Federal Legislature be limited to the making of laws on specific subjects which would be excluded from the ambit of both State and provincial legislatures? Thus the residue of legislative power outside the specific federal list would lie with the States and the Provinces, and this would involve a strict distribution of legislative power such as does not exist in British India to-day. And does this in its turn not lead to the necessity of a Federal Court charged with the duty of seeing that the Federal Legislature does not overstep its powers, and of securing that the units of federation do not seek to exercise legislative powers which they have surrendered? The answers to questions such as these can only be reached when the impulse towards federation has gathered so much strength that the units concerned come together to confer on the subject. Equally troublesome questions may be propounded about provincial legislation, as we have already

hinted. Is there to continue to be an over-riding power of veto by the Governor-General, or by some organ of the Central Government? Is the Governor, in exercising his power of allowance or disallowance, to consult the Governor-General and act under his instructions? Is it possible to imagine that there should be associated with the Viceroy an Indian Privy Council, whose advice would be sought in these matters? It is clear that the application of ideas of this sort to a federal constitution which includes the Indian States is a very difficult matter. Again, as the Provinces approach nearer to autonomy, the question of providing for effective intervention from the Centre in case of breakdown assumes great importance, but while such arrangements might form part of the written constitution of British India, the duty of the Paramount Power in extreme cases to intervene in relation to an Indian State is derived from a different source and carried out in a different way. The conception of a Federal Executive furnishes a crop of problems of its own. How is it to be composed, and what is it to do? It must include both members from British India and members from the Indian States, but it would be a difficult matter to determine how, or in what proportion, they are to be chosen. However composed, the authority of the Federal Executive must extend over the whole area, and, therefore, we have to contemplate a time when, for purposes of federal administration, a decision reached with the help of Indian States representatives will take effect in other Indian States to which these representatives do not happen to belong as well as throughout British India. The problems to be solved in settling the composition of a Federal Legislature are no less numerous, and no less obvious. On this head we content ourselves with two observations. First, the members of a Federal Legislature would be the representatives of federal units, States or Provinces as the case may be, and this furnishes a further reason in support of our view that the members of the Central Legislature drawn from British India should henceforward be selected by the provincial

legislatures themselves. By this method and by this method alone, is the way kept open for the addition of representatives from the States, who would be chosen by the governing organ of each State, whatever that organ may be. It is thus possible to reconcile the conception of a single Federal Legislature with the variety of forms of government inside the federal units. Secondly, we think it may well turn out that the more probable course of evolution of a Federal Legislature will be by the gradual accretion of Indian States to a federal scheme, rather than by a sudden and complete transformation affecting all the principal States at the same time.

The Simon Report (1930)

§ v. LAW

i Defamation

Mich. 44 & 45 Eliz. in the King's Bench, Bittridge" s Case. Bittridge brought an action upon the case for these words, M. Bittridge is a perjured old Knave, and that is to be proved by a stake parting the land of Henry Martin and Master Wright. The defendant pleaded, Not Guilty, and was found guilty; and now in arrest of judgment it was moved, that these w^rords are not actionable.

i. Because that this word, *A perjured old Knave*, the noun is knave, and perjured is spoken adjectively; As if a man saith, One is a seditious or thievish knave, these words are not actionable, because the words do not import that he hath made sedition or felony, but are adjective, which imply an inclination to it.

2. That the Court ought not to judge upon all the words together, and collect the intent of the defendant upon all the words, and not to take his words by parcels. And it was said that the last words do extenuate the genuine and proper sense of the first words, for perjury shall be intended in some Court upon judicial proceeding; but when he adds, *And that is proved by a stake parting, &c.* that explaineth for any thing appeareth to the Court, that this perjury was not in any Court, but some unadvised oath extrajudicial between the placing of a stake for a partition.

As to the first, it was resolved by *Popham* Chief Justice, *Gawdy*, *Fenner*, and *Yelverton* Justices, that for these words, *Thou art a perjured Knave*, without any more, an action upon the case doth lie. For sometimes adjective words will maintain an action, and sometimes not. They are actionable,

i. When the adjective doth presume an act committed.
2. When they scandalize one in his office, or function, or trade by which he getteth his living; As if a man say, That one is a perjured knave, there ought to be an act done, otherwise he cannot be perjured, as was resolved before: So if one saith of an officer or judge, That he is a corrupt officer or judge, an action lieth for both causes; i. Because it implieth an act done: 2. It is slanderous to him in respect of his office. *Pasch. 24 Eliz. in the King's Bench, Philips* Bachelor of Divinity and Parson of D. brought an action upon the case against *Robert Badby* Esquire, because the same defendant spake these words in *London, Thou hast made a seditious sermon, and moved the people to sedition this day.* The defendant justified at *S. Edmonds Bury in Suffolk*, that he spake and said words at *Bury*, upon which the plaintiff demurred; and in this case two points were resolved.

1. Notwithstanding the first part of the words were uttered adjectively, and the latter words were but moving to sedition, and it did not appear that any did follow, yet because they scandalized the plaintiff in his function, it was resolved that the words were actionable.

2. The defendant ought to have justified the words in *London*, and not at *Bury*, for the words in the declaration were not answered: For which cause judgment was given for the plaintiff. So if one say of a merchant, that he is a bankruptly knave, or a bankrupt knave, although that there bankrupt be spoken adjectively, yet an action lieth, as it was adjudged in *Mitton's Case* in the *Common Pleas, Mich. 43 & 34 Eliz.* where one said of a merchant, *That he would be bankrupt in two days*, which implieth but inclination, yet an action lieth, 6 E. 6. *Bier* 72. for that defameth him in his trade by which he getteth his living: But when the words do not imply an act done, but an inclination to an act which doth not scandalize the party in the duty of any office, or function, nor in his trade of living, there an action upon the case doth not lie. But to say that he is a seditious or thievish knave, these do not import an act to be done, but an intent

or inclination to it, which is not punishable by the Common Law.

EDWARD, LORD COKE (1552-1634): *Law Reports, Book 4*

2 *The Validity of Non-Christian Oaths*

I have often wondered, as the Dominions of Great Britain are so extensive, that there has never been any rule or method in cases of this sort. All persons who believe a God are capable of an oath; and what is universally understood by an oath is, that the person who takes it imprecates the vengeance of God upon him if the oath he takes is false. It was upon this principle that the Judges were inclined to admit the Jews who believed a God according to our notion of a God, to swear upon the Old Testament; and Lord Hale very justly observes, it is a wise rule in the kingdom of Spain, that a heathen and idolator should be sworn upon what he thinks is the most sacred part of his religion.' In order to remove the difficulties in this case, I shall direct that the words, 'on the holy Evangelists.' be left out.—The next consideration is, what words must be inserted in their room? On the part of the plaintiff in the cross bill, it is desired that I should appoint a solemn form for the oath: I think this very improper, because I may possibly direct a form that is contrary to the notions of religion entertained by the Gentoo people. I will, therefore, direct that the commissioners may administer such oath in the most solemn manner, as in their discretion shall seem meet; and if the person, upon the usual oath being explained to him, shall consent to take it, and the commissioners approve of administering it (for he may perhaps be a Christian convert), the difficulty is removed; or if they should think proper to administer another oath, that then they shall certify to the Court what was done by them, —and afterwards will come the proper time to controvert the validity of such an oath, and to take the opinions of the Judges upon it, if the Court should have any doubt.

As this is a case not only of great expense, but of great consequence, it will be expected that I should not decide without giving my reasons for the decision I am to pronounce. It is certified to us that these witnesses believe in the being of a God, and in his providence; and we know that they appealed to his favour or vengeance in the manner which they considered the most solemn. The first author I shall mention is Bishop Sanderson, 'De Jurisjuramenti Obligatione.' 'Juramentum.' says he, 'est affirmatio religiosa.' All that is necessary to an oath is an appeal to the Supreme Being, as thinking him the rewarder of truth and avenger of falsehood. This is not contradicted by any writer that I know of but Lord Coke, who has taken upon him to insert the word 'Christian.' and he alone has grafted this word into an oath. As to other writers they are all concurring. Dr. Tillotson, in his sermon upon the lawfulness of oaths, taking a text which applies to all nations and all men, 'an oath for confirmation is to them an end of all strife.' (Heb. vi. 16) says, 'the necessity of religion to the support of human society, in nothing appears more evidently than in this, that the obligation of an oath which is so necessary for the maintenance of peace and justice among men depends wholly upon the sense and belief of a Deity.' The next thing I shall notice is the form of the oath. It is laid down by all writers that the outward act is not essential to the oath. Sanderson is of that opinion, and so is Tillotson in the same sermon. 'As for the ceremonies in use among us in the taking of oaths, they are not found in Scripture, for this was always matter of liberty; and several nations have used several rites and ceremonies in their oaths.' *Secondly*, whether, upon special circumstances, such evidence may be admitted according to the law of England? The Judges and sages of the law have laid it down that there is but one general rule of evidence, '*The best the nature of the case will admit.*' The first ground Judges have gone upon in departing from strict rules, is an absolute necessity; then a presumed necessity. Writings subscribed by witnesses are to

be proved by those witnesses, but if they are all dead, the proof of one of their hands is sufficient. Where the original is lost a copy may be admitted; if there be no copy, then the proof by witnesses who have read the deed, although the law abhors the memory of a man for evidence of that which is written. Persons of the Gentoo religion must be admitted in Courts of Justice in their own country to prove facts and transactions within their own knowledge. One of the parties changing his domicile, and suing here, can he deprive his opponent of evidence which would have been admissible had he sued in the country where the cause of action arose? Suppose a heathen should bring an action at common law, and the defendant should file a bill for a discovery, will anybody say that the plaintiff at law may not be admitted to put in an answer according to his own form of an oath? otherwise the injunction for not putting in the answer would be perpetual, and would be a manifest denial of justice.

This is the view of the subject taken by Lord Stair, PufTendorf, and other jurists. It has been the wisdom of all nations to administer such oaths as are agreeable to the religious notions of the person taking them. This course does not in the slightest degree affect the conscience of the persons administering the oath, and is no adoption by them of the religion conformed to by one of its votaries. Concurring in opinion with my Lords the Judges that these depositions are admissible, I do order that the objection to them be overruled, and that they be now read as evidence.

PHILIP YORKE, EARL OF HARDWICKE (1690-1764):
Judgments: On the Validity of Non-Christian Oaths

3 Evidence

One witness (if credible) is *sufficient* evidence to a jury of any single fact; though undoubtedly the concurrence of two or more corroborates the proof. Yet our law considers that there are many transactions to which only one person is privy; and therefore does not *always* demand the testimony

of two, as the civil law universally requires. ⁱ *Unius responsio testis, omnino non audiat*' To extricate itself out of which absurdity, the modern practice of the civil law courts has plunged itself into another. For, as they do not allow a less number than two witnesses to be *plena probatio*, they call the testimony of one, though never so clear and positive, *semi-plena probatio* only, on which no sentence can be founded. To make up therefore the necessary complement of witnesses, when they have one only to any single fact, they admit the party himself (plaintiff or defendant) to be examined in his own behalf; and administer to him what is called the *suppletory* oath: and, if his evidence happens to be in his own favour, this immediately converts the half-proof into a whole one. By this ingenious device satisfying at once the forms of the Roman law, and acknowledging the superior reasonableness of the law of England: which permits one witness to be sufficient where no more are to be had; and, to avoid all temptations of perjury, lays it down as an invariable rule that *nemo testis esse debet in propria causa*.

Positive proof is always required, where from the nature of the case it appears it might possibly have been had. But, next to *positive* proof, *circumstantial* evidence or the doctrine of *presumptions* must take place: for when the fact itself cannot be demonstratively evinced, that which comes nearest to the proof of the fact is the proof of such circumstances which either *necessarily*, or *usually*, attend such facts; and these are called presumptions, which are only to be relied upon till the contrary be actually proved. *Stabitur praesumptioni donec probetur in contrarium*. Violent presumption is many times equal to full proof; for there those circumstances appear, which *necessarily* attend the fact. As if a landlord sues for rent due at Michaelmas 1754, and the tenant cannot prove the payment, but produces an acquittance for rent due at a subsequent time, in full of all demands, this is a violent presumption of his having paid the former rent, and is equivalent to full proof; for though the actual payment is not proved, yet the acquittance in full of all demands is

proved, which could not be without such payment; and it therefore induces so forcible a presumption, that no proof shall be admitted to the contrary. *Probable* presumption, arising from such circumstances as *usually* hath also its due weight: as if, in a suit for rent due 1754, the tenant proves the payment of rent due in 1755; this will prevail to exonerate the tenant, unless it be clearly shown that the rent of 1754 was retained for some special reason, or that there was some fraud or mistake: for otherwise it will be presumed to have been paid before that in 1755, as it is most usual to receive first the rents of longest standing. *Light*, or rash, presumptions have no weight or validity at all.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE (1723-1780): *Commentaries*

4 Riots

My Lords. I wish it had not fallen to my lot to address you on this occasion, but I must not shrink from a task which duty imposes upon me. That the law may be obeyed, it must be known. My Lords, the noble Duke who last addressed the House is utterly mistaken in supposing that the employment of the military to suppress the late riots proceeded from any extraordinary exertion of the royal prerogative, and in his inference that we were living under martial law. I hold that his Majesty, in the orders he issued by the advice of his ministers, acted perfectly and strictly according to the common law of the land and the principles of the constitution; and I will give you my reasons within as short a compass as possible. I have not consulted books; *indeed, I have no books to consult* But, as well as my memory serves me, let us see, my Lords, how the facts and the law stand, and reflect a light upon each other. The late riots were formed upon a systematic plan to usurp the government of the country; the rioters levied war against the King in his realm, and committed overt acts of high treason.

They had just been burned by the rioters.

Insurrections for a general purpose—as, to redress grievances, real or pretended—amount to a levying of war against the King, though they have no design against his person, because they invade his prerogative, and the power of Parliament, which he represents. The insurgents avowedly sought by force to compel the legislature to repeal a statute; they violently assaulted the two Houses of Parliament while engaged in legislative deliberation; and, when left to themselves by the adjournment of the two Houses and the inaction of the executive government, *which it is not my part to censure*,—without formally promulgating a new constitution, they for some days usurped supreme authority, and acted as masters of this metropolis. Besides high treason, my Lords, they were guilty of many acts of felony, by burning private houses, and stealing as well as destroying private property. Here, then, my Lords, we shall find the true ground upon which his Majesty (by the advice of his Ministers, I presume) proceeded. I do not pretend to speak from any previous knowledge or communication, for I never was present at any consultation upon the subject, or summoned to attend, or asked my opinion, or heard of the reasons which induced the Government to remain passive so long and to act at last. But, my Lords, I presume it is known to his Majesty's confidential servants, that every individual, in his private capacity, may lawfully interfere to suppress a riot, much more to prevent acts of felony, treason, and rebellion. Not only is he authorised to interfere for such a purpose, but it is his duty to do so; and, if called upon by a magistrate, he is punishable in case of refusal. What any single individual may lawfully do for the prevention of crime and the preservation of the public peace, may be done by any number assembled to perform their duty as good citizens. It is the peculiar business of all constables to apprehend rioters, to endeavour to disperse all unlawful assemblies, and, in case of resistance, to attack, wound, nay, kill those who continue to resist;—taking care not to commit unnecessary violence, or to abuse the power legally vested in

them. Every one is justified in doing what is necessary for the faithful discharge of the duties annexed to his office, although he is doubly culpable if he wantonly commits an illegal act under the colour or pretext of law. The persons who assisted in the suppression of these tumults are to be considered mere private individuals, acting as duty required. . . . Upon the whole, my Lords, while I deeply lament the cause which rendered it indispensably necessary to call out the military, and to order them to act in suppression of the late disturbances, I am clearly of opinion that no steps have been taken for that purpose which were not strictly legal, as well as fully justifiable in point of policy. Certainly, the civil power, whether through native imbecility, through neglect, or the very formidable force they would have had to contend with, were unequal to the task of putting an end to the insurrection. When the rabble had augmented their numbers by breaking open the prisons and setting the felons at liberty, they had become too formidable to be opposed only by the staff of a constable. If the military had not acted at last, none of your Lordships can hesitate to agree with me that the conflagrations would have spread over the whole capital; and, in a few hours, it would have been a heap of rubbish. The King's extraordinary prerogative to proclaim martial law (whatever that may be) is clearly out of the question. His Majesty, and those who have advised him (I repeat it), have acted in strict conformity to the common law. The military have been called in—and very wisely called in—not as *soldiers*, but as *citizens*. No matter whether their coats be red or brown, they were employed, not to subvert, but to preserve, the laws and constitution which we all prize so highly.

WILLIAM MURRAY, EARL OF MANSFIELD (1705-1793):
The Gordon Riots

5 *False Pretences*

These gentlemen set about forming a company to pay them a handsome sum for taking off their hands a property which they had contracted to buy with that end in view. They bring the company into existence by means of the usual machinery. They appoint themselves sole guardians and protectors of this creature of theirs, half-fledged and just struggling into life, bound hand and foot while yet unborn by contracts tending to their private advantage, and so fashioned by its makers that it could only act by their hands and only see through their eyes. They issue a prospectus representing that they had agreed to purchase the property for a sum largely in excess of the amount which they had, in fact, to pay. On the faith of this prospectus they collect subscriptions from a confiding and credulous public. And then comes the last act. Secretly, and therefore dishonestly, they put into their own pockets the difference between the real and the pretended price. After a brief career the company is ordered to be wound up. In the course of the liquidation the trick is discovered. Mr. Gluckstein is called upon to make good a portion of the sum which he and his associates had misappropriated. Why Mr. Gluckstein alone was selected for attack I do not know any more than I know why he was only asked to pay a fraction of the money improperly withdrawn from the coffers of the company. However that may be, Mr. Gluckstein defends his conduct, or, rather I should say, resists the demand, on four grounds, which have been gravely argued at the Bar.

In the first place, he says that he was not in a fiduciary position towards Olympia, Lim., before the company was formed. Well, for some purposes he was not. For others he was. A good deal might be said on the point. But to my mind the point is immaterial, for it is not necessary to go back beyond the formation of the company. In the second place, he says that if he was in a fiduciary position he did in fact make a proper disclosure. With all deference to the

learned counsel for the appellant, that seems to me absurd. 'Disclosure' is not the most appropriate word to use when a person who plays many parts announces to himself in one character what he has done and is doing in another. To talk of disclosure to the thing called the company, when as yet there were no shareholders, is a mere farce. To the intended shareholders there was no disclosure at all. On them was practised an elaborate system of deception. The third ground of defence was that the only remedy was rescission. That defence, in the circumstances of the present case, seems to me to be as contrary to common-sense as it is to authority. The point was settled more than sixty years ago by the decision in *Hichens v. Congreve*, and, so far as I know, that case has never been questioned. The last defence of all was that, however much the shareholders may have been wronged, they have bound themselves by a special bargain, sacred under the provisions of the Companies Act, 1862, to bear their wrongs in silence. In other words, Mr. Gluckstein boldly asserts that he is entitled to use the provisions of an Act of Parliament, which are directed to a very different purpose, as a shield and shelter against the just consequences of his fraud.

I am afraid I must call attention for a moment to the prospectus of Olympia, Lim. In my opinion it is the cardinal point in the case. And I do not think full justice has been done to it. The prospectus, I am sorry to find, was prepared in the office of a well-known solicitor. I wish I could say that it displays the simplicity and candour which some persons perhaps might expect from such an origin. Now this is what the self-constituted guardians of Olympia, Lim., and its shareholders tell those whom they invite to join with them in their enterprise: (His Lordship read the extracts from the prospectus, and proceeded:) It is a trite observation that every document as against its author must be read in the sense which it was intended to convey. And everybody knows that sometimes half a truth is no better than a downright falsehood. Is the statement in the prospectus

which I have just read as to the price which the vendors had to pay for the property true or false? In the letter it is true. The vendors had bid 140,000.' for the property, and had formally agreed to pay that sum for it. But for all that, the sum of 140,000.' was not the sum they were going to pay, and they knew that well enough. They had provided themselves with counters obtained at little cost, which in reckoning the price would be taken, as they knew, at their face value, so that the price of the property to them would be only about 120,000.'. Is that what Mr. Gluckstein and his associates meant the public to understand? Surely ordinary persons reading the prospectus, and attracted by the hopes of profit held out by it, would say to themselves, 'Here is a scheme which promises well. The gentlemen who are putting the property on the market know something about it, for they were the sole directors and managers of "Venice in London," which was a very profitable speculation. They have had the whole property valued by well-known auctioneers, who say that it is worth more than is asked for it. True, they secure a profit of 40,000.' for themselves, but then they disclose it frankly, and it is not all clear profit. There is interest to be paid, and all the expense of forming the company. And they have actually agreed to pay 140,000.' down. That sum they tell us is "payable in cash." ' You will observe those last words, 'payable in cash.' Their introduction is almost a stroke of genius. That slight touch seems to give an air of reality and *bona fides* to the story. Would anybody after that suppose that the directors were only going to pay 120,000.' for the property and pocket the difference without saying anything to the shareholders? But then says Mr. Gluckstein, there is something in the prospectus about 'interim investments,' and if you had only distrusted us properly and read the prospectus with the caution with which all prospectuses ought to be read, and sifted the matter to the bottom, you might have found a clue to our meaning. You might have discovered that what we call 'interim investments' was really the abatement in

price effected by purchasing charges on the property at a discount. I decline altogether to take any notice of such an argument. I think the statement in the prospectus as to the price of the property was deliberately intended to mislead the shareholders and to conceal the truth from them. . . .

There are two things in this case which puzzle me much, and I do not suppose that I shall ever understand them. I mention them merely because I should be very sorry if it were thought that in those two matters the House unanimously approved of what has been done. I do not understand why Mr. Gluckstein and his associates were not called upon to refund the whole of the money which they misappropriated. What they did with it, whether they put it in their own pockets or distributed it among their confederates or spent it in charity, seems to me absolutely immaterial. In the next place, I do not understand why Mr. Gluckstein was only charged with interest at the rate of 3 per cent. I should have thought it was a case for penal interest. In these two matters Mr. Gluckstein has been in my opinion extremely fortunate. But he complains that he may have a difficulty in recovering from his co-directors their share of the spoil, and he asks that the official liquidator may proceed against his associates before calling upon him to make good the whole amount with which he has been charged. My Lords, there may be occasions in which that would be a proper course to take. But I cannot think that this is a case in which any indulgence ought to be shown to Mr. Gluckstein. He may or may not be able to recover a contribution from those who joined with him in defrauding the company. He can bring an action at law if he likes. If he hesitates to take that course, or takes it and fails, then his only remedy lies in an appeal to that sense of honour which is popularly supposed to exist among robbers of a humbler type.

EDWARD, LORD MACNAUGHTEN (1830-1913):
Lazv Reports. Gluckstein v. Barnes

6 *Slander*

The action for slander has been evolved by the Courts of common law in a fashion different from that which obtains elsewhere. As one of the consequences the scope of the remedy is in an unusual degree confined by exactness of precedent. It is not for reasons of mere timidity that the Courts have shown themselves indisposed to widen that scope, nor do I think your Lordships are free to regard the question in this case as one in which a clear principle may be freely extended. Lord Herschell, in his judgment in *Alexander v. Jenkins* (1), remarked of this very point that when you are dealing with some legal decisions which all rest on a certain principle, you may extend the area of those decisions to meet cases which fall within the same principle; but where we are dealing with such an artificial law as this law of slander, which rests on the most artificial distinctions, all you can do is, I think, to say that if the action is to be extended to a class of cases in which it has not hitherto been held to lie, it is the Legislature that must make the extension and not the Court.' There is a difference between slander and libel which has been established by the authorities, and which is not the less real and far-reaching because of the fact that it is explicable almost exclusively by the different histories of the remedies for two wrongs that are in other respects analogous in their characters. The greater importance and scope of the action for libel was mainly attributable to the appearance of the printing press. The Court of Star Chamber quickly took special cognisance of libel, regarding it not merely as a crime punishable as such, but as a wrong carrying the penalty of general damages. After the Star Chamber was abolished by the Long Parliament, much of the jurisdiction which its decisions had established and developed in cases of libel survived, and was carried on by the Courts of common law to whom it passed.

The history of the action for slander is radically different.

Slander never became punishable in the civil Courts as a crime. In early days the old local Courts took cognisance of it as giving rise to claims for compensation. When these Courts decayed, the entire jurisdiction in cases of defamation appears to have passed, not to the Courts of the King, but, at first at all events, to the Courts of the Church. However, after the Statute of Westminster the Second had enabled novel writs *in consimili casu* to be issued, the action on the case for spoken words began to appear as one which the Courts of the King might entertain. Subsequently to the Reformation, when the authority of the Courts of the Church received a heavy blow and began to wane, the Courts of the King commenced the full assertion of a jurisdiction in claims arising out of spoken defamation concurrent with that of the spiritual tribunals. As might have been expected of civil Courts, whose concern had been primarily with material rights and not with discipline as such, the new jurisdiction in claims based on slander appears to have been directed to the ascertainment of actual damage suffered and to a remedy limited to such damage. This explains the restricted character of the development of the remedy and the tendency to confine its scope by the assertion that actual damage was the gist of the action.

RICHARD BURDON HALDANE, VISCOUNT HALDANE OF CLOAN
(1856-1928):

Jones v. Jones, 1916

§vi. STRATEGY AND TACTICS

i *Pressed Men*

First, it is none of the least grievances in his Majesty's service at sea to press men into the service from merchant ships when the necessity of the service doth not require it, but merely to oppress poor men vainly, to show the extent of the power of a captain, lieutenant, or boatswain, or to supply the number of those whom the captain upon good consideration hath discharged; though it may be, and certainly it is so, that the discharged men are as able, and more able, than the new-pressed men, and were pressed at Newcastle, Plymouth, or other remote parts, to the great charge of his Majesty in prest, conduct, and presting charges, and yet discharged with more money for his conduct back to the place of his press than his wages comes to before his discharge. A thousand passes in my custody are too clear a record of this truth, and this amongst other things makes his Majesty's service reputed a burden, when, notwithstanding there is neither want of men nor necessity of service, yet poor men that, it may be, have been at sea twelve, sixteen, yea, twenty months together, shall be forced to serve without so much liberty as to receive their wages, see their friends, take care of their private adventures, &c, and all to satisfy the humour of a captain, lieutenant, master, boatswain, nay, sometimes of a coxswain, who in the captain's absence shall so domineer in pressing men on board merchant-ships, that men that know not the honour of the service do conclude it rather a slavery than a royalty to serve in the King's ships.

In the second place, it cannot be denied an injury to the subject when he is pressed and forced to serve the King,

having, it may be, wife and children, whose livelihood depends upon his labour; or otherwise, being experienced at sea, that this man shall be forced to serve for a foremast man, or for common man's pay, and in the meantime men neither of desert in respect of carriage nor ability in respect of parts—and it may be no pressed man neither—shall be preferred and put down in the purser's book as quarter-master or other officers of the ship; nay, when, it may be, youngers, boys, landmen, servants to boatswains, gunners, pursers, or carpenters, shall be preferred and their wages increased by some office in the ship. I could wish that daily complaints at the payment of his Majesty's ships from some seamen that have taken charge as master's mates, boatswains, and other officers of note, did not so clearly evince the truth of this discourse and the unequal proceeding of captains, &c, in their government at sea in this kind, and all it may be to gain a toy, or comply with those that in other things must and will comply with them again, and in the mean time not regarding the great oppression done to a poor man, discouragement to a deserving man, dishonour to the King and his service, which by these and the like unequal usages is shunned as a serpent, defamed as a tyranny, and every way prejudiced, not only by those that have received the injury, but by hundreds more with whom their relation shall gain credit, insomuch that let a prestmaster demand the reason of a seaman's unwillingness (being pressed) to serve the King, and not one in forty shall be able to render one upon his own knowledge, but as he hath heard by those that have heretofore served in his Majesty's ships.

But how is it possible to please all men with offices when the ship is already full, and the officers appointed, it may be, before the deserving man you speak of was pressed? I plead for no impossibilities, for it is fit his Majesty should be served, when necessity shall require it, without respect to any man's particular loss or gain; but when (as most times it is) men shall be pressed upon pretence of necessity, and forced to serve as common men upon pretence of the ship's

fulness of officers, and at the pay-day it shall appear by the purser's book that the ship wants twenty or thirty men of her complement, and that some of these officers belong to the master, others to the boatswain, gunner, purser, carpenter, &c, and that as servants, and, which is worse, as covenant servants for the term of the voyage only—this must needs discourage able seamen and discredit the service, as I have seen it too often in the payment of sundry of his Majesty's ships, there being almost no sea-book which is not stuffed with men's servants as officers, and in the meantime pressed men paid as common men.

JOHN HOLLAND (fl. 1638-1659): *First Discourse of the Navy*

2 *A Fleet in Being*

It is true, the French made no great advantage of their victory, though they put us to a great charge in keeping up the Militia; but had I fought otherwise, our fleet had been totally lost, and the Kingdom had lain open to an invasion. What then would have become of us in the absence of his Majesty, and most of the land-forces? As it was, most men were in fear that the French w^d invade; but I was always of another opinion, which several Members of this Honourable House can witness: for I always said, that whilst we had a fleet in being, they would not dare to make an attempt.

In my letter of the 29th of June, the matter is stated pretty plain: whilst we observe the French, they can make no attempt either on sea or shore, but with great disadvantage; and if we are beaten, ail is exposed to their mercy.

And notwithstanding the reports, that the *Sovereign* was not engaged, there is not a third of the ships in the fleet, of Dutch and English, that have lost so many men by the enemy's shot.

I now beg leave to answer such objections, as I hear have been made.

First, That it is wondered I made a gap in our line.

I did it because our line was shorter than the enemy's;

and because in the posture the enemy lay, I thought it less dangerous to have an interval near the centre, than leaving either the van or rear uncovered, and by it giving the enemy an immediate opportunity to weather us.

This I may be bold to say, that I have had time enough and cause enough to think of it; and that upon my word were the battle to be fought over again, I do not know how to mend it, under the same circumstances.

ARTHUR HERBERT, EARL OF TORRINGTON (1647-1716):
Speech in Defence of his Tactics at Beachy Head

3 *Constant Fire*

About noon the Commodore was little more than a league distant from the galeon, and could fetch her wake, so that she could not now escape; and, no second ship appearing, it was concluded that she had been separated from her consort. Soon after, the galeon haled up her fore-sail, and brought to under top-sails, with her head to the northward, hoisting Spanish colours, and having the standard of Spain flying at the top-gallant mast-head. Mr. Anson, in the mean time, had prepared all things for an engagement on board the *Centurion*, and had taken every possible measure, both for the most effectual exertion of his small strength, and for the avoiding the confusion and tumult, too frequent in actions of this kind. He picked out about thirty of his choicest hands and best marksmen, whom he distributed into his tops, and who fully answered his expectation, by the signal services they performed. As he had not hands enough remaining to quarter a sufficient number to each great gun, in the customary manner; he therefore, on his lower tire, fixed only two men to each gun, who were to be solely employed in loading it, whilst the rest of his people were divided into different gangs of ten or twelve men each, who were continually moving about the decks, to run out and fire such guns as were loaded. By this management he was enabled to make use of all his guns; and instead of whole

broad-sides with intervals between them, he kept up a constant fire without intermission; whence he doubted not to procure very signal advantages. For it is common with the Spaniards to fall down upon the decks, when they see a broadside preparing, and to continue in that posture till it is given; after which they rise again, and, presuming the danger to be for some time over, work their guns, and fire with great briskness, till another broadside is ready: But the firing gun by gun, in the manner directed by the Commodore, rendered this practice of theirs impossible.

GEORGE, LORD ANSON (1697-1762):
A Voyage Round the World

4 *Conduct of Officers*

An officer should know every man under his command, by name, temper, and behaviour; that he may be able to instruct and chastise them as they deserve. As there is a great difference in soldiers, they must not all be treated in the same manner. Some have a great deal of honour, and a gentle reprimand will serve to correct their faults; others, less sensible, require threatening, and a strict observance of their conduct; and a third kind, on whom words have no effect, must be severely punished. But an officer should never fly in a passion, or swear at his men; nothing can degrade him more; he must make himself obeyed by a firm, uniform, military conduct; and never make use of his cane, but in cases that require an immediate example; for such punishments seldom reform soldiers, because they judge them to proceed from an officer's caprice and heat of temper, and not from a just cause.

JOHN MACINTIRE:
*A Military Treatise on the Discipline of the Marine Forces,
When at Sea.* 1763

5 Movement Orders

[5 October 1813]

The 5th division will pass the Bidasoa by the fords near Fuenterrabia. It will be accompanied by one squadron of the 12th light dragoons, and by the brigade of artillery attached to the division. A brigade of reserve artillery will also move with it to Fuenterrabia, which will act as may be necessary in the neighbourhood of that place, during the passage of the troops, and will afterwards remain in reserve on the left bank of the river.

The troops and the artillery must move to Fuenterrabia so as to arrive there and be stationed before break of day on the morning of the 7th inst. in the ditch of the place, and in other situations where they cannot be seen by the enemy. They are to march forward and begin passing the fords as soon as the tide has fallen sufficiently to admit their doing so, which will probably be about 7J A.M.

As these troops arrive on the opposite side of the Bidasoa, they will occupy the high grounds in their front, and will afterwards move to their right in such manner as to threaten the right flank of the enemy's force opposed to the troops which are to pass the Bidasoa near the ruined bridge, and the 5th division is to be put in connection with these troops as soon as possible.

Major Todd, of the Royal Staff corps, will please to accompany this column.

The 1st division and Brig. Gen. Wilson's Portuguese brigade will pass the Bidasoa by the ford at the ruined bridge, and by two fords a little lower down the river, the lower of which is called the Vado de las Nasas de Abaxo, and is near the point where the chausee from Irun first comes upon the edge of the river. A part of this force will also pass at a ford a small distance above the ruined bridge called El Vado de las Nasas de Arriba.

These troops will begin to advance towards the fords at the same time that the troops at Fuenterrabia begin to move

forward. A signal, to be made from Fuenterrabia, announcing the movement of the troops there, must therefore be previously agreed upon.

The remainder of the 12th light dragoons will pass the Bidasoa with this column, which will be accompanied also by the brigade of artillery attached to the 1st division, and by one brigade of reserve artillery. The Royal Staff corps will also be attached to this column.

The first object of the troops composing this column, after crossing the river, will be to establish themselves strongly upon the height called La Montagne de Louis XIV., and upon the other most advantageous points beyond the river; and they will communicate on their left, as soon as possible, with the 5th division.

The troops composing this column are to be assembled before break of day near Irun, and in such other situations as may be deemed most advantageous; and they are to be kept concealed as much as possible from the view of the enemy until they are put in motion towards the fords.

A bridge of pontoons is to be thrown across the Bidasoa near the ruined bridge as soon as it is possible to establish it; and to cover this operation, as well as to aid the passage of the troops, the 18-pounder brigade and two other brigades of artillery are to be placed upon the heights of San Marcial, and in such other situations as the Commanding officer of artillery may deem most advantageous. This artillery is to be moved in the night of the 6th inst. to the vicinity of the points where it is to be used. The pontoons are also to be moved forward on the 6th so as to arrive at Irun after dusk, and they are to be placed where they cannot be seen by the enemy, till ordered forward towards the river.

The tents of the troops of this column, and also those of the 5th division, are to be left standing; and the baggage is to remain in the camps until the whole of the troops are firmly established on the right bank of the Bidasoa.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON (1769-1852):
Despatches. Arrangements connected with a forward movement

6 Defence

If subjected to a violent attack, you may often disconcert your opponent by compelling the exchange of two or three pieces. When, however, you are about to exchange officers, you must calculate not only their ordinary value, but their peculiar worth in the situation in question; for example, a rook is generally more valuable than a knight or a bishop; but it will happen, that by exchanging a rook for one of the latter you may greatly improve your game.

It is mostly good play to exchange the pieces off when you are superior in power, so that when you have the odds of a piece given to you by a finished player, you should endeavour to exchange as often as you can consistently with safety.

When an exchange of two or more pieces appears inevitable, look closely to see whether it is better for you to take first or to compel your opponent to do so. When one of the enemy is *completely* in your power, do not be too eager to make the capture—there may perhaps be a move of importance which you can make before you take him. Beware also of snatching hastily a proffered man; it may be only given as a bait to catch a more important advantage from you.

If at the end of a game you remain with pawns against a knight and find it difficult to evade his repeated checks, recollect that by placing your king on the same diagonal as the knight, with but one intervening square between them, that you cannot again be checked under three moves.

HOWARD STAUNTON (1810-1874):

The Chess-Player's Haidtbook

7 The Boatswain

1. He is to be frequently on deck in the day, and at all times, day and night, when the hands are employed. Assisted by his Mates, he is to see that the men severally go quickly on deck when called, and do their work well and with alacrity.

2. Before 8 A.M. of each day, and more frequently when

necessary, in reference to the service on which the ship is employed, he is to examine carefully the state of the rigging, and report the result to the Officer of the Watch, so that immediate steps may be taken to repair or replace whatever requires to be so dealt with. He is to see that the anchors are secure, and is to take care to keep a sufficient supply of mats, plats, rubbers, points, and gaskets ready for immediate use; that the booms and boats are secure, and that, so far as may depend on him, the boats are ready for immediate service, and the gear in good order and constantly rove.

3. He will pay attention to the instructions in Chap. XLIII., relative to the accounts of the stores in his charge, and will exercise proper economy in the consumption of the stores themselves; he will look to the working up of the junk, and see that the ropemaker does his work well and produces quantities that correspond to the yarn issued to him, and that the white worsted thread, supplied for the purpose of identifying ship-made rope, is introduced into it.

4. He is, with the sailmaker, to examine all sails received and inform the Navigating Officer of the result. He is frequently to inspect the sails in the sail-room, so that none may suffer from damp or vermin, and is to see that they are all properly tallied and stowed conveniently so as to be at hand when wanted. He will keep the Navigating Officer informed of these particulars.

5. When the ship is ordered to be stripped for paying off, he is to see that none of the rigging is damaged or cut; and that every part is tallied and stopped together for returning into store.

The Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions (1863):
Instructions for the Boatswain

8 *Lines of Communication*

It is sometimes argued that very large armies must become so unwieldy that they may be defeated by smaller and more mobile forces. The truth of this argument depends on the

correctness of the theory that unwieldiness is a necessary consequence of size. That mere numbers, when badly trained and organised, badly armed, or wanting in valour and 'moral,' may be defeated by smaller forces who are superior in these respects, is amply proved by history. It is also true that want of capacity in a commander may lead to defeat, and that the command of very large forces demands a rarer ability than the command of smaller ones. But the capacity of a commander can only be tested by war; there can be but little difference, in these days, between the armies of civilised Powers as regards valour, 'moral,' training, organisation, or armament; and, so far as such armies are concerned, history lends no support to the view that numbers may be a disadvantage so long as they can be adequately supplied. Neither Napoleon in 1814, nor Lee in 1864-65, was able to compensate by skill for want of numbers, although in previous campaigns, before they had beaten their opponents into efficiency, they had frequently been victorious against considerable numerical superiority. The preparations of the great Continental Powers to-day show that they place their reliance on numbers combined with the other qualifications which go to make up efficiency. It is interesting to note that similar arguments as to the disadvantage of great numbers were advanced by theorists in the days of Clausewitz, who scoffed at them.

The object in mentioning the question here is to call attention to the bearing on it of railways. Unwieldiness means inability to manoeuvre, and, when armies are well trained, organised, and commanded, inability to manoeuvre can only result from difficulty in supplying them while in motion. This difficulty can be solved when suitable railways exist. Without railways the vast forces employed in recent wars could not have been maintained in the field; with railways we may expect to see even larger forces employed in the future, and, given efficient command and organisation, it does not seem likely that they will be found unwieldy. In future, too, it is not only existing railways that we shall have

to consider; we must expect to see light railways laid down for supply purposes, even during the course of the campaign.

GENERAL SIR EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY (1824-1893):

The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated

9 A Tactical Decision

No battle-field boasts a fairer setting than Port Republic; but, lover of nature as he was, the region was attractive to Jackson for reasons of a sterner sort. It was eminently adapted for the purpose he had at heart.

1. The South Fork of the Shenandoah is formed by the junction of two streams, the North and South Rivers; the village of Port Republic lying on the peninsula between the two.

2. The bridge crosses the North River just above the junction, carrying the Harrisonburg road into Port Republic; but the South River, which cuts off Port Republic from the Luray Valley, is passable only by two difficult fords.

3. North of the village, on the left bank of the Shenandoah, a line of high bluffs, covered with scattered timber, completely commands the tract of open country which lies between the river and the Blue Ridge, and across this tract ran the road by which Shields was marching.

4. Four miles north-west of Port Republic, near the village of Cross Keys, the road to Harrisonburg crosses Mill Creek, a strong position for defence.

By transferring his army across the Shenandoah, and burning the bridge at Port Republic, Jackson could easily have escaped Fremont, and have met Shields in the Luray Valley with superior force. But the plain where the battle must be fought was commanded by the bluffs on the left bank of the Shenandoah; and should Fremont advance while an engagement was in progress, even though he could **not** cross the stream, he might assail the Confederates in flank with his numerous batteries. In order, then, to gain time in which to deal with Shields, it was essential that Fremont

should be held back, and this could only be done on the left bank. Further, if Fremont could be held back until Shields' force was annihilated, the former would be isolated. If Jackson could hold the bridge at Port Republic, and also prevent Fremont reaching the bluffs, he could recross when he had done with Shields, and fight Fremont without fear of interruption.

To reverse the order, and to annihilate Fremont before falling upon Shields, was out of the question. Whether he advanced against Fremont or whether he stood still to receive his attack, Jackson's rear and communications, threatened by Shields, must be protected by a strong detachment. It would be thus impossible to meet Fremont with superior or even equal numbers, and an army weaker on the battle-field could not make certain of decisive victory.

Jackson had determined to check Fremont at Mill Creek. But the situation was still uncertain. Fremont had halted at Harrisonburg, and it was possible that he might advance no further. So the Confederates were divided, ready to meet either adversary; Ewell remaining at Cross Keys, and the Stonewall division encamping near Port Republic.

LT.-COLONEL GEORGE FRANCIS ROBERT HENDERSON (1854-1903):
Stonewall Jackson

10 *The Motive Power*

War is more of a struggle between two human intelligences than between two masses of armed men; and the great general does not give his first attention to numbers, to armament, or to position. He looks beyond these, beyond his own troops, and across the enemy's lines, without stopping to estimate their strength or to examine the ground, until he comes to the quarters occupied by the enemy's leader; and then he puts himself in that leader's place, and with that officer's eyes and mind he looks at the situation; he realises his weakness, tactical, strategical, and political; he detects the points for the security of which he is most apprehensive;

he considers what his action will be if he is attacked here or threatened there, and he thus learns for himself, looking at things from his enemy's point of view, whether or no apparent risks are not absolutely safe.

This is what Lee had done before he ventured on distributing his army corps along so wide a front. He looked beyond his own army, beyond the enemy's camps, beyond the tent of their commander—the man who was eager to profit by the opportunity he offered him—and across the great river which divides Virginia from the North. Over the river he saw Washington and the President's house, and in the President's chair sat a man called Abraham Lincoln, by virtue of his office, civilian though he was, Commander-in-Chief of the Federal armies, and the motive power of the forces which Hooker commanded in Virginia. It was this motive power that Lee attacked. It was against this man that he fought, and not against the masses on the Rappahannock. He knew well that political necessities were Lincoln's chief preoccupation. He knew his apprehensions for the safety of the Union capital. He knew that a threat against Washington was an infallible specific—he had tried it already—for making the enemy divide his enormous forces, detach whole army corps for service round the city, and for compelling his armies to withdraw from Virginia, whether they were badly beaten or not. So, when he sent Ewell to the Shenandoah Valley, an advance from which, as is evident from the map, would threaten the communications of Washington with the more northern States, he was morally certain that Lincoln, the motive power of Hooker's army, would draw that army back to protect Washington instead of pushing it forward against Hill.

LT.-COLONEL GEORGE FRANCIS ROBERT HENDERSON (1854-1903): *The Science of War* (The Battle of Gettysburg)

11 *The Navy's Part*

Criticism, always wise after an event, condemns as visionary Bonaparte's attempt upon Egypt, as it also has that of the Athenians against Syracuse. Having paid some attention to the matter, my own opinion is that, though the probabilities were rather against his success than for it, there were chances enough in his favor to justify the attempt. Much military criticism consists simply in condemning risks which have resulted in failure. One of the first things a student of war needs to lay to heart is Napoleon's saying, 'War cannot be made without running risks.' The exaggerated argument about the 'fleet in being' and its deterrent effect upon the enemy is, in effect, assuming that war can and will be made only without risk. What a risk was run by General Grant when he went below Vicksburg, against which Sherman remonstrated so earnestly, or by Farragut when he passed the forts below New Orleans, leaving them in control of the river behind him.

The orders of Bonaparte were clear and precise, that the ships of war should be taken into the old port of Alexandria, if there was water enough on the bar; if not, the admiral was to go to Corfu, then in possession of the French, or to Toulon. These orders looked first to the safety of the fleet; and next to keeping it, if possible, under Bonaparte's own control. The retention in Alexandria was open to two objections: the first, tactical in character, was that the fleet, though perfectly safe, could be easily blockaded there, and could with difficulty come out and form in the face of an active enemy; while, secondly, there was the strategic inconvenience that its presence there would draw the British fleet to the precise point where transport ships and supplies from France must converge. The French navy, in taking this position, would give up entirely its special properties, mobility and the offensive,—which Hermocrates was so careful to insure,—and for the purpose of keeping open com-

munications with home would be as useless as it became after the Battle of the Nile. It is truthfully remarked by a French naval officer that, with the difficulty of exit, a fleet in Alexandria could be checked by an inferior force, which could fall on the head of the column as it came out of the narrow entrance.

The admiral disobeyed these orders, and for the worse. He anchored near Alexandria in an open roadstead, presenting to an enemy's attack no difficulties except hydrographic; and his dispositions to strengthen the defense were slothful and faulty. The question of engaging the enemy under way or at anchor was discussed in a council of war, where it was decided to await them at anchor; and the line of anchorage was established with that view. This decision, which, it will be noted, was tactical, not strategic, was as unfaithful to the true role of the navy as were the orders of Bonaparte for its strategic disposition. Tactically, the fleet was devoted by its commander to a passive defensive, giving up its power of motion, of maneuver, and of attack. Strategically, Bonaparte, in this case, was relying upon the deterrent effect of the 'fleet in being' upon Turkey.

It is, however, generally admitted that a strategic fault is more far-reaching than one of tactics, and that a tactical success will fail of producing its full effect if the strategic dispositions have been bad. We may therefore fasten our attention upon the strategic error. Had the result of the Battle of the Nile been favorable to the French, and the fleet been afterwards withdrawn into Alexandria according to Bonaparte's orders, there would have been no positive gain to the Egyptian expedition. In the supposed case, the French fleet would have gained an advantage over the British navy by inflicting upon an isolated detachment a certain loss, perhaps even a disabling loss; but the purpose of Bonaparte to keep it under his own hand at Alexandria would have rendered the success futile, because, wherever the French fleet was, it drew an equivalent British detachment with the force of a magnet, and before Alexandria such a

detachment was in the most favorable position to intercept supplies coming from France.

ADMIRAL ALFRED THAYER MAHAN (1840-1914):

Naval Strategy

12 *Morale*

Success in war depends more on moral than on physical qualities. Skill cannot compensate for want of courage, energy, and determination; but even high moral qualities may not avail without careful preparation and skilful direction. The development of the necessary moral qualities is, therefore, the first of the objects to be attained; the next are organisation and discipline, which enable those qualities to be controlled and used when required. A further essential is skill in applying the power which the attainment of these objects confers on the troops. The fundamental principles of war are neither very numerous nor in themselves very abstruse, but the application of them is difficult and cannot be made subject to rules. The correct application of principles to circumstances is the outcome of sound military knowledge, built up by study and practice until it has become an instinct.

Field Service Regulations, Part II (1924), I. i (2)

13 *Operation Order*

XX CORPS OPERATION ORDER No. 42.

i th September 1918.

1. On 'Z day, the date of which will be notified later, the Army will take the offensive. The object is to inflict a decisive defeat on the enemy, and to advance to the general line of the high ground Meshariq Nablus-Yasid (098.L.9)—Sh. Beiazid (098.K.9)—'Atara-Jebel Bir 'Asur (098.B.25)—Bala (098.A.22)—Yemma (083.N.26).

2. (a) The main attack will be made by the X X I Corps

with five divisions against the enemy's right between the foot-hills east of the railway and the sea. This attack will commence on Z day at an hour which will be known as 'X X I Corps Zero hour.'

(b) As soon as the crossings over the Nahr el Faliq are cleared of the enemy by the advance of the X X I Corps, the Desert Mounted Corps, passing round the left of the X X I Corps, will be directed on El 'AfTule and Beisan with the object of cutting the enemy's railway communications and blocking his retreat in a northerly and north-easterly direction.

(c) As soon as the X X I Corps has gained the general line Three Bushes Hill (04.'N.25)—High ground 03.'K.14—Foot-hills east of Qualquilye—North-eastern edge of Et Tire (D.3.'Y.13)—north bank of the Nahr el Faliq, it will move north-eastwards and advance to seize the high ground east of the railway between Deir Sheraf and 'Atara.

One division and a cavalry brigade will advance *via* Tul Karm on 'Atara; while two other divisions will advance up the El Funduq road on Deir Sheraf, and by Felamiye-Beit Lid on Mas 'udye respectively.

The right division of the X X I Corps (54th Division) will not advance further east than an approximate north and south line through Bidya, unless required to assist the X X Corps.

(d) 'Chaytor's Force' will hold the present front in the Jordan Valley, and may be required later to advance as far as Jisr ed Damiye.

3. The XX Corps will attack astride the Nablus Road to gain possession of a line south of Nablus, from which it will be in a position to co-operate with the X X I Corps and to advance to the high ground north and north-east of Nablus.

The date and hour of the advance of the X X Corps will depend upon the progress of the main attack and the action of the enemy. The 10th Division will be prepared to advance by 6 p.m. on Z' day, if circumstances demand it. The date and hour of the main advance of the 53rd Division

will be as soon as possible after the 10th Division commences its advance.

4. The advance of the X X Corps will take the form of a converging attack from the two outer flanks directed on the general line 'Aqrabe-Jemma 'in-Kefar Haris. The centre of the enemy's line, from Norfolk Hill to the Wadi er Rum, will not be attacked at all.

From the 'Aqrabe-Jemma 'in-Kefar Haris line the advance will be continued, so as to reach as early as possible the line 'Aqrabe-'Awerta-Sh. Selman el Farsi and any other positions which it is found desirable to seize prior to an advance against the high ground about Nablus.

5. The 10th and 53rd Divisions will therefore be concentrated as under, the centre of the present Corps front being taken over by a mixed force under the command of Lieut.-Colonel S. Watson, 1.155th Pioneers, to be known as 'Watson's Force.'

53rd Division.—To be concentrated east of the Nablus Road in the approximate area Nejme-Kh. Abn Falah-Mesra esh Sherqiye-Dar Jerir before dawn on Z-i day.

10th Division.—To be concentrated in the approximate area Nabi Salih-Kufr 'Ain-Berukin-El Kufr (less detachments left temporarily between 'Arura and Kufr 'Ain and between El Kufr and Ra-gat) before dawn on 'Z day.

6. On the night of Z-i.'Z the 53rd Division will bring up its right flank and seize the general line Square Hill (P.31.C)-Hindhead-Nairn Ridge, preparatory to the general advance.

7. When the order for the general advance is given, 'Watson's Force' will remain in position, while the 10th and 53rd Divisions advance to the following objectives:—

5377' Division.

1st Objective.—The line Dome-Pt.2905 (o.i.y.b.)-Raset Tawil, the left being extended to secure the works in 0.13 and J. 18, if found necessary.

2nd Objective.—Majdal Beni Fadl-Qusra-Sh. Halim.

3rd Objective.—The high ground south of 'Aqrabe-Qabalan.

ih Objective.—The high ground north of 'Aqrabe-'Awerta.

The 53rd Division will be prepared to piquet the roads leading from the valley into its right flank, between El Mughaiyir and Majdal Beni Fadl; and, if necessary, to push detachments with artillery eastwards down these roads, to assist the forward movement of a portion of Chaytor's Force, should this latter receive orders to advance.

oih Division.

1st Objective.—The general line of the Furqa defences in B.6.c.-Kh. esh Shellal-high ground in T.13.

2nd Objective.—The high ground of Sh. Abn Zarad-Merda-Kefar Haris-Haris.

yrd Objective.—High ground south of Quza-Et Tarud-Maza Abd el Haqq-'Alim el Hada.

4th Objective.—The Sh. Selman el Farsi ridge, throwing out a defensive flank to the north-west as may be found necessary.

The 10th Division will establish touch with the division of the X X I Corps advancing up the El Funduq road on its left as early as possible.

8. It is of great importance that the actions of both divisions should secure the road junction in Z.14 early in the advance, and thus shorten their lines of supply.

9. 53rd and 10th Divisions will establish Battle headquarters at or near Jalud and Selfit respectively as soon as the situation permits.

10. Paragraphs 1, 2, and 3 of these orders are not to appear in any written orders; and only such portions of them will be communicated verbally to Brigade Commanders as is essential for the performance of their tasks. Brigade and Regimental orders will define only their own objectives and those of units in immediate touch with them; and will give no indication of the general Corps plan.

No written orders of any description are to be taken into action; officers will mark immediate objectives only on their maps, inconspicuously.

11. The Artillery plan, Administrative instructions, and instructions on Signals, Co-operation with R.A.F., and for 'Watson's Force' are being issued separately.

12. Advance Corps Battle headquarters will be established at Ram Allah on 'Z' day.

13. Acknowledge.

A. P. WAVELL,

Br.-General, General Staff, XX Corps.

Issued at 12.30 p.m.

History of the Great War.

Military Operations in Egypt and Palestine Part II

(by CAPTAIN CYRIL FALLS)

§vii. SPORT

i *Taking Aim*

Of giving aim, I cannot tell well what I should say. For in a strange place it taketh away all occasion of foul game, which is the only praise of it, yet, by my judgment, it hindereth the knowledge of shooting, and maketh men more negligent: the which is a dispraise. Though aim be given, yet take heed, for at another man's shoot you cannot well take aim, nor at your own neither, because the weather will alter, even in a minute, and at that one mark, and not at the other, and trouble your shaft in the air, when you shall perceive no wind at the ground, as I myself have seen shafts tumble aloft in a very fair day. There may be a fault also in drawing or loosing, and many things more, which altogether are required to keep a just length. But, to go forward, the next point after marking of your weather, is the taking of your standing. And, in a side wind, you must stand somewhat cross into the wind, for so shall you shoot the surer. When you have taken good footing, then must you look at your shaft, that no earth, nor wet, be left upon it, for so should it lose the length. You must look at the head also, lest it have had any stripe at the last shoot. A stripe upon a stone, many times will both mar the head, crook the shaft, and hurt the feather, whereof the least of them all will cause a man lose his strength. For such things will chance every shoot; many archers use to have some place made in their coat, fit for a little file, a stone, a hun-fish skin, and a cloth to dress the shaft fit again at all needs. This must a man look to ever when he taketh up his shaft. And the head may be made too smooth, which will cause it to fly far: when

your shaft is fit, then must you take your bow even in the midst, or else you shall both lose your length, and put your bow in jeopardy of breaking. Knocking just is next, which is much of the same nature. Then draw equally, loose equally, with holding your hand ever of one height to keep true compass. To look at your shaft head at the loose is the greatest help to keep a length that can be, which thing yet hindereth excellent shooting, because a man cannot shoot straight perfectly except he look at his mark; if I should shoot at a line, and not at the mark, I would always look at my shaft end: but of this thing somewhat afterward. Now, if you mark the weather diligently, keep your standing justly, hold and knock truly, draw and loose equally, and keep your compass certainly, you shall never miss your length.

ROGER ASCHAM (1515-1568):
Toxophilus: Of Shooting

2 Deer-Hunting

Immediately after supper the huntsman should go to his master's chamber, and if he serve a king, then let him go to the master of the games' chamber to know his pleasure in what quarter he determineth to hunt the day following, that he may know his own quarter: that done, he may go to bed, to the end he may rise the earlier in the morning, according to the time and season, and according to the place where he must hunt: then when he is up and ready, let him drink a good draught, and fetch his hound to make him break his fast a little: and let him not forget to fill his bottle with good wine; that done, let him take a little vinegar in the palm of his hand, and put it in the nostrils of his hound, for to make him snuff, to the end his scent may be the perfecter, then let him go to the wood. And if he chance by the way to find any hare, partridge, or any other beast or bird that is fearful, living upon seeds or pasturage, it is an evil sign or presage that he shall have but evil pastime that day. But

if he find any beast of ravin, living upon prey, as wolf, fox, raven, and such like, that is a token of good luck. He must take good heed that he come not too early into the springs and hewts where he thinketh that the hart doth feed and is at relief. For harts do go to their layer commonly in the springs, yea, and though they were drawn into some stronghold or thicket, yet if they be old crafty deer, they will return sometimes to the border of the copse, to hearken or spy if there be anything to annoy them. And if they chance once to vent the huntsman or his hound, they will straightway dislodge from thence and go some other where, especially in the heat of the year. But when the huntsman perceiveth that it is time to begin to beat, let him put his hound before him, and beat the outsides of the springs or thickets: and if he find of an hart or deer that like him, let him mark well whether it be fresh or not, and he may know as well by the manner of his hound's drawing, as also by the eye. For if he mark the paths and tracks where the hart hath gone, he shall see oftentimes the dew beaten off, or the soil fresh, or else the ground somewhat broken or printed afresh, and such other tokens, as he may judge that the hart hath gone that way lately, and let him never mark the sayings of a many of dreamers, which say, that when a man findeth cobwebs within the print of the slot, it is a sign that the hart is gone long before. Such people shall soon be deceived: for many times the cobwebs fall from the sky, and are not such as spiders make, but a kind of kell, which as I have seen of experience of an hart passing by me within one hundredth paces, and I have gone to see the slot straight ways, and before I could come at it the cobwebs or kells were fallen upon it. So is there also another kind of men which mark when the slot is full of clear water in soft grounds, where an hart hath passed, and say that he is gone long before: but they never mark whether the ground be subject unto moisture, or not, and yet they may well know, that being subject unto moisture, then the little sources which pass by channels unseen in the earth will soon fill

the slot with clear water: which may cause a huntsman to be deceived, and therefore let him look well to it: and also let him not altogether trust unto his hounds. For some hounds will also beguile their master, and especially those hounds that are quickest of scent: which are not best for the mornings, because of the rinds and dews, and then they draw but slowly, making small account on their quest, as though the game were gone far before them: but when the sun is well up, and that the dew is cleared, and the scent of the earth is perfect, then have they good scent, and do their duty well. Then to return to our purpose, if the huntsman find of an hart which liketh him, that hath passed that way lately, and if his hound stick well upon it, then let him hold his hound short, for fear lest he lapse: and again, in a morning, a hound shall draw better being held short, than if he were let at the length of the lyam: and yet some hunters will give them all the lyam, but they do not well. When he hath well considered what manner of hart it may be, and hath marked everything to judge by, then let him draw till he come to the covert where he is gone to: and let him harbour him if he can, still marking all his tokens as well by the slot, as by the entries, foils, and such like. That done, let him plash or bruise down small twigs, some aloft, and some below as the art requireth, and therewithal, whilst his hound is hot, let him beat the outsides, and make his ringwalks twice or thrice about the wood; one while by the great and open ways, that he may help himself by his eye: another while through the thick covert, for fear lest his hound should overshoot it, for he shall have better scent always in the covert, than abroad in the highways. And if he find that the hart be not gone out of the ringwalk, or no doubt that he have drawn amiss, then let him go to his marks which he plashed or shred, and draw counter till he may take up the fumet, as well made in the evening's relief as in the morning: and let him mark the place where he hath fed, and whereon also to mark his subtleties and crafts, for thereby the huntsmen shall know what he will do when

he is before the hounds. For if in the morning he have made any doublings towards the water, or else in his way, then when he beginneth to be spent before the hounds, all the faults, doublings, or subtleties that he will use, shall be in the same places, and like unto those which he hath used in the morning, and thereby the huntsman may take advantage both for his hounds and for the huntsmen on horseback.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE (1540 ?-1610):

Booke of Huntinge: 1576

3 *The Chub*

Well, scholar, you see what pains I have taken to recover the lost credit of the poor despised chub. And now I will give you some rules how to catch him; and I am glad to enter you into the art of fishing by catching a chub, for there is no fish better to enter a young angler,—he is so easily caught, but then it must be this particular way:

Go to the same hole in which I caught my chub, where in most hot days you will find a dozen or twenty chevens floating near the top of the water. Get two or three grasshoppers as you go over the meadow, and get secretly behind the tree, and stand as free from motion as possible; then put a grasshopper on your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your rod on some bough of the tree. But it is likely the chubs will sink down towards the bottom of the water at the first shadow of your rod (for a chub is the fearfullest of fishes), and will do so if but a bird flies over him and makes the least shadow on the water; but they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again. I say, when they lie upon the top of the water, look out the best chub; which you, setting yourself in a fit place, may very easily see, and move your rod, as softly as a snail moves, to that chub you intend to catch; let your bait fail gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait. And you will be as sure

to catch him, for he is one of the leather-mouthed fishes, of which a hook doth scarce ever lose its hold; and therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way presently, take my rod, and do as I bid you, and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

VENATOR. Truly, my loving master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I'll go and observe your directions.

Look you, master, what I have done! that which joys my heart, caught just such another chub as yours was.

PISCATOR. Marry, and I am glad of it: I am like to have a towardly scholar of you. I now see, that with advice and practice you will make an angler in a short time. Have but a love to it, and Til warrant you.

VENATOR. But, master! what if I could not have found a grasshopper?

PISCATOR. Then I may tell you, that a black snail, with his belly slit, to show his white; or a piece of soft cheese, will usually do as well: nay, sometimes a worm, or any kind of fly, as the ant-fly, the flesh-fly, or wall-fly; or the dor or beetle, which you may find under a cow-turd; or a bob, which you will find in the same place, and in time will be a beetle; it is a short white worm, like to and bigger than a gentle, or a cod-worm, or a case-worm, any of these will do very well to fish in such a manner. And after this manner you may catch a trout in a hot evening: when, as you walk by a brook, and shall see or hear him leap at flies, then, if you get a grasshopper, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long, standing behind a bush or tree where his hole is, and make your bait stir up and down on the top of the water: you may, if you stand close, be sure of a bite, but not sure to catch him, for he is not a leather-mouthed fish: and after this manner you may fish for him with almost any kind of live fly, but especially with a grasshopper.

VENATOR. But before you go further, I pray, good master, Avhat mean you by a leather-mouthed fish?

PISCATOR. By a leather-mouthed fish, I mean such as have

their teeth in their throat, as the chub or cheven, and so the barbel, the gudgeon, and carp, and divers others have: and the hook, being stuck into the leather or skin of the mouth of such fish, does very seldom or never lose its hold; but on the contrary, a pike, a perch, or trout, and so some other fish, which have not their teeth in their throats, but in their mouths (which you shall observe to be very full of bones, and the skin very thin, and little of it); I say, of these fish the hook never takes so sure hold, but you often lose your fish, unless he have gorged it.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, for this observation; but now what shall be done with my chub or cheven that I have caught?

PISCATOR. Marry, Sir, it shall be given away to some poor body, for I'll warrant you I'll give you a trout for your supper: and it is a good beginning of your art to offer your first-fruits to the poor, who will both thank God and you for it, which I see by your silence you seem to consent to. And for your willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach more concerning chub-fishing. You are to note, that in March and April he is usually taken with worm; in May, June and July he will bite at any fly, or at cherries, or at beetles with their legs and wings cut off, or at any kind of snail, or at the black bee that breeds in clay walls; and he never refuses a grasshopper on the top of a swift stream, nor, at the bottom, the young humble-bee that breeds in long grass, and is ordinarily found by the mower of it. In August, and in the cooler months, a yellow paste, made of the strongest cheese, and pounded in a mortar, with a little butter and saffron (so much of it as, being beaten small, will turn it to a lemon colour). And some make a paste for the winter months, at which time the chub is accounted best (for then it is observed, that the forked bones are lost, or turned into a kind of gristle, especially if he be baked) of cheese and turpentine. He will bite also at a minnow or penk, as a trout will: of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other baits. But take this for a rule, that

in hot weather he is to be fished for towards the mid-water, or near the top; and in colder weather nearer the bottom; and if you fish for him on the top, with a beetle or any fly, then be sure to let your line be very long, and to keep out of sight. And having told you that his spawn is excellent meat, and that the head of a large cheven, the throat being well washed, is the best part of him, I will say no more of this fish at the present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for.

IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683): *The Compleat Angler*

4 Horse-breeding

Of making a proper Choice of Stallions and Breeding Mares, according to the several Uses they are designed for.

Among the many authors who have wrote on this subject, Sir William Hope mistakes as to the Spanish horse. No body at present makes use of them, and they have never been known to get any thing good in England. But the Arabians or Barbs are much the best; tho' of late years our breed is spoiled in England in all sorts of horses, by beginning to make use of them too early. By this means we never know the goodness of a horse, while some people attribute to an infirmity, either in the horse, or the mare, the fault which is only in themselves. For by putting them to running, hunting, travelling the road, drawing, or any kind of labour, before they are come to be turn'd of four years old, we run the hazard of spoiling them; and then they should be very gently used till they are turned of five, and still but moderately till after six, which will make them prove more lasting and hardy.

But we have of late years run too much into the Barb and Arabian kind; for, tho' in a great many studs they have brought them to a size tall enough, they want substance to carry weight; which is now the cause so much complained of in England. We are also apt to breed out of too old mares, as well as cover with too old horses; whereas I would

advise always to put an old horse to a young mare, and never cover an old mare but with a young horse. For an old horse and an old mare very often bring weakly colts, such as are subject to humours and other infirmities, as weak eyes, spavins, and ring-bones, etc., especially if the sire or dam has had the like infirmities, by reason of their being hard-strained in their youthful days. If a fine, fresh, young horse, that has size and strength, got by an Arabian or Barb, was put into training at four years old, and kept until five years old, and then tried whether he can run or not, provided he had been all along in careful hands, and not hurried in his exercise, but brought on gradually, he would certainly beget better colts than his sire. He must have been, however, out of a sound, healthful, young, fresh mare.

I would not have a young horse, that is designed for a stallion, ever to have any physic; for that only impairs nature, and makes their colts weakly. There ought to be the same regard as to the mares; for it is a general rule, that the first colt of a hard-strained mare proves weakly; they wanting a natural soil to bring their body into good or regular habit. For soiling them some time before, carries the dregs of the physic oft, and brings their bodies to be cool and temperate. It is a general observation, that putting a horse and mare together, that have been both at hard meat a considerable time, may be liable to produce a dwindling colt. One thing more ought to be observed, which is too often practised; that a mare that brings good colts, is apt to be put to horse every year; which must certainly weaken much her offspring; for if you cover a mare every year, you are obliged to take your colt off early, otherwise you weaken the mare, and likewise the colt within her, which is greatly prejudicial to both; whereas if you cover a mare but every other year, you may then let the colt suck till the latter end of February, which is more nourishing to it at that age, than any feed that can be given it.

WILLIAM CAVENDISH, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE (1592-1676):
A General System of Horsemanship

5 *Casting Hounds*

Though I like to see fox-hounds cast wide and forward, and dislike to see them pick a cold scent through flocks of sheep to no purpose; yet I must beg leave to observe, that I dislike still more to see that unaccountable hurry, which huntsmen will sometimes put themselves into the moment their hounds are at fault. Time ought always to be allowed them to make their own cast; and, if a huntsman be judicious, he will take that opportunity to consider what part he himself has next to act: but instead of this, I have seen hounds hurried away the very instant they came to a fault; a wide cast made; and the hounds at last brought back again to the very place from whence they were so abruptly taken; and where, could the huntsman have had a minute's patience, they would have hit off the scent themselves. It is always great impertinence in a huntsman, to pretend to make *his* cast before the hounds have made *theirs*. Prudence should direct him to encourage, and I may say, humour, his hounds, in the cast they seem inclined to make, and either to stand still, or trot round with them, as circumstances may require.

I have seen huntsmen make their cast on bad ground, when they might as easily have made it on good; I have seen them suffer their hounds to try in the midst of a flock of sheep, when there was a hedge near, where they might have been sure to take the scent; and I have seen a cast made with every hound at their horse's heels. When a hound tries for the scent, his nose is to the ground; when a huntsman makes a cast, his eye should be on his hounds; and when he sees them spread wide, and try as they ought, his cast may then be quick.

When hounds are at fault, and the huntsman halloos them off the line of the scent, the whippers-in smacking their whips, and rating them after him; if he should trot away with them, may they not think that the business of the day is over? Hounds never, in my opinion (unless in par-

ticular cases, or when you go to a halloo), should be taken entirely off their noses; but, when lifted, should be constantly made to try as they go. Some huntsmen have a dull, stupid way of speaking to their hounds: at these times little should be said, and that should have both meaning and expression in it.

When your huntsman makes a cast, I hope he makes it perfect one way, before he tries another; as much time is lost in going backwards and forwards. You will see huntsmen, when a forward cast does not succeed, come slowly back again: they should return as fast as they can.

When hounds are at fault, and it is probable that the fox has headed back, your cast forward should be short and quick; for the scent is then likely to be behind you: too obstinate a perseverance forward, has been the loss of many foxes. In heathy countries, if there be many roads, foxes will always run them in dry weather: when hounds, therefore, over-run the scent, if your huntsman return to the first cross-road, he probably will hit off the scent again.

PETER BECKFORD (1740-1811): *Thoughts on Hunting*

6 *The Montpellier of the Chase*

The more I see of Leicestershire, and the more I look at it with a sportsman's eye, the less I am surprised that it has ever been considered the Montpellier of hunting countries, and that it is resorted to by persons from all parts of the kingdom. As I was riding to covert to meet Lord Lonsdale's hounds at Coles Lodge, Sir James Musgrave was kind enough to show me the brilliant run Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds had the season before last from the Coplow to Rankesborough; and I really think that if an artist were to paint a panorama, and make fox-hunting the subject of it, his imagination could not furnish him with a finer prospect for his pencil. I should not think there was a field in the run less than forty acres, and many more than a hundred, with that beautiful variety of ground which sets off hounds to

such advantage, and which (though severe for horses) gives such a commanding view to those who are following them.

The ox-fence, peculiar to this part of the kingdom, is considered to be the most formidable; and from the description I shall give of it, my readers must be aware that it is sometimes a stopper, not only to the ox, but to the high-bred hunter, with ever so good a man upon his back. When bullocks, however, get fresh in condition, and the gad-fly gets about them, it requires a strong fence to prevent their breaking their pasture, as they will run almost anywhere to avoid them. The ox-fence is formed thus: First, there is a wide ditch; secondly, a strong blackthorn hedge, which in that rich country generally grows luxuriantly; and about two yards beyond the hedge is a strong single rail about four feet high. Now from whichever side this fence is approached, the exertion to clear it must be considerable. If we approach it from the inner or ditch side, we have not only the ditch and hedge to clear, but the rail also, which is generally strong enough to throw all but the heavy weights down, if their horses do not clear it; and if they do, it takes something out of them, which is not very easily replaced in a very quick thing. If the fence be approached from the rail side, the *fly* is also tremendous; and if, after clearing all, the horse alight in the furrow instead of on the top of the land, the drop is most distressing to him.

In the very strongly-fenced parts of Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, and Northamptonshire, it is often impossible to go at all except where timber is to be found; and, fortunately for those who hunt in them, it is generally to be met with, and particularly in the corners of the fields adjoining either hovels, sheep pens, or gates; and there it is sometimes to be met with *single*, and unaccompanied even by a ditch—though always awfully strong. The gates are also very strong, and frequently difficult to get at, on account of sloughs or other awkward ground in the approach to them.

There is one kind of fence peculiar, for the most part, to those celebrated countries. This consists in the common

thorn fence, with a yawning ditch on one side; but the hedge is not only strongly plashed at the top, but *made to lean towards the field whereon it grows*. This occasions a great space of ground to be covered by a horse that clears all when he takes it from the hedge side; and if he do not clear it, a fall must be the consequence. I do not think '*doubles*' are so frequent here as in some other countries I have hunted in; but now and then we meet with a fence of this description;—first, there is a ditch, then a rail, then another ditch, and then another rail. Now as it is obvious there is no landing for a horse on the middle of this fence but on the first rail or in the second ditch, it must be taken at a fly, and it generally extends over a great space of ground. A friend of mine was out one day this season with Lord Lonsdale's hounds, and saw a gallant performance at one of these fences by Mr. T. Smith. My friend happened to be in a situation to view the fox whilst the hounds were at fault, and consequently awaited their coming with the scent. He had been previously amusing himself with looking at this *stopper*, as he supposed it to be, and was meditating within himself whether it were practicable or not, and whether any one would attempt to ride at it. Mr. Smith came up with the hounds, and, without appearing to look at it, put his horse's head straight for it, and cleared it all. Lord Plymouth followed him, and by breaking the second rail, enabled my friend to follow him.

'NIMROD (CHARLES JAMES APPERLEY) (1779-1843):
Hunting Tours

7 Shooting

In walking up your dogs, in turnips or high stubble, when birds are wild, lift your legs high; and by thus making less noise, you will get twice as near to your game. In an open country, where the stubble is thin, advance as quick as possible, tread light, and crouch your body as low as you can. Why does a pointer sometimes get within ten yards, when the birds fly up from the shooter at above 100? Because a

dog is so low the birds cannot see him, and rapidly advances on them without making a noise. The sceptic may fancy this 'an old woman's story'—but, for all that, he'll get beat by the man who attends to it.

If a dog stands at a high hedge, go yourself on the opposite side, and let your servant be sent where the dog stands. When he hears you arrive opposite, let him call to you; and when you are ready for him to beat the hedge, give a *whistle*, because a bird, being less alarmed at a whistle than a man's voice, will most likely come out on your side. Some people heigh the dogs in. This, I need not tell a *sportsman*, is the way to spoil them, and to prevent them from being stanch on such occasions. It sometimes happens, that there is a close twisted hedge on the opposite side, so that the birds, in order to extricate themselves, must face the dog; and it is for want of cunning to do this that young birds are so often caught in hedges, to the great delight of ammunition-savers and pot-hunters. In the latter case, keep with your dogs, and send round your man to poke the hedge with a stick.

If your object is to get a great deal of game on the same beat, *provided you have it to yourself*, do not go out above three days in a week. By so doing you will kill at least twice as much as by following the birds without intermission. Many people, who wish to secure all the partridges they can during the month of September, make a point of shooting every day, and are quite disconcerted if they lose even half a day's sport. All this is natural enough in keen young sportsmen, and very well, *provided* they have fresh dogs and *fresh ground to beat*, but under other circumstances they would stand no chance with a man who went out three times a week; because his birds, having intervening days to be left quiet, would lie so much the better, that he, *towards the end of the month*, would continue to fill his bag, while another would have so driven and harassed his coveys, that he would scarcely be able to get a fair single, much less a double shot. (I name this, and indeed all I have asserted,

not as a mere opinion, but as the result of decided proofs, that I have witnessed no small number of times.)

LT.-COL. PETER HAWKER (1786-1853):

Instructions to Young Sportsmen: Finishing Lessons in Shooting

8 *The Care of Hounds*

This hound, so long a favourite, never quitted my kennels; and I must here plead guilty to an impeachment which has often been laid to my charge, of being over-soft (as my friends used to term it) towards animals in my possession. I never parted with an old favourite, whether horse or hound; many of the latter, when worn out by hard service, were continually about the premises. They had a warm house to go into at night, next the boiling-house, and plenty to eat, and I have no doubt they enjoyed their '*otium cum dignitate*' as much as any old pensioners in Greenwich Hospital. With good living and no work, they certainly did become most extraordinary-looking figures, very much resembling aldermen in appearance, and their very looks gave a flat contradiction to the recommendation of my friends, to put those wretched old animals out of their *misery*.' Having spent the best of their days in my service, and done their utmost to afford me pleasure, I always considered it at least my duty to afford them that protection and refuge in their old age which they so well deserved; and, notwithstanding the taunts often received from other friendly masters of hounds, nothing ever induced me to alter that fixed principle—at my hand, or by my orders, their lives were never required. Upon hunting days, during the season, these old hounds were always shut up, to prevent their following the pack; but in the cub-hunting they could always do as they liked, and they generally honoured us with their company upon these occasions.

An old hound I had, called Pilgrim, showed most extraordinary sagacity one day, which may be considered rather too romantic to be true, but I vouch for the fact. He was

out with us in the early part of the season, when we brought a fox to our home coverts, and ran him to ground there in a large rabbit pipe. As we tried on for another fox, the earth was stopped up, but not finding again, I returned home and fed the hounds. Old Pilgrim was with us then, and the terriers, which, after feeding, were, as usual, let run about. This was about 2 o'clock in the day. At 4 o'clock I went down to see the hounds again, and, not finding either the terriers or old Pilgrim in their usual sleeping apartment, I made enquiries where they were. No one could tell; but the feeder had seen them, about an hour previously, in the yard together. We searched and looked everywhere for them, but in vain. It being a fine afternoon, and having nothing to do, I walked across to the covert where we had run the fox to ground in the morning, to see if he had scratched his way out again, as some loose stones only had been thrown into the earth. Great, indeed, was my surprise, when I discovered Old Pilgrim lying at the mouth of the pipe, having removed all the stones, and dug a hole nearly large enough to hold himself; greater still was my surprise, when, upon listening at the earth, I heard the two terriers inside at the fox! The old dog wagged his tail, and gave me a knowing look, as much as to say, 'that will do, we shall soon have him out,' and I was so much pleased with his cunning, that I resolved he should not be disappointed. I accordingly hallooed to a man I saw at work, and sent him home for the whipper-in and a spade. We soon dug the fox out, and carried him home in a sack. Nothing could exceed the delight of the old hound, when he saw the fox safely bagged—he danced and jumped about, and led the way in high glee, as much as to say, 'Here he comes! this is my doing.' Having deposited the fox in a safe place, the old hound appeared quite satisfied; but when it became dark, we turned him loose again.

There is nothing extraordinary in the hound going again to visit the place where he had seen the fox run to ground, but the mystery is how he prevailed upon the terriers, which had not been out that day, to go with him. Instinct, in dogs,

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There is nothing extraordinary in the hound going again to visit the place where he had seen the fox run to ground, but the mystery is how he prevailed upon the terriers, which had not been out that day, to go with him. Instinct, in dogs,

is very nearly allied to reason, and this dog must have considered that he could not get the fox out without the assistance of the terriers; and, but for my appearance on the scene, I have no doubt they would have succeeded in their object, as the pipe was not deep, and the soil sandy.

K. w. HORLOCK ('Scrutator') (fl. 1850-60):
Letters on Hunting (1852)

9 *Hare-Hunting*

They were now upon the moors, with nothing to fear but bogs and holes and ruts, things that did not seem to be included in the list of casualties of the Goose and Dumpling Hunt, for all the members began charging abreast instead of following in the goose fashion they had been pursuing before.

The hounds were long out of sight; indeed, they had run up a ravine, from which the *detour* by Bewdley Bridge had interposed a hill; but the fatties saw by the staring of the sheep the line they had taken, and the field jogged on in high exultation at the splendour of the run, and delighted at the idea of astonishing the stranger.

Presently they got within sight of where sheep were still running, or rather wheeling about, and then a shepherd's hat on the sky-line of a far-off hill announced where they were.

The riding was only awkward, the heather hiding both stones and holes, and the turf on the bare places, particularly on the hill-side, being extremely slippery. Nevertheless they clattered on, trusting entirely to their horses for safety.

Presently they heard the cry of hounds.

'Hold hard!' exclaimed Mr. Trumper, 'they are coming towards us. Hark!' exclaimed he (pulling up short, and holding up his hand)—'now, Mr. Scott, if you'll come here, I'll show you the hare.' said he.

Accordingly, Scott followed him through a narrow defile to the left, and, looking over a hollow in the rocky hill upon the country below, he saw poor puss dribbling along in a listening sort of canter.

The field followed to partake of the treat.

'Oh, she's a fme-un!' exclaimed Mr. Trumper, his eyes sparkling as he spoke; 'but she's pretty well beat,' added he; 'she'll most likely begin to play some of her tricks: these things have far more cunning nor foxes,' added he. 'Now this is the time,' continued he, addressing himself seriously to Scott, 'that you wild fox-hunters would take advantage of, for the purpose of cutting short the diversion, by mobbing, and shouting, and taking every advantage of him; but we do the thing differently. We let our hounds hunt; and if they can't kill a hare fairly, why they lose her.'

The hounds had now descended from the hills and turned the corner of the last angle that shut them out from view. They were working a middling scent, which they caught and lost and lost and caught alternately.

Puss heard them, and regulated her pace by theirs.

Presently she began the tricks Mr. Trumper anticipated. Having got into a small fallow, she dribbled up a furrow above which her back was scarcely visible, and having run the length of it, she deliberately returned the same way, and with a mighty spring landed in a thick hedge-row.

'That'll puzzle them,' said Mr. Trumper, 'for the scent is but cold at best, and the wet of yon furrow won't improve what little there is.'

'But you'll let them hunt it, of course?' observed Scott, thinking Mr. Trumper was paving the way to a little assistance.

'*Undoubtedly*,' replied Trumper, with a deep side-way inclination of the head—'*undoubtedly*,' repeated Trumper. '*We'd scorn to take an unfair advantage* of her. But look how they hunt!' added he. 'Did you ever see hounds work better? No babblers, no skitters, no do-nothing gentlemen here; twelve couple and all workers; we keep no cats that don't catch mice, Mr. Scott. Oh, but they're beauties!' added he in ecstasy, as they came hunting her as true as an arrow.

When they got upon the fallow it certainly was not pro-

pitious. There wasn't a hound that could speak to the scent, and Twister and Towler alone guided them on the line.

Those hounds are worth two hundred thousand pounds a-piece to Prince Albert, or any of the royal family who really know what hunting is,' whispered Mr. Trumper. 'See what confidence they all have in them. Hark! Cottager threw his tongue. That's the first time he's spoke since he came into the field, but he's had the scent the whole way. Oh! hare-hunting is beautiful sport, the most delightful amusement under the sun,' added he. 'There's nothing to compare to it. Is there, Beaney?' continued he, looking over his shoulder to our friend Beanstack, who with the rest of the field were now clustered behind in ardent admiration of their darlings.

'Nothing! nothing! nothing!' was vociferated by all.

The hounds had now got to the end of the double, and several of the young ones dashed beyond. Not so Twister and Towler, who cast a small semi-circle in advance, and then returned to the spot.

'That's hunting now!' exclaimed Mr. Trumper, 'your wild fox-dogs would have been half over the next parish by this time, but those hounds won't move an inch without a scent. See how they hunt it back. That's something like now. Far better than getting a hold of them and pretending to tell *them* what you keep them to tell you, *which way the hare went*'

'Ah, that's all very well,' observed Scott, 'with the hare sitting in the hedge-row; but a fox, you know, keeps travelling on. There's no time for dawdling with him.'

'You don't know but that hare may be in Jollyrise township by this time,' snapped Mr. Trumper; 'it doesn't follow because she took the hedge-row, that she's there still. But we are in no hurry. Fair-play's the universal motto of hare-hunters. We even have it on our buttons,' added he, turning up a great pewter-plate-looking thing with a hare and the words 'Fair-play' underneath.

'The gentleman doesn't seem to understand much about

the thing, I think.' observed Michael Hobbletrot, who had got dribbled up from his *ditour* by Maddingly Common, after a most enjoyable ride of the line.

Fox-hunters seldom do.' rejoined Simon Driblet.

ROBERT SMITH SURTEES (1802-1864):

Hawbuck Grange: The Goose and Dumpling Hunt

10 *The All-round-my-hat Cast*

Or the day may be one of those rare days, almost as delightful as that described, when, although the pace is not so good, hounds are able to follow their fox without any help wherever he goes, and if they do not change on to another, to wear him down in about an hour, or perhaps longer. But on nine days out of ten, they will be brought to their noses in less than twenty minutes. In the meantime, the ideal place for the huntsman to ride should have been about a hundred yards to the right or left rear of the pack, whichever is down wind of them. He should as far as possible look ahead, so as to anticipate difficulties, but his attention should be mainly concentrated on the leading hounds, so as to mark the magic spot where they lose the scent. This faculty is by no means so easy as it sounds, and to exercise it correctly requires a practised eye. For instance, a party of young hounds, rejoicing in the lead, sometimes seem to think that the fun is going to last for ever, and in their exuberance will often drive on, and even throw their tongues for several yards past the place where the fox has turned, before they will admit their mistake. There is no animal so masterful and cocksure as a young dog hound who has raced for the lead and won it. The head, therefore, cannot be too carefully watched, so that if, in the last resort, a cast has to be made, the huntsman should always have in the back of his mind the exact spot where the scent was actually lost. He also ought to have in the map of his mind Mr. Thomas Smith's invaluable sketch of a cast in his *Diary of a Huntsman*, published in 1838. This sketch as a general

guide for recovering the line after the hounds have done trying for themselves, and when there is nothing to indicate where the fox has gone, cannot be beaten; it is hardly too much to say that it ought to be hung up on the wall over every huntsman's bed. A huntsman who will be content to follow the principle of it, and set his face against fancy casts, will be surprised how his foxes will come to hand, provided always that he knows to a yard where the scent failed. It is here reproduced, and the explanation of it cannot be better given than in Mr. Smith's own words. It should be observed that Mr. Smith cannot be very far wrong, because in the Craven country—not the best scenting country in England—he hunted his own hounds, and in one season killed ninety foxes in ninety-one days. "The principle of it," says Mr. Smith, 'at starting, is startling, yet few succeed better, namely, that of first holding the hounds the way he does not think the fox is gone. Thus, when at a check, and the pack have made their own swing, he then holds them round to the right or left, whichever is most up wind; consequently this side would have been the most unlikely; for they probably would not have checked at first had it been right, owing to its being rather up wind, when, if it does happen to be right, they hit it off directly, so that it takes scarcely a minute to hold them round back, behind the spot where they checked, about a hundred yards or so. He then turns and takes a little wider circle back, to the left the same distance, till he reaches, or nearly so, the line he came to behind the check at first. Now having ascertained for certain that his fox is not gone back, or short to the right or left, he can with confidence begin a wider cast than he would have ventured to make otherwise, owing to a fear that the fox had headed back, or to the right or left. The wide cast he commences on the left from behind, progressing, according to his judgement, and selecting the oest scenting ground forward, beyond any fallow or bad scenting ground. As he now knows that the fox must be gone on, this cast is continued all round in front, and to the right,

till he again reaches the line behind; he then takes a wider cast either way, and is guided by circumstances: but nineteen times out of twenty this last is not required, except the fox is headed some distance back, and the steam and stain of the horses prevents the hounds feeling the scent, the quick first cast back. If there is no wind to guide him, there may be a cover to which the fox is gone, on the left; but still he holds them first the unlikely side.'

The one contingency that Mr. Smith would seem to omit is that of the fox having gone to ground and the hounds having failed to mark him. Those who have studied and applied this plan can give numerous instances of its success. Some years ago, on a very cold day in January, with a steady north wind blowing, a pack of fox-hounds had hunted their fox due west for about five miles at a fair hunting pace with little or no help. The first real check then occurred one field short of a turnpike road running almost due north and south. Hardly a mile away, straight down wind on the left or southern flank, was a well-known stronghold. A man in a one-horse trap was halted in the road, having heard the hounds. He had not seen the fox, though the fox might have seen him. It looked like a thousand to one that the fox had turned down the wind to gain the friendly stronghold, and a very strong temptation arose to hold them that way. But not forgetting Mr. Thomas Smith, the short up-wind cast was tried, nearly back to the original line; in less than two minutes they hit him off and raced into him in the middle of a grass field three miles farther on, over the road. What had probably happened was that the fox had seen the man in the trap, turned three-quarters right about, and then crossed the road to make his original point,—an eight-mile point, and with the exception of the sharp turn just described, nearly straight all the way. The seemingly obvious down-wind cast would no doubt have saved the fox, while Mr. Smith's recipe undoubtedly killed him.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE (1869-1923):
Hunting the Fox

§ viii. CRITICISM

i *The Poet*

Now therein of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to human conceits) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well enchanting skill of musick; and with a tale forsooth he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586):
An Apologie for Poetry

2 *Style*

Style is a constant and continual phrase or tenour of speaking and writing, extending to the whole tale or process of the poem or history, and not properly to any piece or member of a tale: but is of words, speeches, and sentences together, a certain contrived form and quality, many times natural to the writer, many times his peculiar by election and art, and such as either he keepeth by skill, or holdeth on by ignorance, and will not, or peradventure cannot easily alter into any other. So we say that *Cicero's* style, and

Sallust's were not one, nor *Cesar's* and *Livy's*, nor *Homer's* and *Hesiodus*, nor *Herodotus* and *Thucidides*, nor *Euripides* and *Aristophanes*, nor *Erasmus* and *Budeus* styles. And because this continual course and manner of writing or speech sheweth the matter and disposition of the writer's mind more than one or few words or sentences can show, therefore there be that have called style, the image of man *mentis character*; for man is but his mind, and as his mind is tempered and qualified, so are his speeches and language at large, and his inward conceits be the metal of his mind, and his manner of utterance the very warp and woof of his conceits, more plain, or busy and intricate, or otherwise affected after the rate. Most men say that not any one point in all *physiognomy* is so certain, as to judge a man's manners by his eye: but more assuredly in mine opinion, by his daily manner of speech and ordinary writing. For if the man be grave, his speech and style is grave: if light-headed, his style and language also light: if the mind be haughty and hot, the speech and style is also vehement and stirring: if it be cold and temperate, the style is also very modest: if it be humble, or base and meek, so is also the language and style. And yet peradventure not altogether so, but that every man's style is for the most part according to the matter and subject of the writer, or so ought to be, and conformable thereunto. Then again may it be said as well, that men do choose their subjects according to the metal of their minds, and therefore a high minded man chooseth him high and lofty matter to write of; the base courage, matter base and low; the mean and modest mind, mean and moderate matters after the rate. Howsoever it be, we find that under these three principal complexions (if I may with leave so term them) high, mean and base style, there be contained many other humors or qualities of style, as the plain and obscure, the rough and smooth, the facile and hard, the plentiful and barren, the rude and eloquent, the strong and feeble, the vehement and cold styles, all which in their evil are to be reformed, and the good to be kept and used. But

generally to have the style decent and comely it behoveth the maker or Poet to follow the nature of his subject, that is if his matter be high and lofty that the style be so too, if mean, the style also to be mean, if base, the style humble and base accordingly: and they that do otherwise use it, applying to mean matter, high and lofty style, and to high matters style either mean or base, and to the base matters, the mean or high style, do utterly disgrace their poesy and shew themselves nothing skilful in their art, nor having regard to the decency, which is the chief praise of any writer. Therefore to riddle all lovers of learning from that error, I will as near as I can, set down which matters be high and lofty, which be but mean, and which be low and base, to the intent the styles may be fashioned to the matters, and keep their decorum and good proportion in every respect. I am not ignorant that many good clerks be contrary to mine opinion, and say that the lofty style may be decently used in a mean and base subject and contrariwise, which I do in part acknowledge, but with a reasonable qualification. For *Homer* hath so used it in his trifling work of *Batrachomyomachia*: that is in his treatise of the war betwixt the frogs and the mice: *Virgil* also in his *Bucolics*, and in his *Georgics*, whereof the one is counted mean, the other base, that is the husbandman's discourses and the shepherd's. But thereunto serveth a reason in my simple conceit: for first to that trifling poem of *Homer*, though the frog and the mouse be but little and ridiculous beasts, yet to treat of war is an high subject, and a thing in every respect terrible and dangerous to them that it alights on; and therefore of learned duty asketh martial grandiloquence, if it be set forth in this kind and nature of war, even betwixt the basest creatures that can be imagined: so also is the ant or pismire, and they be but little creeping things, not perfect beasts, but *insect*, or worms: yet in describing their nature and instinct, and their manner of life approaching to the form of a commonwealth, and their properties not unlike to the virtues of most excellent governors and captains, it asketh a more majesty

of speech than would the description of another beast's **life** or nature, and perchance of many matters pertaining unto the baser sort of men, because it resembleth the history of a civil regiment, and of them all the chief and most principal which is *Monarchy*. So also in his *Bucolics* which are but pastoral speeches and the basest of any other poem in their own proper nature, *Virgil* used a somewhat swelling style when he came to insinuate the birth of *Marcellus*, heir apparent to the Emperor *Augustus* as child to his sister, aspiring by hope and greatness of the house, to the succession of the Empire, and establishment thereof in that family; whereupon *Virgil* could no less than to use such manner of style, whatsoever condition the poem were of and this was decent, and no fault or blemish, to confound the tenors of the styles for that cause. But now when I remember me again that this *Eclogue*, (for I have read it somewhere) was conceived by *Octavian* th' Emperour to be written to the honour of *Pollio* a citizen of Rome and of no great nobility, the same was misliked again as an implicative, nothing decent nor proportionable to *Pollio* his fortunes and calling, in which respect I might say likewise the style was not to be such as if it had been for the Emperor's own honour and those of the blood imperial, than which subject there could not be among the *Roman* writers an higher nor graver to treat upon.

GEORGE PUTTENHAM (1530?-1590):

The Arte of English Poesie

3 *Clarity*

Periods are beautiful, when they are not too long; for so they have their strength too, as in a pike or javelin. As we must take the care that our words and sense be clear; so if the obscurity happen through the hearer's or reader's want of understanding, I am not to answer for them, no more than for their not listening or marking; I must neither find them ears nor mind. **But** a man cannot put a word so in sense,

but something about it will illustrate it, if the writer understand himself. For order helps much to perspicuity, as confusion hurts. *Rectitudo lucent adfert; obliquitas et circumductio offuscat*. We should therefore speak what we can the nearest way, so as we keep our gait, not leap; for too short may as well be not let into the memory, as too long not kept in. Whatsoever loseth the grace and clearness, converts into a riddle: the obscurity is marked, but not the value. That perisheth, and is passed by, like the pearl in the fable. Our style should be like a skein of silk, to be carried and found by the right thread, not ravelled and perplexed; then all is a knot, a heap. There are words that do as much raise a style, as others can depress it. Superlation and over-muchness amplifies. It may be above faith, but never above a mean. It was ridiculous in Cestius, when he said of Alexander:

Fremit oceanus, quasi indignetur, quod terras relinquo;

But propitiously from Virgil:

*Credas innare revulsas
Cycladas.*

He doth not say it was so, but seemed to be so. Although it be somewhat incredible, that is excused before it be spoken. But there are hyperboles which will become one language, that will by no means admit another. As *Eos esse P.R. exercitus, qui caelum possint perrumpere*: who would say with us but a madman? Therefore we must consider in every tongue what is used, what received. Quintilian warns us, that in no kind of translation, or metaphor, or allegory, we make a turn from what we began; as if we fetch the original of our metaphor from the sea and billows, we end not in flames and ashes: it is a most foul inconsequence. Neither must we draw out our allegory too long, lest either we make ourselves obscure, or fall into affectation, which is childish. But why do men depart at all from the right and

natural ways of speaking? sometimes for necessity, when we are driven, or think it fitter to speak that in obscure words, or by circumstance, which uttered plainly would offend the hearers. Or to avoid obscureness, or sometimes for pleasure and variety, as travellers turn out of the high-way, drawn either by the commodity of a foot-path, or the delicacy or freshness of the fields. And all this is called *figured language*.

BEN JONSON (1573-1637): *Timber, or Discoveries*

4 *Vitality*

It was well noted by the late Lord St. Alban, that the study of words is the first distemper of learning; vain matter the second; and a third distemper is deceit, or the likeness of truth; imposture held up by credulity. All these are the cobwebs of learning, and to let them grow in us, is either sluttish, or foolish. Nothing is more ridiculous than to make an author a dictator, as the schools have done Aristotle. The damage is infinite knowledge receives by it; for to many things a man should owe but a temporary belief, and a suspension of his own judgment, not an absolute resignation of himself, or a perpetual captivity. Let Aristotle and others have their dues; but if we can make farther discoveries of truth and fitness than they, why are we envied? Let us beware, while we strive to add, we do not diminish, or deface; we may improve, but not augment. By discrediting falsehood, truth grows in request. We must not go about, like men anguished and perplexed, for vicious affectation of praise: but calmly study the separation of opinions, find the errors have intervened, awake antiquity, call former times into question; but make no parties with the present, nor follow any fierce undertakers, mingle no matter of doubtful credit with the simplicity of truth, but gently stir the mould about the root of the question, and avoid all digladiations, facility of credit, or superstitious simplicity, seek the consonancy and concatenation of truth; stoop only to point of

necessity, and what leads to convenience. Then make exact animadversion where the style hath degenerated, where flourished and thrived in choiceness of phrase, round and clean composition of sentence, sweet falling of the clause, varying an illustration by tropes and figures, weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, and depth of judgment. This is *monte potiri*, to get the hill; for no perfect discovery can be made upon a flat or a level.

BEN JONSON (1573-1637): *Timber, or Discoveries*

5 On Rime

The measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin—rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime in both longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674): Preface to *Paradise Lost*

6 *On Rhyme in Plays*

Whether heroic verse ought to be admitted into serious plays, is not now to be disputed; it is already in possession of the stage, and I dare confidently affirm that very few tragedies, in this age, shall be received without it. All the arguments which are formed against it can amount to no more than this; that it is not so near conversation as prose, and therefore not so natural. But it is very clear to all who understand poetry, that serious plays ought not to imitate conversation too nearly. If nothing were to be raised above that level, the foundation of poetry would be destroyed. And if you once admit of a latitude, that thoughts may be exalted, and that images and actions may be raised above the life, and described in measure without rhyme, that leads you insensibly from your own principles to mine; you are already so far onward of your way, that you have forsaken the imitation of ordinary converse. You are gone beyond it; and to continue where you are is to lodge in the open fields, betwixt two inns. You have lost that which you call natural, and have not acquired the last perfection of art. But it was only custom which cozened us so long; we thought, because Shakespeare and Fletcher went no further, that there the pillars of poetry were to be erected; that, because they excellently described passion without rhyme, therefore rhyme was not capable of describing it. But time has now convinced most men of that error. It is indeed so difficult to write verse, that the adversaries of it have a good plea against many who undertook that task, without being formed by art or nature for it. Yet, even they who have written worst in it, would have written worse without it: they have cozened many with their sound, who never took the pains to examine their sense. In fine, they have succeeded; though, it is true, they have more dishonoured rhyme by their good success than they have done by their ill. But I am willing to let fall this argument. It is free for

every man to write, or not to write, in verse, as he judges it to be, or not to be, his talent; or as he imagines the audience will receive it.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700):

Of Heroic Plays (Preface to *Almanzor and Almahide*)

7 Epitaphs

On Mr. Gay.

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild:
 In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
 With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
 Above temptation, in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
 These are thy honours 1 not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY.

As Gay was the favourite of our author, this epitaph was probably written with an uncommon degree of attention; yet it is not more successfully executed than the rest, for it will not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The same observation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by bints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.

The two parts of the first line are only echoes of each other; *gentle manners* and *mild affections*, if they mean anything, must mean the same.

That Gay was a *man of wit* is a very frigid commendation; to have the wit of a man is not much for a poet. The *wit of man*, and *the simplicity of a child*, make a poor and vulgar

contrast, and raise no ideas of excellence, either intellectual or moral.

In the next couplet *rage* is less properly introduced after the mention of *mildness* and *gentleness*, which are made the constituents of his character; for a man so *mild* and *gentle* to *temper his rage*, was not difficult.

The next line is unharmonious in its sound, and mean in its conception; the opposition is obvious, and the word *lash* used absolutely, and without any modification, is gross and improper.

To be *above temptation* in poverty, and *free from corruption among the Great*, is indeed such a peculiarity as deserved notice. But to be a *safe companion* is a praise merely negative, arising not from the possession of virtue, but from the absence of vice, and that one of the most odious.

As little can be added to his character by asserting that he was *lamented in his end*. Every man that dies is, at least by the writer of his epitaph, supposed to be lamented, and therefore this general lamentation does no honour to Gay.

The first eight lines have no grammar; the adjectives are without any substantive, and the epithets without a subject.

The thought in the last line, that Gay is buried in the bosoms of the *worthy* and the *good*, who are distinguished only to lengthen the line, is so dark that few understand it; and so harsh when it is explained, that still fewer approve.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784): *Lives of the Poets: Pope*

8 On Rhyme

Critics and antiquaries have been solicitous to find out who were the inventors of rhyme, which some fetch from the monks, some from the Goths, and others from the Arabians; whereas, the truth seems to be, that rhyme, or the consonance of final syllables, occurring at stated intervals, is the dictate of nature, or, as we may say, an appeal to the *ear*, in all languages, and in some degree pleasing in all. The difference is, that, in some languages, these consonances are

apt of themselves to occur so often that they rather nauseate than please, and so, instead of being affected, are studiously avoided by good writers; while in others, as in all the modern ones, where these consonances are less frequent, and where the quantity of syllables is not so distinctly marked as, of itself, to afford an harmonious measure and musical variety, there it is of necessity that poets have had recourse to *rhyme*; or to some other expedient of the like nature, such as the *alliteration*, for instance; which is only another way of delighting the ear by iterated sound, and may be defined, the *consonance of initial letters*, as rhyme is, the *consonance of final syllables*. All this, I say, is of necessity, because what we call verses in such languages will be otherwise untuneful, and will not strike the ear with that vivacity which is requisite to put a sensible difference between poetic number and measured prose.

In short, no method of gratifying the ear by *measured sound*, which experience has found pleasing, is to be neglected by the poet; and although, from the different structure and genius of languages, these methods will be different, the studious application of such methods, as each particular language allow, becomes a necessary part of his office. He will only cultivate those methods most, which tend to produce, in a given language, the most harmonious structure or measure, of which it is capable.

Hence, it comes to pass, that the poetry of some modern languages cannot so much as subsist without rhyme; in others, it is only embellished by it. Of the *former* sort is the French, which therefore adopts, and with good reason, rhymed verse. . . .

In the *latter* class of languages, whose poetry is only embellished by the use of rhyme, we may reckon the Italian and the English, which being naturally more tuneful and harmonious than the French, may afford all the melody of sound which is expected in some sorts of poetry, by its *varied pause*, and *quantity* only; while in other sorts, which are more solicitous to please the ear, and where such solid-

tude, if taken notice of by the reader or hearer, is not re-sented, it may be proper, or rather it becomes a law of the English and Italian poetry, to adopt *rhyme*. Thus, our tragedies are usually composed in blank verse; but our epic and lyric compositions are found most pleasing when clothed in rhyme. Milton, I know, it will be said, is an exception; but, if we set aside some learned persons, who have suffered themselves to be easily prejudiced by their admiration of the Greek and Latin languages, and still more, perhaps, by the prevailing notion of the monkish or Gothic original of rhymed verse, ail other readers, if left to themselves, would, I dare say, be more delighted with this poet, if, besides his various pause, and measured quantity, he had enriched his numbers with *rhyme*. So that his love of liberty, the ruling passion of his heart, perhaps transported him too far, when he chose to follow the example set him by one or two writers of *prime note* (to use his own eulogium), rather than comply with the regular and prevailing practice of his favoured Italy, which first and principally, as our best rhymist sings,

With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made *rhyme an art*.

RICHARD HURD (1720-1808): *Idea of Universal Poetry*

9 What is Poetry ?

But the communication of pleasure may be the immediate object of a work not metrically composed; and that object may have been in a high degree attained, as in novels and romances. Would then the mere superaddition of metre, with or without rhyme, entitle these to the name of poems? The answer is that nothing can permanently please which does not contain in itself the reason why it is so, and not otherwise. If metre be superadded, all other parts must be made consonant with it. They must be such as to justify the perpetual and distinct attention to each part, which an exact

correspondent recurrence of accent and sound is calculated to excite. The final definition, then, so deduced, may be thus worded. A poem is that species of composition which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its *immediate* object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species (having *this* object in common with it) it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the *whole*, as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component *part*.

Controversy is not seldom excited in consequence of the disputants attaching each a different meaning to the same word; and in few instances has this been more striking than in disputes concerning the present subject. If a man chooses to call every composition a poem which is rhyme, or measure, or both, I must leave his opinion uncontroverted. The distinction is at least competent to characterize the writer's intention. If it were subjoined that the whole is likewise entertaining or affecting, as a tale, or as a series of interesting reflections, I of course admit this as another fit ingredient of a poem, and an additional merit. But if the definition sought for be that of a *legitimate* poem, I answer, it must be one the parts of which mutually support and explain each other; all in their proportion harmonizing with, and supporting the purpose and known influences of metrical arrangement. The philosophic critics of all ages coincide with the ultimate judgment of all countries, in equally denying the praises of a just poem, on the one hand to a series of striking lines or distichs, each of which, absorbing the whole attention of the reader to itself, disjoins it from its context, and makes it a separate whole instead of a harmonizing part; and on the other hand, to an unsustained composition, from which the reader collects rapidly the general result unattracted by the component parts. The reader should be carried forward, not merely or chiefly by the mechanical impulse of curiosity, or by a restless desire to arrive at the final solution; but by the pleasureable activity of mind excited by the attractions of the journey itself. Like the mo-

tion of a serpent, which the Egyptians made the emblem of intellectual power; or like the path of sound through the air;—at every step he pauses and half recedes, and from the retrogressive movement collects the force which again carries him onward. *Præcipitandus est liber spiritus*, says Petronius Arbiter, most happily. The epithet, *liber*, here balances the preceding verb, and it is not easy to conceive more meaning condensed in fewer words.

But if this should be admitted as a satisfactory character of a poem, we have still to seek for a definition of poetry. The writings of Plato and Bishop Taylor, and the *Theoria Sacra* of Burnet, furnish undeniable proofs that poetry of the highest kind may exist without metre, and even without the contradistinguishing objects of a poem. The first chapter of Isaiah (indeed a very large proportion of the whole book) is poetry in the most emphatic sense; yet it would be not less irrational than strange to assert that pleasure, and not truth, was the immediate object of the prophet. In short, whatever specific import we attach to the word poetry, there will be found involved in it, as a necessary consequence, that a poem of any length neither can be, nor ought to be, all poetry; yet if a harmonious whole is to be produced the remaining parts must be preserved in keeping with the poetry; and this can be no otherwise effected than by such a studied selection and artificial arrangement as will partake of one, though not a peculiar, property of poetry. And this again can be no other than the property of exciting a more continuous and equal attention than the language of prose aims at, whether colloquial or written.

My own conclusions on the nature of poetry, in the strictest use of the word, have been in part anticipated in the preceding disquisition on the Fancy and Imagination. What is poetry?—is so nearly the same question with, what is a poet?—that the answer to the one is involved in the solution of the other. For it is a distinction resulting from the poetic genius itself, which sustains and modifies the images, thoughts, and emotions of the poet's own mind.

The poet, described in ideal perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone and spirit of unity that blends and (as it were) *fuses*, each into each, by that synthetic and magical power to which we have exclusively appropriated the name of Imagination. This power, first put in action by the will and understanding, and retained under their irremissive, though gentle and unnoticed, control, *laxis effertur habent* Sy reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities: of sameness, with difference; of the general, with the concrete; the idea, with the image; the individual, with the representative; the sense of novelty and freshness, with old and familiar objects; a more than usual state of emotion, with more than usual order; judgement ever awake and steady self-possession, with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement; and while it blends and harmonizes the natural and the artificial, still subordinates art to nature, the manner to the matter, and our admiration of the poet to our sympathy with the poetry.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834):

Biographia Literaria

10 On Homer's Poetry

Every Poem must necessarily be a perfect Unity, but why Homer's is peculiarly so I cannot tell: he has told the story of Bellerophon, and omitted the Judgement of Paris, which is not only a part but a principal part of Homer's subject.

But when a Work has Unity, it is as much in a part as in the whole: the Torso is as much a Unity as the Laocoon.

As Unity is the cloak of folly, so Goodness is the cloak of knavery. Those who will have Unity exclusively in Homer come out with a Moral like a sting in the tail. Aristotle says Characters are either Good or Bad; now Goodness or Badness has nothing to do with Character: an Apple tree, a Pear tree, a Horse, a Lion are Characters; but a Good Apple

Tree or a Bad is an Apple tree still: a Horse is not more a Lion for being a Bad Horse; that is its Character; its Goodness or Badness is another consideration.

It is the same with the Moral of a whole poem as with the Moral Goodness of its parts. Unity and Morality are secondary considerations, and belong to Philosophy and not to Poetry, to Exception and not to Rule, to Accident and not to Substance; The Ancients call'd it eating of the tree of good and evil.

The Classics! it is the Classics, and not Goths nor Monks, that desolate Europe with Wars.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827): *On Homer's Poetry*

11 *On Virgil*

Sacred Truth has pronounced that Greece and Rome, as Babylon and Egypt, so far from being parents of Arts and Sciences as they pretend, were destroyers of all Art. Homer, Virgil and Ovid confirm this opinion, and make us reverence The Word of God, the only light of antiquity that remains unperverted by War. Virgil in the *JEneid*, Book vi, line 848, says 'Let others study Art: Rome has somewhat better to do, namely War and Dominion.'

Rome and Greece swept Art into their maw and destroy'd it; a warlike State never can produce Art. It will rob and plunder and accumulate into one place, and Translate and Copy and buy and sell and criticize, but not make. Grecian is Mathematic Form: Gothic is Living Form. Mathematic Form is eternal in the Reasoning Memory: Living Form is Eternal Existence.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827): *On Virgil*

12 *What is a Poet ?*

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, let me ask, what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be

expected from him?—He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves:—whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850):

Preface to the Second Edition of Lyrical Ballads, 1800

13 *The Case of Mr. Wordsworth*

The case of Mr. Wordsworth, we perceive, is now manifestly hopeless; and we give him up as altogether incurable, and beyond the power of criticism. We cannot indeed altogether omit taking precautions now and then against the spreading of the malady;—but for himself, though we shall watch the progress of his symptoms as a matter of professional curiosity and instruction, we really think it right not to harass him any longer with nauseous remedies,—but

rather to throw in cordials and lenitives, and wait in patience for the natural termination of the disorder. In order to justify this desertion of our patient, however, it is proper to state why we despair of the success of a more active practice.

A man who has been for twenty years at work on such matter as is now before us, and who comes complacently forward with a whole quarto of it, after all the admonitions he has received, cannot reasonably be expected to 'change his hand, or check his pride.' upon the suggestion of far weightier monitors than we can pretend to be. Inveterate habit must now have given a kind of sanctity to the errors of early taste; and the very powers of which we lament the perversion, have probably become incapable of any other application. The very quantity, too, that he has written, and is at this moment working up for publication upon the old pattern, makes it almost hopeless to look for any change of it. All this is so much capital already sunk in the concern; which must be sacrificed if that be abandoned: and no man likes to give up for lost the time and talent and labour which he has embodied in any permanent production. We were not previously aware of these obstacles to Mr. Wordsworth's conversion; and, considering the peculiarities of his former writings merely as the result of certain wanton and capricious experiments on public taste and indulgence, conceived it to be our duty to discourage their repetition by all the means in our power. We now see clearly, however, how the case stands;—and, making up our minds, though with the most sincere pain and reluctance, to consider him as finally lost to the good cause of poetry, shall endeavour to be thankful for the occasional gleams of tenderness and beauty which the natural force of his imagination and affections must still shed over all his productions,—and to which we shall ever turn with delight, in spite of the affectation and mysticism and prolixity, with which they are so abundantly contrasted.

Long habits of seclusion, and an excessive ambition of originality, can alone account for the disproportion which

seems to exist between this author's taste and his genius; or for the devotion with which he has sacrificed so many precious gifts at the shrine of those paltry idols which he has set up for himself among his lakes and mountains. Solitary musings, amidst such scenes, might no doubt be expected to nurse up the mind to the majesty of poetical conception,—(though it is remarkable, that all the greater poets lived, or had lived, in the full current of society):—But the collision of equal minds—the admonition of prevailing impressions—seems necessary to reduce its redundancies, and repress that tendency to extravagance or puerility, into which the self-indulgence and self-admiration of genius is so apt to be betrayed, when it is allowed to wanton, without awe or restraint, in the triumph and delight of its own intoxication. That its flights should be graceful and glorious in the eyes of men, it seems almost to be necessary that they should be made in the consciousness that men's eyes are to behold them,—and that the inward transport and vigour by which they are inspired, should be tempered by an occasional reference to what will be thought of them by those ultimate dispensers of glory. An habitual and general knowledge of the few settled and permanent maxims, which form the canon of general taste in all large and polished societies—a certain tact, which informs us at once that many things, which we still love and are moved by in secret, must necessarily be despised as childish, or derided as absurd, in all such societies—though it will not stand in the place of genius, seems necessary to the success of its exertions; and though it will never enable anyone to produce the higher beauties of art, can alone secure the talent which does produce them from errors that must render it useless. Those who have most of the talent, however, commonly acquire this knowledge with the greatest facility;—and if Mr. Wordsworth, instead of confining himself almost entirely to the society of dalesmen and cottagers and little children, who form the subjects of his book, had condescended to mingle a little more with the people who were

to read and judge of it, we cannot help thinking that its texture might have been considerably improved: at least it appears to us to be absolutely impossible, that anyone who has lived or mixed familiarly with men of literature and ordinary judgment in poetry, (of course we exclude the coadjutors and disciples of his own school,) could ever have fallen into such gross faults, or so long mistaken them for beauties. His first essays we looked upon in a good degree as poetical paradoxes,—maintained experimentally, in order to display talent, and court notoriety;—and so maintained, with no more serious belief in their truth, than is usually generated by an ingenious and animated defence of other paradoxes. But when we find that he has been for twenty years exclusively employed upon articles of this very fabric, and that he has still enough of raw material on hand to keep him so employed for twenty years to come, we cannot refuse him the justice of believing that he is a sincere convert to his own system, and must ascribe the peculiarities of his composition, not to any transient affectation, or accidental caprice of imagination, but to a settled perversity of taste or understanding, which has been fostered, if not altogether created, by the circumstances to which we have alluded.

FRANCIS JEFFREY (1773-1850): *Review of The Excursion*

14 *Dante and Milton*

The poetry of Dante may be considered as the bridge thrown over the stream of time, which unites the modern and ancient world. The distorted notions of invisible things which Dante and his rival Milton have idealized, are merely the mask and the mantle in which these great poets walk through eternity enveloped and disguised. It is a difficult question to determine how far they were conscious of the distinction which must have subsisted in their minds between their own creeds and that of the people. Dante at least appears to wish to mark the full extent of it by placing Rhiphaeus, whom Virgil calls *iustissimus unius*, in Paradise,

and observing a most heretical caprice in his distribution of rewards and punishments. And Milton's poem contains within itself a philosophical refutation of that system, of which, by a strange and natural antithesis, it has been a chief popular support. Nothing can exceed the energy and magnificence of the character of Satan as expressed in *Paradise Lost*. It is a mistake to suppose that he could ever have been intended for the popular personification of evil. Implacable hate, patient cunning, and a sleepless refinement of device to inflict the extremest anguish on an enemy, these things are evil; and, although venial in a slave, are not to be forgiven in a tyrant; although redeemed by much that ennoble his defeat in one subdued, are marked by all that dishonours his conquest in the victor. Milton's Devil as a moral being is as far superior to his God, as one who perseveres in some purpose which he has conceived to be excellent in spite of adversity and torture, is to one who in the cold security of undoubted triumph inflicts the most horrible revenge upon his enemy, not from any mistaken notion of inducing him to repent of a perseverance in enmity, but with the alleged design of exasperating him to deserve new torments. Milton has so far violated the popular creed (if this shall be judged to be a violation) as to have alleged no superiority of moral virtue to his God over his Devil. And this bold neglect of a direct moral purpose is the most decisive proof of the supremacy of Milton's genius. He mingled as it were the elements of human nature as colours upon a single pallet, and arranged them in the composition of his great picture according to the laws of epic truth; that is according to the laws of that principle by which a series of actions of the external universe and of intelligent and ethical beings is calculated to excite the sympathy of succeeding generations of mankind. The *Divina Commedia* and *Paradise Lost* have conferred upon modern mythology a systematic form; and when change and time shall have added one more superstition to the mass of those which have arisen and decayed upon the earth, commentators will be learnedly employed

in elucidating the religion of ancestral Europe, only not utterly forgotten because it will have been stamped with the eternity of genius.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822): *A Defence of Poetry*

15 Words

The proper force of words lies not in the words themselves, but in their application. A word may be a fine-sounding word, of an unusual length, and very imposing from its learning and novelty, and yet in the connection in which it is introduced may be quite pointless and irrelevant. It is not pomp or pretension, but the adaptation of the expression to the idea, that clenches a writer's meaning;—as it is not the size or glossiness of the materials, but their being fitted each to its place, that gives strength to the arch; or as the pegs and nails are as necessary to the support of the building as the larger timbers, and more so than the mere showy, unsubstantial ornaments. I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of band-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them. A person who does not deliberately dispose of all his thoughts alike in cumbrous draperies and flimsy disguises may strike out twenty varieties of familiar everyday language, each coming nearer to the feeling he wants to convey, and at last not hit upon that particular and only one which may be said to be identical with the exact impression in his mind.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830): *On Familiar Style*

16 Many Poets

PORSON. Thank you for the mention of bells. Mr. Wordsworth, I remember, speaks in an authoritative and scornful tone of censure on Cowper's 'church-going' bell, treating the expression as a gross impropriety and absurdity. True enough, the *church-going* bell does not go to church

any more than I do; neither does the *passing* bell pass any more than I; nor does the *curfew* bell cover any more fire than is contained in Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; but the church-going bell is that which is rung for people going to church; the passing bell, for those passing to heaven; the curfew bell, for burgesses and villagers to cover their fires. He would not allow me to be called *well-spoken*, nor you to be called *well-read*; and yet, by this expression, I should mean to signify that you have read much, and I should employ another in signifying that you have been much read. Incomparably better is Cowper's *Winter* than Virgil's, which is indeed a disgrace to the Georgics; or than Thomson's, which in places is grand. But would you on the whole compare Cowper with Dryden?

SOUTHEY. Dryden possesses a much richer store of thoughts, expatiates upon more topics, has more vigor, vivacity, and animation. He is always shrewd and penetrating, explicit and perspicuous, concise where conciseness is desirable, and copious where copiousness can yield delight. When he aims at what is highest in poetry, the dramatic, he falls below his *Fables*. However, I would not compare the poetical power of Cowper with his; nor would I, as some have done, pit Young against him. Young is too often fantastic and frivolous: he pins butterflies to the pulpit-cushion; he suspends against the grating of the charnel-house colored lamps and comic transparencies,—Cupid, and the cat and the fiddle; he opens a store-house filled with minute particles of heterogeneous wisdom and unpalatable gobbets of ill-concocted learning, contributions from the classics, from the schoolmen, from homilies, and from farces. What you expect to be an elegy turns out an epigram; and when you think he is bursting into tears, he laughs in your face. Do you go with him into his closet, prepared for an admonition or a rebuke, he shakes his head, and you sneeze at the powder and perfumery of his peruke. Wonder not if I prefer to his pungent essences the incense which Cowper burns before the altar.

PORSON. Young was, in every sense of the word, an ambitious man. He had strength, but wasted it. Blair's *Grave* has more spirit in it than the same portion of the *Night Thoughts*, but never was poetry so ill put together; never was there so good a poem, of the same extent, from which so great a quantity of what is mere trash might be rejected. The worst blemish in it is the ridicule and scoffs cast not only on the violent and grasping, but equally on the gentle, the beautiful, the studious, the eloquent, and the manly. It is ugly enough to be carried quietly to the grave; it is uglier to be hissed and hooted into it. Even the quiet astronomer,

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
is not permitted to depart in peace, but (of all men in the world!) is called a 'proud man,' and is coolly and flippantly told that

Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;

which the poet might have turned into a verse, if he had tried again, as we will:—

To the weak head, great heights are hazardous.

In the same funny style, he writes:—

Oh that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis they are.

Courtesy and blabbing, in this upper world of ours, are thought to be irreconcilable; but blabbing may not be indecorous nor derogatory to the character of courtesy in a ghost. However, the expression is an uncouth one; and when we find it so employed, we suspect the ghost cannot have been keeping good company, but, as the King said to the miller of Mansfield, that his 'courtesy is but small.' Cowper plays in the playground, and not in the churchyard. Nothing of his is out of place or out of season. He possessed a rich vein of ridicule; but he turned it to good

account, opening it on prig parsons, and graver and worse impostors. He was among the first who put to flight the mischievous little imps of allegory, so cherished and fondled by the Wartons. They are as bad in poetry as mice in a cheese-room. You poets are still rather too fond of the unsubstantial. Some will have nothing else than what they call pure imagination. Now air-plants ought not to fill the whole conservatory; other plants, I would modestly suggest, are worth cultivating, which send their roots pretty deep into the ground. I hate both poetry and wine without body. Look at Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton; were these your imagination men? The least of them, whichever it was, carried a jewel of poetry about him worth all his tribe that came after. Did the two of them who wrote in verse build upon nothing? Did their predecessors? And, pray, whose daughter was the Muse they invoked? Why, Memory's. They stood among substantial men, and sang upon recorded actions. The plain of Scamander, the promontory of Sige-naeum, the palaces of Tros and Dardanus, the citadel in which the Fates sang mournfully under the image of Minerva, seem fitter places for the Muses to alight on, than artificial rockwork or than fairy rings. But your great favorite, I hear, is Spenser, who shines in allegory, and who, like an aerolite, is dull and heavy when he descends to the ground.

SOUTHEY. He remains a great favorite with me still, although he must always lose a little as our youth declines. Spenser's is a spacious but somewhat low chamber, hung with rich tapestry on which the figures are mostly disproportioned, but some of the faces are lively and beautiful; the furniture is part creaking and worm-eaten, part fragrant with cedar and sandal-wood and aromatic gums and balsams; every table and mantelpiece and cabinet is covered with gorgeous vases, and birds, and dragons, and houses in the air.

PORSON. There is scarcely a poet of the same eminence, whom I have found so delightful to read in, or so tedious to read through. Give me Chaucer in preference. He slaps us

on the shoulder, and makes us spring up while the dew is on the grass, and while the long shadows play about it in all quarters. We feel strong with the freshness round us, and we return with a keener appetite, having such a companion in our walk. Among the English poets, both on this side and the other side of Milton, I place him next to Shakespeare; but the word *next* must have nothing to do with the word *near*, I said before, that I do not estimate so highly as many do the mushrooms that sprang up in a ring under the great oak of Arden.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864):
Imaginary Conversations: Southey and Porson

17 On Blending

Every reader of verse must have observed how seldom it happens that even any one line proceeds uniformly with a succession, such as I have supposed, of absolutely equal feet; that is to say, with a succession of iambuses only, or of trochees only, or of dactyls only, or of anapaests only, or of spondees only. Even in the most musical lines we find the succession interrupted. The iambic pentameters of Pope, for example, will be found on examination, frequently varied by trochees in the beginning, or by (what seem to be) anapaests in the body of the line.

oh thou I whatc | ver ti | tie please | thine ear |
 Dean Dra | pier Bick | erstaff 16r Gull | Iver |
 Whether | th5u choose | Cervan | tes se | rious air |
 6r laugh | and shake | In Rabelais' ea|sy chair |

Were anyone weak enough to refer to the Prosodies for the solution of the difficulty here, he would find it *solved* as usual by a *rule*, stating the fact (or what it, the rule, supposes to be the fact), but without the slightest attempt at the *rationale*. 'By a *synceresis* of the two short syllables,' say the books, 'an anapaest may sometimes be employed for an iambus, or a dactyl for a trochee____In the beginning of a line a trochee is often used for an iambus.'

Blending is the plain English for *synaeresis*—but there should be *no* blending; neither is an anapaest ever employed for an iambus, or a dactyl for a trochee. These feet differ in time; and *no* feet so differing can ever be legitimately used in the same line. An anapaest is equal to four short syllables—an iambus only to three. Dactyls and trochees hold the same relation. The principle of *equality*, in verse, admits, it is true, of the variation at certain points, for the relief of monotone, as I have already shown, but the point of *time* is that point which, being the rudimental one, must never be tampered with at all.

To explain:—In farther efforts for the relief of monotone than those to which I have alluded in the summary, men soon came to see that there was no absolute necessity for adhering to the precise number of syllables, provided the time required for the whole foot was preserved inviolate. They saw, for instance, that in such a line as

or laugh | and shake | in Rab|elais' eajsy chair |

the equalisation of the three syllables *elan'* *ea* with the two syllables composing any of the other feet, could be readily effected by pronouncing the two syllables *elais'* in double quick time. By pronouncing each of the syllables *e* and *lais'* twice as rapidly as the syllable *sy>* or the syllable *in*, or any other short syllable, they could bring the two of them, taken together, to the length, that is to say to the time, of any one short syllable. This consideration enabled them to effect the agreeable variation of three syllables in place of the uniform two. And variation was the object—variation to the ear. What sense is there, then, in supposing this object rendered null by the *blending* of the two syllables so as to render them, in absolute effect, one? Of course, there must be *no* blending. Each syllable must be pronounced as distinctly as possible (or the variation is lost), but with twice the rapidity in which the ordinary short syllable is enunciated. That the syllables *elais'* *ea* do not compose an *anapest* is evident, and the signs (&5a) of their accentuation are erroneous. The foot

might be written thus (SB?) the inverted crescents expressing double quick time; and might be called a bastard iambus.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849):

The Rationale of Verse

18 Didactic Poetry

What is didactic poetry? What does 'Didactic' mean when applied as a distinguishing epithet to such an idea as a poem? The predicate destroys the subject; it is a case of what logicians call *contradictio in adjecto*—the unsaying by means of an attribute the very thing which is the subject of that attribute you have just affirmed. No poetry can have the function of teaching. It is impossible that a variety of species should contradict the very purpose which contradistinguishes its *genus*. The several species differ partially, but not by the whole idea which differentiates their class. Poetry, or any one of the fine arts (all of which alike speak through the genial nature of man and his excited sensibilities), can teach only as nature teaches, as forests teach, as the sea teaches, as infancy teaches,—viz. by deep impulse, by hieroglyphic suggestion. Their teaching is not direct or explicit, but lurking, implicit, masked in deep incarnations. To teach formally and professedly is to abandon the very differential character and principle of poetry. If poetry could condescend to teach anything, it would be truths moral or religious. But even these it can utter only through symbols and actions. The great moral, for instance, the last result, of the *Paradise Lost* is once formally announced,—viz. *to justify the ways of God to man*; but it teaches itself only by diffusing its lesson through the entire poem in the total succession of events and purposes: and even this succession teaches it only when the whole is gathered into unity by a reflex act of meditation, just as the pulsation of the physical heart can exist only when all the parts in an animal system are locked into one organisation.

To address the insulated understanding is to lay aside the

Prospero's robe of poetry. The objection, therefore, to didactic poetry, as vulgarly understood, would be fatal even if there were none but this logical objection derived from its definition. To be in self-contradiction is, for any idea whatever, sufficiently to destroy itself. But it betrays a more obvious and practical contradiction when a little searched. If the true purpose of a man's writing a didactic poem were to teach, by what suggestion of idiocy should he choose to begin by putting on fetters? Wherefore should the simple man volunteer to handcuff and manacle himself, were it only by the encumbrances of metre, and perhaps of rhyme? But these he will find the very least of his encumbrances. A far greater exists in the sheer necessity of omitting in any poem a vast variety of details, and even capital sections of the subject, unless they will bend to purposes of ornament. Now this collision between two purposes,—the purpose of use in mere teaching, and the purpose of poetic delight,—shows by the uniformity of its solution, which of the two is the true purpose, and which the merely ostensible purpose. Had the true purpose been instruction, the moment that this was found incompatible with a poetic treatment, as soon as it was seen that the sound education of the reader-pupil could not make way without loitering to gather poetic flowers, the stern cry of 'duty' would oblige the poet to remember that he had dedicated himself to a didactic mission, and that he differed from other poets, as a monk from other men, by his vows of self-surrender to harsh ascetic functions. But, on the contrary, in the very teeth of this rule, wherever such a collision does really take place, and one or other of the supposed objects must give way, it is always the vulgar object of *teaching* (the pedagogue's object) which goes to the rear, whilst the higher object of poetic emotion moves on triumphantly. In reality not one didactic poet has ever yet attempted to use any parts or processes of the particular art which he made his theme, unless in so far as they seemed susceptible of poetic treatment, and only *because* they seemed so. Look at the poem of *Cyder* by

Philips, of the *Fleece* by Dyer, or (which is a still weightier example) at the *Georgics* of Virgil,—does any of these poets show the least anxiety for the correctness of your principles, or the delicacy of your manipulations, in the worshipful arts they affect to teach? No; but they pursue these arts through every stage that offers any attractions of beauty. And, in the very teeth of all anxiety for teaching, if there existed traditionally any very absurd way of doing a thing which happened to be eminently picturesque, and if, opposed to this, there were some improved mode that had recommended itself to poetic hatred by being dirty and ugly, the poet (if a good one) would pretend never to have heard of this disagreeable improvement. Or, if obliged by some rival poet not absolutely to ignore it, he would allow that such a thing could be done, but hint that it was hateful to the Muses or Graces, and was very likely to breed a pestilence.

This subordination of the properly didactic function to the poetic,—which leaves the old essential distinction of poetry (viz. its sympathy with the genial motions of man's heart), to override all accidents of special variation, and shows that the essence of poetry never *can* be set aside by its causal modifications,—will be compromised by some loose thinkers, under the idea that in didactic poetry the element of instruction is, in fact, one element, though subordinate and secondary. Not at all. What we are denying is that the element of instruction enters *at all* into didactic poetry. The subject of the *Georgics*, for instance, is Rural economy as practised by Italian farmers; but Virgil not only *omits* altogether innumerable points of instruction insisted on as articles of religious necessity by Varro, Cato, Columella, etc., but, even as to those instructions which he *does* communicate, he is careless whether they are made technically intelligible or not. He takes very little pains to keep you from capital mistakes in *practising* his instructions; but he takes good care that you shall not miss any strong impression for the eye or the heart to which the rural process, or rural scene, may naturally lead. He pretends to give you a lecture

on farming, in order to have an excuse for carrying you all round the beautiful farm. He pretends to show you a good plan for a farm-house, as the readiest means of veiling his impertinence in showing you the farmer's wife and her rosy children. It is an excellent plea for getting a peep at the bonny milkmaids to propose an inspection of a model dairy. You pass through the poultry yard, under whatever pretence, in reality to see the peacock and his harem. And so, on to the very end, the pretended instruction is but in secret the connecting tie which holds together the laughing flowers going off from it to the right and to the left; whilst, if ever at intervals this prosy thread of pure didactics is brought forward more obtrusively, it is so by way of foil, to make more effective upon the eye the prodigality of the floral magnificence.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859): *Essay OH Pope*

19 *The Nominal Artist*

Whether it is right or advisable to create beings like Heathcliff, I do not know: I scarcely think it is. But this I know: the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master—something that, at times, strangely wills and works for itself. He may lay down rules and devise principles, and to rules and principles it will perhaps for years lie in subjection; and then, haply without any warning of revolt, there comes a time when it will no longer consent to 'harrow the valleys, or be bound with a band in the furrow'—when it 'laughs at the multitude of the city, and regards not the crying of the driver'—when, refusing absolutely to make ropes out of sea-sand any longer, it sets to work on statue-hewing, and you have a Pluto or a Jove, a Tisiphone or a Psyche, a Mermaid or a Madonna, as Fate or Inspiration direct. Be the work grim or glorious, dread or divine, you have little choice left but quiescent adoption. As for you—the nominal artist—your share in it has been to work passively under dictates you neither delivered nor

could question—that would not be uttered at your prayer, nor suppressed nor changed at your caprice. If the result be attractive, the World will praise you, who little deserve praise; if it be repulsive, the same World will blame you, who almost as little deserve blame.

'Wuthering Heights' was hewn in a wild workshop, with simple tools, out of homely materials. The statuary found a granite block on a solitary moor; gazing thereon, he saw how from the crag might be elicited a head, savage, swart, sinister; a form moulded with at least one element of grandeur—power. He wrought with a rude chisel, and from no model but the vision of his meditations. With time and labour the crag took human shape; and there it stands colossal, dark, and frowning, half statue, half rock: in the former sense, terrible and goblin-like; in the latter, almost beautiful, for its colouring is of mellow grey, and moorland moss clothes it; and heath, with its blooming bells and balmy fragrance, grows faithfully close to the giant's foot.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE (1816-1855):

Preface to *Wuthering Heights*

20 *Criticism of Life*

It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life,—to the question: How to live. Morals are often treated in a narrow and false fashion; they are bound up with systems of thought and belief that have had their day; they are fallen into the hands of pedants and professional dealers; they grow tiresome to some of us. We find attraction at times even in a poetry of revolt against them; in a poetry which might take for its motto Omar Kheyam's words: 'Let us make up in the tavern for the time which we have wasted in the mosque. Or we find attractions in a poetry indifferent to them; in a poetry where the contents may be what they will, but where the form is studied and exquisite. We delude

ourselves in either case; and the best cure for our delusion is to let our minds rest upon that great and inexhaustible word *life*, until we learn to enter into its meaning. A poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against *life*; a poetry of indifference to moral ideas is a poetry of indifference towards *life*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888):

Essays in Criticism, Second Series: Wordsworth

21 *Regular and Irregular Genius*

Men of genius may be divided into regular and irregular. Certain minds, the moment we think of them, suggest to us the ideas of symmetry and proportion. Plato's name, for example, calls up at once the impression of something ordered, measured, and settled: it is the exact contrary of everything eccentric, immature, or undeveloped. The opinions of such a mind are often erroneous, and some of them may, from change of time, of intellectual *data*, or from chance, seem not to be quite worthy of it; but the mode in which those opinions are expressed, and (as far as we can make it out) the mode in which they are framed, affect us, as we have said, with a sensation of symmetricalness. It is not very easy to define exactly to what peculiar internal characteristic this external effect is due; the feeling is distinct, but the cause is obscure; it lies hid in the peculiar constitution of great minds, and we should not wonder that it is not very easy either to conceive or to describe. On the whole, however, the effect seems to be produced by a peculiar proportionateness, in each instance, of the mind to the tasks which it undertakes, amid which we see it, and by which we measure it. Thus we feel that the powers and tendencies of Plato's mind and nature were more fit than those of any other philosopher for the due consideration and exposition of the highest problems of philosophy, of the doubts and difficulties which concern man as man. His genius was adapted to its element; any change would mar the delicacy

of the thought, or the polished accuracy of the expression. The weapon was fitted to its aim. Every instance of proportionateness does not, however, lead us to attribute this peculiar symmetry to the whole mind we are observing. The powers must not only be suited to the task undertaken, but the task itself must also be suited to a human being, and employ all the marvellous faculties with which he is endowed. The neat perfection of such a mind as Talleyrand's is the antithesis to the symmetry of genius; the niceties neither of diplomacy nor of conversation give scope to the entire powers of a great nature. We may lay down as the condition of a regular or symmetrical genius, that it should have the exact combination of powers suited to graceful and easy success in an exercise of mind great enough to task the whole intellectual nature.

On the other hand, men of irregular or unsymmetrical genius are eminent either for some one or some few peculiarities of mind, and have possibly special defects on other sides of their intellectual nature, at any rate want what the scientific men of the present day would call the *definite proportion* of faculties and qualities suited to the exact work they have in hand. The foundation of many criticisms of Shakespeare is, that he is deficient in this peculiar proportion. His over-teeming imagination gives at times, and not unfrequently, a great feeling of irregularity; there seems to be confusion. We have the tall trees of the forest, the majestic creations of the highest genius; but we have, besides, a bushy second growth, an obstruction of secondary images and fancies, which prevent our taking an exact measure of such grandeur. We have not the sensation of intense simplicity, which must probably accompany the highest conceivable greatness. Such is also the basis of Mr. Hallam's criticism of Shakespeare's language, which Mr. Arnold has lately revived. 'His expression is often faulty,' because his illustrative imagination, somewhat predominating over his other faculties, diffuses about the main expression a supplement of minor metaphors which sometimes distract the

comprehension, and almost always deprive his style of the charm that arises from undeviating directness. Doubtless this is an instance of the very highest kind of irregular genius, in which all the powers exist in the mind in a very high, and almost all of them in the very highest measure, but in which from a slight excess in a single one, the charm of proportion is lessened. The most ordinary cases of irregular genius are those in which single faculties are abnormally developed, and call off the attention from all the rest of the mind by their prominence and activity. Literature, as the 'fragment of fragments,' is so full of the fragments of such minds that it is needless to specify instances.

Possibly it may be laid down that one of two elements is essential to a symmetrical mind. It is evident that such a mind must either apply itself to that which is theoretical or that which is practical, to the world of abstraction or to the world of objects and realities. In the former case, the deductive understanding, which masters first principles, and makes deductions from them, the thin ether of the intellect,—'the mind by itself,'—must evidently assume a great prominence. To attempt to comprehend principles without it, is to try to swim without arms, or to fly without wings. Accordingly, in the mind of Plato, and in others like him, the abstract and deducing understanding fills a great place; the imagination seems a kind of eye to descry its data; the artistic instinct an arranging impulse, which sets in order its inferences and conclusions. On the other hand, if a symmetrical mind busy itself with the active side of human life, with the world of concrete men and real things, its principal quality will be a practical sagacity, which forms with ease a distinct view and just appreciation of all the mingled objects that the world presents,—which allots to each its own place, and its intrinsic and appropriate rank. Possibly no mind gives such an idea of this sort of symmetry as Chaucer's. Everything in it seems in its place. A healthy sagacious man of the world has gone through the world; he loves it, and

knows it; he dwells on it with fond appreciation; every object of the old life of 'merry England' seems to fall into its precise niche in his ordered and symmetrical comprehension. The prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* is in itself a series of memorial tablets to medieval society; each class has its tomb, and each its apt inscription. A man without such an apprehensive and broad sagacity must fail in every extensive delineation of various life; he might attempt to describe what he did not penetrate, or if by a rare discretion he avoided that mistake, his works would want the *binding element*; he would be deficient in that distinct sense of relation and combination which is necessary for the description of the whole of life, which gives to it unity at first, and imparts to it a mass in the memory ever afterwards. And eminence in one or other of these marking faculties—either in the deductive abstract intellect, or in the practical seeing sagacity—seems essential to the mental constitution of a symmetrical genius, at least in man. There are, after all, but two principal all-important spheres in human life—thought and action. And we can hardly conceive of a masculine mind symmetrically developed, which did not evince its symmetry by an evident perfection in one or other of those pursuits, which did not leave the trace of its distinct reflection upon the one, or of its large insight upon the other of them. Possibly it may be thought that in the sphere of pure art there may be room for a symmetrical development different from these; but it will perhaps be found, on examination of such cases, either that under peculiar and appropriate disguises one of these great qualities is present, or that the apparent symmetry is the narrow perfection of a limited nature, which may be most excellent in itself, as in the stricter form of sacred art, but which, as we explained, is quite opposed to that broad perfection of the thinking being, to which we have applied the name of symmetry of genius.

If this classification of men of genius be admitted, there can be no hesitation in assigning to Mr. Dickens his place in it. His genius is essentially irregular and unsymmetrical.

Hardly any English writer, perhaps, is much more so. His style is an example of it. It is descriptive, racy, and flowing; it is instinct with new imagery and singular illustration; but it does not indicate that due proportion of the faculties to one another which is a beauty in itself, and which cannot help diffusing beauty over every happy word and moulded clause.

WALTER BAGEHOT (1826-1877):
Literary Studies: Charles Dickens

22 Wordsworth and Byron

When the highest intelligence enlisted in the service of the higher criticism has done all it can ever aim at doing in exposition of the highest things in art, there remains always something unspoken and something undone which never in any way can be done or spoken. The full cause of the full effect achieved by poetry of the first order can be defined and expounded with exact precision and certitude of accuracy by no strength of argument or subtlety of definition. All that exists of good in the best work of a Byron or a Southey can be defined, expounded, justified and classified by judicious admiration, with no fear lest anything noticeable or laudable should evade the analytic apprehension of critical goodwill. No one can mistake what there is to admire, no one can want words to define what it is that he admires, in the forcible and fervent eloquence of a poem so composed of strong oratorical effects arranged in vigorous and telling succession as Byron's *Isles of Greece*. There is not a single point missed that an orator on the subject would have aimed at making: there is not a touch of rhetoric that would not, if delivered under favourable circumstances, have brought down the house or shaken the platform with a thunder-peal of prolonged and merited applause. It is almost as effective, and as genuine in its effect, as anything in *Absalom and Achitophel*, or *The Medal*, or *The Hind and the Panther*. It is Dryden—and Dryden at his best—done

out of couplets into stanzas. That is the very utmost that Byron could achieve; as the very utmost to which Southey could attain was the noble and pathetic epitome of history, with its rapid and vivid glimpses of tragic action and passion, cast into brief elegiac form in his monody on the Princess Charlotte. And the merits of either are as easily definable as they are obvious and unmistakable. The same thing may be said of Wordsworth's defects: it cannot be said of Wordsworth's merits. The test of the highest poetry is that it eludes all tests. Poetry in which there is no element at once perceptible and indefinable by any reader or hearer of any poetic instinct may have every other good quality; it may be as nobly ardent and invigorating as the best of Byron's, or as nobly mournful and contemplative as the best of Southey's; if all its properties can easily or can ever be gauged and named by their admirers, it is not poetry—above all it is not lyric poetry—of the first water. There must be something in the mere progress and resonance of the words, some secret in the very motion and cadence of the lines, inexplicable by the most sympathetic acuteness of criticism. Analysis may be able to explain how the colours of this flower of poetry are created and combined, but never by what process its odour is produced. Witness the first casual instance that may be chosen from the wide high range of Wordsworth's.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago.

If not another word were left of the poem in which these two last lines occur, those two lines would suffice to show the hand of a poet differing not in degree but in kind from the tribe of Byron or of Southey. In the whole expanse of poetry there can hardly be two verses of more perfect and profound and exalted beauty. But if anybody does not happen to see this, no critic of all that ever criticised, from the days of Longinus to the days of Arnold, from the days of Zoilus to the days of Zola, could succeed in making visible

the certainty of this truth to the mind's eye of that person. And this, if the phrase may for once be used without conveying a taint of affectation—this is the mystery of Wordsworth: that none of all great poets was ever so persuaded of his capacity to understand and his ability to explain how his best work was done, his highest effect attained, his deepest impression conveyed; and yet there never was a poet whose power, whose success, whose unquestionable triumph was more independent of all his theories, more inexplicable by any of his rules. Did we accept and apply to his own work the definitions he gives us of his object and the tests which these offer of his success or unsucccess, we could not but reject some of his noblest work as insufficient or improper, while awarding the honours of a preposterous acclamation to some of his most absolute and hopeless failures. There is hardly in any literature a poem of more perfect power, more awful and triumphant beauty, than *The Affliction of Margaret*: yet it is impossible to cross or contravene the critical judgment which refuses to this monologue the praise which it assigns to that of Tennyson's modern Rizpah—the praise of utter and poignant fidelity to possible and indisputable fact. Not the most exclusive disciple of the elder laureate will affirm that he has come as near as high poetry can come to the actual expression of very life itself in consummate and impeccable simplicity of tragic truth: not the dullest or most malignant of detractors will deny that his successor has done so. In the pathos and the passion of naked nature the later is above all comparison with the earlier poem: but in the quality at which Wordsworth forbade his disciples to aim, as he abjured for himself all pretension to aim at it—in sublimity of poetic diction and expression he is here so far above Tennyson as to recall and indeed to rival the very loftiest magnificence of Milton or of Shakespeare. Inheritance of the lion's den,—an incommunicable sleep,—such phrases are doubtless as strange to an old country woman's vocabulary as the language of Lear to the lips of a savage British chief, as the language of Macbeth to the lips of a

savage Scottish thane: but then, as translations of natural thought and feeling into the sovereign style, the eternal and universal dialect, of imaginative and passionate poetry, they are no less true than these to a higher standard than the standard of realistic or literal veracity. Indeed, though on this point I cannot venture to differ from Mr. Arnold's estimate without a cordial sense of diffidence and reluctance, it does not seem to me that the highest distinctive qualities of Wordsworth's genius are to be found in what is usually considered his most characteristic work. In homely accuracy and simplicity he is equalled by Cowper and distanced by Burns: for the great Scotchman is not more certainly his superior in humour, animation, and variety than in vivid veracity of accurate and sympathetic representation. Few poets were ever less realistic than Milton: few at least ever depended less on accuracy of transcription from the simple truth and modesty of nature for the accomplishment of their highest and most abiding aims: and yet the place of Wordsworth, whose own professed aim was to study and to reproduce in the effects of his verse the effects of nature in their most actual simplicity, is rather with Milton or with Pindar than with Cowper or with Burns. He wants indeed the constancy of impulse, the certitude of achievement, the steadfastness of inspiration, by which Pindar and Milton are exalted and sustained through the whole course of their spiritual flight from summit to summit of majestic imagination and moral ardour; their sovereign sway and masterdom lay hardly within reach of his less imperial spirit: the ethics of Wordsworth are scarcely so solid as theirs, so deeply based on righteousness and reality, on principles of truth and manhood invariable and independent of custom or theology, of tradition and of time. But is there anything in modern poetry so Pindaric—in other words, is there anything at once so exalted and so composed, so ardent and serene, so full of steadfast light and the flameless fire of imaginative thought, as the hymn which assigns to the guardianship of Duty or everlasting law the fragrance of the flowers on

earth and the splendour of the stars in heaven? Here at least his conception of duty, of righteousness, and of truth is one with the ideal of iEschylus, of Alighieri, and of Hugo: no less positive and pure, no more conventional or accidental than is theirs. And in a lesser lyric than this we find the same spontaneous and sublime perfection of inspired workmanship. None but a poet of the first order could have written the eight lines in which the unforeseeing security of a charmed and confident happiness is opposed to the desolate certitude of unforeseen bereavement by a single touch of contrast, a single note of comparison, as profound in its simplicity as the deepest wellspring of human emotion or remembrance itself. No elaboration of elegiac lament could possibly convey that sense of absolute and actual truth, of a sorrow set to music of its own making,—a sorrow hardly yet wakened out of wonder into a sense of its own reality,—which is impressed at once and for ever on the spirit of any reader, at any age, by those eight faultless and incomparable verses.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837-1909):

Miscellanies: Wordsworth and Byron

23 *The Artist's Scheme*

It comes back to me, the whole 'job.' as wonderfully amusing and delightfully difficult from the first; since amusement deeply abides, I think, in any artistic attempt the basis and groundwork of which are conscious of a particular firmness. On that hard fine floor the element of execution feels it may more or less confidently *dance*; in which case puzzling questions, sharp obstacles, dangers of detail, may come up for it by the dozen without breaking its heart or shaking its nerve. It is the difficulty produced by the loose foundation or the vague scheme that breaks the heart—when a luckless fatuity has over-persuaded an author of the 'saving' virtue of treatment. Being 'treated' is never, in a workable idea, a mere passive condition, and I hold no subject ever suscep-

tible of help that isn't, like the embarrassed man of our proverbial wisdom, first of all able to help itself. I was thus to have here an envious glimpse, in carrying my design through, of that artistic rage and that artistic felicity which I have ever supposed to be intensest and highest, the confidence of the dramatist strong in the sense of his postulate. The dramatist has verily to *build*, is committed to architecture, to construction at any cost; to driving in his deep vertical supports and laying across and firmly fixing his horizontal, his resting pieces—at the risk of no matter what vibration from the tap of his master-hammer. This makes the active value of his basis immense, enabling him, with his flanks protected, to advance undistractedly, even if not at all carelessly, into the comparative fairy-land of the mere minor anxiety. In other words his scheme *holds*, and as he feels this in spite of noted strains and under repeated tests, so he keeps his face to the day. I rejoiced, by that same token, to feel *my* scheme hold, and even a little ruefully watched it give me more than I had ventured to hope. For I promptly found my conceived arrangement of my material open the door wide to ingenuity. I remember that in sketching my project for the conductors of the periodical I have named I drew on a sheet of paper—and possibly with an effect of the cabalistic, it now comes over me, that even anxious amplification may have but vainly attenuated—the neat figure of a circle consisting of a number of small rounds disposed at equal distance about a central object. The central object was my situation, my subject in itself, to which the thing would owe its title, and the small rounds represented so many distinct lamps, as I liked to call them, the function of each of which would be to light with ail due intensity one of its aspects. I had divided it, didn't they see? into aspects—uncanny as the little term might sound (though not for a moment did I suggest we should use it for the public), and by that sign we would conquer.

HENRY JAMES (1843-IG16):
Preface to *The Awkward Age*

24 *Out of the Frying-pan*

A very large proportion of the mistakes that are made in writing result neither from simple ignorance nor from carelessness, but from the attempt to avoid what are rightly or wrongly taken to be faults of grammar or style. The writer who produces an ungrammatical, an ugly, or even a noticeably awkward phrase, and lets us see that he has done it in trying to get rid of something else that he was afraid of, gives a worse impression of himself than if he had risked our catching him in his original misdemeanour; he is out of the frying-pan into the fire. A few typical examples will here be collected, with references to other articles in which the tendency to mistaken correction is set forth more at large.

Recognition is given to it by no matter whom it is displayed. The frying-pan was 'no matter whom it is displayed by,' which the writer did not dare keep, with its preposition at the end; but in his hurry he jumped into nonsense.

When the record of this campaign comes dispassionately to be written, and in just perspective, it will be found that . . . The writer took 'to be dispassionately written' for a SPLIT INFINITIVE, and by his correction convinces us that he does not know a split infinitive when he sees it.

In the hymn and its setting there is something which, to use a word of Coleridge, [finds] men. A word of Coleridge's is an idiom whose genesis may be doubtful, but it has the advantage over the correction of being English; a word of Coleridge is no more English than a friend of me.

The object is to bring before the public many ancient and modern aspects of the Theatre's Art which have too long been disregarded. 'The theatre's art' is a phrase that, apart from surroundings, no one would prefer in prose to 'the art of the theatre.' What the writer has shied at is the repetition of *of* in *of the art of the theatre*, which is however much more tolerable than this 's.

But the badly cut-up enemy troops were continually reinforced and substituted by fresh units. The frying-pan was

REPLACE in the sense of 'take the place of; the fire is the revelation that the writer has no idea what the verb SUBSTITUTE means.

Sir Starr Jameson has had one of the most varied and picturesque careers of any Colonial statesmen, 'Of any statesman.' idiomatic but apparently illogical, has been corrected to what is neither logical (*of all* would have been nearer to sense) nor English.

The claim yesterday was for the difference between the old rate, which was a rate by agreement, and between the new. The writer feared, with some contempt for his readers' intelligence, that they would not be equal to carrying on the construction of *between*; he has not mended matters by turning sense into nonsense.

The reception was held at the bride's aunt. The reporter was right in disliking *bride's aunt's*, but should have found time to think of 'at the house of.'

The impression must not be left, however, that it is fatal to read over and correct what one has written. The moral is that correction requires as much care as the original writing, or more; the slapdash corrector, who should not be in such a hurry, and the uneducated corrector, who should not be writing at all, are apt to make things worse than they found them.

H. W. FOWLER:

Dictionary of Modern English Usage

25 Poetry and Personality

It is not in his personal emotions, the emotions provoked by particular events in his life, that the poet is in any way remarkable or interesting. His particular emotions may be simple, or crude, or flat. The emotion in his poetry will be a very complex thing, but not with the complexity of the emotions of people who have very complex or unusual emotions in life. One error, in fact, of eccentricity in poetry is to

seek for new human emotions to express; and in this search for novelty in the wrong place it discovers the perverse. The business of the poet is not to find new emotions, but to use the ordinary ones and, in working them up into poetry, to express feelings which are not in actual emotions at all. And emotions which he has never experienced will serve his turn as well as those familiar to him. Consequently, we must believe that 'emotion recollected in tranquillity' is an inexact formula. For it is neither emotion, nor recollection, nor, without distortion of meaning, tranquillity. It is a concentration, and a new thing resulting from the concentration, of a very great number of experiences which to the practical and active person would not seem to be experiences at all; it is a concentration which does not happen consciously or of deliberation. These experiences are not 'recollected,' and they finally unite in an atmosphere which is 'tranquil' only in that it is a passive attending upon the event. Of course this is not quite the whole story. There is a great deal, in the writing of poetry, which must be conscious and deliberate. In fact, the bad poet is usually unconscious where he ought to be conscious, and conscious where he ought to be unconscious. Both errors tend to make him 'personal.' Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things.

THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT (*b.* 1888):

The Sacred Wood: Tradition and the Individual Talent

26 Baudelaire

It remains now to scrutinise the example of Baudelaire's career as it affected his immediate successors, and to explain how it is that, far from diminishing, his influence upon the modern poet daily grows stronger and more important. There has sprung up of late a dissatisfaction with Roman-

ticism, aimed not so much against the obvious inequalities of its products, its frequent lapses, the curious aural insensitiveness its exponents so often display, as against the essential instability of the whole fabric. Its basis is unsound. These men, we feel, were distinguished by a kind of brilliant puerility; they were winning; they were personally delightful; they whored after Causes; they dreamed of the instantaneous perfectibility of the human race; and it is as hard to feel sympathy for their inevitable and bitter disappointment as it is hard to console the lover who, when he has spent long months seeking a convenient object for his passion, pretends that Love caught him unawares and, unasked, dealt him a treacherous and irremediable blow. Of right, wrongness, truth, error, we need make no question, but shall call our standards *honesty* and *dishonesty* instead. To the creative artist any and every idea may be relatively valuable; his *treatment* of the idea concerns us, since a sterile course of intellectual philanderings cannot do other than recoil unfavourably upon the prospects of his work. Then, in spite of the manifold contradictions they enclose,—his pedantry, the misplaced emphasis with which he sometimes wrote,—the volumes of Baudelaire's critical essays and the notebook volume of critical and autobiographical jottings represent a singularly consistent attitude and an equipoise of praise and blame which, even though one day we shall come precisely to reverse the balance, will still seem, I believe, to have been very honestly and scrupulously weighed. I have cited his eulogy of Constantin Guys; I must include his championship of Manet and frenetic admiration of Delacroix. He was also a fervent Wagnerian,—and, if that last connection is measurably less sympathetic to us than the others, we should remember, as M. Jean Cocteau has pointed out, that, at the time and granted the character of the opposing armies, his partisanship was proper and unavoidable.

He had been, in fact, one of those rare critical intelligences, possessed of a natural aptitude for what is best and

most hopeful among their contemporaries work,—such men as, amid the hurly-burly of contemporary enthusiasm and disdain, have an instinctive leaning towards the few, usually depressed and neglected, figures who will afterwards seem to have been the giants of the age in which they lived. He had enjoyed a *sense of his own age*, had recognised its pattern while the pattern was yet incomplete, and—because it is only our misapprehension of the present which prevents our looking into the immediate future, our ignorance of to-day and of its real as apart from its spurious tendencies and requirements—had anticipated many problems both on the aesthetic and on the moral plane, in which the fate of modern poetry is still concerned. For Baudelaire's achievement is a kind of dividing range or watershed, down whose flanks the lesser, less strictly original, less adventurous talents of the generation which followed him were able to take their individual ways, each of them choosing a different aspect of the central pile, each closely indebted to the recollection of his genius. Thus Villiers de l'Isle-Adam was to accentuate and even parody the attitude of aristocratic opposition with which Baudelaire had fronted the world; Tristan Corbiere to exemplify and exaggerate the intransigence of his dandyhood, of the Romantic outcast who is so radically disabused that he has, incidentally, lost faith in Romanticism. His irony was Jules Laforgue's province; and here, if the disparity of magnitude is most obviously marked, there was also, perhaps, the strongest correspondence of intellectual and spiritual traits. Laforgue's was a small talent, you may object, and sedulously limited. It is in the scrupulous limitation of its own talents that the true measure of modern heroism sometimes consists.

PETER QUENNEL: *Baudelaire and the Symbolists*

27 *The Part and the Whole*

What I just now mentioned of the supposed reason why Ariadne has part of her drapery red, gives me occasion here to observe, that this favourite quality of giving objects relief, and which Du Piles and all the critics have considered as a requisite of the utmost importance, was not one of those objects which much engaged the attention of Titian; painters of an inferior rank have far exceeded him in producing this effect. This was a great object of attention when art was in its infant state; as it is at present with the vulgar and ignorant, who feel the highest satisfaction in seeing a figure which, as they say, looks as if they could walk round it. But however low I may rate this pleasure of deception, I should not oppose it, did it not oppose itself to a quality of a much higher kind, by counteracting entirely that fulness of manner which is so difficult to express in words, but which is found in perfection in the best works of Correggio, and, we may add, of Rembrandt. This effect is produced by melting and losing the shadows in a ground still darker than those shadows; whereas that relief is produced by opposing and separating the ground from the figure, either by light, or shadow, or colour. This conduct of in-laying (as it may be called) figures on their ground, in order to produce relief, was the practice of the old painters, such as Andrea Mantegna, Pietro Perugino, and Albert Durer; and to these we may add the first manner of Leonardo da Vinci, Giorgione, and even Correggio; but these three were among the first who began to correct themselves in dryness of style, by no longer considering relief as a principal object. As those two qualities, relief, and fulness of effect, can hardly exist together, it is not very difficult to determine to which we ought to give the preference. An artist is obliged for ever to hold a balance in his hand, by which he must determine the value of different qualities; that, when *some* fault must be committed, he may choose the least. Those painters who have best understood the art of producing a good effect, have adopted one

principle that seems perfectly conformable to reason; that a part may be sacrificed for the good of the whole. Thus, whether the masses consist of light or shadow, it is necessary that they should be compact and of a pleasing shape: to this end some parts may be made darker and some lighter, and reflections stronger than nature would warrant. Paul Veronese took great liberties of this kind. It is said, that, being once asked why certain figures were painted in shade, as no cause was seen in the picture itself, he turned off the inquiry by answering, '*una nuevola che passa,*' a cloud is passing, which has overshadowed them.

But I cannot give a better instance of this practice than a picture which I have of Rubens; it is a representation of a Moonlight. Rubens has not only diffused more light over the picture than is in nature, but has bestowed on it those warm glowing colours by which his works are so much distinguished. It is so unlike what any other painters have given us of Moonlight, that it might be easily mistaken, if he had not likewise added stars, for a fainter Setting Sun. Rubens thought the eye ought to be satisfied in this case above all other considerations: he might, indeed, have made it more natural, but it would have been at the expense of what he thought of much greater consequence—the harmony proceeding from the contrast and variety of colours.

This same picture will furnish us with another instance, where we must depart from nature for a greater advantage. The moon in this picture does not preserve so great a superiority in regard to its lightness over the object which it illumines, as it does in nature. This is likewise an intended deviation, and for the same reason. If Rubens had preserved the same scale of gradation of light between the moon and the objects, which is found in nature, the picture must have consisted of one small spot of light only, and at a little distance from the picture nothing but this spot would have been seen. It may be said, indeed, that this being the case, it is a subject that ought not to be painted: but then, for the same reason, neither armour, nor any thing shining

ought ever to be painted; for though pure white is used in order to represent the greatest light of shining objects, it will not in the picture preserve the same superiority over flesh as it has in nature, without keeping that flesh-colour of a very low tint. Rembrandt, who thought it of more consequence to paint light than the objects that are seen by it, has done this in a picture of Achilles which I have. The head is kept down to a very low tint, in order to preserve this due gradation and distinction between the armour and the face; the consequence of which is, that upon the whole, the picture is too black. Surely, too much is sacrificed here to this narrow conception of nature: allowing the contrary conduct a fault, yet it must be acknowledged a less fault than making a picture so dark that it cannot be seen without a peculiar light, and then with difficulty. The merit or demerit of the different conduct of Rubens and Rembrandt in those instances which I have given, is not to be determined by the narrow principles of nature, separated from its effect on the human mind. Reason and common-sense tell us, that before and above all other considerations, it is necessary that the work should be seen, not only without difficulty or inconvenience, but with pleasure and satisfaction; and every obstacle which stands in the way of this pleasure and convenience must be removed.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792): *Eighth Discourse*

28 *The Nature of Gothic*

I have before alluded to the strange and vain supposition, that the original conception of Gothic architecture had been derived from vegetation,—from the symmetry of avenues, and the interlacing of branches. It is a supposition which never could have existed for a moment in the mind of any person acquainted with early Gothic; but, however idle as a theory, it is most valuable as a testimony to the character of the perfected style. It is precisely because the reverse of this theory is the fact, because the Gothic did not arise out of,

but develop itself into, a resemblance to vegetation, that this resemblance is so instructive as an indication of the temper of the builders. It was no chance suggestion of the form of an arch from the bending of a bough, but a gradual and continual discovery of a beauty in natural forms which could be more and more perfectly transferred into those of stone, that influenced at once the heart of the people, and the form of the edifice. The Gothic architecture arose in massy and mountainous strength, axe-hewn, and iron-bound, block heaved upon block by the monk's enthusiasm and the soldier's force; and cramped and stanchioned into such weight of grisly wall, as might bury the anchoret in darkness, and beat back the utmost storm of battle, suffering but by the same narrow crosslet the passing of the sunbeam, or of the arrow. Gradually, as that monkish enthusiasm became more thoughtful, and as the sound of war became more and more intermittent beyond the gates of the convent or the keep, the stony pillar grew slender and the vaulted roof grew light, till they had wreathed themselves into the semblance of the summer woods at their fairest, and of the dead field-flowers, long trodden down in blood, sweet monumental statues were set to bloom for ever, beneath the porch of the temple, or the canopy of the tomb.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900): *Stones of Venice*

29 Space

But besides spaces which have merely length and breadth—surfaces, that is to say, at which we look—architecture gives us spaces of three dimensions in which we stand. And here is the very centre of architectural art. The functions of the arts, at many points, overlap; architecture has much that it holds in common with sculpture, and more that it shares with music. But it has also its peculiar province and a pleasure which is typically its own. It has the monopoly of space. Architecture alone of the Arts can give space its full value. It can surround us with a void of three dimensions;

and whatever delight may be derived from that is the gift of architecture alone. Painting can depict space; poetry, like Shelley's, can recall its image; music can give us its analogy; but architecture deals with space directly; it uses space as a material and sets us in the midst.

Criticism has singularly failed to recognise this supremacy in architecture of spatial values. The tradition of criticism is practical. The habits of our mind are fixed on matter. We talk of what occupies our tools and arrests our eyes. Matter is fashioned; space comes. Space is 'nothing—a mere negation of the solid. And thus we come to overlook it.

But though we may overlook it, space affects us and can control our spirit; and a large part of the pleasure we obtain from architecture—pleasure which seems unaccountable, or for which we do not trouble to account—springs in reality from space. Even from a utilitarian point of view, space is logically our end. To enclose a space is the object of building; when we build we do but detach a convenient quantity of space, seclude it and protect it, and all architecture springs from that necessity. But aesthetically space is even more supreme. The architect models in space as a sculptor in clay. He designs his space as a work of art; that is, he attempts through its means to excite a certain mood in those who enter it.

What is his method? Once again his appeal is to Movement. Space, in fact, is liberty of movement. That is its value to us, and as such it enters our physical consciousness. We adapt ourselves instinctively to the spaces in which we stand, project ourselves into them, fill them ideally with our movements. Let us take the simplest of instances. When we enter the end of a nave and find ourselves in a long vista of columns, we begin, almost under compulsion, to walk forward: the character of the space demands it. Even if we stand still, the eye is drawn down the perspective, and we, in imagination, follow it. The space has suggested a movement. Once this suggestion has been set up, everything which accords with it will seem to assist us; everything

which thwarts it will appear impertinent and ugly. We shall, moreover, require something to close and satisfy the movement—a window, for example, or an altar; and a blank wall, which would be inoffensive as the termination of a symmetrical space, becomes ugly at the end of an emphasised axis, simply because movement without motive and without climax contradicts our physical instincts: it is not humanised.

GEOFFREY SCOTT (1886-1028):

The Architecture of Humanism

30 *Impersonality in Art*

The spell of an art as impersonal, as unemotional as Piero's (or that of Velazquez) is undeniably great, but why is it—in what does its charm, its potent attractiveness consist? It is, I think, a compound of many things. In the first place, where there is no specialized expression of feeling—so attractive to our weak flesh—we are left the more open to receive the purely artistic impressions of tactile values, movement, and chiaroscuro. So unnecessary do I find facial expression, and, indeed, at times so disturbing, that if a great statue happens to be without a head, I seldom miss it; for the forms and the action, if both be adequate, are expressive enough to enable me to complete the figure in the sense that they indicate; while there is always a chance that the head, in works of even the best masters, will be over-expressive—in a direction either not necessitated by the forms and action, or in flat contradiction to them.

But there is another reason, less artistic and more general, to account for the effect of impassiveness in art. Ardently as we love those beings who react to things by the measure and in the quality that we ourselves react to them, so, in other moods, in moments of spent sensibility, we no less eagerly love those other beings or objects which, though we endow them with a splendid and kindred personality, yet do not react at all to things that almost overpower us. Taking it for granted that they are no less sensitive than we are, and

seeing that they are not moved at all where perhaps we should be overwhelmed, we ascribe to them the calm and majesty of heroes; and as we more than half become the things we admire, we also, for a moment too brief, are heroes. This sentiment, when exaggeration does not make it Byronic, becomes an attitude toward landscape like Wordsworth's, an attitude toward man like Piero della Francesca's. The artist, depicting man disdainful of the storm and stress of life, is no less reconciling and healing than the poet who, while endowing Nature with Humanity, rejoices in its measureless superiority to human passions and human sorrows.

BERNHARD BERENSON (*b.* 1865):
Italian Painters of the Renaissance

PART III

EMOTIVE PROSE

- § i. Pathos
- § ii. Dramatic
- § iii. Oratory
- § iv. Comedy
- § v. Controversy and Casuistry
- § vi. Satire and Invective
- § vii. Moralistic
- § viii. Occasional Writing

§ i. PATHOS

1 *True Love*

And thus it passed on from Candlemass until after Easter, that the month of May was come, when every lusty heart beginneth to blossom, and to bring forth fruit; for like as herbs and trees bring forth fruit and flourish in May, in like wise every lusty heart that is in any manner a lover, springeth and flourisheth in lusty deeds. For it giveth unto all lovers courage, that lusty month of May, in something to constrain him to some manner of thing more in that month than in any other month, for diverse causes. For then all herbs and trees renew a man and woman, and in like wise lovers call again to their mind old gentleness and old service, and many kind deeds that were forgotten by negligence. For like as winter rasure doth alway arase and deface green summer, so fareth it by unstable love in man and woman. For in many persons there is no stability; for we may see all day, for a little blast of winter's rasure, anon we shall deface and lay apart true love for little or nought, that cost much thing; this is no wisdom nor stability, but it is feebleness of nature and great disworship, whomsoever useth this. Therefore, like as May month flowereth and flourisheth in many gardens, so in like wise let every man of worship flourish his heart in this world, first unto God, and next unto the joy of them that he promised his faith unto; for there was never worshipful man nor worshipful woman, but they loved one better than another; and worship in arms may never be foiled, but first reserve the honour to God, and secondly the quarrel must come of thy lady: and such love I call virtuous love.

But nowadays men can not love seven night but they must

have all their desires: that love may not endure by reason; for where they be soon accorded and hasty heat, soon it cooleth. Right so fareth love nowadays, soon hot soon cold: this is no stability. But the old love was not so; men and women could love together seven years, and no licours lusts were between them, and then was love, truth, and faithfulness: and lo, in like wise was used love in King Arthur's days.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (c. 1406-1471): *Morte Darthur*

2 From The Song of Songs

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs are like jew^Tels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman.

Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies.

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.

Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king is held in the galleries.

How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!

This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes.

I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples;

And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is toward me.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.

Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine

flourish, whether the Render grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves.

The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

*Holy Bible (Authorised Version) :
The Song of Solomon (Chap, vii)*

3 *The Curse of Job*

After this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day.

And Job spake, and said,

Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived.

Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it.

Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it.

As for that night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months.

Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein.

Let them curse it that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning.

Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none; neither let it see the dawning of the day;

Because it shut not up the doors of my mother's womb, nor hid sorrow from mine eyes.

Why died I not from the womb? why did I not give up the ghost when I came out of the belly?

Why did the knees prevent me? or why the breasts that I should suck?

For now⁷ I should have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest,

With kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves;

Or with princes that had gold, who filled their houses with silver:

Or as an hidden untimely birth I had not been; as infants which never saw light.

There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest.

There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor.

The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master.

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul;

Which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures;

Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave?

Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?

For my sighing cometh before I eat, and my roarings are poured out like the waters.

For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.

I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came.

*Holy Bible (Authorised Version):
The Book of Job (Chap, iii)*

4 Death

BARDOLPH. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in Heaven or in Hell!

HOSTESS. Nay, sure, he's not in Hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a fine end, and went away, an it had been any christom child: 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning

of the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. *How now, Sir John!* quoth I: *what, man! be O' good cheer.* So 'a cried out, *God, God, God!* three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616):
King Henry the Fifth

5 *Death*

When you shall find that hand that had signed to one of you a *Patent* for *Title*, to another for *Pension*, to another for *Pardon*, to another for *Dispensation*, *Dead*: That hand that settled Possessions by his *Seal*, in the *Keeper*, and rectified *Honours* by the sword, in his *Marshall*, and distributed relief to the *Poor*, in his *Almoner*, and *Health* to the *Diseased*, by his *immediate Touch*, *Dead*: That Hand that balanced his own *three Kingdoms* so equally, as that none of them complained of one another, nor of him, and carried the *Keys* of all the Christian world, and locked up, and let out *Armies* in their due season, *Dead*; how poor, how faint, how pale, how momentary, how transitory, how empty, how frivolous, how *Dead* things, must you necessarily think *Titles*, and *Possessions*, and *Favours*, and all, when you see that Hand, which was the *hand of Destiny*, of *Christian Destiny*, of the *Almighty God*, lie dead? It was not so *hard* a hand when we touched it last, nor so *cold* a hand when we kissed it last: That hand which was wont to *wipe all tears from all our eyes*, doth now but press and squeeze us as so many sponges, filled one with one, another with another cause of tears.

Tears that can have no other bank to bound them, but the declared and manifested *will of God*: For, till our tears flow to that heighth, that they might be called a *murmuring* against the declared will of God, it is against our Allegiance, it is *Disloyalty*, to give our tears any stop, any termination, any measure.

JOHN DONNE (1573-1631):

Sermon XXXIII: On the Death of James I

6 Oblivion

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burned the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable Persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired: the greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetick, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live, were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches,

and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; Since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration: Diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls: a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoining the fame of their past selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and

studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens we find they are but like the earth; durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts: whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales. And the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality; whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end (all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction); which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself; And the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted, as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names, hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery, in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, and great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by

one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decreitory term of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation; the last day will make but few graves; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures; Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilation shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them: and some have been so vainly-boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument, Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next, who when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vainglory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world, than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordina-

tion, and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, extasis, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the Spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But ail this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's church-yard, as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682): *Urn Burial*

7 *Burial of the Dead*

When they come to the Grave, while the Corpse is made ready to be laid into the earth, the Priest shall say, or the Priest and Clerks shall sing:

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased?

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour,

thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.

*The Book of Common Prayer
The Order for the Burial of the Dead*

8 *The Death of Richard Hooker*

About one day before his death, Dr. Saravia, who knew the very secrets of his soul,—for they were supposed to be confessors to each other,—came to him, and, after a conference of the benefit, the necessity, and safety of the Church's absolution, it was resolved the Doctor should give him both that and the Sacrament the following day. To which end the Doctor came, and, after a short retirement and privacy, they two returned to the company; and then the Doctor gave him and some of those friends which were with him, the blessed Sacrament of the body and blood of our Jesus. Which being performed, the Doctor thought he saw a reverend gaiety and joy in his face; but it lasted not long; for his bodily infirmities did return suddenly, and became more visible, insomuch that the Doctor apprehended death ready to seize him; yet, after some amendment, left him at night, with a promise to return early the day following; which he did, and then found him better in appearance, deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse; which gave the Doctor occasion to require his present thoughts. To which he replied 'That he was meditating the number and nature of Angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which, peace could not be in Heaven: and Oh! that it might be so on Earth!' After which words, he said 'I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near: and though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him, and to all men; yet if thou, O Lord! be extreme to mark what I have done

amiss, who can abide it? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, shew mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits, who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time: I submit to it: let not mine, O Lord! but let thy will be done. With which expression he fell into a dangerous slumber; dangerous as to his recovery, yet recover he did, but it was to speak only these few words: 'Good Doctor, God hath heard my daily petitions, for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me; and from that blessed assurance I feel that inward joy, which this world can neither give nor take from me: my conscience beareth me this witness, and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to live to do the Church more service; but cannot hope it, for my days are past as a shadow that returns not.' More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him; and, after a short conflict betwixt Nature and Death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep. And now he seems to rest like Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Let me here draw his curtain, till with the most glorious company of the Patriarchs and Apostles, the most Noble Army of Martyrs and Confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory than common Christians shall be made partakers of.

IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683):

Life of Mr. Richard Hooker

9 A Lark Rising

For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upwards singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back by the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the

libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forc'd to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned musick and motion from an Angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayers of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruFd the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts puli'd them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of *Jesus*, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God till it returns like the useful bee loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667): *XXV Sermons*

10 *True Religion*

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

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

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667):

Funeral Sermon for Lady Carbery, 1650

11 *The Image of Death*

It will be very material to our best and noblest purposes, if we represent this scene of change and sorrow a little more dressed up in circumstances, for so we shall be more apt to practise those rules, the doctrine of which is consequent to this consideration. It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the spritefulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness, and strong flexure of the joints of five and twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great, and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its

stalk, and at night having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces: The same is the portion of every man, and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonour, and our beauty so changed that our acquaintance quickly knew us not, and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discouragements, that they who six hours ago tended upon us, either with charitable or ambitious services cannot without some regret stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honour. I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire, by giving way that after a few days' burial they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it, draw the image of *his death unto the life*. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents, and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then, what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave, what friends to visit us, what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral.

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667): *Holy Dying*, 1651

12 *God's Kingdom at Hand*

O perfect and accomplish thy glorious acts! for men may leave their works unfinished, but thou art a God, thy nature is perfection: shouldst thou bring us thus far onward from Egypt to destroy us in this wilderness, though we deserve, yet thy great name would suffer in the rejoicing of thine enemies, and the deluded hope of all thy servants. When thou hast settled peace in the Church, and righteous judgment in the Kingdom, then shall all thy Saints address their voices of joy and triumph to thee, standing on the shore of

that Red Sea into which our enemies had almost driven us. And he that now for haste snatches up a plain ungarnished present as a thank-offering to thee, which could not be deferred in regard of thy so many late deliverances wrought for us one upon another, may then perhaps take up a harp, and sing thee an elaborate song to generations. In that day it shall no more be said as in scorn, this or that was never held so till this present age, when men have better learnt that the times and seasons pass along under thy feet to go and come at thy bidding; and as thou didst dignify our fathers' days with many revelations above all the foregoing ages, since thou tookest the flesh; so thou canst vouchsafe to us (though unworthy) as large a portion of thy spirit as thou plearest: for who shall prejudice thy all-governing will? seeing the power of thy grace is not passed away with the primitive times, as fond and faithless men imagine, but thy Kingdom is now at hand, and thou standing at the door. Come forth out of thy royal chambers, O Prince of all the Kings of the earth! put on the visible robes of thy imperial majesty, take up that unlimited sceptre which thy Almighty Father hath bequeathed thee; for now the voice of thy bride calls thee, and all creatures sigh to be renewed.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674):

*Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's
Defence against Smectymnuus*

13 *The Kingdom of Heaven*

The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and rever-

end creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling Angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, w^re moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die; But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared: which talked with my expectation, and moved my desire. The city seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it. I knew no churlish proprieties, nor bounds, nor divisions: but all proprieties and divisions were mine: all treasures and the possessors of them. So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of this world. Which now I unlearn, and become, as it were, a little child again that I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

THOMAS TRAHERNE (1636 ?-1674):
Centuries of Meditation

14 *Glory*

You never enjoy the world aright, till the Sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars: and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and Kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world.

Till your spirit filleth the whole world, and the stars are your jewels; till you are as familiar with the ways of God in

all Ages as with your walk and table: till you are intimately acquainted with that shady nothing out of which the world was made: till you love men so as to desire their happiness, with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own; till you delight in God for being good to all: you never enjoy the world. Till you more feel it than your private estate, and are more present in the hemisphere, considering the glories and beauties there, than in your own house: Till you remember how lately you were made, and how wonderful it was when you came into it: and more rejoice in the palace of your glory, than if it had been made but to-day morning.

THOMAS TRAHERNE (1636 ?-1674):

Centuries of Meditation

15 *Marie Antoinette*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream w^Then she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission,

that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797):

Reflections on the Revolution in France

16 *The Death of Le Fever*

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him:—and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

—You shall go home directly, Le Fever, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant Le Fever.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature;

to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fever, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.—

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse fluttered—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—moved—stopp'd—shall I go on?—No.

LAURENCE STERNE (1713-1768): *Tristram Shandy*

17 *Our Lady of Sighs*

The second sister is called *Mater Suspirorum*—Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations, She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places

that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859):

Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow

18 *Youthful Grief*

Tears, O Aspasia, do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day.

Weep, and perform the offices of friendship. The season of life, leading you by the hand, will not permit you to linger at the tomb of the departed; and Xenocrates, when your first tear fell upon it, entered into the number of the blessed.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864):
Pericles and Aspasia

19 *Love*

There is a gloom in deep love, as in deep water: there is a silence in it which suspends the foot, and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface: the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864):
Pericles and Aspasia

20 *Amaranth*

Laodameia died; Helen died; Leda, the beloved of Jupiter, went before. It is better to repose in the earth betimes than to sit up late; better than to cling pertinaciously to what we feel crumbling under us, and to protract an inevitable

fall. We may enjoy the present while we are insensible of infirmity and decay: but the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come. There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave: there are no voices, O Rhodope, that are not soon mute, however tuneful: there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864):

Imaginary Conversations: JEsop and Rhodope

21 A Fairy's Funeral

There it was, on a little river island, that once, whether sleeping or waking we know not, we saw celebrated a Fairy's Funeral. First we heard small pipes playing as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night winds; and more piteous than aught that trills from earthly instrument was the scarce audible dirge. It seemed to float over the stream, every foam-bell emitting a plaintive note, till the airy anthem came floating over our couch, and then alighted without footsteps among the heather. The pattering of little feet was then heard as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing but a more ordered hymn. The harmony was like the melting of musical dewdrops, and sung, without words, of sorrow and death. We opened our eyes: or rather, sight came to them when closed, and dream was vision. Hundreds of creatures no taller than the crest of the lapwing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on a green plot among the rocks; and in the midst was a bier, framed, as it seemed, of flowers unknown among the Highland hills; and on the bier a Fairy lying with uncovered face, pale as the lily, motionless as the snow. The dirge grew fainter and fainter, and then died quite away; when two of the creatures came from the circle and took their station, **one** at the head and the other at the foot of

the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened wood-lark before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous and full of the desolation of death. The flower-bier stirred; for the spot on which it lay sank slowly down, and in a few moments the greensward was smooth as ever—the very dews glittering above the buried Fairy. A cloud passed over the moon, and, with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed duskily away, heard afar off, so still was the midnight solitude of the glen. Then the disenthralled Orchy began to rejoice as before through all her streams and falls; and, at the sudden leaping of the waters and outbursting of the moon, we awoke.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH (JOHN WILSON): (1785-1854)

Recreations

22 *William the Silent*

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime commended his soul in dying 'to his great captain, Christ.' The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their 'Father William,' and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

J. L. MOTLEY (1814-1877):
The Rise of the Dutch Republic

23 *Memories*

I draw back to my own home, twenty years ago, permitted to thank Heaven once more for the peace, and hope, and

loveliness of it, and the Elysian walks with Joanie, and Paradisiacal with Rosie, under the peachblossom branches by the little glittering stream which I had paved with crystal for them. I had built behind the highest cluster of laurels a reservoir, from which, on sunny afternoons, I could let a quite rippling film of water run for a couple of hours down behind the hayfield, where the grass in spring still grew fresh and deep. There used to be always a corncrake or two in it. Twilight after twilight I have hunted that bird, and never once got a glimpse of it: the voice was always at the other side of the field, or in the inscrutable air or earth. And the little stream had its falls, and pools, and imaginary lakes. Here and there it laid for itself lines of graceful sand; there and here it lost itself under beads of chalcedony. It wasn't the Liffey, nor the Nith, nor the Wandel; but the two girls were surely a little cruel to call it 'The Gutter'! Happiest times, for all of us, that ever were to be; not but that Joanie and her Arthur are giddy enough, both of them yet, with their five little ones, but they have been sorely anxious about me, and I have been sorrowful enough for myself, since ever I lost sight of that peach-blossom avenue. 'Eden-land' Rosie calls it sometimes in her letters. Whether its tiny river were the waters of Abana, or Euphrates, or Thamesis, I know not, but they were sweeter to my thirst than the fountains of Trevi or Branda.

How things bind and blend themselves together! The last time I saw the Fountain of Trevi, it was from Arthur's father's room—Joseph Severn's, where we both took Joanie to see him in 1872, and the old man made a sweet drawing of his pretty daughter-in-law, now in her schoolroom; he himself then eager in finishing his last picture of the Marriage in Cana, which he had caused to take place under a vine trellis, and delighted himself by painting the crystal and ruby glittering of the changing rivulet of water out of the Greek vase, glowing into wine. Fonte Branda I last saw with Charles Norton, under the same arches where Dante saw it. We drank of it together, and walked together

that evening on the hills above, where the fireflies among the scented thickets shone fitfully in the still undarkened air. *How* they shone! moving like fine-broken starlight through the purple leaves. *How* they shone! through the sunset that faded into thundrous night as I entered Siena three days before, the white edges of the mountainous clouds still lighted from the west, and the openly golden sky calm behind the Gate of Siena's heart, with its stiU golden words, 'Cor magis tibi Sena pandit,' and the fireflies everywhere in sky and cloud rising and falling, mixed with the lightning, and more intense than the stars.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900): *Prceterita*

24 *The White Whale*

At the base of the mainmast, full beneath the doubloon and the flame, the Parsee was kneeling in Ahab's front, but with his head bowed away from him; while near by, from the arched and overhanging rigging, where they had just been engaged in securing a spar, a number of the seamen, arrested by the glare, now cohered together, and hung pendulous, like a knot of numbered wasps from a drooping, orchard twig. In various enchanted attitudes, like the standing, or stepping, or running skeletons in Herculaneum, others remained rooted to the deck: but all their eyes upcast.

'Aye, aye, men!' cried Ahab. 'Look up at it; mark it well; the white flame but lights the way to the White Whale! Hand me those mainmast links there; I would fain feel this pulse, and let mine beat against it; blood against fire! So.'

Then turning—the last link held fast in his left hand, he put his foot upon the Parsee; and with fixed upward eye, and high-flung right arm, he stood erect before the lofty tri-pointed trinity of flames.

'Oh! thou clear spirit of fire, whom on these seas I as Persian once did worship, till in the sacramental act so burned by thee, that to this hour I bear the scar; I now

know thee, thou clear spirit, and I now know that thy right worship is defiance. To neither love nor reverence wilt thou be kind; and e'en for hate thou canst but kill; and all are killed. No fearless fool now fronts thee. I own thy speechless, placeless power; but to the last gasp of my earthquake life will dispute its unconditional, unintegrated mastery in me. In the midst of the personified impersonal, a personality stands here. Though but a point at best; whencesoe'er I came; wheresoe'er I go; yet while I earthly live, the queenly personality lives in me, and feels her royal rights. But war is pain, and hate is woe. Come in thy lowest form of love, and I will kneel and kiss thee; but at thy highest, come as mere supernal power; and though thou launchest navies of full freighted worlds, there's that in here that still remains indifferent. Oh, thou clear spirit, of thy fire thou madest me, and like a true child of fire, I breathe it back to thee.'

(Sudden, repeated flashes of lightning; the nine flames leap lengthwise to thrice their previous height; Ahab, with the rest, closes his eyes, his right hand pressed hard upon them.)

'I own thy speechless, placeless power; said I not so? Nor was it wrung from me; nor do I now drop these links. Thou canst blind; but I can then grope. Thou canst consume; but I can then be ashes. Take the homage of these poor eyes, and shutter-hands. I would not take it. The lightning flashes through my skull; mine eye-balls ache and ache; my whole beaten brain seems as beheaded, and rolling on some stunning ground. Oh, oh! Yet blindfold, yet will I talk to thee. Light though thou be, thou leapest out of darkness; but I am darkness leaping out of light, leaping out of thee! The javelins cease; open eyes; see, or not? There burn the flames! Oh, thou magnanimous! Now I do glory in my genealogy. But thou art but my fiery father; my sweet mother, I know not. Oh, cruel! what hast thou done with her? There lies my puzzle; but thine is greater. Thou knowest not how came ye, hence callest thyself unbegotten; certainly knowest not thy beginning,

hence callest thyself unbegun. I know that of me, which thou knowest not of thyself, oh, thou omnipotent. There is some unsuffusing thing beyond thee, thou clear spirit, to whom all thy eternity is but time, all thy creativeness mechanical. Through thee, thy flaming self, my scorched eyes do dimly see it. Oh, thou foundling fire, thou hermit immemorial, thou too hast thy incommunicable riddle, thy unparticipated grief. Here again with haughty agony I read my sire. Leap! leap up, and lick the sky! I leap with thee; I burn with thee; would fain be welded with thee; defyingly I worship thee.'

HERMAN MELVILLE (1819-1891): *Moby Dick*

25 *The Birth of Venus*

The light is indeed cold—mere sunless dawn; but a later painter would have cloyed you with sunshine; and you can see the better for that quietness in the morning air each long promontory, as it slopes down to the water's edge. Men go forth to their labours until the evening; but she is awake before them, and you might think that the sorrow in her face was at the thought of the whole long day of love yet to come. An emblematical figure of the wind blows hard across the grey water, moving forward the dainty-lipped shell on which she sails, the sea 'showing his teeth as it moves in thin lines of foam, and sucking in, one by one, the falling roses, each severe in outline, plucked off short at the stalk, but embrowned a little, as Botticelli's flowers always are. Botticelli meant all that imagery to be altogether pleasurable; and it was partly an incompleteness of resources, inseparable from the art of that time, that subdued and chilled it; but his predilection for minor tones counts also; and what is unmistakable is the sadness with which he has conceived the goddess of pleasure, as the depositary of a great power over the lives of men.

WALTER PATER (1839-1894):
The Renaissance: Sandro Botticelli

26 Fame

The sun had set in glory over the broad expanse of waters still glowing in the dying beam; the people were assembled in thousands on the borders of the lake, in the centre of which was an island with a pavilion. Fanciful barges and gondolas of various shapes and colours were waiting for Lothair and his party, to carry them over to the pavilion, where they found a repast which became the hour and the scene: coffee and ices and whimsical drinks, which sultanas would sip in Arabian tales. No sooner were they seated than the sound of music was heard, distant, but now nearer, till there came floating on the lake, until it rested before the pavilion, a gigantic shell, larger than the building itself, but holding in its golden and opal seats Signor Mardoni and all his orchestra.

Then came a concert rare in itself, and ravishing in the rosy twilight; and in about half an hour, when the rosy twilight had subsided into a violet eve, and when the white moon that had only gleamed began to glitter, the colossal shell again moved on, and Lothair and his companions embarking once more in their gondolas, followed it in procession about the lake. He carried in his own barque the Duchess, Theodora, and the Lord Lieutenant, and was rowed by a crew in Venetian dresses. As he handed Theodora to her seat the impulse was irresistible: he pressed her hand to his lips.

Suddenly a rocket rose with a hissing rush from the pavilion. It was instantly responded to from every quarter of the lake. Then the island seemed on fire, and the scene of their late festivity became a brilliant palace, with pediments and columns and statues, bright in the blaze of coloured flame. For half an hour the sky seemed covered with blue lights and the bursting forms of many-coloured stars; golden fountains, like the eruption of a marine volcano, rose from different parts of the water; the statued palace on the island changed and became a forest glowing

with green light; and finally a temple of cerulean tint, on which appeared in huge letters of prismatic colour the name of Lothair.

The people cheered, but even the voice of the people was overcome by troops of rockets rising from every quarter of the lake, and by the thunder of artillery. When the noise and the smoke had both subsided, the name of Lothair still legible on the temple but the letters quite white, it was perceived that on every height for fifty miles round they had fired a beacon.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD (1804-1881):
Lothair

27 *Beduins*

Secure in a nearly impervious dira the Moahib are sheep-keepers as well as camel-Beduins, and though the greatest of their mixed flocks was less than an hundred head. The sheep of the nomads are not all of one kind in Arabia; there is the great upland sheep of Nejd, and a small kind (such as our Welsh mutton), in the border country above Mecca. In the great sheep is a gaunt bony frame, the face is aquiline, the fleece is rough and hairy; the flesh is lean and woody,—but that meat is yet warm with the life, which they cast into their nomad pot. The Harra is good covert for wolves, which all these moonless nights troubled our menzils. The long-coat and great-tailed Billi dogs after sunset, when the day grew dark, rose and swaggered forth of themselves, beyond the fire-light. The canine guards ruffle it up and down, between the robber wolf and the couching flock without defence, from time to time baying fearfully with an hollow throat; but if the dog champions be gone by, and the wolf approaches, then the flocks which wind him shrink and suddenly rush together;—the herdsman's heart leaps, he steps upon his feet, and thinks to make all good with a great shout. The Beduins at the hearth stare into the thick night; the shepherd, taking up his club-stick, goes forth

now and flings stones, chiding to his hounds, which course again to him with furious affray, and all the encampment is presently on a bark. The peaceable camels lie by chawing the cud through the long night, still careless of these alarms, or, if some one of them be risen affrighted, the brute is seen in the flickering fire-light hobbling upon three legs, for the fourth is knee-bound, until, yielding to the voice and handling of the least child, he fall upon the knees and will couch down again. But if 'grey-legs' sprang in, it is too likely he ravished some weanling (and though their little velvet heads be all tied, in loops, on a ground line), and we hear in the dark the lamb or kid's feeble death-cries out of the wolf's jaws. Thus the larger flocks—which lie also more exposed—lost some little ones every moonless night in our dim menzils upon the Harra. The Aarab bear all such crosses with religious patience. Hamdy, our housewife, lost two goats in six dark nights, and she said only, 'The wolf, *eth-thib*, snatched them, the cursed one! . . .'

When the sun is half an hour high, the shepherd casts his mantle upon his shoulder, calls to the flock, and steps forth; and they getting upon their knees and feet, troop out after him to the pasture:—the hounds follow not the ghran-nem. The goats and sheep feed forward with their loitering herdsman till the gaila; then he calls in his scattered flock, and if it be not the watering day, he leads them to shadows of rocks or some desert thorn; and there he milks a goat to his breakfast. The sheep hang their heads together, in the breathless heat, the goats couch by themselves, the herdsman stretches his idle length upon the soil to take his noonday slumber, until the sunny hours be gone round to the half-afternoon; then rising, he leads forth again to the pasture, till the going down of the sun, when he calls them, and the sheep and goats follow their herd to the booths of the Aarab. There the ewes and the goats, that have swelling dugs, throng under the hands of their known housemother, that she milk them soon; many press into the shelter of the nomad tent and lie down there. As for the herdsman,

though he have nothing to put under his teeth, yet the udders are ready always, and he is satisfied with this daily sustenance: therefore though he go all day barefoot under the scalding sun and breathe the air as flames, his lot may be esteemed the more tolerable in the desert life. The human body fed with milk in the sunny drought, is slender, full of pith, of perfect endurance; yet between beggarly pride and the Beduin indolence, there is none will take up the herdsman's life, but it be of bare necessity. They had liever lie and drowse out the daylight heat upon their empty maws in the tent shadows, and suffer hunger until the cattle are come home at evening. But the herdsman may sing in the desert, his adventure is light; and if the troop be robbed, few among them were his own. His care is of the beasts of other men, who pall in the cheerless byut all the empty day long, and when it is night may hardly find rest: but he is blithe with the daily turns of his honest business, and hearty of the air of the field.

CHARLES MONTAGUE DOUGHTY (1843-1926):
Travels in Arabia Deserta

28 *The Death of Stonewall Jackson*

About noon, when Major Pendleton came into the room, he asked, 'Who is preaching at headquarters to-day?' He was told that Mr. Lacy was, and that the whole army was praying for him. 'Thank God,' he said; 'they are very kind to me.' Already his strength was fast ebbing, and although his face brightened when his baby was brought to him, his mind had begun to wander. Now he was on the battle-field, giving orders to his men; now at home in Lexington; now at prayers in the camp. Occasionally his senses came back to him, and about half-past one he was told that he had but two hours to live. Again he answered, feebly but firmly, 'Very good; it is all right.' These were almost his last coherent words. For some time he lay unconscious, and then suddenly he cried out: 'Order A. P.

Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front! Tell Major Hawks——' then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Once more he was silent; but a little while after he said very quietly and clearly, 'Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees.' and the soul of the great captain passed into the peace of God.

LT.-COL. GEORGE FRANCIS ROBERT HENDERSON (1854--1903):

Stonewall Jackson

29 *The Altar of the Dead*

After a moment he looked round him in a despair which made him feel as if the source of life were ebbing. The church had been empty—he was alone; but he wanted to have something done, to make a last appeal. This idea gave him strength for an effort; he rose to his feet with a movement that made him turn, supporting himself by the back of a bench. Behind him was a prostrate figure, a figure he had seen before; a woman in deep mourning, bowed in grief or in prayer. He had seen her in other days—the first time of his entrance there, and he now slightly wavered, looking at her again till she seemed aware he had noticed her. She raised her head and met his eyes: the partner of his long worship had come back. She looked across at him an instant with a face wondering and scared; he saw that he had made her afraid. Then quickly rising she came straight to him with both hands out.

'Then you *could* come? God sent you!' he murmured with a happy smile.

'You're very ill—you shouldn't be here.' she urged in anxious reply.

'God sent me too, I think. I was ill when I came, but the sight of you does wonders.' He held her hands, which steadied and quickened him. 'I've something to tell you.'

'Don't tell me!' she tenderly pleaded; 'let me tell you. This afternoon, by a miracle, the sweetest of miracles, the sense of our difference left me. I was out—I was near,

thinking, wandering alone, when, on the spot, something changed in my heart. It's my confession—there it is. To come back, to come back on the instant—the idea gave me wings. It was as if I suddenly saw something—as if it ail became possible. I could come for what you yourself came for: that was enough. So here I am. It's not for my own—that's over. But I'm here for *them*.' And breathless, infinitely relieved by her low precipitate explanation, she looked with eyes that reflected all its splendour at the magnificence of their altar.

'They're here for you,' Stransom said, 'they're present to-night as they've never been. They speak for you—don't you see?—in a passion of light; they sing out like a choir of angels. Don't you hear what they say?—they offer the very thing you asked of me.'

'Don't talk of it—don't think of it; forget it!' She spoke in hushed supplication, and while the alarm deepened in her eyes she disengaged one of her hands and passed an arm round him to support him better, to help him to sink into a seat.

He let himself go, resting on her; he dropped upon the bench and she fell on her knees beside him, his own arm round her shoulder. So he remained an instant, staring up at his shrine. 'They say there's a gap in the array—they say it's not full, complete. Just one more,' he went on softly—'isn't that what you wanted? Yes, one more, one more.'

'Ah, no more—no more!' she wailed, as if with a quick new horror of it, under her breath.

'Yes, one more,' he repeated simply; 'just one!' And with this his head dropped on her shoulder; she felt that in his weakness he had fainted. But alone with him in the dusky church a great dread was on her of what might still happen, for his face had the whiteness of death.

HENRY JAMES (1843-1916): *The Altar of the Dead*

30 *A Shadow in Spring*

They decided to bury him in our churchyard at Greymede under the beeches; the widow would have it so, and nothing might be denied her in her state.

It was a magnificent morning in early spring when I watched among the trees to see the procession come down the hillside. The upper air was woven with the music of larks, and my whole world thrilled with the conception of summer. The young pale wind-flowers had arisen by the wood-gale, and under the hazels, when perchance the hot sun pushed his way, new little suns dawned, and blazed with real light. There was a certain thrill and quickening everywhere, as a woman must feel when she has conceived. A willow tree in a favoured spot looked like a pale gold cloud of summer dawn; nearer it had poised a golden, fairy busby on every twig, and was voiced with a hum of bees, like any sacred golden bush, uttering its gladness in the thrilling murmur of bees, and in warm scent. Birds called and flashed on every hand; they made off exultant with streaming strands of grass, or wisps of fleece, plunging into the dark spaces of the wood, and out again into the blue.

A lad moved across the field from the farm below with a dog trotting behind him,—a dog, no, a fussy, black-legged lamb trotting along on its toes, with its tail swinging behind. They were going to the mothers on the common, who moved like little grey clouds among the dark gorse.

I cannot help forgetting, and sharing the spink's triumph, when he flashes past with a fleece from a bramble bush. It will cover the bedded moss, it will weave among the soft red cow-hair beautifully. It is a prize, it is an ecstasy to have captured it at the right moment, and the nest is nearly ready:

Ah, but the thrush is scornful, ringing out his voice from the hedge! He sets his breast against the mud, and models it warm for the turquoise eggs—blue, blue, bluest of eggs, which cluster so close and round against the breast, which

round up beneath the breast, nestling content. You should see the bright ecstasy in the eyes of a nesting thrush, because of the rounded caress of the eggs against her breast!

What a hurry the jenny wren makes—hoping I shall not see her dart into the low bush. I have a delight in watching them against their shy little wills. But they have all risen with a rush of wings, and are gone, the birds. The air is brushed with agitation. There is no lark in the sky, not one; the heaven is clear of wings or twinkling dot—

Till the heralds come—till the heralds wave like shadows in the bright air, crying, lamenting, fretting forever. Rising and falling and circling round and round, the slow-waving peewits cry and complain, and lift their broad wings in sorrow. They stoop suddenly to the ground, the lapwings, then in another throb of anguish and protest, they swing up again, offering a glistening white breast to the sunlight, to deny it in black shadow, then a glisten of green, and all the time crying and crying in despair.

The pheasants are frightened into cover, they run and dart through the hedge. The cold cock must fly in his haste, spread himself on his streaming plumes, and sail into the wood's security.

There is a cry in answer to the peewits, echoing louder and stronger the lamentation of the lapwings, a wail which hushes the birds. The men come over the brow of the hill, slowly, with the old squire walking tall and straight in front; six bowed men bearing the coffin on their shoulders, treading heavily and cautiously, under the great weight of the glistening white coffin; six men following behind, ill at ease, waiting their turn for the burden. You can see the red handkerchiefs knotted round their throats, and their shirt-fronts blue and white between the open waistcoats. The coffin is of new unpolished wood, gleaming and glistening in the sunlight; the men who carry it remember all their lives after the smell of new, warm elm-wood.

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE (1885-1930):

The White Peacock

31 Joy

He started up nervously from the stoneblock, for he could no longer quench the flame in his blood. He felt his cheeks aflame and his throat throbbing with song. There was a lust of wandering in his feet that burned to set out for the ends of the earth. On! On! his heart seemed to cry. Evening would deepen above the sea, night fall upon the plains, dawn glimmer before the wanderer and show him strange fields and hills and faces. Where?

He looked northward towards Howth. The sea had fallen below the line of seawrack on the shallow side of the breakwater and already the *tide* was running out fast along the foreshore. Already one long oval bank of sand lay warm and dry amid the wavelets. Here and there warm isles of sand gleamed above the shallow tide, and about the isles and around the long bank and amid the shallow currents of the beach were lightclad figures, wading and delving.

In a few moments he was barefoot, his stockings folded in his pockets and his canvas shoes dangling by their knotted laces over his shoulders and, picking a pointed salteaten stick out of the jetsam among the rocks, he clambered down the slope of the breakwater.

There was a long rivulet in the strand and, as he waded slowly up its course, he wondered at the endless drift of seaweed. Emerald and black and russet and olive, it moved beneath the current, swaying and turning. The water of the rivulet was dark with endless drift and mirrored the highdrifting clouds. The clouds were drifting above him silently, and silently the seatangle was drifting below him and the grey warm air was still and a new wild life was singing in his veins.

Where was his boyhood now? Where was the soul that had hung back from her destiny, to brood alone upon the shame of her wounds and in her house of squalor and subterfuge to queen it in faded cerements and in wreaths that withered at the touch? Or where was he?

He was alone. He was unheeded, happy and near to the wild heart of life. He was alone and young and wilful and wildhearted, alone amid a waste of wild air and brackish waters and the seaharvest of shells and tangle and veiled grey sunlight and gayclad, lightclad figures of children and girls and voices childish and girlish in the air.

A girl stood before him in midstream, alone and still, gazing out to sea. She seemed like one whom magic had changed into the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird. Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a crane's and pure save where an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh. Her thighs, fuller and soft-hued as ivory, were bared almost to the hips, where the white fringes of her drawers were like feathering of soft white down. Her slateblue skirts were kilted boldly about her waist and dovetailed behind her. Her bosom was as a bird's, soft and slight, slight and soft as the breast of some darkplumaged dove. But her long fair hair was girlish: and girlish, and touched with the wonder of mortal beauty, her face.

She was alone and still, gazing out to sea; and when she felt his presence and the worship of his eyes, her eyes turned to him in quiet sufferance of his gaze, without shame or wantonness. Long, long she suffered his gaze and then quietly withdrew her eyes from his and bent them towards the stream, gently stirring the water with her foot hither and thither. The first faint noise of faintly moving water broke the silence, low and faint and whispering, faint as the bells of sleep; hither and thither, hither and thither; and a faint flame trembled on her cheek.

Heavenly God! cried Stephen's soul, in an outburst of profane joy.

He turned away from her suddenly and set off across the strand. His cheeks were aflame; his body was aglow; his limbs were trembling; on and on and on and on he strode, far out over the sands, singing wildly to the sea, crying to greet the advent of the life that had cried to him.

Her image had passed into his soul for ever and no word had broken the holy silence of his ecstasy. Her eyes had called him and his soul had leaped at the call. To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life! A wild angel had appeared to him, the angel of mortal youth and beauty, an envoy from the fair courts of life, to throw open before him in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory. On and on and on and on!

He halted suddenly and heard his heart in the silence. How far had he walked? What hour was it?

There was *no* human figure near him, nor any sound borne to him over the air. But the tide was near the turn and already the day was on the wane. He turned landward and ran towards the shore and, running up the sloping beach, reckless of the sharp shingle, found a sandy nook amid a ring of tufted sandknolls and lay down there that the peace and silence of the evening might still the riot of his blood.

He felt above him the vast indifferent dome and the calm processes of the heavenly bodies; and the earth beneath him, the earth that had borne him, had taken him to her breast.

He closed his eyes in the languor of sleep. His eyelids trembled as if they felt the vast cyclic movement of the earth and her watchers, trembled as if they felt the strange light of some new world. His soul was swooning into some new world, fantastic, dim, uncertain as under sea, traversed by cloudy shapes and beings. A world, a glimmer or a flower? Glimmering and trembling, trembling and unfolding, a breaking light, an opening flower, it spread in endless succession to itself, breaking in full crimson and unfolding and fading to palest rose, leaf by leaf, and wave of light by wave of light, flooding all the heavens with its soft flushes, every flush deeper than other.

Evening had fallen when he woke and the sand and arid grasses of his bed glow^d no longer. He rose slowly and, recalling the rapture of his sleep, sighed at its joy.

He climbed to the crest of the sandhill and gazed about him. Evening had fallen. A rim of the young moon cleft the pale waste of skyline, the rim of a silver hoop embedded in grey sand; and the tide was flowing in fast to the land with a low whisper of her waves, islanding a few last figures in distant pools.

JAMES JOYCE (*b.* 1882):

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

§ii. DRAMATIC

i *Faustus and the Scholars*

FAUSTUS: Ah Gentlemen!

1ST SCHOLAR: What ails Faustus?

FAU: Ah my sweet chamber-fellow! had I lived with thee, then had I lived still, but now I die eternally: look, comes he not? comes he not?

2ND SCHOLAR. What means Faustus?

3RD SCHOLAR: Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over solitary.

i SCH: If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him: 'tis but a surfeit, never fear man.

FAU: A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body and soul.

2 SCH. Yet Faustus, look up to heaven, remember God's mercies are infinite.

FAU. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned. The Serpent that tempted Eve may be sav'd, but not Faustus: Ah gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book: and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea all the world, for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea heaven itself, heaven the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah hell for ever, sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

3 SCH. Yet Faustus call on God.

FAU. On God whom Faustus hath abjured, on God whom

Faustus hath blasphemed: ah my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears, yea life and soul. Oh he stays my tongue, I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them.

ALL. Who Faustus?

FAU. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my cunning.

ALL. God forbid.

FAU. God forbade it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood, the date is expired, the time v.'ill come, and he will fetch me.

i SCHOL. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

FAU. Oft have I thought to have done so, but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late: gentlemen away, lest you perish with me.

2 SCH. O what shall we do to (save) Faustus?

FAU. Talk not of me, but save your selves, and depart.

3 SCH. God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

i SCH. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

FAU. Ay, pray for me, pray for me, and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2 SCH. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

FAU. Gentlemen farewell, if I live till morning, I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593):
The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus

2 *The Mock Kings*

PRINCE. Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.—How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee ?

FALSTAFF. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him ?

POINS. Owen Glendower.

FALS. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

PRIN. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

FALS. YOU have hit it.

PRIN. SO did he never the sparrow.

FALS. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

PRIN. Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him so for running?

FALS. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot he will not budge a foot.

PRIN. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FALS. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

PRIN. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June and

this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they biiy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

FALS. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, couldst the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

PRIN. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FALS. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

PRIN. DO thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALS. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

PRIN. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

FALS. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyzes' vein.

[drinks.

PRIN. Well, here is my leg.

[makes a bow.

FALS. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

QUICKLY. O Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALS. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

QUICK. O, the father! how he holds his countenance.

FALS. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.

QUICK. O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

FALS. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain! Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: For though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet

youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not be to asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRIN. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FALS. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by 'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lowdly given he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then a tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

PRIN. Dost thou speak like a King? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FALS. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

PRIN. Well, here I am set.

FALS. And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

PRIN. NOW, Harry! whence come you?

FALS. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRIN. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALS. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

PRIN. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning but in craft? wherein crafty but in villainy? wherein villainous but in all things? wherein worthy but in nothing?

FALS. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

PRIN. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FALS. My lord, the man I know.

PRIN. I know thou dost.

FALS. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poin; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff: banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

3 *Common Humanity*

SOLANIO. How now, Shy lock! what news among the merchants?

SHYLOCK. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALARINO. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SOLAN. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHY. She is damned for it.

SALAR. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SOLAN. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

SHY. I say my daughter's flesh and blood.

SALAR. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHY. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

SALAR. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

SHY. TO bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same

food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you *in the rest*, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his suffrance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616):

The Merchant of Venice

4 *The Heart of the Mystery*

HAMLET. I have of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

HAMLET. . . . O! the recorders: let me see one. To withdraw with you: why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUILDENSTERN. O! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

H A M. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUIL. My lord, I cannot.

HAM. I pray you.

GUIL. Believe me, I cannot.

HAM. I do beseech you.

GUIL. I know no touch of it, my lord.

H A M. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUIL. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

H A M. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616): *Hamlet*

5 The Storm

Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman.

EDGAR. Away! the foul fiend follows me!

Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.

Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

LEAR. Didst thou give all to thy two daughters?

And art thou come to this?

EDGAR. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane

by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. O! do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there. *[Storm still.]*

LEAR. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

FOOL. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEAR. NOW all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

KENT. He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

EDGAR. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

FOOL. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

EDGAR. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with any man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

LEAR. What hast thou been?

EDGAR. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice

dearly, and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says suum, mun ha no nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by. *[Storm still.]*

LEAR. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come; unbutton here.

[Tearing off his clothes.]

FOOL. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wide field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look! here comes a walking fire.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616):

King Lear

6 The Governor

GUARD. Stand aside there.

CAPTAIN. Room for a strange Governor! The perfect draft of a most brainless, imperious upstart. O desert! where wert thou when this wooden dagger was gilded over with the title of Governor?

GUARD. Peace, masters; hear my lord.

THARSALIO. All wisdom be silent; now speaks authority.

GOVERNOR. I am come in person to discharge justice.

THAR. Of his office.

Gov. The cause you shall know hereafter; and it is this.

A villain, whose very sight I abhor; where is he? Let me see him.

CAPT. Is't Lycus you mean, my lord?

Gov. Go to, sirrah, y'are too malapert; I have heard of your sentinel's escape, look to't.

CAPT. My lord, this is the sentinel you speak of.

Gov. How now, sir? What time a day is't?

ARGUS. I cannot show you precisely, an't please your honour.

Gov. What? shall we have replications, rejoinders?

THAR. Such a creature fool is, when he bestrides the back of authority.

Gov. Sirrah, stand you forth! It is supposed thou hast committed a most inconvenient murder upon the body of Lysander.

LYCUS. My good lord, I have not.

Gov. Peace, varlet, dost chop with me? I say it is imagined thou hast murdered Lysander. How it will be proved, I know not. Thou shalt therefore presently be had to execution; as justice, in such cases, requireth. Soldiers, take him away. Bring forth the sentinel.

LYCUS. Your lordship will first let my defence be heard.

Gov. Sirrah! Fll no fending nor proving. For my part, I am satisfied it is so; that's enough for thee. I had ever a sympathy in my mind against him. Let him be had away.

THAR. A most excellent apprehension! He's able, ye see, to judge of a cause at first sight, and hear but two parties. Here's a second Solon.

EUDORA. Hear him, my lord; presumptions oftentimes
(Though likely grounded) reach not to the truth,
And truth is oft abused by likelihood.

Let him be heard, my lord.

Gov. Madam, content yourself. I will do justice; I will not hear him. Your late lord was my honourable predecessor, but your ladyship must pardon me: in matters of justice I am blind.

THAR. That's true.

Gov. I know no persons. If a Court favourite write to me in a case of justice, I will pocket his letter, and proceed. If a suitor in a case of justice thrusts a bribe into my hand, I will pocket his bribe, and proceed. Therefore, madam, set your heart at rest; I am seated in the throne of justice, and I will do justice; I will not hear him.

Eu. Not hear him, my lord?

Gov. No, my lady: and moreover, put you in mind in whose presence you stand; if you parrot me long—go to.

THAR. Nay, the Vice must snap his authority at all he meets, how shaPt else be known what part he plays?

Gov. Your husband was a noble gentleman, but, alas! he came short: he was no statesman. He has left a foul city behind him.

THAR. Ay, and I can tell you 'twill trouble his lordship and all his honourable assistants and scavengers to sweep it clean.

Gov. It's full of vices, and great ones, too.

THAR. And thou none of the meanest.

Gov. But I'll turn all topsy-turvy, and set up a new discipline amongst you. I'll cut off all perished members.

THAR. That's the surgeon's office.

Gov. Cast out these rotten, stinking carcases, for infecting the whole city.

ARGUS. Rotten they may be, but their wenches use to pepper them, and their surgeons to parboil them; and that preserves them from stinking, an't please your honour.

Gov. Peace, sirrah, peace; and yet 'tis well said, too. A good pregnant fellow, i' faith! But to proceed. I will spew drunkenness out ath' city.

THAR. Into th' country.

Gov. Shifters shall cheat and starve, and no man shall do good but where there is no need. Braggarts shall live at the head, and the tumult that haunt taverns. Asses shall bear good qualities, and wise men shall use them. I will whip lechery out ath' city; there shall be no more cuckolds. They that heretofore were arrant cornutos shall now be

honest shopkeepers, and justice shall take place. I will hunt jealousy out of my dominion.

GEORGE CHAPMAN (1559-1634): *The Widow's Tears*

7 *Mistress Otter*

CAPTAIN OTTER. Nay, good princess, hear me *pauca verba*.

MISTRESS OTTER. By that light, I'll have you chained up, with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the sooner. I'll send you to kennel, i' faith. You were best bait me with your bull, bear, and horse. Never a time that the courtiers or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a Shrove Tuesday! I would have you get your Whitsuntide velvet cap, and your staff in your hand, to entertain them: yes, in troth, do.

OTT. Not so, princess, neither; but under correction, sweet princess, give me leave.—These things I am known to the courtiers by: it is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. Tom Otter's bull, bear, and horse is known all over England, *in rerum natura*.

MRS. OTT. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* them over to Paris-garden, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce them again. Is a bear a fit beast, or a bull, to mix in society with great ladies? think in your discretion, in any good policy.

OTT. The horse then, good princess.

MRS. OTT. Well, I am contented for the horse; they love to be well horsed, I know: I love it myself.

OTT. And it is a delicate fine horse this: *Poetarum Pegasus*. Under correction, princess, Jupiter did turn himself into a—*tauruSy* or bull, under correction, good princess.

Enter TRUEWIT, CLERIMONT, and DAUPHINE, behind.

MRS. OTT. By my integrity, I'll send you over to the Bank-side; I'll commit you to the master of the Garden, if I hear but a syllable more. Must my house or my roof be polluted with the scent of bears and bulls, when it is perfumed for great ladies? Is this according to the instrument, when I married you? that I would be princess, and reign

in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? do I allow you your half-crown a day, to spend where you will, among your gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? who allows you your horse-meat and man's-meat? your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted? your clean linen, your bands and cuffs, when I can get you to wear them?—'tis marie you have them on now.—Who graces you with courtiers or great personages, to speak to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? Were you ever so much as looked upon by a lord or a lady, before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitsun-holidays? and then out at the banqueting-house window, when Ned Whiting or George Stone were at the stake?

TRUEWIT. For God's sake, let's go stave her off him.

BEN JONSON (1573-1637):
Epicoene; or, The Silent Woman

8 *Litigation*

WIDOW BLACKACRE. Let's see, Jerry, where are my minutes? Come, Mr. Quaint, pray go talk a great deal for me in chancery, let your words be easy and your sense hard; my cause requires it: branch it bravely, and deck my cause with flowers, that the snake may lie hidden. Go, go, and be sure you remember the decree of my Lord Chancellor, *Tricesimo quart'* of the queen.

QUAINT. I will, as I see cause, extenuate or exemplify matter of fact; baffle truth with impudence; answer exceptions with questions, though never so impertinent; for reasons give 'em words; for law and equity, tropes and figures; and so relax and enervate the sinews of their argument with the oil of my eloquence. But when my lungs can reason no longer, and not be able to say anything more for

our cause, say everything of our adversary; whose reputation, though never so clear and evident in the eye of the world, yet with sharp invectives——

WID. Alias, Billingsgate.

QUAINT. With poignant and sour invectives, I say, I will deface, wipe out, and obliterate his fair reputation even as a record with the juice of lemons; and tell such a story, (for the truth on't is, all that we can do for our client in chancery, is telling a story,) a fine story, a long story, such a story——

WID. GO, save thy breath for the cause; talk at the bar, Mr. Quaint: you are so copiously fluent, you can weary any one's ears sooner than your own tongue. Go, weary our adversaries' counsel, and the court; go, thou art a fine-spoken person: adad, I shall make thy wife jealous of me, if you can but court the court into a decree for us. Go, get you gone, and remember—(*Whispers.*)—(*Exit* QUAINT.)—Come, Mr. Blunder, pray bawl soundly for me, at the King's-bench, bluster, splutter, question, cavil; but be sure your argument be intricate enough to confound the court; and then you do my business. Talk what you will, but be sure your tongue never stand still; for your own noise will secure your sense from censure: 'tis like coughing or hemming when one has got the belly-ache, which stifles the unmannerly noise. Go, dear rogue, and succeed; and I'll invite thee, ere it be long, to more soused venison.

BLUNDER. I'll warrant you, after your verdict, your judgment shall not be arrested upon if's and and's. [*Exit.*]

WID. Come, Mr. Petulant, let me give you some new instructions for our cause in the Exchequer. Are the barons sat?

PETULANT. Yes, no; may be they are, may be they are not: what know I? what care I?

WID. Heyday! I wish you would but snap up the counsel on t'other side anon at the bar as much; and have a little more patience with me, that I might instruct you a little better.

PET. You instruct me! what is my brief for, mistress?

WID. Ay, but you seldom read your brief but at the bar, if you do it then.

PET. Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and perhaps 'tis time enough: pray hold yourself contented, mistress.

WID. Nay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, sir; though you, I see, will lose my cause for want of speaking, I wo not: you shall hear me, and shall be instructed. Let's see your brief.

PET. Send your solicitor to me. Instructed by a woman! Fd have you to know, I do not wear a bar-gown——

WID. By a woman! and Fd have you to know, I am no common woman; but a woman conversant in the laws of the land, as well as yourself, though I have no bar-gown.

PET. Go to, go to, mistress, you are impertinent, and there's your brief for you: instruct me!

[Flings her breviate at her.]

WID. Impertinent to me, you saucy Jack, you! you return my breviate, but where's my fee? you'll be sure to keep that, and scan that so well, that if there chance to be but a brass half-crown in't, one's sure to hear on't again: would you would but look on your breviate half so narrowly! But pray give me my fee too, as well as my brief.

PET. Mistress, that's without precedent. When did a counsel ever return his fee, pray? and you are impertinent and ignorant to demand it.

WID. Impertinent again, and ignorant, to me! Gads-bodikins, you puny upstart in the law, to use me so! you green-bag carrier, you murderer of unfortunate causes, the clerk's ink is scarce off your fingers,—you that newly come from lamp-blackening the judges' shoes, and are not fit to wipe mine: you call me impertinent and ignorant! I would give thee a cuff on the ear, sitting the courts, if I were ignorant. Marry-gep, if it had not been for me, thou hadst been yet but a hearing counsel at the bar.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY (1640?-1716): *The Plain Dealer*

9 *The Bargain*

MIRABELL. *'Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy'*

Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? or is this pretty artifice contrived, to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuits be crowned, for you can fly no further?—

MRS. MILLAMANT. Vanity! no—I'll fly, and be followed to the last moment, though I am upon the very verge of matrimony; I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards.

MIR. What, after the last?

MRS. MIL. Oh, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to an inglorious ease, and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

MIR. But do you not know, that when favours are conferred upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

MRS. MIL. It may be in things of common application; but never sure in love. Oh, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent of the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature, as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatistical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

MIR. Would you have 'em both before marriage? Or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other till after grace?

MRS. MIL. Ah! don't be impertinent.—My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? my faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay—h adieu—my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all

ye douceurs, ye sommetts du matin, adieu—I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible—Positively, Mirabell, I'll lie abed in a morning as lone as I please.

MIR. Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

MRS. MIL. Ah! idle creature, get up when you will—And d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be called names.

MIR. Names!

MRS. MIL. Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar,—I shall never bear that—Good Mirabell, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis: nor go to Hyde-park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers; and then never to be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well-bred: let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

MIR. Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

MRS. MIL. Trifles,—As liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine *in* my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles

subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

MIR. Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account.—Well, have I liberty to offer conditions—that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

MRS. MIL. You have free leave; propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

MIR. I thank you.—*Inprimis* then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant, or intimate of your own sex; no she friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy duck to wheedle you a fop-scrambling to the play in a mask—then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out—and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

MRS. MIL. Detestable *inprimis*! I go to the play in a mask!

MIR. *Item*, I article, that you continue to like your own face, as long as I shall: and while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new-coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oiled-skins and I know not what—hogs' bones, hares' gall, pig water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewoman in what d'ye call it Court. *Item*, I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets, and penny-worths of muslin, china, fans, attlasses, etc.—*Item*, when you shall be breeding——

MRS. MIL. Ah! name it not.

MIR. Which may be presumed, with a blessing on our endeavours——

MRS. MIL. Odious endeavours!

MIR. I denounce against all strait lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf, and instead of a man child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit—but with

proviso, that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee. As likewise to genuine and authorised tea-table talk—such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth—but that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes waters, together with ratafia, and the most noble spirit of clary.—But for cowslip wine, poppy water, and all dormitives, those I allow.—These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

MRS. MIL. O horrid provisos! filthy strong waters! I toast fellows! odious men! I hate your odious provisos.

MIR. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? And here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

WILLIAM CONGREVE (1670-1729): *The Way of the World*

10 *Persiflage*

ALGERNON. I don't think there is much likelihood, Jack, of you and Miss Fairfax being united.

JACK. Well, that is no business of yours.

ALGY. If it was my business, I wouldn't talk about it. (*Begins to eat muffins.*) It is very vulgar to talk about one's business. Only people like stockbrokers do that, and then merely at dinner-parties.

JACK. HOW can you sit there, calmly eating muffins when we are in this horrible trouble, I can't make out. You seem to me to be perfectly heartless.

ALGY. Well, I can't eat muffins in an agitated manner. The butter would probably get on my cuffs. One should always eat muffins quite calmly. It is the only way to eat them.

JACK. I say it's perfectly heartless your eating muffins at all, under the circumstances.

ALGY. When I am in trouble, eating is the only thing that consoles me. Indeed, when I am in really great trouble, as anyone who knows me intimately will tell you, I refuse everything except food and drink. At the present moment I am eating muffins because I am unhappy. Besides, I am particularly fond of muffins. (*Rising.*)

JACK. (*Rising.*) Well, that is no reason why you should eat them all in that greedy way. (*Takes muffins from ALGERNON.*)

ALGY. (*Offering tea-cake.*) I wish you would have tea-cake instead. I don't like tea-cake.

JACK. Good heavens! I suppose a man may eat his own muffins in his own garden.

ALGY. But you have just said it was perfectly heartless to eat muffins.

JACK. I said it was perfectly heartless of you, under the circumstances. That is a very different thing.

ALGY. That may be. But the muffins are the same. (*He seizes the muffin dish from JACK.*)

JACK. Algy, I wish to goodness you would go.

ALGY. YOU can't possibly ask me to go without having some dinner. It's absurd. I never go without my dinner. No one ever does, except vegetarians and people like that. Besides, I have just made arrangements with Dr. Chasuble to be christened at a quarter to six under the name of Ernest.

JACK. My dear fellow, the sooner you give up that nonsense the better. I made arrangements this morning with Dr. Chasuble to be christened myself at 5.30, and I naturally will take the name of Ernest. Gwendoline would wish it. We can't both be christened Ernest. It's absurd. Besides, I have a perfect right to be christened if I like. There is no evidence at all that I have ever been christened by anybody. I should think it extremely probable I never was, and so does Dr. Chasuble. It is entirely different in your case. You have been christened already.

ALGY. Yes, but I have not been christened for years.

JACK. Yes, but you have been christened. That is the important thing.

ALGY. Quite so. So I know my constitution can stand it. If you are not quite sure about your ever having been christened, I must say I think it rather dangerous your venturing on it now. It might make you very unwell. You can hardly have forgotten that some one very closely connected with you was very nearly carried off this week in Paris by a severe chill.

JACK. Yes, but you said yourself that a severe chill was not hereditary.

ALGY. It usen't to be, I know—but I daresay it is now. Science is always making wonderful improvements in things.

JACK. *{Picking up the muffin-dish.}* Oh, that is nonsense; you are always talking nonsense.

ALGY. Jack, you are at the muffins again! I wish you wouldn't. There are only two left. *(Takes them.)* I told you I was particularly fond of muffins.

JACK. But I hate tea-cake.

ALGY. Why on earth then do you allow tea-cake to be served up for your guests? What ideas you have of hospitality!

JACK. Algernon! I have already told you to go. I don't want you here. Why don't you go!

ALGY. I haven't quite finished my tea yet! and there is still one muffin left. *(JACK groans, and sinks into a chair. ALGERNON still continues eating.)*

OSCAR WILDE (1856-1900):

The Importance of Being Earnest

11 *Dan Sneezes*

MICHAEL. That's three pounds we have now, Nora Burke.

NORA. And saying to myself another time, to look on Peggy Cavanagh, who had the lightest hand at milking a

cow that wouldn't be easy, or turning a cake, and there she is now walking round on the roads, or sitting in a dirty old house, with no teeth in her mouth, and no sense, and no more hair than you'd see on a bit of hill and they after burning the furze from it.

MICHAEL. That's five pounds and ten notes, a good sum, surely! . . . It's not that way you'll be talking when you marry a young man, Nora Burke, and they were saying in the fair my lambs were the best lambs, and I got a grand price, for I'm no fool now at making a bargain when my lambs are good.

NORA. What was it you got?

MICHAEL. Twenty pounds for the lot, Nora Burke. . . . We'd do right to wait now till himself will be quiet awhile in the Seven Churches, and then you'll marry me in the chapel of Rathvanna, and I'll bring the sheep up on the bit of a hill you have on the back mountain, and we won't have anything we'd be afeared to let our minds on when the mist is down.

NORA (*pouring him out some whisky*). Why would I marry you, Mike Dara? You'll be getting old and I'll be getting old, and in a little while, I'm telling you, you'll be sitting up in your bed—the way himself was sitting—with a shake in your face, and your teeth falling, and the white hair sticking out round you like an old bush where sheep do be leaping a g^aP-

[DAN BURKE *sits up noiselessly from under the sheet, with a hand to his face. His white hair is sticking out round his head.* NORA goes on slowly without hearing him.

It's a pitiful thing to be getting old, but it's a queer thing surely. It's a queer thing to see an old man sitting up there in his bed with no teeth in him, and a rough word in his mouth, and his chin the way it would take the bark from the edge of an oak board you'd have building a door. . . . God forgive me, Michael Dara, we'll all be getting old, but it's a queer thing surely.

MICHAEL. It's too lonesome you are living a long time

with an old man, Nora, and you're talking again like a herd that would be coming down from the thick mist (*he puts his arm round her*), but it's a fine life you'll have now with a young man—a fine life, surely. . . .

[DAN *sneezes violently*. MICHAEL *tries to get to the door, but before he can do so* DAN *jumps out of the bed in queer white clothes, with the stick in his hand, and goes over and puts his back against it.*

MICHAEL. Son of God deliver us! (*Crosses himself, and goes backward across the room.*)

DAN (*holding up his hand at him*). Now you'll not marry her the time I'm rotting below in the Seven Churches, and you'll see the thing I'll give you will follow you on the back mountains when the wind is high.

MICHAEL (*to NORA*). Get me out of it, Nora, for the love of God. He always did what you bid him, and I'm thinking he would do it now.

NORA (*looking at the tramp*). Is it dead he is or living?

DAN (*turning towards her*). It's little you care if it's dead or living I am; but there'll be an end now of your fine times, and all the talk you have of young men and old men, and of the mist coming up or going down. (*He opens the door.*) You'll walk out now from that door, Nora Burke; and it's not to-morrow, or the next day, or any day of your life, that you'll put your foot through it again.

TRAMP (*standing up*). It's a hard thing you're saying for an old man, master of the house; and what would the like of her do if you put her out on the roads?

DAN. Let her walk round the like of Peggy Cavanagh below, and be begging money at the cross-roads, or selling songs to the men. (*To NORA.*) Walk out now, Nora Burke, and it's soon you'll be getting old with that life, I'm telling you; it's soon your teeth 'll be falling and your head 'll be the like of a bush where sheep do be leaping a gap.

[*He pauses:* NORA *looks round at* MICHAEL.

MICHAEL (*timidly*). There's a fine Union below in Rathdrum.

DAN. The like of her would never go there. . . . It's lonesome roads she'll be going and hiding herself away till the end will come, and they find her stretched like a dead sheep with the frost on her, or the big spiders maybe, and they putting their webs on her, in the butt of a ditch.

JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE (1871-1909):

The Shadow of the Glen

12 The Revolutionaries

Enter the DUKE with EPHIM and two Soldiers. YE VAN rises, the SECRETARY stares hard at the DUKE but doesn't move; BOLCKOW glares at him from the high seat, leaning forward and looking very fierce. The DUKE, of whom the Soldiers cannot help being in awe, sits down mildly at the table to the left. Pause.

BOLCKOW, after glaring a little longer, rises to his feet, finding it easier to tackle the DUKE standing.

DUKE: NO—no, don't move, sir, please. I thank you for your courtesy—but I never sit there. I much prefer this. . . . Well, gentlemen, my Chancellor tells me you are three wicked and bloody men, but you don't look so to me. You, sir, *{addressing YE VAN}* are, I believe, the son of my father's Chancellor?

YE VAN: That is true, your Highness.

DUKE *{to BOLCKOW}*: And your name, sir?

BOLCKOW *{seeing his opening, puffing himself}*: Demos is my name, sir. Demos, the many-headed! Otherwise *Bolckozv*—a revolutionary leader of over twenty-five years' standing.

DUKE: Ah, yes—Mr. Demos Bolckow, I've heard of you too. I'm interested to meet you. Sometimes I read the amusing things you say about me, and we always laugh at them, because you accuse me of so many things of which I have no cognisance at all.

BOLCKOW: I come here, sir, in the sacred name of the

will of the people. I am the incarnate will of the people. I was born in the gutter, sir; you in a palace. But the stream of time has rolled since then, and now I speak to you as man to man, in the name of the people!

DUKE: Well, sir, and what is it you have to say to me?

BOLCKOW (*solemnly*): I have to say to you, sir, that your reign as tyrant of this realm is at an end, and that henceforth a new Duke, as you might say, will take your place!

DUKE (*with a significant glance*): So it appears!

[YEVAN *cannot suppress a smile.*]

BOLCKOW: A Duke, sir, who is not a Duke, but Demos, the many-headed! Henceforth the will of the people must prevail!

DUKE (*more firmly*): The will of the people, Mr. Demos, always has prevailed—the will of the people subject to the will of God.

BOLCKOW (*rising to his well-known shout*): It has not, sir!

DUKE: I said—subject to the will of God. There is no such thing as the will of the people apart from the will of God, which governs all conditions of existence. Taking the people as they are in the conditions of existence that God has laid down, I represent the will of the people.

BOLCKOW: You'd better be careful! All this may be used against you.

DUKE (*after a moment*): What is it you propose to do with me, gentlemen? (*Involuntarily he glances at YEVAN.*)

BOLCKOW: You must understand, sir, that it is not for us here to decide that question, but for the Council of Safety, of which I am Chairman, and which is now supreme in this realm.

DUKE: I thought you said, sir, that the people were henceforth to be supreme.

BOLCKOW: My Council consists of delegates of the people.

DUKE (*mildly*): And are the members of your Council like you, sir?

BOLCKOW (*weightily*): They are, sir! Every one of them

—good, solid, non-extremist leaders of revolution of many years' experience.

DUKE: Then you can tell them, sir, that I resign my position forthwith, and shall banish myself immediately.

BOLCKOW: You are willing to go into voluntary retirement?

DUKE: I am, sir, immediately.

BOLCKOW: I'll tell them that. It may count in your favour. . . . *(Suddenly changing his tone)*: In fact it will count in your favour, Duke; I'll see to that. You can trust me to see to that. That's spoken like a man, that is, and I appreciate it. . . . *(Coming down from his dais)*: Shake 'ands! I thought it wouldn't be long before we understood each other, if we 'ad a little free and frank discussion.

DUKE *(having shaken hands, still detaining BOLCKOW and looking him mildly but penetratingly in the eye)*: Yes, that will just suit me. . . . I want at this moment to visit some foreign centres of astrodynamical study to communicate and discuss my great discovery. And by the time I have completed my tour, the people here will be asking for me to come back again. . . .

[He smiles, gives BOLCKOW'S hand a final shake, and lets it go. BOLCKOW returns to the dais, not quite having absorbed the DUKE'S last words.]

BOLCKOW *(suddenly appreciating the DUKE'S meaning)*: Well, they may ask, but we'll see you don't come!

DUKE: But I thought, sir, you represented the will of the people?

BOLCKOW: The *true* will! The people need guidance.

DUKE: Ah! The will, subject to God's will. . . . No, gentlemen, for I represent that. . . . Do not misunderstand me, gentlemen. I have only two reasons for wishing to return—one the natural sentimental attachment to my own land, and the other the fact that the room in this palace above this occupies a position for studying the heavens out-rivalling any other on earth. Deprive me of my realm, and I should only feel relief; deprive me of that, and you would

do me an irreparable injury. . . . But I am used to the scientific view, and placing reliance upon my own observation, and I see quite clearly that you will only deprive me of it for a very short space. . . .

BOLCKOW (*trying to outdo the DUKE*): Ah, Duke, there are things going to 'appen now that you with all your science 'ave never dreamed of—any more than any of us ever dreamed of that great portent—(*an extract from his last speech to the people*)—that great and mysterious portent—the signification of the working of God's 'and, as you might say—that we witnessed to-night; the vanishing of the comet.

DUKE: I must remind you, Mr. Demos, that I had dreamed of such an event—I alone; in fact not only dreamed of it, but predicted the exact moment at which it would occur. (*With rapture*): I would rather have done that, gentlemen, than overrule the whole world.

BOLCKOW (*after a moment, embarrassed at the DUKE'S emotion, and trying to hide his embarrassment in sternness and off-handedness*): Yes—well, thank you, comrade. That'll do. This interview is now at an end.

[He looks round fiercely. The DUKE rises, inclines his head to the three revolutionists in turn, and departs in a dignified yet humble way, between the soldiers.]

(Rising and stretching himself, feeling a little uncomfortable as regards the others, and once more trying to hide his feelings): Well, settled him all right, I reckon, eh? Settled his hash, right enough.

[The other two are silent.]

BOLCKOW (*bustling, to the SECRETARY*): Well, now then, my boy, it's time we were gettin' along to the Council. We'll leave the General 'ere, but we must get along sharp, because they'll be expectin' us. But it wasn't any use goin' before we'd seen the Duke. No good 'aving been to the palace if you don't see the Duke.

[The SECRETARY doesn't reply, but sits quite still, just where he is.]

(After a moment, putting on his greatcoat, that he had taken

off): Well, now, bustle up there. 'Aven't you got a coat? You'll catch a chill, my boy, you will—that'll be the end o' you. Never mind, you 'aven't got a wife and kiddies, like some of us.

YEVAN *{after a moment}*: Before you go, Bolckow, I should like to know what you're going to propose to your Council—I mean what are you heading for?

BOLCKOW *{sitting down again, with great emphasis}*: Freedom! Jvistic! Equality of opportunity! No more 'aving some born in the gutter and others in a palace.

YEVAN: Yes—I dare say. But how do you propose to get this?

BOLCKOW *{picking his teeth}*: Proclamation! That'll do it. . . . You wait and see. I'll get it for you all right in the morning. That comet did the trick—that's the biggest bit of luck that ever happened, that is. . . . Don't you worry. The people'll follow me. I've got 'em solid. *{He rises.}* Solid, I tell you! Now, come along, sonny, it's time we was off.

SECRETARY *{firmly}*: I'm not coming.

BOLCKOW: Not coming? But you're under orders. If I tell you to come, you've got to come.

SECRETARY: I'm not coming, I tell you. I resign my position.

BOLCKOW: Resign your position? . . . What d'you mean? You can't do that. You've got to give a month's notice before you do that. D'you know you could be put in quod for that? . . . *{After a moment}*: Now, look 'ere, son, let me advise you. No doubt your 'ead's 'eated with the revolution an' all that. But let an older 'ead advise you. . . . This job's your bread an' butter. If you throw it up now, just because you want to stay up 'ere in a palace instead of gettin' on with the job, you'll regret it, because you won't get another as good—as well paid.

SECRETARY: It's no good talking, Bolckow, because I've made up my mind.

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK MACMULLAN (C. K. MUNRO) (*b.* 1889):
The Mountain

§ iii. ORATORY

i *His Defence*

It is hard, my Lords, to be questioned upon a law which cannot be shown! Where hath this fire lain hid for so many hundred years, without smoke to discover it, till it thus bursts forth to consume me and my children? My Lords, do we not live under the laws? and must we be punished by laws before they are made? Far better were it to live by no laws at all, but to be governed by those characters of virtue and discretion which Nature hath stamped upon us, than to put this necessity of divination upon a man, and to accuse him of a breach of law before it is a law at all! If a waterman upon the Thames split his boat by grating upon an anchor, and the same have no buoy appended to it, the owner of the anchor is to pay the loss; but if a buoy be set there, every man passeth upon his own peril. Now, where is the mark, where is the token set upon the crime to declare it to be high treason?

My Lords, be pleased to give that regard to the peerage of England as never to expose yourselves to such moot points, such constructive interpretations of law. If there must be a trial of wits, let the subject matter be something else than the lives and honour of peers! It will be wisdom for yourselves and your posterity to cast into the fire those bloody and mysterious volumes of constructive and arbitrary treason, as the primitive Christians did their books of curious arts, and betake yourselves to the plain letter of the law and statute, which telleth what is, and what is not, treason, without being ambitious to be more learned in the art of killing than our forefathers. These gentlemen tell us

that they speak in defence of the Commonwealth against my arbitrary laws. Give me leave to say I speak in defence of the Commonwealth against their arbitrary treason!

It is now full two hundred and forty years since any man was touched for this alleged crime to this height before myself. Let us not awaken those sleeping lions to our destruction, by taking up a few musty records that have lain by the walls for so many ages, forgotten or neglected.

My Lords, what is my present misfortune may be for ever yours! It is not the smallest part of my grief that not the crime of treason, but my other sins, which are exceeding many, have brought me to this bar; and, except your Lordships wisdom provide against it, the shedding of my blood may make way for the tracing out of yours. You, your estates, your posterity, lie at the stake!

For my poor self, if it were not for your Lordships interest, and the interest of a saint in heaven, who hath left me here two pledges on earth, I should never take the pains to keep up this ruinous cottage of mine. It is loaded with such infirmities that, in truth, I have no great pleasure to carry it about with me any longer. Nor could I ever leave it at a fitter time than this, when I hope that the better part of the world would perhaps think that by my misfortunes I had given a testimony of my integrity to my God, my King, and my Country. I thank God I count not the afflictions of the present life to be compared to that glory which is to be revealed in the time to come!

My Lords! my Lords! my Lords! something more I had intended to say, but my voice and my spirit fail me. Only I do, in all humility and submission, cast myself down at your Lordships' feet, and desire that I may be a beacon to keep you from shipwreck. Do not put such rocks in your own way, which no prudence, no circumspection, can eschew or satisfy, but by your utter ruin!

And so, my Lords, even so, with all tranquillity of mind, I submit myself to your decision. And whether your judgment in my case—I wish it were not the case of you all—be

for life or for death, it shall be righteous in my eyes, and shall be received with a *Te Deum laudamus*, we give God the praise.

THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD (1593-1641):

Speech before the House of Lords, April 13 , 1641

2 Stage Licensing

My lords, the proper business of the stage, and that for which only it is useful, is to expose those vices and follies, which the laws cannot lay hold of, and to recommend those beauties and virtues, which ministers and courtiers seldom either imitate or reward; but by laying it under a licence, and under an arbitrary court-licence too, you will, in my opinion, entirely pervert its use; for though I have the greatest esteem for that noble duke, in whose hands this power is at present designed to fall, though I have an entire confidence in his judgment and impartiality; yet I may suppose that a leaning towards the fashions of a court is sometimes hard to be avoided. It may be very difficult to make one, who is every day at court, believe that to be a vice or folly, which he sees daily practised by those he loves and esteems. By custom, even deformity itself becomes familiar, and at last agreeable. To such a person, let his natural impartiality be never so great, that may appear to be a libel against the court, which is only a most just and a most necessary satire upon the fashionable vices and follies of the court. Courtiers, my lords, are too polite to reprove one another; the only place where they can meet with any just reproof, is a free though not a licentious stage; and as every sort of vice and folly, generally in all countries, begins at court, and from thence spreads through the country, by laying the stage under an arbitrary court-licence, instead of leaving it what it is, and always ought to be, a gentle scourge for the vices of great men and courtiers, you will make it a canal for propagating and conveying their vices and follies through the whole kingdom.

From hence, my lords, I think it must appear, that the bill now before us cannot so properly be called a bill for restraining licentiousness, as it may be called a bill for restraining the liberty of the stage, and for restraining it too in that branch which, in all countries, has been most useful; therefore I must look upon this bill as a most dangerous encroachment upon liberty in general. Nay, farther, my lords, it is not only an encroachment upon liberty, but it is likewise an encroachment upon property. Wit, my lords, is a sort of property: it is the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is indeed but a precarious dependence. Thank God! we, my lords, have a dependence of another kind; we have a much less precarious support, and therefore cannot feel the inconveniences of the bill now before us; but it is our duty to encourage and protect wit, whosoever's property it may be. Those gentlemen who have any such property, are all, I hope, our friends. Do not let us subject them to any unnecessary or arbitrary restraint. I must own, I cannot easily agree to the laying of any tax upon wit; but by this bill it is to be heavily taxed, it is to be excised; for, if this bill passes, it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a permit, and the lord chamberlain is to have the honour of being chief-gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge and jury. But what is still more hard, though the poor author, the proprietor I should say, cannot perhaps dine till he has found out and agreed with, a purchaser; yet, before he can propose to seek for a purchaser, he must patiently submit to have his goods rummaged at this new excise-office, where they may be detained for fourteen days, and even then he may find them returned as prohibited goods, by which his chief and best market will be for ever shut against him; and that without any cause, without the least shadow of reason, either from the laws of his country or the laws of the stage.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (1694-1773):
On the Licensing Bill

3 *American Taxation*

Again, and again, revert to your own principles—*Seek Peace and ensue it*—leave America, if she has taxable matter in her, to tax herself. I am not here going into the distinctions of rights, not attempting to mark their boundaries. I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions; I hate the very sound of them. Leave the Americans as they anciently stood, and these distinctions, born of our unhappy contest, will die along with it. They and we, and their and our ancestors, have been happy under that system. Let the memory of all actions, in contradiction to that good old mode, on both sides, be extinguished for ever. Be content to bind America by laws of trade; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burden them by taxes; you were *not used to do so from the beginning*. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools; for there only they may be discussed with safety. But, if intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government, by urging subtle deductions, and consequences odious to those you govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him hard, the boar will surely turn upon the hunters. If that sovereignty and their freedom cannot be reconciled, which will they take? They will cast your sovereignty in your face. Nobody will be argued into slavery. Sir, let the gentlemen on the other side call forth all their ability; let the best of them get up, and tell me, what one character of liberty the Americans have, and what one brand of slavery they are free from, if they are bound in their property and industry, by all the restraints you can imagine on commerce, and at the same time are made pack-horses of every tax you chose to impose, without the least share in granting them. When they bear the burdens of

unlimited monopoly, will you bring them to bear the burdens of unlimited revenue too? The Englishman in America will feel that this is slavery—that it is *legal* slavery, will be no compensation, either to his feelings or his understanding.

A Noble Lord, who spoke some time ago, is full of the fire of ingenuous youth; and when he has modelled the ideas of a lively imagination by further experience, he will be an ornament to his country in either House. He has said, that the Americans are our children, and how can they revolt against their parent? He says, that if they are not free in their present state, England is not free; because Manchester, and other considerable places, are not represented. So then, because some towns in England are not represented, America is to have no representation at all. They are our *children*; but when children *ask for bread*, we are not to *give a stone*. Is it because the natural resistance of things, and the various mutations of time, hinders our government, or any scheme of government, from being any more than a sort of approximation to the right, is it therefore that the Colonies are to recede from it infinitely? When this child of ours wishes to assimilate to its parent, and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty; are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our Constitution? are we to give them our weakness for their strength? our opprobrium for their glory? and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?

If this be the case, ask yourselves this question, will they be content in such a state of slavery? If not, look to the consequences. Reflect how you are to govern a people, who think they ought to be free, and think they are not. Your scheme yields no revenue; it yields nothing but discontent, disorder, disobedience; and such is the state of America, that after wading up to your eyes in blood, you could only end just where you begun; that is, to tax where no revenue is to be found, to—my voice fails me; my

inclination indeed carries me no farther—all is confusion beyond it.

EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797):

Speech on American Taxation, April 19th, 1774

4 *The American War*

My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success nor suffer with honour, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honour the English troops. I know their virtues and their valour. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility*. You cannot, I venture to say it, *you cannot* conquer America. Your armies last war effected everything that could be effected, and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able General (Lord Amherst), now a noble lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My Lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps *total loss*, of the Northern force, the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. *He was obliged* to relinquish his attempt, and, with great delay and danger, to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat it is impossible. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells

and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince, your efforts are for ever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely, for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!

Your own army is infected with the contagion of these illiberal allies. The spirit of plunder and of rapine is gone forth among them. I know it; and, notwithstanding what the noble earl (Lord Percy) who moved the address has given as his opinion of the American army, I know from authentic information, and the *most experienced officers*, that our discipline is deeply wounded. While this is notoriously our sinking situation, America grows and flourishes; while our strength and discipline are lowered, hers are rising and improving.

But, my Lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? to call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character. It is a violation of the Constitution. I believe it is against law. It is not the least of our national misfortunes that the strength and character of our army are thus impaired. Infected with the mercenary spirit of robbery and rapine, familiarised to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, it can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier—no longer sympathise with the dignity of the royal banner, nor feel the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, 'that make ambition

virtue P What makes ambition virtue ? The sense of Honour. But is the sense of honour consistent with a spirit of plunder, or the practice of murder? Can it flow from mercenary motives, or can it prompt to cruel deeds? Besides these murderers and plunderers, let me ask our ministers, What other allies have they acquired? What *other powers* have they associated to their cause? Have they entered into alliance with the king of the gipsies ? Nothing, my Lords, is too low or too ludicrous to be consistent with their counsels.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM (1708-1778):

On a Motion for an Address to the Throne, Nov. 18th, 1777

5 Declaration of Right

We are too near the British nation; we are too conversant with her history; we are too much fired by her example to be anything less than equals: anything less, we should be her bitterest enemies. An enemy to that power which smote us with her mace, and to the constitution from whose blessings we are excluded, to the ground, as we have been, by the British nation, bound by her Parliament, plundered by her Crown, threatened by her enemies, and insulted with her protection, while we return thanks for her condescension, in a system of meanness and misery, which has expired in our determination and in her magnanimity.

That there are precedents against us I allow; acts of power I would call them, not precedents; and I answer the English pleading such precedents, as they answered their kings when they urged precedents against the liberty of England. Such things are the tyranny of one side, the weakness of the other, and the law of neither. We will not be bound by them; or rather, in the words of the Declaration of Right, no doing, judgment, or proceeding to the contrary, shall be brought into precedent or example. Do not then tolerate a power, the power of the British Government, over this land, which has no foundation in necessity, or utility, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature,

or the laws of God. Do not suffer that power which banished your manufactures, dishonoured your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people. Do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woollens, or an import of sugar, and suffer that power which has thus withered the land to have existence in your pusillanimity. Do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice, and the high court of Parliament; neither imagine that, by any formation of apology, you can palliate such a commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you in your grave for interfering between them and their Maker, and robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create, and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thralldom, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop at *liberty*, and observe that here the principal men amongst us were found wanting, were awed by a weak ministry, bribed by an empty treasury; and, when liberty was within their grasp, and her temple opened its folding-doors, fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold?

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you by the laws of the land and their violation; by the instructions of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment—tell us the rule by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland; declare the liberty of the land! I will not be answered by a public lie, in the shape of an amendment; nor, speaking of the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked, he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time at hand; the spirit is gone forth; the Declaration of Right is planted; and though great men should fall off, yet

the cause shall live; and though he who utters this should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the humble organ who conveys it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

HENRY GRATTAN (1746-1820):

On Moving a Declaration of Irish Right: Irish House of Commons, April 19th, 1780

6 *On Warren Hastings*

In looking round for an object fit to be held out to an oppressed people, and to the world as example of national justice, we are forced to fix our eyes on Mr. Hastings. It is he, my Lords, who has degraded our fame, and blasted our fortunes in the East. It is he who has tyrannised with relentless severity over the devoted natives of those regions. It is he who must atone, as a victim, for the multiplied calamities he has produced!

But though, my Lords, I designate the prisoner as a proper subject of exemplary punishment, let it not be presumed that I wish to turn the sword of justice against him merely because some example is required. Such a wish is as remote from my heart as it is from equity and law. Were I not persuaded that it is impossible I should fail to render the evidence of his crimes as conclusive as the effects of his conduct confessedly afflicting, I should blush at having selected him as an object of retributive justice. If I invoke this heavy penalty on Mr. Hastings, it is because I honestly believe him to be a flagitious delinquent, and by far the most so of all those who have contributed to ruin the natives of India and disgrace the inhabitants of Britain. But while I call for justice upon the prisoner, I sincerely desire to render him justice. It would indeed distress me, could I imagine that the weight and consequence of the House of Commons, who are a party in this prosecution, could operate in the slightest degree to his prejudice; but I entertain no such solicitude or apprehension. It is the glory of the constitution under which

we live, that no man can be punished without guilt, and this guilt must be publicly demonstrated by a series of clear, legal, manifest evidence, so that nothing dark, nothing oblique, nothing authoritative, nothing insidious, shall work to the detriment of the subject. It is not the peering suspicion of apprehended guilt. It is not any popular abhorrence of its widespread consequences. It is not the secret consciousness in the bosom of the judge which can excite the vengeance of the law, and authorise its infliction! No! In this good land, as high as it is happy, because as just as it is free, all is definite, equitable, and exact. The laws must be satisfied before they are incurred; and ere a hair of the head can be plucked to the ground, *legal guilt* must be established by *legal proof*.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751-1816):

*Summing up the Evidence on the Second Charge against
Warren Hastings*

7 A Plea for Peace

However, Sir, we may abhor the conduct of Frenchmen towards Frenchmen, whatever indignation we may feel against crimes at which humanity shudders, the hatred of vice is no just cause of war between nations. If it were, good God! with which of those powers with whom we are now combined against France should we be at peace? We, proud of our own freedom, have long been accustomed to treat despotic governments with contempt, and to mark the vices of despots with vigilant sensibility. Of late, however, our resentment has been most readily excited by the abuses of liberty; and our hatred of vice is very different on different sides. In France an old despotism is overturned, and an attempt made to introduce a free government in its room. In that attempt great crimes are committed, and language is ransacked, and declamation exhausted, to rouse our indignation, and excite us to war against the whole people. In Poland, liberty is

subverted; that fair portion of the creation seized by the relentless fangs of despotism; the wretched inhabitants reduced to the same situation with the other slaves of their new masters, and in order to add insult to cruelty, enjoined to sing *Te Detim* for the blessings thus conferred upon them;—and what does all this produce? Sometimes a well-turned sentence to express our sorrow, or mark our disapprobation. But hatred of vice is no just cause for war, nor ever was among nations; and when I hear men declaim on the crimes of France, who know how to reason as statesmen, I cannot but suspect that they mean to deceive, and not to convince. But, it is next said, can a secure peace be made? The question is, I confess, difficult of solution. On the one hand, abstract considerations must be avoided; on the other, experience and precedent attended to as much as possible. Do I think that a peace, concluded with such a government, would be secure? Perhaps I do not think it would be as secure as I could wish for the permanent interest of this country; but I desire the House to recollect what has been the nature of almost every peace that has been made in Europe. From a retrospect of the circumstances under which former treaties were ratified, it will, in all probability, be as secure as any peace that has been made with France at any other time, and more so than any that they, who would make no peace without the restoration of the monarchy, can ever expect to make. The present rulers of France, it is said, have declared themselves our natural enemies; and have contrived schemes, and sent emissaries to overturn our constitution. Was not all this constantly done by Louis XIV.? Was he not the declared enemy of our glorious Revolution? Did he not keep up a correspondence with the Jacobite party among us; and endeavour, by force and artifice, to overturn our establishment in church and state? Had our new-fangled politicians lived in those times, they would have said, before the peace of Ryswick, 'What! Treat with Louis XIV., who has made war upon you unjustly, who has fomented treason and rebellion, who has attempted to destroy

all that you hold sacred, and instead of a limited monarchy, and the protestant religion, to impose upon you the fetters of despotism and popery?' Such must then have been their language; but King William and his ministers would have thought those who held it fitter for bedlam than a cabinet. But, it is said, the jacobins have threatened to over-run Holland, and extend their conquests to the Rhine. And did not Louis XIV. invade Holland? Were his projects of conquest so moderate as to be confined within the Rhine?

The whole argument then comes to this, that you must be satisfied with the best security you can get, taking care that the power with whom you make peace, shall have no temptation to break it, either from your misconduct or want of vigilance. The best security for Holland is, the emperor's possession of the Netherlands, and repairing the fortifications of the barrier towns, which he is bound by treaty to maintain. Whether the emperor shall be obliged to do this at his own expense or whether Holland and Great Britain shall assist him, is matter of future discussion; certain it is, however, that it will cost us much less than another campaign. If we look at the declaration to the people of France, the first idea presented by it, although afterwards somewhat modified, but again confirmed by the declaration at Toulon, is, that the restoration of the monarchy must be the preliminary to peace. Now suppose that instead of the jacobin republic, some stable form of government, but not a monarchy should be established, with which we might think it safe or necessary to treat, what would become of our promise to Louis XVII. and the people of Toulon? Then, as to our security, according to the declaration, as soon as the French have a king we will cease to make war upon them, and then they may set about modifications of their monarchy. But how are these to be made? Not, certainly, with a guard of German troops surrounding the hall where those who are to make them are assembled. France will then be left in precisely the same situation as she was in 1789, from which flowed all the mischiefs that are now said to render it

impossible for us to treat with them. Such is the notable security which the minister proposes to obtain!

CHARLES JAMES FOX (1749-1806):

Address on the King's Speech, Jan. 21st, 1794

8 *The House of Lords and Reform*

I have spoken so often on this subject, that I am sure both you and the gentlemen here present will be obliged to me for saying but little, and that favour I am as willing to confer as you can be to receive it. I feel most deeply the event which has taken place, because, by putting the two Houses of Parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business, and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a Churchman, because I cannot but blush to see so many dignitaries of the Church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the people. I feel it more than all, because I believe it will sow the seeds of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the people. The loss of the bill I do not feel, and for the best of all possible reasons—because I have not the slightest idea that it is lost. I have no more doubt, before the expiration of the winter, that this bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass, and greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us there are but two things certain in the world—death and taxes. As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington *on* that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction! In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the

beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

SYDNEY SMITH (1771-1845):

*Speech delivered at Taunton after the rejection of
the Reform Bill by the House of Lords in 1831*

9 The Crimean War

I appeal to the noble lord at the head of the Government and to this House; I am not now complaining of the war—I am not now complaining of the terms of peace, nor, indeed, of anything that has been done—but I wish to suggest to this House what, I believe, thousands, and tens of thousands, of the most educated and of the most Christian portion of the people of this country are feeling upon the subject, although, indeed, in the midst of a certain clamour in the country, they do not give public expression to their feelings. Your country is not in an advantageous state at this moment; from one end of the kingdom to the other there is a general collapse of industry. Those members of this House not intimately acquainted with the trade and commerce of the country do not fully comprehend our position as to the diminution of employment and the lessening of wages. An increase in the cost of living is finding its way to the homes and hearts of a vast number of the labouring population. At the same time there is growing up—and, notwithstanding what some hon. members of this House may think of me, no man regrets it more than I do—a bitter and angry feeling against that class which has for a long period conducted the public affairs of this country, I like political changes when such changes are

made as the result, not of passion, but of deliberation and reason. Changes so made are safe, but changes made under the influence of violent exaggeration, or of the violent passions of public meetings, are not changes usually approved by this House or advantageous to the country. I cannot but notice, in speaking to gentlemen who sit on either side of this House, or in speaking to anyone I meet between this House and any of those localities we frequent when this House is up—I cannot, I say, but notice that an uneasy feeling exists as to the news that may arrive by the very next mail from the East. I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am certain that many homes in England *in* which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.

JOHN BRIGHT (1811-1889):

Speech in the House of Commons, Feb. 2yd, 1855

10 *The Irish Church*

Sir, the only objection which I have to these attacks of the noble lord is that they invariably produce an echo from the other side. That, it seems to me, is now almost a parliamentary law. When the bark is heard on this side, the right hon. member for Calne emerges, I will not say from his cave, but, perhaps, from a more cynical habitation. He joins immediately in the chorus of reciprocal malignity, and

' Hails with horrid melody the moon.'

The right hon. gentleman has been extremely analytical upon the amendment of my noble friend—the amendment, that is, of the Government, moved by my noble friend; and his * zigzag' commentary, founded on the assumption of circumstances that never occurred, and motives that never influenced us, was amusing at the moment. But how far does that commentary agree with the real statement I have given of the cause and origin of this amendment?

The right hon. gentleman was extremely exuberant in his comments upon my character and career. I will not trouble the House with a defence of that character and career. I have sat in this House more than thirty years, and can truly say that during that time comments upon my character and career have been tolerably free. But the House has been the jury of my life, and it allows me now here to address it; and therefore here is not the place in which I think it necessary to vindicate myself. The hon. gentleman the member for Calne is a very remarkable man. He is a learned man, though he despises history. He can chop logic like Dean Aldrich, but what is more remarkable than his learning and his logic is that power of spontaneous aversion which particularises him. There is nothing that he likes, and almost everything that he hates. He hates the working classes of England. He hates the Roman Catholics of Ireland. He hates the Protestants of Ireland. He hates her Majesty's ministers. And until the right hon. gentleman the member for South Lancashire placed his hand upon the ark, he seemed almost to hate the right hon. gentleman the member for South Lancashire. But now all is changed. Now we have the hour and the man. But I believe the clock goes wrong, and the man is mistaken.

Let me now ask the attention of the House to the proposition before us. If I have for a moment trespassed upon their attention they will allow me to say that it has been in fair self-defence. I have never attacked any one in my life, unless I was first assailed. Now, sir, no one can deny this, that the propositions of the right hon. gentleman are very considerable. They are vast and violent. All admit that.

Well, hon. gentlemen say 'No;' but to disestablish an institution that has existed three hundred years, that is in the possession of property, that is certainly supported by the sympathies of a great part of the population of the country—to propose to subvert such an institution—without now going into the merits of the case—is surely a vast and violent change.

Well, then, the first question I will ask is, 'Why this change?' and upon that point we have had no satisfactory answer. We are told that there is a crisis in Ireland, and the hon. member for Birmingham the other night, with, I must say, one of those characteristics which he invariably displays, but in an agreeable manner, that of misrepresentation, said that I denied that there was anything critical in the state of Ireland, and that Ireland was, so far as my opinions were concerned, in a perfectly satisfactory state. Why, sir, I never said that Ireland was in a satisfactory state. In a great debate like this the House will, I am sure, be indulgent to me if I touch upon some of these topics. I denied that there was an Irish crisis according to the interpretation of the member for South Lancashire. The member for South Lancashire, when the late Parliament was dissolved not four years ago, was of opinion that the Irish Church was a question totally out of the pale of modern politics. He seemed to shrink from the profanation of the idea that he or any human being could ever disturb it. And yet he is the man who comes forward to abolish that institution. Well, I must look to the grounds upon which he founds such a violent proceeding. He says that there was a crisis in Ireland, and as I thought at the time with dangerous candour he analysed that crisis and gave its causes and its elements. And what were they? Fenianism was one. Fenianism when he was a minister was rampant and mysterious, and the more dangerous because it was mysterious. Fenianism now is not rampant; we think we have gauged its lowest depths, and we are not afraid of it. That is one of the evidences and elements of this crisis. Does it not seem rather strange that though Fenianism was

so critical when he was a minister we heard nothing of the crisis, but when I am minister and Fenianism is so subdued, it is made the principal argument for a revolution?

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD (1804-1881):

Speech delivered in the House of Commons, April 3rd, 1868

11 *Dedication of Gettysberg*

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-1865):

Nov. 19th, 1863

12 *Fort Wagner*

Not many days ago in the heart of the South, in a large gathering of the people of my race, there were heard from many lips praises and thanksgiving to God for His goodness in setting them free from physical slavery. In the midst of that assembly, a Southern white man arose with grey hair and trembling hands, the former owner of many slaves, and from his quivering lips there came the words: 'My friends, you forget in your rejoicing that in setting you free, God was also good to me and my race in setting us free.' But there is a higher and deeper sense in which both races must be free than that represented by the bill of sale. The black man who cannot let love and sympathy go out to the white man is but half free. The white man who would close the shop or factory against a black man seeking an opportunity to earn an honest living is but half free. The white man who retards his own development by opposing a black man is but half free. The full measure of the fruit of Fort Wagner and all that this monument stands for will not be realized until every man covered with a black skin shall, by patience and natural effort, grow to that height in industry, property, intelligence, and moral responsibility, where no man in all our land will be tempted to degrade himself by withholding from his black brother any opportunity which he himself would possess.

Until that time comes this monument will stand for effort, not victory complete. What these heroic souls of the Fifty-fourth regiment began, we must complete. It must be completed not in malice, not in narrowness; nor artificial progress, nor in efforts at mere temporary political gain, nor in abuse of another section or race. Standing as I do to-day in the home of Garrison and Philips and Sumner, my heart goes out to those who wore grey as well as to those clothed in blue; to those who returned defeated, to destitute homes, to face blasted hopes and a shattered political and industrial

system. To them there can be no prouder reward for defeat than by a supreme effort to place the Negro on that footing where he will add material, intellectual, and civil strength to every department of State.

BOOKER TALIAFERRO WASHINGTON (c. 1859-1915) :

Speech delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of the Shaw Monument, Boston, May 315.', 1897

13 *Future Policy of the Liberal Party*

It is quite clear that there must be either friendship or enmity with Ireland. But I wish to call your attention to one important circumstance, and it is this: There has been unfortunately that alternative before England for centuries; but in other ages, when enmity and not friendship was chosen as the alternative, it was the enmity of states or of classes, and not the enmity of peoples. But you have arrived at a point decisive in your history; and now for the future—if, say after the next election, this enmity is to continue—it will be the enmity of peoples and not of states. To see one country oppressed by the rulers of another State is heart-rending. But, gentlemen, this is not a question of cruel tyrants; this is not a question of selfish oligarchies. Six millions of you, by your votes, determine the course which the Imperial policy is to follow, and with that power you must accept the duties and the responsibilities which belong to it. If Ireland is oppressed hereafter it will be oppressed by you, by the people of this country, and allow me to say that the spectacle of one people oppressing another is a spectacle the saddest, the most heartrending, and perhaps the most revolting which the wide surface of the earth can present to the human eye. I will never believe that this great nation will place itself in such a position. And in truth, gentlemen, this question, whether there is to be enmity or whether there is to be friendship, has been considered, and has, as we think, in some degree been decided. The declaration has been made, and made in favour of friendship. It has been

made in the most constitutional manner, by the exercise of the elective franchise, and by the results obtained at the polls. Those results, which for a long time were overlooked or ridiculed by the organs and the voices of our opponents, they now begin to see and to admit to be somewhat formidable to their plans, and the only refuge which remains to them is in the play of other parts of the constitution. No, gentlemen, we believe that those elections which have tested here, there, and everywhere, in constituencies of every possible variety, the sense of the people, have afforded us a safe indication of that which is to come. The sense of these constituencies has been declared, and what has it said? It has uttered words of soberness, of justice, and of truth. But there are some ears in this world to which unhappily that which is sober, just, and true has but a slow and partial access. Let them, then, reflect on this; the verdicts that the constituencies have spoken are not only that which is sober, just, and true, but also they speak what every one will understand: they speak the inevitable. Upon these verdicts Ireland relies. You have watched the conduct of Ireland in the difficult circumstances of the last nine months, and that conduct I do not hesitate to risk saying on your behalf has evoked in every breast a responsive voice of sympathy, and an increased conviction that we may deal freely and yet deal prudently with our fellow-subjects beyond the Channel. Such is your conviction. On her side she reposes in full trust on the evidence of the recent facts; she believes that when the opportunity arrives the general sense of the country will ratify the judgment that has already been given at nearly a hundred points of its surface; she believes that the entire people of Great Britain will, by a great and decisive majority, determine to meet and to dispose of those demands which are now made upon them, she believes, alike by their honour, by their interest, and by their duty before God and man.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE (1809-1898) :
Newcastle Oct. 1891

14 *Alfred Lyttelton*

It would not, I think, be doing justice to the feelings which are uppermost in many of our hearts if we passed to the business of the day without taking notice of the fresh gap which has been made in our ranks by the untimely death of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. It is a loss of which I hardly trust myself to speak, for apart from ties of relationship, there had subsisted between us for thirty-three years a close friendship and affection which no political differences were ever allowed to loosen or even to affect. Nor can I better describe it than by saying that he, perhaps, of all men of this generation came nearest to the mould and ideal of manhood which every English father would like to see his son aspire to, and if possible to attain. The bounty of nature, enriched and developed, not only by early training, but by constant self-discipline through life, blended in him gifts and graces which taken alone are rare, and in such attractive union are rarer still. Body, mind, and character—the schoolroom, the cricket field, the Bar, the House of Commons—each made its separate contribution to the faculty and the experience of a many-sided and harmonious whole. But what he was he gave—gave with such ease and exuberance that I think it may be said without exaggeration that wherever he moved he seemed to radiate vitality and charm. He was, as we here know, a strenuous fighter. He has left behind him no resentments and no enmity: nothing but a gracious memory for a manly and winning personality—the memory of one who served with an unstinted measure of devotion his generation and his country. He has been snatched away in what we thought was the full tide of buoyant life still full of promise and hope. What more can we say? We can only bow once again before the decrees of the Supreme Wisdom. Those who loved him—and they are many, in all schools of opinion, in all ranks and walks of life—when they think of him, will say to themselves:

' This is the happy warrior, this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.'

HENRY HERBERT, EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH (1852-1928):
Speech in the House of Commons, July 7th, 1913

§ iv. COMEDY

i *Commodore Trunnion's Wedding*

The fame of this extraordinary conjunction spread all over the county, and on the day appointed for their spousals, the church was surrounded by an inconceivable multitude. The commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway, resolved to appear on horseback, on the grand occasion, at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant. With this equipage then he set out from the garrison for the church, after having dispatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted. She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of assignation, where several pews were demolished, and divers persons almost pressed to death, by the eagerness of the crowd that broke in to see the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the priest in attendance, they waited a whole half-hour for the commodore, at whose slowness they began to be under some apprehension, and accordingly dismissed a servant to quicken his pace. The valet having rode somewhat more than a mile, espied the whole troop disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding further in the same direction, fired a pistol, and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his former course; and the rest of the squadron

followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other, like a flight of wild geese.

Surprised at this strange method of journeying, the messenger came up, and told the commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time, and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay; and therefore desired he would proceed with more expedition. To this message Mr. Trunnion replied, 'Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed? Go back and tell those who sent you that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel; and that as we lie within six points of the wind, they must make some allowance for variation and lee-way.'—'Lord, sir!' said the valet, 'what occasion have you to go zigzag in that manner? Do but clap spurs to your horses and ride straight forward, and I'll engage you shall be at the church porch in less than a quarter of an hour.'—'What! right in the wind's eye?' answered the commander; 'ahey! brother, where did you learn your navigation? Hawser Trunnion is not to be taught at his time of day how to lie his course, or keep his own reckoning. And as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate.' The courier finding he had to do with people who would not be easily persuaded out of their own opinions, returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had seen and heard, to the no small consolation of the bride, who had begun to discover some signs of disquiet. Composed, however, by this piece of intelligence, she exerted her patience for the space of another half-hour, during which period, seeing no bridegroom arrive, she was exceedingly alarmed; so that all the spectators could easily perceive her perturbation, which manifested itself in frequent palpitations, heart-heavings, and alterations of countenance, in spite of the assistance of a smelling-bottle which she incessantly applied to her nostrils.

2 *The Widow Wadman's Eye*

——1 am half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambrick handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry box—a mote—or sand—or something——1 know not what, has got into this eye of mine——do look into it——it is not in the white——

In saying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herself close *in* beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up——Do look into it——said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocence of heart, as ever child look'd into a raree-show-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

——If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature——I've nothing to say to it——

My uncle Toby never did: and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months), with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rodope's beside him, without being able to tell, whether it was a black or blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo look'd for a spot in the sun.

——In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ——Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right——there is neither mote, or sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opaque matter floating in it—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine——

——If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer——thou art undone.

§

An eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect; That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye——and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one; However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return, is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period), that you keep it in your fancy.

I protest, Madam, said my uncle Toby, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white; said Mrs. Wadman: my uncle Toby look'd with might and main into the pupil——

Now of all the eyes which ever were created——from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head——there never was an eye of them all, so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye, at which he was looking——it was not, Madam, a rolling eye——a romping or a wanton one——nor was it an eye sparkling——petulant or imperious——of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled up at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle Toby was made up——but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations——and soft responses——speaking——not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse——but whispering soft——like the last low accent of an expiring saint——'How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on——or trust your cares to?'

It was an eye——

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

——It did my uncle Toby's business.

LAURENCE STERNE (1713-1768): *Tristram Shandy*

3 *Mr. and Mrs. Bennet*

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering the neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

'My dear Mr. Bennet.' said his lady to him one day, 'have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?'

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

'But it is.' returned she; 'for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.*'

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

'Do not you want to know who has taken it?' cried his wife impatiently.

'You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.'

This was invitation enough.

'Why, my dear, you must know. Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.'

'What is his name?'

'Bingley.'

'Is he married or single?'

'Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a-year. What a fine thing for our girls!'

'How so? how can it affect them?'

'My dear Mr. Bennet,* replied his wife, 'how can you be so tiresome! you must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.*'

'Is that his design in settling here?'

'Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.'

'I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party.'

'My dear, you flatter me. I certainly *have* had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.'

'In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of.'

'But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood.'

'It is more than I engage for, I assure you.'

'But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no new-comers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for *us* to visit him if you do not.'

'You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls: though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.'

'I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so hand-

some as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving *her* the preference.'

'They have none of them so much to recommend them,' replied he; 'they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.'

'Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves.'

'You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least.'

'Ah! you do not know what I suffer.'

'But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a-year come into the neighbourhood.'

'It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them.'

'Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all.'

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. *Her* mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817): *Pride and Prejudice*

4 Mrs. Battle

^cA clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.' This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection **to take a hand, if**

you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipt a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) iike a dancer.' She sate bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favourite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candour, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the

world to do,—and she did *it*. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834):

Essays of Elia: Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist

5 Dr. Folliott at Dinner

'There is fine music, as Rabelais observes, in the *cliquetis d'assiettes*, a refreshing shade in the *ombre de salle a manger*, and an elegant fragrance in the *fumee de roti*,' said a voice at the captain's elbow. The captain turning round, recognised his clerical friend of the morning, who knew him again immediately, and said he was extremely glad to meet him there; more especially as Lady Clarinda had assured him that he was an enthusiastic lover of Greek poetry.

'Lady Clarinda.' said the captain, 'is a very pleasant young lady.*

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. SO she is, sir: and I understand she has all the wit of the family to herself, whatever that *totum* may be. But a glass of wine after soup is, as the French say, the *verre de sante*. The current of opinion sets in favour of Hock: but I am for Madeira; I do not fancy Hock till I have laid a substratum of Madeira. Will you join me?

CAPTAIN FITZCHROME. With pleasure.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. Here is a very fine salmon before me: and May is the very *point nomme* to have salmon in perfection. There is a fine turbot close by, and there is much to be said in his behalf; but salmon in May is the king of fish.

MR. CROTCHET. That salmon before you, doctor, was caught in the Thames this morning.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. nanraTrou! Rarity of rarities! A Thames salmon caught this morning. Now, Mr. MacQuedy, even in fish your Modern Athens must yield.
Cedite Graiu

MR. MACQUEDY. Eh! sir, on its own ground, your Thames salmon has two virtues over all others: first, that it is fresh; and, second, that it is rare; for I understand you do not take half-a-dozen in a year.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. In some years, sir, not one. Mud, filth, gas dregs, lock-weirs, and the march of mind, developed in the form of poaching, have ruined the fishery. But when do we catch a salmon, happy the man to whom he falls.

MR. MACQUEDY. I confess, sir, this is excellent; but I cannot see why it should be better than a Tweed salmon at Kelso.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. Sir, I will take a glass of Hock with you.

MR. MACQUEDY. With all my heart, sir. There are several varieties of the salmon genus: but the common salmon, the *salmo salar*, is only one species, one and the same everywhere, just like the human mind. Locality and education make all the difference.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. Education! Well, sir, I have no doubt schools for all are just as fit for the species *salmo salar* as for the genus *homo*. But you must allow, that the specimen before us has finished his education in a manner that does honour to his college. However, I doubt that the *salmo salar* is only one species, that is to say, precisely alike in all localities. I hold that every river has its own breed, with essential differences; in flavour especially. And as for the human mind, I deny that it is the same in all men. I hold that there is every variety of natural capacity from the idiot to Newton and Shakespeare; the mass of mankind, midway between these extremes, being blockheads of different degrees: education leaving them pretty nearly as it found them, with this single difference, that it gives a fixed direction to their stupidity, a sort of incurable wry-neck to the thing they call their understanding. So one nose points always east, another always west, and each is ready to swear that it points due north.

MR. CROTCHET. If that be the point of truth, very few intellectual noses point due north.

MR. MACQUEDY. Only those that point to the Modern Athens.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. Where all native noses point southward.

MR. MACQUEDY. Eh, sir, northward for wisdom, southward for profit.

MR. CROTCHET, JUN. Champagne, doctor?

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. Most willingly. But you will permit my drinking it while it sparkles. I hold it a heresy to let it deaden in my hand, while the glass of my *compotator* is being filled on the opposite side of the table. By-the-bye, captain, you remember a passage in Athenaius, where he cites Menander on the subject of fish-sauce: ὁ ψάριον ἐν τῇ ἰσθμῷ. (*The captain was aghast for an answer that would satisfy both his neighbours, when he was relieved by the divine continuing.*) The science of fish sauce, Mr. MacQuedy, is by no means brought to perfection; a fine field of discovery still lies open in that line.

MR. MACQUEDY. Nay, sir, beyond lobster sauce, I take it, ye cannot go.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. In their line, I grant you, oyster and lobster sauce are the pillars of Hercules. But I speak of the cruet sauces, where the quintessence of the sapid is condensed in a phial. I can taste in my mind's palate a combination, which, if I could give it reality, I would christen with the name of my college, and hand it down to posterity as a seat of learning indeed.

MR. MACQUEDY. Well, sir, I wish you success, but I cannot let slip the question we started just now. I say, cutting off idiots, who have no minds at all, all minds are by nature alike. Education (which begins from their birth) makes them what they are.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. NO, sir, it makes their tendencies, not their power. Caesar would have been the first wrestler on the village common. Education might have

made him a Nadir Shah; it might also have made him a Washington; it could not have made him a merry-andrew, for our newspapers to extol as a model of eloquence.

MR. MACQUEDY. NOW, sir, I think education would have made him just anything, and fit for any station, from the throne to the stocks; saint or sinner, aristocrat or democrat, judge, counsel, or prisoner at the bar.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. I will thank you for a slice of lamb, with lemon and pepper. Before I proceed with this discussion—Vin de Grave, Mr. Skionar—I must interpose one remark. There is a set of persons in your city, Mr. MacQuedy, who concoct every three or four months a thing which they call a review: a sort of sugar-plum manufacturers to the Whig aristocracy.

MR. MACQUEDY. I cannot tell, sir, exactly, what you mean by that; but I hope you will speak of those gentlemen with respect, seeing that I am one of them.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. Sir, I must drown my inadvertence in a glass of Sauterne with you. There is a set of gentlemen in your city——

MR. MACQUEDY. Not in our city, exactly; neither are they a set. There is an editor, who forages for articles in all quarters, from John O'Groat's house to the Land's End. It is not a board, or a society: it is a mere intellectual bazaar, where A., B., and C. bring their wares to market.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. Well, sir, these gentlemen among them, the present company excepted, have practised as much dishonesty as, in any other department than literature, would have brought the practitioner under cognisance of the police. In politics, they have run with the hare and hunted with the hound. In criticism they have, knowingly and unblushingly, given false characters, both for good and for evil: sticking at no art of misrepresentation, to clear out of the field of literature all who stood in the way of the interests of their own clique. They have never allowed their own profound ignorance of anything (Greek, for instance) to throw even an air of hesitation into their oracular decision

on the matter. They set an example of profligate contempt for truth, of which the success was in proportion to the effrontery; and when their prosperity had filled the market with competitors, they cried out against their own reflected sin, as if they had never committed it, or were entitled to a monopoly of it. The latter, I rather think, was what they wanted.

MR. CROTCHET. Hermitage, doctor ?

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. Nothing better, sir. The father who first chose the solitude of that vineyard, knew well how to cultivate his spirit in retirement. Now, Mr. MacQuedy, Achilles was distinguished above all the Greeks for his inflexible love of truth: could education have made Achilles one of your reviewers ?

MR. MACQUEDY. No doubt of it, even if your character of them were true to the letter.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. And I say, sir—chicken and asparagus—Titan had made him of better clay. I hold with Pindar: 'All that is most excellent is so- by nature/ To *Bk φύξ κράτιστον ἄπχν*. Education can give purposes, but not powers; and whatever purposes had been given him, he would have gone straight forward to them; straight forward, Mr. MacQuedy.

MR. MACQUEDY. No, sir, education makes the man, powers, purposes, and all.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT. There is the point, sir, on w^hich we join issue.

Several others of the company now chimed in with their opinions, which gave the divine an opportunity to degustate one or two side dishes, and to take a glass of wine with each of the young ladies.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785-1866): *Crotchet Castle*

6 *Mr. Chadband*

Mr. Chadband is a large yellow man, with a fat smile, and a general appearance of having a good deal of train oil in his system. Mrs. Chadband is a stern, severe-looking, silent woman. Mr. Chadband moves softly and cumbrously, not unlike a bear who has been taught to walk upright. He is very much embarrassed about the arms, as if they were inconvenient to him, and he wanted to grovel; is very much in a perspiration about the head; and never speaks without first putting up his great hand, as delivering a token to his hearers that he is going to edify them.

'My friends.' says Mr. Chadband, 'Peace be on this house I On the master thereof, on the mistress thereof, on the young maidens, and on the young men! My friends, why do I wish for peace? What is peace? Is it war? No. Is it strife? No. Is it lovely, and gentle, and beautiful, and pleasant, and serene, and joyful? O yes! Therefore, my friends, I wish for peace, upon you and upon yours.'

In consequence of Mrs. Snagsby looking deeply edified, Mr. Snagsby thinks it expedient on the whole to say Amen, which is well received.

'Now, my friends.' proceeds Mr. Chadband, 'since I am upon this theme——'

Guster presents herself. Mrs. Snagsby, in a spectral bass voice, and without removing her eyes from Chadband, says, with dread distinctness, 'Go away!'

'Now, my friends.' says Chadband, 'since I am upon this theme, and in my lowly path improving it——'

Guster is heard unaccountably to murmur 'one thousing seven hundred and eighty-two.' The spectral voice repeats more solemnly, 'Go away!'

'Now, my friends.' says Mr. Chadband, 'we will inquire in a spirit of love——'

Still Guster reiterates 'one thousing seven hundred and eighty-two.'

Mr. Chadband, pausing with the resignation of a man

accustomed to be persecuted, and languidly folding up his chin into his fat smile, says, 'Let us hear the maiden! Speak, maiden!'

'One thousing seven hundred and eighty-two, if you please, sir. Which he wish to know what the shilling were for.' says Guster, breathless.

'For?' returns Mrs. Chadband. 'For his fare!'

Guster replied that 'he insistes on one and eightpence, or on summonsizzing the party.' Mrs. Snagsby and Mrs. Chadband are proceeding to grow shrill in indignation, when Mr. Chadband quiets the tumult by lifting up his hand.

'My friend.' says he, 'I remember a duty unfulfilled yesterday. It is right that I should be chastened in some penalty. I ought not to murmur. Rachel, pay the eightpence F

While Mrs. Snagsby, drawing her breath, looks hard at Mr. Snagsby, as who should say, 'You hear this Apostle!' and while Mr. Chadband glows with humility and train oil, Mrs. Chadband pays the money. It is Mr. Chadband's habit—it is the head and front of his pretensions indeed—to keep this sort of debtor and creditor account in the smallest items, and to post it publicly on the most trivial occasions.

'My friends.' says Chadband, 'eightpence is not much; it might justly have been one and fourpence; it might justly have been half-a-crown. O let us be joyful, joyful! O let us be joyful!'

With which remark, which appears from its sound to be an extract in verse, Mr. Chadband stalks to the table, and, before taking a chair, lifts up his admonitory hand.

'My friends.' says he, 'what is this which we now behold as being spread before us? Refreshment. Do we need refreshment then, my friends? We do. Because we are but mortal, because we are but sinful, because we are but of the earth, because we are not of the air. Can we fly, my friends? We cannot. Why can we not fly, my friends?'

Mr. Snagsby, presuming on the success of his last point, ventures to observe in a cheerful and rather knowing tone, 'No wings.' But is immediately frowned down by Mrs. Snagsby.

'I say, my friends,' pursues Mr. Chadband, utterly rejecting and obliterating Mr. Snagsby's suggestion, 'why can we not fly? Is it because we are calculated to walk? It is. Could we walk, my friends, without strength? We could not. What should we do without strength, my friends? Our legs would refuse to bear us, our knees would double up, our ankles would turn over, and we should come to the ground. Then from whence, my friends, in a human point of view, do we derive the strength that is necessary to our limbs? Is it,' says Chadband, glancing over the table, 'from bread in various forms, from butter which is churned from the milk which is yielded untoe us by the cow, from the eggs which are laid by the fowl, from ham, from tongue, from sausage, and from such like? It is. Then let us partake of the good things which are set before us!'

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870): *Bleak House*

7 *Dr. Proudie and Mr. Slope*

The bishop was sitting listlessly in his study when the news reached him of the dean's illness. It was brought to him by Mr. Slope, who of course was not the last person in Barchester to hear it. It was also not slow in finding its way to Mrs. Proudie's ears. It may be presumed that there was not just then much friendly intercourse between these two rival claimants for his lordship's obedience. Indeed, though living in the same house, they had not met since the stormy interview between them in the bishop's study on the preceding day.

On that occasion Mrs. Proudie had been defeated. That the prestige of continual victory should have been torn from her standards was a subject of great sorrow to that militant

lady; but though defeated, she was not overcome. She felt that she might yet recover her lost ground, that she might yet hurl Mr. Slope down to the dust from which she had picked him, and force her sinning lord to sue for pardon in sackcloth and ashes.

On that memorable day, memorable for his mutiny and rebellion against her high behests, he had carried his way with a high hand, and had really begun to think it possible that the days of his slavery were counted. He had begun to hope that he was now about to enter into a free land, a land delicious with milk which he himself might quaff, and honey which would not tantalise him by being only honey to the eye. When Mrs. Proudie banged the door, as she left his room, he felt himself every inch a bishop. To be sure his spirit had been a little cowed by his chaplain's subsequent lecture; but on the whole he was highly pleased with himself, and flattered himself that the worst was over. '*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*,' he reflected; and now that the first step had been so magnanimously taken, all the rest would follow easily.

He met his wife as a matter of course at dinner, where little or nothing was said that could ruffle the bishop's happiness. His daughters and the servants were present and protected him.

He made one or two trifling remarks on the subject of his projected visit to the archbishop, in order to show to all concerned that he intended to have his own way; and the very servants perceiving the change transferred a little of their reverence from their mistress to their master. All which the master perceived; and so also did the mistress. But Mrs. Proudie bided her time.

After dinner he returned to his study, where Mr. Slope soon found him, and there they had tea together and planned many things. For some minutes the bishop was really happy; but as the clock on the chimney-piece warned him that the still hours of night were drawing on, as he looked at his chamber candlestick and knew that he must use it,

his heart sank within him again. He was as a ghost, all whose power of wandering free through these upper regions ceases at cock-crow; or rather he was the opposite of a ghost, for till cock-crow he must again be a serf. And would that be all? Could he trust himself to come down to breakfast a free man in the morning?

He was nearly an hour later than usual, when he betook himself to his rest. Rest! what rest? However, he took a couple of glasses of sherry, and mounted the stairs. Far be it from us to follow him thither. There are some things which no novelist, no historian should attempt; some few scenes in life's drama which even no poet should dare to paint. Let that which passed between Dr. Proudie and his wife on this night be understood to be among them.

He came down the following morning a sad and thoughtful man. He was attenuated in appearance; one might almost say emaciated. I doubt whether his now grizzled locks had not palpably become more grey than on the preceding evening. At any rate he had aged materially. Years do not make a man old gradually and at an even pace. Look through the world and see if this is not so always, except in those rare cases in which the human being lives and dies without joys and without sorrows, like a vegetable. A man shall be possessed of florid youthful blooming health till, it matters not what age. Thirty—forty—fifty, then comes some nipping frost, some period of agony, that robs the fibres of the body of their succulence, and the hale and hearty man is counted among the old.

He came down and breakfasted alone; Mrs. Proudie being indisposed took her coffee in her bedroom, and her daughters waited upon her there. He ate his breakfast alone, and then, hardly knowing what he did, he betook himself to his usual seat in his study. He tried to solace himself with his coming visit to the archbishop. That effort of his own free will at any rate remained to him as an enduring triumph. But somehow, now that he had achieved it, he did not seem to care so much about it. It was his ambition that had

prompted him to take his place at the archiepiscopal table, and his ambition was now quite dead within him.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815~1882): *Barchester Towers*

8 *The Cat and Custard-pot Day*

'If they can but pash him past Ravenswing Scar.' observed Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing the leading hounds approaching it, 'they'll mop 'im to a certainty, for there's nothin' to save 'im arter it. Crikey! *they're past!* and it's U.P. with old Pug! Well, if this doesn't bang Bannager I doesn't know what does! If we do but kill 'un, I'll make sich a hofferin' to Bacchus as 'ill perfectly 'stonish 'im,' continued Mr. Jorrocks, setting Arter-Xcrxes a-going again. '*Gur-r-r along!* you great 'airy-'eeled 'umbug!' groaned he, cropping and rib-roasting the horse with his whip.

Arter-Xerxes, whose pedigree, perhaps, hasn't been very minutely looked into, soon begins to give unmistakable evidence of satiety. He doesn't seem to care much about the whip, and no longer springs to the spur. He begins to play the castanets too in a way that is anything but musical to Mr. Jorrocks's ear. Our master feels that it will very soon be all U.P. with Arter-Xerxes too.

'Come hup, you snivellin', drivellin' son of a lucifer match-maker!' he roars out to Ben, who is coming lagging along in his master's wake. 'Come on!' roared he, waving his arm frantically, as, on reaching the top of Ravenswing Scar, he sees the hounds swinging down, like a bundle of clock-pendulums, into the valley below. 'Come hup, I say, ye miserable, road-ridin', dish-lickin' cub! and give me that quad, for you're a disgrace to a saddle, and only fit to toast muffins for a young ladies' boardin' school. Come hup, you preter-pluperfect tense of 'umbugsl' adding, 'I wouldn't give tuppence a dozen for such beggarly boys; no, not if they'd give me a paper bag to put them in.'

Mr. Jorrocks, having established a comfortable landing-

place on a grassy mound, proceeded to dismount from the nearly pumped-out Arter-Xerxes, and pile himself on to the much fresher Xerxes, who had been ridden more as a second horse than as a whipper-in's.

'Now go along!' cried our master, settling himself into his saddle, and giving Xerxes a hearty salute on the neck with his whip. 'Now go along!' repeated he, 'and lay yourself out as if you were in the cut-me-downs;' adding, 'there are twenty couple of 'ounds on the scent!'

'By 'eavens, it's sublime!' exclaimed he, eyeing the hounds, streaming away over a hundred-acre pasture below. 'By 'eavens, it's sublime! 'Ow they go, screechin' and towlin' along, jest like a pocket full o' marbles. 'Ow the old wood re-echoes their melody, and the old castle seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. A Jullien concert's nothin' to it. No, not all the bands i' the country put together.'

'How I wish I was a heagle!' now exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing the wide-stretching vale before him. 'How I wish I was a heagle, 'overin' over 'em, seein' which 'ound has the scent, which hasn't, and which are runnin' frantic for blood.'

'To guide a scent well over a country for a length of time, through all the changes and chances o' the chase, and among all difficulties usually encountered, requires the best and most experienced abilities,' added he, shortening his hold of his horse, as he now put his head down the steep part of the hill. Away Jorrocks went, wobbling like a great shape of red Noyeau jelly.

ROBERT SURTEES (1802-1864): *Handley Cross*

9 Clara and Sir Willoughby

Regarding Clara, his genius for perusing the heart which was not in perfect harmony with him through the series of responsive movements to his own, informed him of a something in her character that might have suggested to Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson her indefensible, absurd 'rogue in

porcelain.' Idea there was none in that phrase; yet, if you looked on Clara as a delicately inimitable porcelain beauty, the suspicion of a delicately inimitable ripple over her features touched a thought of innocent roguery, wildwood roguery; the likeness to the costly and lovely substance appeared to admit a fitness in the dubious epithet. He detested but was haunted by the phrase.

She certainly had at times the look of a nymph that has gazed too long on the faun, and has unwittingly copied his lurking lip and long sliding eye. Her play with young Crossjay resembled a return of the lady to the cat; she flung herself into it as if her real vitality had been in suspense till she saw the boy. Sir Willoughby by no means disapproved of a physical liveliness that promised him health in his mate; but he began to feel in their conversations that she did not sufficiently think of making herself a nest for him. Steely points were opposed to him when he, figuratively, bared his bosom to be taken to the softest and fairest. She reasoned: in other words, armed her ignorance. She reasoned against him publicly, and lured Vernon to support her. Influence is to be counted for power, and her influence over Vernon was displayed in her persuading him to dance one evening at Lady Culmer's, after his melancholy exhibitions of himself in the art; and not only did she persuade him to stand up fronting her, she manoeuvred him through the dance like a clever boy cajoling a top to come to him without reeling, both to Vernon's contentment and to Sir Willoughby's; for he was the last man to object to a manifestation of power in his bride. Considering her influence with Vernon, he renewed the discourse upon young Crossjay; and, as he was addicted to system, he took her into his confidence, that she might be taught to look to him and act for him.

'Old Vernon has not spoken to you again of that lad?' he said.

'Yes, Mr. Whitford has asked me.'

'He does not ask me, my dear!'

'He may fancy me of greater aid than I am.'

'You see, my love, if he puts Crossjay on me, he will be off. He has this craze for "enlisting" his pen in London, as he calls it; and I am accustomed to him; I don't like to think of him as a hack scribe, writing nonsense from dictation to earn a pitiful subsistence; I want him here; and, supposing he goes, he offends me; he loses a friend; and it will not be the first time that a friend has tried me too far; but, if he offends me, he is extinct.'

'Is w^hat?' cried Clara, with a look of fright.

'He becomes to me at once as if he had never been. He is extinct.'

'In spite of your affection?'

'On account of it, I might say. Our nature is mysterious, and mine as much so as any. Whatever my regrets, he goes out. This is not a language I talk to the world. I do the man no harm; I am not to be named unchristian. But . . .!'

Sir Willoughby mildly shrugged, and indicated a spreading out of the arms.

'But do, do talk to me as you talk to the world, Willoughby; give me some relief!'

'My own Clara, we are one. You should know me, at my worst, we will say, if you like, as well as at my best.'

'Should I speak too?'

'What could you have to confess?'

She hung silent: the wave of an insane resolution swelled in her bosom and subsided before she said: 'Cowardice, incapacity to speak.'

'Women!' said he.

We do not expect so much of women; the heroic virtues as little as the vices. They have not to unfold the scroll of character.

He resumed, and by his tone she understood that she was now in the inner temple of him: 'I tell you these things; I quite acknowledge they do not elevate me. They help to constitute my character. I tell you most humbly that I have in me much too much of the fallen archangel's pride.'

Clara bowed her head over a sustained indrawn breath.

'It must be pride,' he said, in a revery superinduced by her thoughtfulness over the revelation, and glorying in the black flames demoniacal wherewith he crowned himself.

'Can you not correct it?' said she.

He replied, profoundly vexed by disappointment: 'I am what I am. It might be demonstrated to you mathematically that it is corrected by equivalents or substitutions in my character. If it be a failing—assuming that.'

'It seems one to me: so cruelly to punish Mr. Whitford for seeking to improve his fortunes.'

'He reflects on my share in his fortunes. He has had but to apply to me, for his honorarium to be doubled.'

'He wishes for independence.'

'Independence of *me*.'

'Liberty!'

'At my expense!'

'Oh! Willoughby.'

'Ay, but this is the world, and I know it, my love; and beautiful as your incredulity may be, you will find it more comforting to confide in my knowledge of the selfishness of the world. My sweetest, you will?—you do! For a breath of difference between us is intolerable. Do you not feel how it breaks our magic ring? One small fissure, and we have the world with its muddy deluge!—But my subject was old Vernon. Yes, I pay for Crossjay, if Vernon consents to stay. I waive my own scheme for the lad, though I think it the better one. Now, then, to induce Vernon to stay. He has his ideas about staying under a mistress of the household; and therefore, not to contest it—he is a man of no argument; a sort of lunatic determination takes the place of it with old Vernon!—let him settle close by me, in one of my cottages; very well, and to settle him we must marry him.'

GEORGE MEREDITH (1828-1909): *The Egoist*

§ v. CONTROVERSY AND CASUISTRY

i *Cromwell*

But to come a little closer to your argument, or rather the image of an argument, your similitude; If Cromwell had come to command Ireland in the place of the late Lord Strafford, I should have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the strength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the commission which he should first have showed me from our common Sovereign that sent him; and if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in England; but that he was so far from being able to do, that on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even public proclamations from God Almighty, not to admit him. Your second argument is, that he had the same right for his authority, that is the foundation of all others, even the right of conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquered by the person, whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? did we furnish him with arms, only to draw and try upon our enemies (as we, it seems, falsely thought them) and keep them for ever sheathed in the bowels of his friends? did we fight for liberty against our Prince, that we might become slaves to our servant? this is such an impudent pretence, as neither he nor any of his flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be spoken or thought of without passion, yet I shall, if you please, argue it more calmly than the case deserves. The right certainly of conquest can only be exercised upon those against whom the war is declared, and the victory obtained. So that no whole nation can be said to be conquered but

by foreign force. In all civil wars men are so far from stating the quarrel against their country, that they do it only against a person or party which they really believe, or at least pretend to be pernicious to it, neither can there be any just cause for the destruction of a part of the body, but when it is done for the preservation and safety of the whole. 'Tis our country that raises men in the quarrel, our country that arms, our country that pays them, our country that authorises the undertaking, and by that distinguishes it from rapine and murder; Lastly, 'tis our country that directs and commands the army, and is indeed their General. So that to say in civil wars that the prevailing party conquers their country, is to say, the country conquers itself. And if the General only of that party be the conqueror, the army by which he is made so, is no less conquered than the army which is beaten, and have as little reason to triumph in that victory, by which they lose both their honour and liberty. So that if Cromwell conquered any party, it was only that against which he was sent, and what that was, must appear by his commission. It was (says that) against a company of evil counsellors, and disaffected persons, who kept the King from a good intelligence and conjunction with his people. It was not then against the people. It was so far from being so, that even of that party which was beaten, the conquest did not belong to Cromwell but to the Parliament which employed him in their service, or rather indeed to the King and Parliament, for whose service (if there had been any faith in men's vows and protestations) the wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miserable conquest remain then in his Majesty, and didst thou suffer him to be destroyed with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by savages and cannibals? was it for King and Parliament that we fought, and has it fared with them just as with the army which we fought against, the one part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that Cromwell was not a conqueror, but a thief and robber of the rights of

the King and Parliament, and an usurper upon those of the people. I do not here deny conquest to be sometimes (though it be very rarely) a true title, but I deny this to be a true conquest.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667): *Oliver Cromwell*

2 Dryden

I cannot therefore but beg leave of the Reader to take a little notice of the great pains the author of an Essay of Dramatick Poesy has taken to prove rhyme as natural in a serious play, and more effectual than blank verse: thus he states the question, but pursues that which he calls natural in a wrong application; for 'tis not the question whether rhyme or not rhyme be best or most natural for a grave and serious subject, but what is nearest the nature of that which it presents. Now, after all the endeavours of that ingenious person, a play will still be supposed to be a composition of several persons speaking *ex tempore*, and 'tis as certain that good verses are the hardest things that can be imagined to be so spoken; so that if any will be pleased to impose the rule of measuring things to be the best by being nearest nature, it is granted, by consequence, that which is most remote from the thing supposed must needs be most improper; and therefore I may justly say that both I and the question were equally mistaken, for I do own I had rather read good verses than either blank verse or prose; and therefore the author did himself injury, if he like verse so well in plays, to lay down rules to raise arguments only unanswerable against himself.

But the same author, being fill'd with the precedents of the Ancients writing their plays in verse, commends the thing, and assures us that our language is noble, full, and significant, charging all defects upon the ill placing of words, and proves it by quoting Seneca loftily expressing such an ordinary thing as shutting a door:

Reserate Clusos Regit postes Laris.

I suppose he was himself highly affected with the sound of these words; but to have completed his dictates together with his arguments, he should have obliged us by charming our ears with such an art of placing words, as in an English verse to express so loftily the shutting of a door, that we might have been as much affected with the sound of his words; this, instead of being an argument upon the question rightly stated, is an attempt to prove that nothing may seem something by the help of a verse, which I easily grant to be the ill-fortune of it; and therefore the question being so much mistaken, I wonder to see that author trouble himself twice about it, with such an absolute triumph declared by his own imagination. But I have heard that a gentleman in Parliament going to speak twice, and being interrupted by another Member as against the Orders of the House, he was excused by a third assuring the House he had not yet spoken to the Question.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD (1626-1698):
Preface to the Great Favourite

3 Howard

In the next place, I must beg leave to observe his great address in courting the reader to his party: For, intending to assault all poets, both ancient and modern, he discovers not his whole design at once, but seems only to aim at me, and attacks me on my weakest side, my defence of verse.

To begin with me, he gives me the compellation of 'The Author of a Dramatick Essay;' which is a little discourse in dialogue, for the most part borrowed from the observations of others; therefore, that I may not be wanting to him in civility, I return his compliment by calling him, 'The Author of the Duke of Lerma.'

But (that I may pass over his salute) he takes notice of my great pains to prove rhyme as natural in a serious play,

and more effectual than blank verse. Thus indeed I did state the question; but he tells me, 'I pursue that which I call natural in a wrong application; For 'tis not the question, whether rhyme, or not rhyme, be best, or most natural for a serious subject, but what is nearest the nature of that it represents.'

If I have formerly mistaken the question, I must confess my ignorance so far, as to say I continue still in my mistake: but he ought to have proved that I mistook it; for it is yet but *gratis dictum*; I still shall think I have gained my point, if I can prove that rhyme is best, or most natural for a serious subject. As for the question as he states it, whether rhyme be nearest the nature of what it represents, I wonder he should think me so ridiculous as to dispute, whether prose or verse be nearest to ordinary conversation.

It still remains for him to prove his inference; that, since verse is granted to be more remote than prose from ordinary conversation, therefore no serious plays ought to be writ in verse: and when he clearly makes that good, I will acknowledge his victory as absolute as he can desire it.

The question now is, which of us two has mistaken it; and if it appear I have not, the world will suspect, 'what gentleman that was, who was allowed to speak twice in Parliament, because he had not yet spoken to the question;' and perhaps conclude it to be the same, who, as it is reported, maintained a contradiction *in terminis*, in the face of three hundred persons.

But to return to verse, whether it be natural or not in plays, is a problem which is not demonstrable of either side: It is enough for me, that he acknowledges he had rather read good verse than prose: for if all the enemies of verse will confess as much, I shall not need to prove that it is natural. I am satisfied if it cause delight; for delight is the chief, if not the only, end of poesy: instruction can be admitted but in the second place, for poesy only instructs as it delights. It is true, that to imitate well is a poet's work; but to affect the soul, and excite the passions, and, above all, to

move admiration (which is the delight of serious plays), a bare imitation will not serve. The converse, therefore, which a poet is to imitate, must be heightened with all the arts and ornaments of poesy; and must be such as, strictly considered, could never be supposed spoken by any v.'ithout premeditation.

As for what he urges, that a play will still be supposed to be a composition of several persons speaking *extempore*, and that good verses are the hardest things which can be imagined to be so spoken; 'I must crave leave to dissent from his opinion, as to the former part of it. For, if I am not deceived, a play is supposed to be the work of a poet, imitating, or representing, the conversation of several persons: and this I think to be as clear, as he thinks the contrary.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700):

A Defence of an Essay of Dramatic Poesy

4 Bentley

Pedantry consists also in low and mean ways of speech, which are a vicious affectation of what is natural and easy, as hard words are of learning and scholarship. And whether Dr. Bentley has not offended this way, by those familiar expressions of *Mother Clito the herb-woman*, and *going to pot*, and *setiing horses together*, and *roasting the old woman*, and by his apt simile drawn from *bungling tinkers mending old kettles*; anybody, but pedants, can tell.

An itch of contradicting great men, or establish'd opinions upon very slight grounds, is another instance of pedantry: and (not to mention anything that relates to the present dispute) something of this kind there was, I'm afraid, in Dr. Bentley's brisk censure of Grotius and Scaliger for not knowing the measure of an anapaestic verse, when 'tis plain (as I shall show before I lay down my pen), that the Doctor would never have censured 'em if he had known it himself. Castelvetro, an Italian pedant, was famous for such a snarl-

ing faculty as this; he was (as Balzac says very well of him) *a Public Enemy, that could not endure any body should have merit, or reputation, but himself.*

The subject is fruitful; but I will confine myself to one particular more of the pedant's character; and that is, a love of quoting books or passages not extant, or never seen by him, in order to amaze and confound his poor reader, and make himself terrible in the way of learning. As *Aristotle says in his lost Treatise of the Sicilian Government*, says the Doctor; tho' that treatise be so far lost, that Aristotle did really never write it. And again he tells us, what Monsieur de Meziriac has done in his *Life of Aesop*, and yet owns in the very next line, that he never met with this book, but only guess'd what was in it. He produces the Unknown Author's *Diodorus and Lucian* transcrib'd, as so many witnesses on his side: and, in another place, he gives a very particular account of what A. Gellius said in a lost chapter; not from any other writer that had quoted it, but merely by dint of conjecture.

CHARLES BOYLE, EARL OF ORRERY (1676-1731):

Dr. Bentley's Dissertations upon the Epistles of Phalaris,
Examined

5 Boyle

Another mark, he says, of a pedant is 'an itch of contradicting great men upon very slight grounds.' I must own that I am sometimes forced in my writings to 'contradict great men,' by correcting such oversights as they made through inadvertency or want of information; but then I do it without any diminution to their character: and if that modesty be observed, the contradicting of them in this way deserves the highest commendation, and is such a sort of pedantry as the Examiner and his director will never be accused of. But the instance he charges me with, is 'my brisk censure of Grotius and Scaliger, for not knowing the measure of an anapaestic verse;' and whether I did that upon 'very slight

grounds' this very answer will show. But let us see the Examiner's words here, if perhaps this last character of a pedant may not prove to be his own picture: 'When it is PLAIN,' says he, 'as I shall SHOW BEFORE I LAY DOWN MY PEN, that the Doctor would never have censured them if he had known it himself.' What a formidable threat! And what a miserable performance! The stuff that he has brought there is so shameful and scandalous, so inexcusable in a very school-boy, betrays such ignorance of the commonest rules of *prosodia* and *syntax*, that, if he has but learning enough to know when he is confuted (which is not every body's case) he may have the wisdom to take his leave of the press as long as he lives for that part of learning.

But if an itch of 'contradicting' great men upon 'very slight' grounds has a relish of pedantry, to abuse and revile great men, and that without any ground at all, must be the very spirit and quintessence of it. And we know a late Writer that, in the very entrance of his work, calls Dion Chrysostom 'as errant a sophist and declaimer as ever was,' and his Discourse 'tedious and insipid;' that says 'Manilius has no wit' in him; and is as unlike to Ovid as Thersites was to Nireus; that says 'Laertius is a writer of Dr. B.'s own form,' which, as he has been pleased to use me, is the vilest of characters; that calls 'Athenaeus rude and insolent,' and a 'confident clown,' when the sole occasion of it is his own ignorance. I shall give here a short account of his affront upon Athenaeus, to show what a strange compound must go to the making up a Defender of Phalaris.

RICHARD BENTLEY (1662-1742):

A Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris

6 *The Resurrection*

Your lordship says, 'my idea of personal identity is inconsistent with the article of the resurrection;' the reason you ground it on is this, because it makes not the same body necessary to the making the same person. Let us grant your

lordship's consequence to be good, what will follow from it? No less than this, that your lordship's notion (for I dare not say your lordship has any so dangerous things as ideas) of personal identity, is inconsistent with the article of the resurrection. The demonstration of it is thus; your lordship says, 'It is not necessary that the body to be raised at the last day, should consist of the same particles of matter which were united at the point of death; for there must be a great alteration in them in a lingering disease; as if a fat man falls into a consumption: you do not say the same particles which the sinner had at the very time of commission of his sins: for then a long sinner must have a vast body, considering the continual spending of particles by perspiration.' And again, here your lordship says, 'you allow the notion of personal identity to belong to the same man under several changes of matter.' From which words it is evident, that your lordship supposes a person in this world may be continued and preserved the same in a body not consisting of the same individual 'particles of matter,' and hence it demonstratively follows, that let your lordship's notion of personal identity be what it will, it makes the same body not to be necessary to the same person; and, therefore, it is by your lordship's rule, inconsistent with the article of the resurrection. When your lordship shall think fit to clear your own notion of personal identity from this inconsistency with the article of the resurrection, I do not doubt but my idea of personal identity will be thereby cleared too. Till then, all inconsistency with that article, which your lordship has here charged on mine, will unavoidably fall upon your lordship's too.

But for the clearing of both, give me leave to say, my lord, that whatsoever is not necessary, does not, thereby, become inconsistent. It is not necessary to the same person, that his body should always consist of the same numerical particles; this is demonstration, because the particles of the bodies of the same persons, in this life, change every moment, and your lordship cannot deny it; and yet this

makes it not inconsistent with God's preserving, if he thinks fit, to the same persons, bodies consisting of the same numerical particles always, from the resurrection to eternity. And so, likewise, though I say anything that supposes it not necessary, that the same numerical particles, which were vitally united to the soul in this life, should be reunited to it at the resurrection, and constitute the body it shall then have; yet it is not inconsistent with this, that God may, if he pleases, give to everyone a body consisting only of such particles as were before vitally united to his soul. And thus, I think, I have cleared my book from all that inconsistency which your lordship charges on it, and would persuade the world it has, with the article of the resurrection of the dead.

JOHN LOCKE (1632-1704):

Essay on the Human Understanding: Appendix to Book II

7 Vanbrugh

The *Relapse* shall follow *Don Quixote*, upon the account of some alliance between them. And because this author swaggers so much in his preface, and seems to look big upon his performance, I shall spend a few more thoughts than ordinary upon his play, and examine it briefly in the fable, the moral, the characters, &c: The fable I take to be as follows.

Fashion, a lewd, prodigal, younger brother, is reduced to extremity. Upon his arrival from his travels, he meets with Coupler, an old sharpening match-maker; this man puts him upon a project of cheating his elder brother, Lord Foplington, of a rich fortune. Young Fashion being refused a sum of money by his brother, goes into Coupler's plot, bubbles Sir Tunbelly of his daughter, and makes himself master of a fair estate.

From the form and constitution of the fable, I observe 1st. That there is a misnomer in the title. The play should not have been called the *Relapse or Virtue in Danger*: Lovelace, and Amanda, from whose characters these names

are drawn, are persons of inferior consideration. Lovelace sinks in the middle of the fourth act, and we hear no more of him till towards the end of the fifth, where he enters once more, but then 'tis as Cato did the Senate house, only to go out again. And as for Amanda she has nothing to do but to stand a shock of courtship, and carry off her virtue. This I confess is a great task in the play-house, but no main matter in the play.

The intrigue, and the discovery, the great revolution and success, turns upon Young Fashion. He, without competition, is the principal person in the comedy. And therefore the *Younger Brother, or the Fortunate Cheat*, had been much a more proper name. Now when a poet can't rig out a title-page, 'tis but a bad sign of his holding out to the epilogue.

2ly. I observe the moral is vicious: it points the wrong way, and puts the prize into the wrong hand. It seems to make lewdness the reason of desert, and gives Young Fashion a second fortune, only for debauching away his first. A short view of his character will make good this reflection. To begin with him. He confesses himself a rake, swears, and blasphemes, curses, and challenges his elder brother, cheats him of his mistress, and gets him laid by the heels in a dog-kennel. And what was the ground of all this unnatural quarrelling and outrage? Why the main of it was only because Lord Foplington refused to supply his luxury, and make good his extravagance. This Young Fashion, after all, is the poet's man of merit. He provides a plot and a fortune on purpose for him. To speak freely, a lewd character seldom wants good luck in comedy. So that whenever you see a thorough libertine, you may almost swear he is in a rising way, and that the poet intends to make him a great man. In short; This play perverts the end of comedy: Which as Monsieur Rapin observes ought to regard reformation, and public improvement. But the Relapser had a more fashionable fancy in his head. His moral holds forth this notable instruction.

1 st. That all younger brothers should be careful to run out their circumstances as fast, and as ill as they can. And when they have put their affairs in this posture of advantage, they may conclude themselves on the high road to wealth, and success. For as Fashion blasphemously applies it, *Providence takes care of men of merit.*

2ly. That when a man is pressed, his business is not to be governed by scruples, or formalize upon conscience and honesty. The quickest expedients are the best; for in such cases the occasion justifies the means, and a knight of the post is as good as one of the garter.

JEREMY COLLIER (1650-1726):

A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage

8 Collier

When first I saw Mr. Collier's performance upon the Irregularities of the Stage (in which amongst the rest of the gentlemen, he's pleased to afford me some particular favours), I was far from designing to trouble either myself or the Town with a Vindication; I thought his charges against me for immorality and profaneness were grounded upon so much mistake, that every one (who had had the curiosity to see the plays, or on this occasion should take the trouble to read 'em) would easily discover the root of the invective, and that 'twas the quarrel of his gown, and not of his god, that made him take arms against me.

I found the opinion of my friends and acquaintance the same, (at least they told me so) and the righteous as well as the unrighteous persuaded me, the attack was so weak, the town would defend itself; that the General's head was too hot for his conduct to be wise; his shot too much at random ever to make a breach; and that the siege would be raised, without my taking the field.

I easily believed, what my laziness made me wish; but I have since found, that by the industry of some people,

whose temporal interest engages 'em in the squabble; and the natural propensity of others, to be fond of anything that's abusive; this lampoon has got credit enough in some places to brand the persons it mentions with almost as bad a character, as the author of it has fixed upon himself, by his life and conversation in the world.

I think 'tis therefore now a thing no farther to be laughed at. Should I wholly sit still, those people who are so much mistaken to think I have been busy to encourage immorality, may double their mistake, and fancy I possess it: I will therefore endeavour, in a very few pages, to convince the world, I have brought nothing upon the stage, that proves me more an atheist than a bigot.

I may be blind in what relates to myself; it's more than possible, for most people are so. But if I judge right, what I have done is in general a discouragement to vice and folly; I am sure I intended it, and I hope I have performed it. Perhaps I have not gone the common road, nor observed the strictest prescriptions: but I believe those who know this town will agree, that the rules of a college of divines will, in an infinity of cases, fall as short of the disorders of the mind, as those of the physicians do in the diseases of the body; and I think a man may vary from 'em both, without being a quack in either.

The real query is, whether the way I have varied, be likely to have a good effect, or a bad one? That's the true state of the case; which if I am cast in, I don't question however to gain at least thus much for my cause, that it shall be allow'd I aim'd at the mark, whether I hit it or not. This, if it won't vindicate my sense, will justify my morals; and show the world, that this honest gentleman, in stretching his malice, and curtailing his charity, has play'd a part which would have much better become a licentious poet, than a Reverend Divine.

Tho' I resolve to use very few words, I would willingly observe some method, were it possible; that the world, who is the judge, might sum up the evidence the easier, and

bring the right and wrong into the shorter (and by consequence the clearer) view. But his play is so wild, I must be content to take the ball as it comes, and return it if I can; which whether I always do or not, however, I believe will prove no great matter since I hope 'twill appear, where he gives me the rest he makes but a wide chase: His most threatening strokes end in nothing at all; when he cuts, he's under line; when he forces, he's up in the nets. But to leave tennis, and come to the matter.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH (1664-1726):

A Short Vindication of the Relapse, etc.

9 Archdeacon Travis

Make room there for the Irish evidence! His testimony, like your Victor's, is POSITIVE, *clear and pointed*. The Alexandrian and Vatican witnesses are grown old, and their memory is so decayed with length of years, that they cannot recollect a syllable of the disputed verse. But this deponent is in the full vigour of his intellect, of sound mind and memory. And this deponent maketh oath, and saith, *that there are three that bear record in heaven, &c.* All that is needful, you know, Sir, to give this witness a decent degree of credibility, is to show that he is come to years of discretion; for the malicious pleaders on the other side maintain that he is too young to be admitted to take oath. But you and your brother-counsellor Martin prove the age of your principal evidence by two arguments. The first is, that he carries a certificate of his birth about him. This certificate, upon being examined, turns out to be a certificate of birth of one of his ancestors, who lived fifteen hundred years before him. Or, to drop this inimitable allegory, the manuscript says in a postscript, that the Gospel of Mark was written ten Xpovoi after the ascension. That is to say, according to Martin's gloss, this manuscript was written in the eleventh century. I shall never like that ugly word Xpovot again. Why did the transcriber write Xpovot and not

ἐτι! His view is too plain; to expose a brace of painful divines to the scoffs of heretics and infidels. Emlyn, Vol. II. p. 271, Wetstein, Prol. p. 52, and De Missy, Journ. Brit. IX. p. 61, had ridiculed this gross error of Martin; but alas! Sir, you had read through none of these when you published your first edition. I should not have mentioned this circumstance a second time, if you had not retracted your mistake in so ungracious a manner, that the recantation serves only to aggravate the offence. For *a reluctant and imperfect retraction is more unseemly than the first error, be it ever so enormous*. However, the other reason still subsists in full force to prove the antiquity of the Dublin manuscript. 'It has double points/ say you, 'over the I and Y, and Montfaucon (a proper judge in such a case) informs us that such was the fashion a thousand years ago.' But this argument is not quite decisive, unless you can prove these points never to have been in fashion since. Now I have seen many manuscripts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries with plenty of double points over the vowels. I have also seen two imitations of the spurious verse as it is written in this very manuscript, and though they are not so exact as I wish, I see that the Dublin manuscript is certainly not earlier than the fifteenth, and possibly as late as the sixteenth century. I see too, that this is the *codex Britannicus* of Erasmus. But this conclusion is controverted, because the Dublin manuscript has *ἄλφον* in the seventh, and *οι* before *μαρτυροῦντες* in the eighth verse, both which are omitted in Erasmus's transcript of the *codex Britannicus*. Therefore say Martin and you very wittily,

Martin.

It is impossible that one and the same manuscript should actually have and not have the same words, the same syllables.

Travis.

It is impossible that the same manuscript should differ from itself; or, in other words, be *the same*, and yet not *the same* manuscript.

To this *masterpiece of reasoning and composition*, I answer,

1. That the place where the manuscript has been found, countenances my supposition. What more likely than that a manuscript which was found in England, about the year 1520, should be carried into Ireland, and there remain in quiet till the revival of the controversy concerning this celebrated verse drew it from obscurity?
2. Erasmus was a very rapid writer, and his hand was often not over-legible. We know that he was in a great hurry when he composed his apology against Stunica, and therefore might himself omit a word, or his printers might overlook it.
3. Erasmus, when he first added the seventh verse in his third edition, inserted *ayiov* in his text, though he left it out of his notes. He had not then seen the Complutensian edition. It is not probable that he added it of his own mere motion from the Vulgate. It is therefore probable that his original extract contained the epithet, but that Erasmus in copying it hastily, made the omission.
4. The omission of the article *ol* is so trifling in itself, so easy for a modern transcriber to make, that to lay any stress upon such an argument, proves a deplorable scarcity of better. You, Sir, especially, have the less cause to insist upon it, who in quoting the eighth verse from the Complutensian edition, omit the article *TO* before *afyia*.
5. Erasmus has elsewhere committed similar or greater mistakes in copying. He quotes a sentence from Theophylact which, by leaving out *TCXOIV* and writing *TOU avorjTou* for *zrAq avoyjTOLc*, *TOU*, he has turned either into nonsense or impiety. And this error passed through all his five editions. But you may prove by the help of your *nostrum*, that the manuscript of Theophylact, quoted by Wetstein, is not the manuscript which Erasmus used.
6. A general and remarkable conformity, as I have before observed, is in these cases a stronger argument for the affirmative, than a few disagreements for the negative. The omission of the article six times, and of the whole final clause of the eighth verse, is a sufficient proof that the Dublin MS. is the *codex Britannicus* of Erasmus, a proof not at all weakened by the additional

omissions of Erasmus's transcript. But I dare say that you will be better pleased with an illustration taken (*ex fumo lucem*) from your own appendix, which contains, among other curious things, the preface of the Complutensian editors, and their note upon the famous verse. In transcribing the preface you have written *et* for *quod*, *quod* for *quam*, *epistolas* for *epistolam*, *cuique* in your first, and *quicquid* in your second edition for *quicquam*, *quod* for *quia*, *aliquo* for *aliquando*, *collocato* in your first and *collocare* in your second edition for *collocate* (i.e. *collocatae*), you have also omitted *ex* before *apostolica*. In the note, though not very long, you have omitted *et* after *ibidem*, and *s.* (i.e. *scilicet*) after *terra*. I shall excuse your *lector* for *lector em*, and *nobis*—*tarn* for *non*—*sed*, because they are amended in the second edition. Might we not argue from these variations, that Mr. Travis did not copy that part of his appendix from the Complutensian edition, or that he used a copy of that edition differing from all the others? But not to trifle any longer, experience teaches us, that such deviations from originals happen every day in copying, and either haste or ignorance will sufficiently account for them. I shall therefore equally divide the reasons between Erasmus and you. Erasmus himself confesses *haste*; and your humility, Sir, is such, that I know you will plead guilty to the charge of *ignorance*, to which I shall subjoin a civil question; what business has a man to prate about manuscripts and points of criticism, who cannot construe a Latin sentence, or read a printed book?

RICHARD PORSON (1759-1808):

Letters to Archdeacon Travis

10 *Mystics and Mysticism*

All we ask of Mr. Vaughan is, not to be afraid of his own evident liking for Fox; of his own evident liking for Tauler and his school; not to put aside the question which their doctrines involve, with such half-utterances as—

The Quakers are wrong, I think, in separating particular

movements and monitions as Divine. But, at the same time, the 'witness of the Spirit.' as regards our state before God, is something more, I believe, than the mere attestation to the written word.

As for the former of these two sentences, he may be quite right, for ought we know. But it must be said, on the other hand, that not merely Quakers, but decent men of every creed and age, have—we may dare to say, in proportion to their devoutness—believed in such monitions; and that it is hard to see how any man could have arrived at the belief that a living person was working on him, and not a mere unpersonal principle, law, or afflatus—(spirit of the universe, or other metaphor for hiding materialism)—unless by believing, rightly or wrongly, in such monitions. For our only inductive conception of a living person demands that that person shall make himself felt by separate acts.

But against the second sentence we must protest. The question in hand is not whether this 'witness of the Spirit' is 'something more than anything else. But whether it exists at all, and what it is. Why was the book written, save to help toward the solution of this very matter? The question all through has been—Can an immediate influence be exercised by the Spirit of God on the spirit *of* man? Mr. Vaughan assents, and says (we cannot see why) that there is no mysticism in such a belief. Be that as it may, what that influence is, and how exercised is all through the *de quo agitur* of mysticism. Mr. Vaughan, however, seems here for a while to be talking realism through an admirable page, well worth perusal. Yet his grasp is not sure. We soon find him saying what More and Fox would alike deny, that 'The story of Christ's life and death is our soul's food.' No; Christ himself is—would the Catholic Church and the mystic alike answer. And here again, the whole matter in dispute is (unconsciously to Mr. Vaughan) opened up in one word. And if this sentence does not bear directly on that problem, on what does it bear? It was therefore with extreme disappointment that on reading this, and saying to ourselves,

'Now we shall hear at last what Mr. Vaughan himself thinks on the matter.' we found that he literally turned the subject off, as if not worth investigation, by making the next speaker answer, a propos of nothing, that 'the traditional asceticism of the Friends is their fatal defect as a body.'

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875):

Hours with the Mystics

11 *Mr. Kingsley's Method of Disputation*

Now I ask, Why could not Mr. Kingsley be open? If he intended still to arraign me on the charge of lying, why could he not say so as a man? Why must he insinuate, question, imply, and use sneering and irony, as if longing to touch a forbidden fruit, which still he was afraid would burn his fingers, if he did so? Why must he 'palter in a double sense,' and blow hot and cold in one breath? He first said he considered me a patron of lying; well, he changed his opinion; and as to the logical ground of this change, he said that, if any one asked him what it was, he could only answer that *he really did not know*. Why could not he change back again, and say he did not know why? He had quite a right to do so; and then his conduct would have been so far straightforward and unexceptionable. But no;—in the very act of professing to believe in my sincerity, he takes care to show the world that it is a profession and nothing more. That very proceeding which he lays to my charge, (whereas I detest it,) of avowing one thing and thinking another, that proceeding he here exemplifies himself; and yet, while indulging in practices as offensive as this, he ventures to speak of his sensitive admiration of 'hault courage and strict honour!' 'I forgive you, Sir Knight,' says the Heroine in the Romance, 'I forgive you as a Christian.' 'That means,' said Wamba, 'that she does not forgive him at all.' Mr. Kingsley's word of honour is about as valuable as in the jester's opinion was the Christian charity of Rowena. But here we are brought to a further specimen of Mr. Kingsley's method

of disputation, and having duly exhibited it, I shall have done with him.

It is his last, and he has intentionally reserved it for his last. Let it be recollected that he professed to absolve me from his original charge of dishonesty up to February 1. And further, he implies that, *at the time when he was writing*, I had not yet involved myself in fresh acts suggestive of that sin. He says that I have had a great *escape* of conviction, that he hopes I shall take warning, and act more cautiously. 'It depends entirely,' he says, 'on *Dr. Newman*, whether he shall *sustain* the reputation which he has so recently acquired.' Thus, in Mr. Kingsley's judgment, I was *then*, when he wrote these words, *still* innocent of dishonesty, for a man cannot sustain what he actually has not got; *only he could not be sure of my future*. Could not be sure! Why at this very time he had already noted down valid proofs, as he thought them, that I *had* already forfeited the character which he contemptuously accorded to me. He had cautiously said '*up to February 1st*,' in order to reserve the Title-page and last three pages of my Pamphlet, which were not published till February 12th, and out of these four pages, which he had *not* whitewashed, he had *already* forged charges against me of dishonesty at the very time that he implied that as yet there was nothing against me. When he gave me that plenary condonation, as it seemed to be, he had already done his best that I should never enjoy it. He knew well at p. 27, what he meant to say at pp. 58 and 59. At best indeed I was only out upon ticket of leave; but that ticket was a pretence; he had made it forfeit when he gave it. But he did not say so at once, first, because between p. 27 and p. 58 he meant to talk a great deal about my idiocy and my frenzy, which would have been simply out of place, had he proved me too soon to be a knave again; and next, because he meant to exhaust all those insinuations about my knavery in the past, which 'strict honour' did not permit him to countenance, in order thereby to give colour and force to his direct charges of knavery in the present, which 'strict honour' *did* permit him

to handsel. So in the fifth act he gave a start, and found to his horror that, in my miserable four pages, I had committed the 'enormity' of an 'economy.' which in matter of fact he had got by heart before he began the play. Nay, he suddenly found two, three, and (for what he knew) as many as four profligate economies in that Title-page and those Reflections, and he uses the language of distress and perplexity at this appalling discovery.

Now why this coup de theatre? The reason soon breaks on us. Up to February i, he could not categorically arraign me for lying, and therefore could not involve me, (as was so necessary for his case,) in the popular abhorrence which is felt for the casuists of Rome: but, as soon as ever he could openly and directly pronounce (saving his 'hault courage and strict honour') that I am guilty of three or four new economies, then at once I am made to bear, not only my own sins, but the sins of other people also, and, though I have been condoned the knavery of my antecedents, I am guilty of the knavery of a whole priesthood instead. So the hour of doom for Semei is come, and the wise man knows what to do with him;—he is down upon me with the odious names of 'St. Alfonso da Liguori.' and 'Scavini' and 'Neyraguet.' and 'the Romish moralists.' and their 'compeers and pupils.' and I am at once merged and whirled away in the gulph of notorious quibblers, and hypocrites, and rogues.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890):

Apologia pro Vita Sua

12 *Matters of Opinion*

Regarded historically, believers in Christ, casting anchor, so to speak, in an older dispensation, have uniformly acknowledged that God had 'at sundry times and in divers manners made Himself known to the rational mind of man by a special communication or inspiration, over and above that knowledge of Himself which He had imparted by the

books of nature and of life or experience. And this finally in the Gospel. They therefore have held themselves to be in possession of a special treasure of divine knowledge, communicated in a manner which carried with it a peculiar certainty; and such a belief, called the belief in *inspiration*, and pervading the whole of Christendom from the very first, is of itself a material amplification of the idea conveyed by the mere name of Christianity.

Next, there is a similar universality of Christian testimony in favour of the use of certain rites called Sacraments, as essentially belonging to, and marking out to view, the Christian scheme. I have nothing here to do with the question whether the Christian Sacraments are two or seven, or any other number in particular; or whether, as was suggested by Bishop Pecock in conformity with St. Augustine and others, the word be in itself susceptible of even a wider application. Nor again with the various bodies of separatists who at different times have rejected infant baptism. The fact that, rejecting the catholic and immemorial practice of baptism in infancy, they should still have retained the rite, renders them even stronger witnesses in its favour than they would have been if they had agreed as to the proper season of administration.

Again, it is to be observed that the Sacraments have not been held as bare signs. Even the Scotch early Reformers, who may be said to represent a kind of *ultima Thule* in the opinions of the day, did 'utterly damn those who thus held. They have been deemed, according to the Anglican definition, to be 'outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace.' When the exact relation of the sign to the thing signified comes to be considered, then indeed no inconsiderable body of difference comes into view, and the argument of consent can hardly be pressed within the definitions of our author. But up to that point it is strictly applicable. The very limited exception of a society founded among the English more than sixteen hundred years after Christ, scarcely embracing a thousandth part even of that

race, and unable to quote by way of precedent more than a handful of dubious individual cases in all history, cannot, however respectable on social grounds, constitute an appreciable deduction from the weight of the Christian testimony. It could hardly be taken into account if it had, which it has not, at any time developed into a theology that basis of sentiment on which it mainly reposes.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE (1809-1895):
The Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion

13 Mr. Gladstone and Genesis

In the article on 'The Dawn of Creation and Worship,' it will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone unreservedly commits himself to three propositions. The first is that, according to the writer of the Pentateuch, the 'water-population,' the 'air-population,' and the 'land-population' of the globe were created successively, in the order named. In the second place, Mr. Gladstone authoritatively asserts that this (as part of his 'fourfold order') has been 'so affirmed in our time by natural science, that it may be taken as a demonstrated conclusion and established fact.' In the third place, Mr. Gladstone argues that the fact of this coincidence of the Pentateuchal story with the result of modern investigation makes it 'impossible to avoid the conclusion, first, that either this writer was gifted with faculties passing all human experience, or else his knowledge was divine.' And having settled to his own satisfaction that the first 'branch of the alternative is truly nominal and unreal,' Mr. Gladstone continues, 'So stands the plea for a revelation of truth from God, a plea only to be met by questioning its possibility.'

I am a simple-minded person, wholly devoid of subtlety of intellect, so that I willingly admit that there may be depths of alternative meaning in these propositions out of all soundings attainable by my poor plummet. Still there are a good many people who suffer under a like intellectual limitation; and, for once in my life, I feel that I have the

chance of attaining that position of a representative of average opinion which appears to be the modern ideal of a leader of men, when I make a free confession that, after turning the matter over in my mind, with all the aid derived from a careful consideration of Mr. Gladstone's reply, I cannot get away from my original conviction that, if Mr. Gladstone's second proposition can be shown to be not merely inaccurate, but directly contradictory of facts known to every one who is acquainted with the elements of natural science, the third proposition collapses of itself.

And it was this conviction which led me to enter upon the present discussion. I fancied that if my respected clients, the people of average opinion and capacity, could once be got distinctly to conceive that Mr. Gladstone's views as to the proper method of dealing with grave and difficult scientific and religious problems had permitted him to base a solemn 'plea for a revelation of truth from God' upon an error as to a matter of fact, from which the intelligent perusal of a manual of palaeontology would have saved him, I need not trouble myself to occupy their time and attention with further comments upon his contribution to apologetic literature. It is for others to judge whether I have efficiently carried out my project or not. It certainly does not count for much that I should be unable to find any flaw in my own case, but I think it counts for a good deal that Mr. Gladstone appears to have been equally unable to do so. He does, indeed, make a great parade of authorities, and I have the greatest respect for those authorities whom Mr. Gladstone mentions. If he will get them to sign a joint memorial to the effect that our present paleontological evidence proves that birds appeared before the 'land-population' of terrestrial reptiles, I shall think it my duty to reconsider my position—but not till then.

It will be observed that I have cautiously used the word 'appears' in referring to what seems to me to be absence of any real answer to my criticisms in Mr. Gladstone's reply. For I must honestly confess that, notwithstanding long and

painful strivings after clear insight, I am still uncertain whether Mr. Gladstone's defence' means that the great 'plea for a revelation from God' is to be left to perish in the dialectic desert; or whether it is to be withdrawn under the protection of such skirmishers as are available for covering retreat.

In particular, the remarkable disquisition which covers pages 11 to 14 of Mr. Gladstone's last contribution has greatly exercised my mind. Socrates is reported to have said of the works of Heraclitus that he who attempted to comprehend them should be a 'Delian swimmer.' but that, for his part, what he could understand was so good that he was disposed to believe in the excellence of that which he found unintelligible. In endeavouring to make myself master of Mr. Gladstone's meaning in these pages, I have often been overcome by a feeling analogous to that of Socrates, but not quite the same. That which I do understand has appeared to me so very much the reverse of good, that I have sometimes permitted myself to doubt the value of that which I do not understand.

In this part of Mr. Gladstone's reply, in fact, I find nothing of which the bearing upon my arguments is clear to me, except that which relates to the question whether reptiles, so far as they are represented by tortoises and the great majority of lizards and snakes, which are land animals, are creeping things in the sense of the Pentateuchal writer or not.

I have every respect for the singer of the Song of the Three Children (whoever he may have been); I desire to cast no shadow of doubt upon, but, on the contrary, marvel at, the exactness of Mr. Gladstone's information as to the considerations which 'affected the method of the Mosaic writer'; nor do I venture to doubt that the inconvenient intrusion of these contemptible reptiles—a family fallen from greatness.' a miserable decayed aristocracy reduced to mere 'skulkers about the earth'—in consequence, apparently, of difficulties about the occupation of land arising out

of the earth-hunger of their former serfs, the mammals—into an apologetic argument, which otherwise would run quite smoothly, is in every way to be deprecated. Still, the wretched creatures stand there, importunately demanding notice; and, however different may be the practice in that contentious atmosphere with which Mr. Gladstone expresses and laments his familiarity, in the atmosphere of science it really is of no avail whatever to shut one's eyes to facts, or to try to bury them out of sight under a tumulus of rhetoric. That is my experience of the 'Elysian regions of Science.' wherein it is a pleasure to me to think that a man of Mr. Gladstone's intimate knowledge of English life, during the last quarter of a century, believes my philosophic existence to have been rounded off in unbroken equanimity.

However reprehensible, and indeed contemptible, terrestrial reptiles may be, the only question which appears to me to be relevant to my argument is whether these creatures are or are not comprised under the denomination of 'everything that creepeth upon the ground.'

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895):

Mr. Gladstone and Genesis

14 Scholarship

Some ancient authors have descended to modern times in one MS only, or in a few MSS derived immediately or with little interval from one. Such are Lucretius, Catullus, Valerius Flaccus, and Statius in his *silvae*. Others there are whose text, though in the main reposing on a single copy, can be corrected here and there from others, inferior indeed, but still independent and indispensable. Such are Juvenal, Ovid in his *heroides*, Seneca in his tragedies, and Statius in his *Thebais* and *Achilleis*. There is a third class whose text comes down from a remote original through separate channels, and is preserved by MSS of unlike character but like fidelity, each serving in its turn to correct the faults of others. Such are Persius, Lucan, Martial, and Mantlius.

If I had no judgment, and knew it, and were nevertheless immutably resolved to edit a classic, I would single out my victim from the first of these three classes: that would be best for the victim and best for me. Authors surviving in a solitary MS are by far the easiest to edit, because their editor is relieved from one of the most exacting offices of criticism, from the balancing of evidence and the choice of variants. They are the easiest, and for a fool they are the safest. One field at least for the display of folly is denied him: others are open, and in defending, correcting, and explaining the written text he may yet aspire to make a scarecrow of the author and a byword of himself; but with no variants to afford him scope for choice and judgment he cannot exhibit his impotence to judge and choose.

But the worst of having no judgment is that one never misses it, and buoyantly embarks without it upon enterprises in which it is not so much a convenience as a necessity. Hence incompetent editors are not found flocking to texts like Valerius Flaccus' and leaving texts like Manilius' alone. They essay to edit the latter no less promptly than the former; and then comes the pinch. They find themselves unexpectedly committed to a business which demands not only the possession, but the constant exercise, of intellectual faculties. An editor of no judgment, perpetually confronted with a couple of MSS to choose from, cannot but feel in every fibre of his being that he is a donkey between two bundles of hay. What shall he do now? Leave criticism to critics, you may say, and betake himself to any honest trade for which he is less unfit. But he prefers a more flattering solution: he confusedly imagines that if one bundle of hay is removed he will cease to be a donkey.

So he removes it. Are the two MSS equal, and do they bewilder him with their rival merit and exact from him at every other moment the novel and distressing effort of using his brains? Then he pretends that they are not equal: he calls one of them 'The best MS.' and to this he resigns the editorial functions which he is himself unable to discharge.

He adopts its readings when they are better than its fellow's, adopts them when they are no better, adopts them when they are worse: only when they are impossible, or rather when he perceives their impossibility, is he dislodged from his refuge and driven by stress of weather to the other port.

This method answers the purpose for which it was devised: it saves lazy editors from working and stupid editors from thinking. But somebody has to pay for these luxuries, and that somebody is the author; since it must follow, as the night the day, that this method should falsify his text. Suppose, if you will, that the editor's 'best MS' is in truth the best: his way of using it is none the less ridiculous. To believe that wherever a best MS gives possible readings it gives true readings, and that only where it gives impossible readings does it give false readings, is to believe that an incompetent editor is the darling of Providence, which has given its angels charge over him lest at any time his sloth and folly should produce their natural results and incur their appropriate penalty. Chance and the common course of nature will not bring it to pass that the readings of a MS are right wherever they are possible and impossible wherever they are wrong: that needs divine intervention; and when one considers the history of man and the spectacle of the universe I hope one may say without impiety that divine intervention might have been better employed elsewhere. How the world is managed, and why it was created, I cannot tell; but it is no feather-bed for the repose of sluggards.

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN (b. 1859):

Preface to Manilius

§vi. SATIRE AND INVECTIVE

i *The Wrath of God*

Cut off thine hair, O Jerusalem, and cast it away, and take up a lamentation on high places, for the LORD hath rejected and forsaken the generation of his wrath.

For the children of Judah have done evil in my sight, saith the LORD: they have set their abominations in the house which is called by my name, to pollute it.

And they have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire; which I commanded them not, neither came it into my heart.

Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the LORD, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the valley of slaughter: for they shall bury in Tophet, till there be no place.

And the carcases of this people shall be meat for the fowls of the heaven, and for the beasts of the earth; and none shall fray them away.

Then will I cause to cease from the cities of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride: for the land shall be desolate.

At that time, saith the LORD, they shall bring out the bones of the kings of Judah, and the bones of his princes, and the bones of the priests, and the bones of the prophets, and the bones of the inhabitants of Jerusalem out of their graves.

And they shall spread them before the sun, and the moon, and all the host of heaven, whom they have loved,

and whom they have served, and after whom they have walked, and whom they have sought, and whom they have worshipped: they shall not be gathered, nor be buried, they shall be for dung upon the face of the earth.

And death shall be chosen rather than life by all the residue of them that remain of this evil family, which remain in all the places whither I have driven them, saith the LORD of hosts.

Holy Bible (Authorised Version):
The Book of Jeremiah

2 *The Most Diligent Prelate*

And now I would ask a strange question: who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way, call for him when you will he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough: no lording nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business, ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is ready as he can be wished for to set forth his plough; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles; away with bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-days. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail,

up with all superstition and idolatry; censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pickpurse, up with him, the popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent; up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones: up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and his most holy word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin: there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as *Memento, homo, quod cinis es, et in cinerem reverteris*: 'Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes shalt thou return: 'which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday; but it must be spoken in Latin: God's word may in no wise be translated into English.

HUGH LATIMER (1485-1555):

Sermon of the Plough

3 *Monsters of Men*

Angelical souls, how blessed, how happy should we be, so loving, how might we triumph over the devil, and have another heaven upon earth!'

But this we cannot do; and which is the cause of all our woes, miseries, discontent, melancholy, want of this charity. We do *invicem angariare*, contemn, consult, vex, torture, molest, and hold one another's noses to the grindstone hard, provoke, rail, scoff, calumniate, challenge, hate, abuse (hard-hearted, implacable, malicious, peevish, inexorable as we are), to satisfy our lust or private spleen, for toys, trifles, and impertinent occasions, spend ourselves, goods, friends, fortunes, to be revenged on our adversary, to ruin him and his. 'Tis all our study, practice, and business how to plot mis-

chief, mine, countermine, defend and offend, ward ourselves, injure others, hurt all; as if we were born to do mischief; and that with such eagerness and bitterness, with such rancour, malice, rage, and fury, we prosecute our intended designs, that neither affinity nor consanguinity, love or fear of God or men can contain us; no satisfaction, no composition will be accepted, no offices will serve, no submission; though he shall upon his knees, as Sarpedon did to Glaucus in Homer, acknowledging his error, yield himself with tears in his eyes, beg his pardon, we will not relent, forgive, or forget, till we have confounded him and his, 'made dice of his bones.' as they say, see him rot in prison, banish his friends, followers, *et omne invisum genus*, rooted him out and all his posterity. Monsters of men as we are, dogs, wolves, tigers, fiends, incarnate devils, we do not only contend, oppress and tyrannize ourselves, but as so many firebrands, we set on, and animate others; our whole life is a perpetual combat, a conflict, a set battle, a snarling fit. *Eris dea* is settled in our tents, *Omnia de lite*, opposing wit to wit, wealth to wealth, strength to strength, fortunes to fortunes, friends to friends, as at a sea-fight, we turn our broadsides, or two millstones with continual attrition, we fire ourselves, or break one another's backs, and both are ruined and consumed in the end. Miserable wretches, to fat and enrich ourselves, we care not how we get it, *Quocunque modo rem*; how many thousands we undo, whom we oppress, by whose ruin and downfall we arise, whom we injure, fatherless children, widows, common societies, to satisfy our own private lust. Though we have myriads, abundance of wealth and treasure (pitiless, merciless, remorseless, and uncharitable in the highest degree), and our poor brother in need, sickness, in great extremity, and now ready to be starved for want of food, we had rather, as the fox told the ape, his tail should sweep the ground still, than cover his buttocks; rather spend it idly, consume it with dogs, hawks, hounds, unnecessary buildings, in riotous apparel, ingurgitate, or let it be lost, than he should have a

part of it; rather take from him that little which he hath, than relieve him.

ROBERT BURTON (1577-1640):
Anatomy of Melancholy

4 *Spectacles of Vanity*

Pity it is to see how many ingenious youths and girls; how many young (that I say not old) gentlemen and gentlewomen of birth and quality (as if they were born for no other purpose but to consume their youth, their lives in lascivious dalliances, plays and pastimes, or in pampering, in adorning those idolized living carcases of theirs, which will turn to earth, to dung, to rottenness and worms-meat ere be long, and to condemn their poor neglected souls) casting by all honest studies, callings, employments, all care of Heaven, of salvation, of their own immortal souls, of that God who made them, that Saviour who redeemed them, that Spirit who should sanctify them, and that Commonweal that fosters them; do in this idle age of ours, like those Epicures of old most prodigally, most sinfully riot away the very cream and flower of their years, their days in playhouses, in dancing-schools, taverns, ale-houses, dice-houses, tobacco-shops, bowling-allies, and such infamous places, upon those life-devouring, time-exhausting plays and pastimes (that I say not sins beside), as is a shame for pagans, much more for Christians to approve. O that men endued with reason, ennobled with religion; with immortal souls: fit only for the noblest, heavenliest, sublimest and divinest actions, should ever be so desperately besotted as to waste their precious time upon such vain, such childish, base ignoble pleasures, which can no way profit soul or body, Church or State; nor yet advance their temporal, much less their spiritual and eternal good, which they should ever seek. You therefore, dear Christian brethren, who are, who have been peccant in this kind, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, for the Holy

Ghost's sake, for Religion's sake (which now extremely suffers by this your folly), for the Church and Common-wears sake, for your own soul's sake, which you so much neglect, repent of what is past recalling, and for the future time resolve through God's assistance, never to cast away your time, your money, your estates, your good names, your lives, your salvation, upon these unprofitable spectacles of vanity, lewdness, lasciviousness, or these delights of sin, of which you must necessarily repent and be ashamed, or else be condemned for them at the last; passing all the time of your pilgrimage here in fear, and employing all the remainder of your short inconstant lives, in those honest studies, callings, and pious Christian duties, which have their fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. And because we have now many wanton females of all sorts resorting daily by troupes unto our plays, our play-houses, to see and to be seen, as they did in Ovid's age; I shall only desire them (if not their parents and Husbands?), to consider: that it hath evermore been the notorious badge of prostituted strumpets and the lewdest harlots, to ramble abroad to plays, to play-houses; whither no honest, chaste or sober girls or women, but only branded whores, and infamous adultresses did usually resort in ancient times: the theatre being then made a common brothel: And that all ages, all places have constantly suspected the chastity, yea branded the honesty of those females who have been so immodest as to resort to theatres, to stage-plays, which either rind or make them harlots; inhibiting all married wives and virgins to resort to plays and theatres, as I have here amply proved.

WILLIAM PRYNNE (1600-1669):
Histriomastix

5 *Epistle to the Whigs*

For to whom can I dedicate this Poem with so much justice as to you ? 'Tis the representation of your own hero; 'tis the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of your Tower, nor the rising sun, nor the *anno dominio* your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party; especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it; all his kings are bought up already, or the value of the remainder so enhanced that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but signpost painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had. Yet, for your comfort, the lineaments are true; and, though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B., yet I have consulted history; as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula: though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your medal; the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us, in your Preface to the 'No-Protestant Plot.' that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty; I suppose you mean that little which is left you, for it was worn to rags when you put out this medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg, as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for

the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men, who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question. What right has any man among you, or any association of men, to come nearer to you, who, out of Parliament, cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your zeal of the public welfare, to promote sedition? Does your definition of *loyal*, which is, 'to serve the King according to the laws.' allow you the licence of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's disposition or his practice; or even where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like; which, in effect, is everything that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when it is apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perused many **of your papers**;

and to show you **that I** have, the third part of your No-Protestant Plot is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's 'Defence of the English People' is from Buchanan, '*Dejure regni apud Scotos:*' or your first Covenant, and new Association from the Holy League of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported that Poltrot, a Huguenot, murdered Francis Duke of Guise by the instigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Huguenot minister, otherwise called a Presbyterian (for our church abhors so devilish a tenet), who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin and the principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law; but, when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed Act of Parliament, you declare that, in some cases, you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same third part of the 'No-Protestant Plot,' and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended Association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the Papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pageantries of worship, but, in times of war, when they are hard pressed by arguments, lie close intrenched behind the Council of Trent, so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose: for, indeed, there is nothing to defend it but the sword; it is the proper time to say anything when men have **all things in their power. . . .**

Now, footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society who has had his livery pulled over his ears: and even Protestant socks are bought up amongst you, out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a Protestant rhymers as a Dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets of 'profane, and saucy Jack.' and 'atheistic scribbler.' with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him; by which well-mannered and charitable expressions I was certain of his sect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cause from Genesis to the Revelations; and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter, and not to take them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps, you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now, if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please; for the short of it is, it is indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700):

Preface to The Medal

6 *Namby-Pamby Philips*

When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment described wolves in England in his first Pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular

season of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken scene in each Eclogue. 'Tis plain *Spenser* neglected this pedantry, who in his Pastoral of *November* mentions the mournful Song of the Nightingale:

Sad Philomel her Song in Tears doth steep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, endives, lilies, kingcups, and daffodils blow all in the same season.

But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary Pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in **the** same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately?

HOBB. *Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
What Pleasure can the Country have for me:
Come, Rosalind, O come; my brinded Kine,
My snowy Sheep, my Farm, and all is thine.*

LANQ. *Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady Bowers
Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flow'rs.
Come, Rosalind; Here ever let us stay,
And siveetly ivaste our live-long Time away.*

Our other Pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry. . . .

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce **two** instances out of a hundred not yet quoted:

*O woeful day! O day of woe! quoth he,
And woefid I, who live the day to see!*

The simplicity of the diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of

the words in the dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744):

The Guardian, No. 40

7 *A Modest Proposal*

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration, that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black-cattle, or swine; and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned, upon a medium, that a child just born will weigh twelve pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, will increase to twenty-eight pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already

devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infants' flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, and a little before and after: for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent, than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom; and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, labourers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcase of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he has only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have eight shillings neat profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcase; the skin of which, artificially dressed, will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer-boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive, and dressing them hot from the knife, as we do roasting pigs. . . .

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the

rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745):

A Modest Proposal, etc,

8 *Letter to Lord Hervey*

When I consider the great difference betwixt the rank your Lordship holds in the *world*, and the rank which your writings are like to hold in the learned world, I presume that distinction of style is but necessary, which you will see observed through this letter. When I speak of *you*, my Lord, it will be with all the deference due to the inequality which Fortune has made between you and myself: but when I speak of your *writings*, my Lord, I must, I can, do nothing but trifle.

I should indeed be obliged to lessen this respect, if all the nobility (and especially the elder brothers) are but so many hereditary fools, if the privilege of lords be to want brains, if noblemen can hardly write or read, if all their business is but to dress and vote, and all their employment in court, to tell lies, flatter in public, slander in private, be false to each other, and follow nothing but self-interest. Bless me, my Lord, what an account is this you give of them? and what would have been said of me, had I immolated, in this manner, the whole of the nobility, at the stall of a well-fed prebendary?

Were it the mere excess of your Lordship's wit, that carried you thus triumphantly over all the bounds of decency, I might consider your Lordship on your Pegasus, as a sprightly hunter on a mettled horse; and while you were trampling down all our works, patiently suffer the injury, in pure admiration of the noble sport. But should the case be quite otherwise, should your Lordship be only like a boy that is run away with; and run away with by a very foal; really common charity, as well as respect for a noble

family, would oblige me to stop your career, and to help you down from this Pegasus.

Surely the little praise of a *writer* should be a thing below your ambition: you, who were no sooner born, but in the lap of the Graces; no sooner at school, but in the arms of the Muses; no sooner in the world, but you practised all the skill of it; no sooner in the court, but you possessed all the art of it! Unrivalled as you are, in making a figure, and in making a speech, methinks, my Lord, you may well give up the poor talent of turning a distich. And why this fondness for poetry? Prose admits of the two excellences you most admire, diction and fiction; it admits of the talents you chiefly possess, a most fertile invention, and a most florid expression; it is with prose, nay the plainest prose, that you best could teach our nobility to vote, which you justly observe, is half at least of their business: and give me leave to prophesy, it is to your talent in prose, and not in verse, to your speaking, not your writing, to your art at court, not your art of poetry, that your lordship must owe your future figure in the world.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744):

A Letter to a Noble Lord

9 *To the Duke of Grafton*

What then, my Lord, is this the event of all the sacrifices you have made to Lord Bute's patronage, and to your own unfortunate ambition? Was it for this you abandoned your earliest friendships,—the warmest connexions of your youth, and all those honourable engagements, by which you once solicited, and might have acquired the esteem of your country? Have you secured no recompense for such a waste of honour?—Unhappy man! What party will receive the common deserter of all parties? Without a client to flatter, without a friend to console you, and with only one companion from the honest house of Bloomsbury, you must now retire into a dreadful solitude. At the most active period

of life, you must quit the busy scene, and conceal yourself from the world, if you would hope to save the wretched remains of a ruined reputation. The vices operate like age,—bring on disease before its time, and in the prime of youth leave the character broken and exhausted.

Yet your conduct has been mysterious, as well as contemptible. Where is now that firmness, or obstinacy so long boasted of by your friends, and acknowledged by your enemies? We were taught to expect, that you would not leave the ruin of this country to be completed by other hands, but were determined either to gain a decisive victory over the constitution, or to perish bravely at least behind the last dyke of the prerogative. You knew the danger, and might have been provided for it. You took sufficient time to prepare for a meeting with your parliament, to confirm the mercenary fidelity of your dependants, and to suggest to your Sovereign a language suited to his dignity at least, if not to his benevolence and wisdom. Yet, while the whole kingdom was agitated with anxious expectation upon one great point, you meanly evaded the question, and, instead of the explicit firmness and decision of a King, gave us nothing but the misery of a ruined grazier, and the whining piety of a Methodist. We had reason to expect, that notice would have been taken of the petitions which the King has received from the English nation; and although I can conceive some personal motives for not yielding to them, I can find none, in common prudence or decency, for treating them with contempt. Be assured, my Lord, the English people will not tamely submit to this unworthy treatment;—they had a right to be heard, and their petitions, if not granted, deserved to be considered. Whatever be the real views and doctrine of a court, the Sovereign should be taught to preserve some forms of attention to his subjects, and if he will not redress their grievances, not to make them a topic of jest and mockery among lords and ladies of the bedchamber. Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven; but insults admit of no compensation. They degrade the mind in its own

esteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge. This neglect of the petitions was however a part of your original plan of government, nor will any consequences it has produced account for your deserting your Sovereign, in the midst of that distress, in which you and your new friends had involved him. One would think, my Lord, you might have taken this spirited resolution before you had dissolved the last of those early connexions, which once, even in your own opinion, did honour to your youth;—before you had obliged Lord Granby to quit a service he was attached to;—before you had discarded one chancellor, and killed another. To what an abject condition have you laboured to reduce the best of princes, when the unhappy man, who yields at last to such personal instance and solicitation, as never can be fairly employed against a subject, feels himself degraded by his compliance, and is unable to survive the disgraceful honours which his gracious Sovereign had compelled him to accept. He was a man of spirit, for he had a quick sense of shame, and death has redeemed his character. I know your Grace too well to appeal to your feelings upon this event; but there is another heart, not yet, I hope, quite callous to the touch of humanity, to which it ought to be a dreadful lesson for ever.

JUNIUS:

Letter to His Grace the Duke of Grafton. Feb. 14, 1770.

10 Oxford

Our colleges are supposed to be schools of science, as well as of education; nor is it unreasonable to expect that a body of literary men, devoted to a life of celibacy, exempt from the care of their own subsistence, and amply provided with books, should devote their leisure to the prosecution of study, and that some effects of their studies should be manifested to the world. The shelves of their library groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios, of the editions of the fathers, and the collections of the middle ages, which have

issued from the single abbey of St. Germain de Prez at Paris. A composition of genius must be the offspring of one mind; but such works of industry, as may be divided among many hands, and must be continued during many years, are the peculiar province of a laborious community. If I inquire into the manufactures of the monks of Magdalen, if I extend the inquiry to the other colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, a silent blush, or a scornful frown, will be the only reply. The fellows or monks of my time were decent easy men, who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder; their days were filled by a series of uniform employments; the chapel and the hall, the coffee-house and the common-room, till they retired, weary and well satisfied, to a long slumber. From the toil of reading, or thinking, or writing, they had absolved their conscience; and the first shoots of learning and ingenuity withered on the ground, without yielding any fruits to the owners or the public. As a gentleman-commoner, I was admitted to the society of the fellows, and fondly expected that some questions of literature would be the amusing and instructive topics of their discourse. Their conversation stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal: their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth: and their constitutional toasts were not expressive of the most lively loyalty for the house of Hanover.

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794): *Autobiography*

11 *The Rev. Mr. Irving*

Our Caledonian divine is equally an anomaly in religion, in literature, in personal appearance, and in public speaking. To hear a person spout Shakespeare on the stage is nothing—the charm is nearly worn out—but to hear any one spout Shakespeare (and that not in a sneaking undertone, but at the top of his voice, and with the full breadth of his chest) from a Calvinistic pulpit, is new and wonderful. The *Fancy*

have lately lost something of their gloss in public estimation, and after the last fight, few would go far to see a Neate or a Spring set-to;—but to see a man who is able to enter the ring with either of them, or brandish a quarter-staff with Friar Tuck, or a broad-sword with Shaw the Lifeguardsman, stand up in a straight-laced old-fashioned pulpit, and bandy dialectics with modern philosophers, or give a *cross-buttock* to a cabinet minister, there is something in a sight like this also, that is a cure for sore eyes. It is as if Crib or Molyneux had turned Methodist parson, or as if a Patagonian savage were to come forward as the patron-saint of Evangelical religion.

Again, the doctrine of eternal punishment was one of the staple arguments with which, everlastingly drawled out, the old school of Presbyterian divines used to keep their audiences awake, or lull them to sleep; but to which people of taste and fashion paid little attention, as inelegant and barbarous, till Mr. Irving, with his cast-iron features and sledge-hammer blows, puffing like a grim Vulcan, set to work to forge more classic thunderbolts, and kindle the expiring flames anew with the very sweepings of sceptical and infidel libraries, so as to excite a pleasing horror in the female part of his congregation. In short, our popular disclaimer has, contrary to the Scripture-caution, put new wine into old bottles, or new cloth on old garments. He has, with an unlimited and daring license, mixed the sacred and the profane together, the carnal and the spiritual man, the petulance of the bar with the dogmatism of the pulpit, the theatrical and theological, the modern and the obsolete;—what wonder that this splendid piece of patchwork, splendid by contradiction and contrast, has delighted some and confounded others?

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830):
The Spirit of the Age

12 *Keats*

To witness the disease of any human understanding, however feeble, is distressing; but the spectacle of an able mind reduced to a state of insanity is of course ten times more afflicting. It is with such sorrow as this that we have contemplated the case of Mr. John Keats. This young man appears to have received from nature talents of an excellent, perhaps even of a superior order—talents which, devoted to the purposes of an useful profession, must have rendered him a respectable, if not an eminent citizen. His friends, we understand, destined him to the career of medicine, and he was bound apprentice some years ago to a worthy apothecary in town. But all this has been undone by a sudden attack of the malady to which we have alluded [the *Metro-manie*]. Whether Mr. John had been sent home with a diuretic or composing draught to some patient far gone in the poetical mania, we have not heard. This much is certain, that he has caught the infection, and that thoroughly. For some time we were in hopes that he might get off with a violent fit or two; but of late the symptoms are terrible. The phrenzy of the Toems' was bad enough in its way; but it did not alarm us half so seriously as the calm, settled, imperturbable drivelling idiocy of 'Endymion.' We hope, however, that in so young a person, and with a constitution originally so good, even now the disease is not utterly incurable. Time, firm treatment, and rational restraint, do much for many apparently hopeless invalids; and if Mr. Keats should happen, at some interval of reason, to cast his eye upon our pages, he may perhaps be convinced of the existence of his malady, which, in such cases, is often all that is necessary to put the patient in a fair way of being cured.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, LORD JEFFREY (1773-1850):
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, August 1818

13 *Blackwood's*

It may be well said that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows or one like Keats's composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled calumniator. As to *Endymion*, was it a poem, whatever might be its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated, with various degrees of complacency and panegyric, *Paris*, and *Woman*, and a *Syrian Tale*, and Mrs. Lefanu, and Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Howard Payne, and a long list of the illustrious obscure? Are these the men who in their venal good-nature presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron? What gnat did they strain at here, after having swallowed all those camels? Against what woman taken in adultery dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822):
Preface to Adonais

j 4 *Emerson*

I am informed that certain American journalists, not content with providing filth of their own for the consumption of their kind, sometimes offer to their readers a dish of beastliness which they profess to have gathered from under the chairs of more distinguished men. While the abuse lavished on my name and writings could claim no higher than a nameless source, I have always been able to say with Shelley, 'I have neither curiosity, interest, pain nor pleasure,

in anything, good or evil, they can say of me. I feel only a slight disgust, and a sort of wonder, that they presume to write my name.'

If I am to believe that that name has been made the mark for such vile language as is now publicly attributed to men of note in the world of letters, I, who am not sufficiently an expert in the dialect of the cesspool and the dung-cart to retort in their own kind on these venerable gentlemen—I, whose ears and lips are alike unused to the amenities of conversation embroidered with such fragments of flowery rhetoric as may be fished up by congenial fingers or lapped up by congenial tongues out of the sewage of Sodom, can return no better or more apt reply than was addressed by the servant of Octavia to the satellites of Nero, and applied by Lord Denman when counsel for Queen Caroline to the sycophants of George IV.

A foul mouth is so ill-matched with a white beard that I would gladly believe the newspaper-scribes alone responsible for the bestial utterances which they declare to have dropped from a teacher whom such disciples as these exhibit to our disgust and compassion as performing on their obscene platform the last tricks of tongue now possible to a gap-toothed and hoary-headed ape, carried at first into notice on the shoulder of Carlyle, and who now in his dotage spits and chatters from a dirtier perch of his own finding and fouling: coryphaeus or choragus of his Bulgarian tribe of autocrophagous baboons, who make the filth they feed on.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837-1909):

A Letter to Ralph Waldo Emerson

§ vii. MORALISTIC

i *Rules of Life*

For your exercises, let them be of two kinds: the one of mind, the other of body; that of the mind must consist of prayer, meditation, and your book. Let your prayers be twice a day, howsoever you dispose of yourself the rest of the time: prayers work a great effect in a simple and penitent heart.

By this I do not seek to persuade you from such exercises and delights of body as are lawful and allowable in a gentleman; for such increase health and agility of body, make a man sociable in company, and draw good acquaintance. Many times they bring a man into favour with a prince, and prove a preferment to one's marriage; they are often a safeguard to a man's life, as in vaulting suddenly upon a horse, or in running and escaping an enemy.

I will especially commend to you such pleasures as bring delight and content without charge; for such are fitter for greater men than one of your fortune to follow.

Hawking and hunting, if they be moderately used, are, like tobacco in some cases, wholesome for the body, but in the common use both laboursome and loathsome: they both alike bring one discommodity (as commonly vices do), that they are not so easily left as entertained. Tobacco, by nature, is hot and hurtful to young bodies and stomachs; that proceeds from the heat of the liver, which naturally you are subject to. It is offensive to company, especially the breath of him that takes it: it dries the brain, and many become fools with the continual use of it. Drunkards and tobacconists are ranked together, and not improperly, both

of them being hurtful to the commonwealth with too much use and exercise.

Let your apparel be handsome and decent, not curious nor costly. A wise man is more esteemed in his plain cloth than gay clothing. It is more commendation to be able to buy a rich suit than to wear one. A wise man esteems more of a man's virtues and valour than of his vesture, but seeing this age is fantastical and changeable you must fashion yourself to it, but in so mean and moderate a manner as to be rather praised for frugality than derided and pitied for prodigality. He that delights in curious clothes is an imitator of a player, who measures his apparel by the part he plays. And as players appear upon the stage to be seen of the spectators, so do the gallants proclaim their bravery in open assemblies. Whilst I live, and you do not marry, I shall temper this expense, but when I die, remember what I say: seek advancement rather by your carriage than curiousness; the one is everlasting, the other like a flower fading.

Frame your course of life to the country and not to the Court; and yet make not yourself such a stranger to great persons, as in assemblies they should ask others who you are. I confess the greatest and suddenest rising is by the Court; yet the Court is like a hopeful and forward spring that is taken with a sharp and cold frost, which nips and blasts a whole orchard except two or three trees; for after that proportion commonly courtiers are preferred. And he that will live at Court must make his dependency upon some great person, in whose ship he must embark his life and fortune; and how unfortunate such men are oftentimes themselves, and how unthankful to their followers, we want not precedents.

He that settles his service upon one of them shall fail into the disfavour of another; for a Court is like an army, ever in war, striving by stratagems to circumvent and kick up one another's heels. You are not ignorant of this comparison by what you know of me, whose case will serve you for a per-

spective-glass, wherein to behold your danger afar off, the better to prevent it. Yet reverence lords, because they are noble, and one more than another as he is more notable in virtue.

Be choice of your company, for as a man makes election of them he is censured. Man lives by reputation, and that failing, he becomes a monster. Let your company consist of your own rank, rather better than worse; for hold it for a maxim, the better gentleman, the more gentle in his behaviour.

SIR WILLIAM MONSON (c. 1569-1643):
Tracts. Dedication to his Son

2 *Studies*

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one: but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men 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, wjejgh 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 subtile; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeiint studia in mores*. Nay there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again: if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *Cymini sect ores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing, to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM AND VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS
(1561-1626): *Essay: Of Studies*

3 Studies

Let thy studies be free as thy thoughts and contemplations: but fly not only upon the wings of imagination; join sense unto reason, and experiment unto speculation, and so give

life unto embryon truths, and verities yet in their chaos. There is nothing more acceptable unto the ingenious world, than this noble elucidation of truth; wherein, against the tenacity of prejudice and prescription, this century now prevaieth. What libraries of new volumes after times will behold, and in what a new world of knowledge the eyes of our posterity may be happy, a few ages may joyfully declare; and is but a cold thought unto those who cannot hope to behold this exantlation of truth, or that obscured virgin half out of the pit: which might make some content with a commutation of the time of their lives, and to commend the fancy of the Pythagorean metempsychosis; whereby they might hope to enjoy this happiness in their third or fourth selves, and behold that in Pythagoras, which they now but foresee in Euphorbus. The world, which took but six days to make, is like to take six thousand to make out: meanwhile, old truths voted down begin to resume their places, and new ones arise upon us; wherein there is no comfort in the happiness of Tully's Elysium, or any satisfaction from the ghosts of the ancients, who knew so little of what is now well known. Men disparage not antiquity, who prudently exalt new enquiries; and make not them the judges of truth, who were but fellow enquirers of it. Who can but magnify the endeavours of Aristotle, and the noble start which learning had under him; or less than pity the slender progression made upon such advantages? while many centuries were lost in repetitions and transcriptions, sealing up the book of knowledge. And, therefore, rather than to swell the leaves of learning by fruitless repetitions, to sing the same song in all ages, nor adventure at essays beyond the attempt of others, many would be content that some would write like Helmont or Paracelsus; and be willing to endure the monstrosity of some opinions, for divers singular notions requiting such aberrations.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682): *Christian Morals*

4 *Early Discipline*

When we see a child strike a servant rudely, or jeer a silly person, or wittily cheat his play-fellow, or talk words light as the skirt of a summer garment, we laugh and are delighted with the wit and confidence of the boy; and encourage such hopeful beginnings; and in the mean time we consider not that from these beginnings he shall grow up till he become a tyrant, an oppressor, a goat and a traitor. *Nemo sirnul malus fit & malus esse cernitur; sicut nee scorpiis turn innascuntur stimuli cum pungunt.* No man is discerned to be vicious so soon as he is so, and vices have their infancy and their childhood, and it cannot be expected that in a child's age should be the vice of a man; that were monstrous as if he wore a beard in his cradle; and we do not believe that a serpent's sting does just then grow when he strikes us in a vital part: the venom and the little spear was there, when it first began to creep from his little shell: And little boldnesses and looser words and wranglings for nuts, and lyings for trifles, are of the same proportion to the malice of a child, as impudence and duels and injurious law-suits, and false witness in judgement and perjuries are in men.

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667): *XXVIII Sermons*, 1651

5 *Innocent Pleasures*

I know very well, that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. But, whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question: it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers

went so far, as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and requests of these two entertainments will do so too: and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent; and do not trouble the world, or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though no body hurts them!

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (1628-1699): *Essays: Of Poetry*

6 True Merit

What then is the work of life? What the business of great men, that pass the stage of the world in seeming triumph, as these men, we call heroes, have done? Is it to grow great in the mouth of fame, and take up many pages in history? Alas! that is no more than making a tale for the reading of posterity, till it turns into fable and romance. Is it to furnish subject to the poets, and live in their immortal rhymes, as they call them? That is, in short, no more than to be hereafter turned into ballad and song, and be sung by old women to quiet children; or, at the corner of a street, to gather crowds in aid of the pickpocket and the whore. Or is their business rather to add virtue and piety to their glory, which alone will pass them into Eternity, and make them truly immortal? What is glory without virtue? A great man without religion is no more than a great beast without a soul. What is honour without merit? And what can be called true merit, but that which makes a person be a good man, as well as a great man?

DANIEL DEFOE (1660?-1731):
The Instability of Human Glory

7 *The Christian Gentleman*

All men therefore, as men, have one and the same important business, to act up to the excellency of their rational nature, and to make *reason* and *order* the law of all their designs and actions. All Christians, as Christians, have one and the same calling, to live according to the excellency of the Christian spirit, and to make the sublime precepts of the gospel the rule and measure of all their tempers in common life. The one thing needful to one, is the one thing needful to all.

The *merchant* is no longer to hoard up treasures upon earth; the *soldier* is no longer to fight for glory; the great *scholar* is no longer to pride himself in the depths of science; but they must all with one spirit *count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus*.

The *fine lady* must teach her eyes to weep, and be cloathed with humility. The *polite gentleman* must exchange the gay thoughts of wit and fancy, for a *broken and a contrite heart*. The man of *quality* must so far renounce the dignity of his birth, as to think himself miserable till he is *born again*. *Servants* must consider their service as done unto God. *Masters* must consider their servants as their brethren in Christ, that are to be treated as their fellow members of the mystical body of Christ.

Young ladies must either devote themselves to piety, prayer, self-denial, and all good works, in a *virgin state* of life; or else marry to be holy, sober, and prudent in the care of a family, bringing up their children in piety, humility, and devotion, and abounding in all other good works, to the utmost of their state and capacity. They have no choice of anything else, but must devote themselves to God in one of these states. They may choose a married, or a single life; but it is not left to their choice, whether they will make either state a state of holiness, humility, devotion, and all other duties of the Christian life. It is no more left in their power, because they have fortunes, or are born of rich parents, to

divide themselves betwixt God and the world, or to take such pleasures as their fortunes will afford them, than it is allowable for them to be sometimes chaste and modest, and sometimes not.

They are not to consider, how much religion may secure them a *fair character*, or how they may add devotion to an *impertinent, vain, and giddy* life; but must look into the *spirit* and *temper* of their prayers, into the *nature* and *end* of Christianity, and then they will find, that whether married or unmarried, they have but one business upon their hands, to be wise and pious, and holy, not in little modes and forms of worship, but in the whole turn of their minds, in the whole form of all their behaviour, and in the daily course of their common life.

Young gentlemen must consider, what our blessed Saviour said to the young gentleman in the gospel; he bid him *sell all that he had, and give to the poor*. Now tho' this text should not oblige *all* people to sell *all*, yet it certainly obliges all kinds of people to *employ all* their estates in such wise, and reasonable, and charitable ways, as may sufficiently shew, that all that they have is devoted to God, and that no part of it is kept from the poor, to be spent in needless, vain, and foolish expences.

If therefore *young gentlemen* propose to themselves a life of pleasure and indulgence, if they spend their estates in high living, in luxury and intemperance, in state and equipage, in pleasures and diversions, in sports and gaming, and such like wanton gratifications of their foolish passions, they have as much reason to look upon themselves to be *angels*, as to be disciples of Christ.

Let them be assured, that it is the one only business of a *Christian gentleman*, to distinguish himself by good works, to be eminent in the most sublime virtues of the gospel, to bear with the ignorance and weakness of the vulgar, to be a friend and patron to all that dwell about him, to live in the utmost heights of wisdom and holiness, and shew through the whole course of his life **a true** religious greatness of mind. They

must aspire after such a gentility, as they might have learnt from seeing the blessed Jesus, and shew no other spirit of a gentleman, but such as they might have got by living with the holy apostles. They must learn to love God with ail their heart, with all their soul, and with all their strength, and their neighbour as themselves; and then they have all the greatness and distinction that they can have here, and are fit for eternal happiness in heaven hereafter.

Thus in all orders and conditions, either of men or women, this is the one common holiness, which is to be the *common life* of all Christians.

WILLIAM LAW (1686-1761):

A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life

8 Taste

I am persuaded that to be a *Virtuoso* (so far as befits a Gentleman) is a higher step towards the becoming a Man of Virtue and good Sense, than the being what in this Age we call a *Scholar*, For even rude Nature it-self, in its primitive Simplicity, is a better Guide to Judgment, than improv'd Sophistry, and pedantick Learning. The *Faciunt, nae, intellegendoy ut nihil intellegant*, will be ever apply'd by Men of Discernment and free Thought to such Logick, such Principles, such Forms and Rudiments of Knowledge, as are established in certain Schools of Literature and Science. The case is sufficiently understood even by those who are unwilling to confess the Truth of it. Effects betray their Causes. And the known Turn and Figure of those Understandings, which sprout from Nurserys of this kind, give a plain Idea of what is judg'd on this occasion. 'Tis no wonder, if after so wrong a ground of Education, there appears to be such need of Redress, and Amendment, from that excellent School which we call *the World*. The mere Amusements of *Gentlemen* are found more improving than the pro-

found Researches of *Pedants*. And in the Management of our Youth, we are forc'd to have recourse to the former; as an Antidote against the Genius peculiar to the latter. If the *Formalists* of this sort were erected into Patentees, with a sole Commission of *Authorship*, we shou'd undoubtedly see such Writing in our days, as wou'd either wholly wean us from all Books in general, or at least from all such as were the product of our own Nation, under such a subordinate and conforming Government.

It seems indeed somewhat improbable, that according to modern Erudition, and as Science is now distributed, our ingenious and noble Youths shou'd obtain the full advantage of a just and liberal Education, by uniting the *Scholar-part* with that of the real *Gentleman* and *Man of Breeding*. Academys for Exercises, so useful to the Publick, and essential in the Formation of a genteel and liberal Character, are unfortunately neglected. Letters are indeed banish'd, I know not where, in distant Cloisters and *unpractised Cells*, as our Poet has it, confin'd to the Commerce and mean *Fellowship* of *bearded Boys*. The sprightly Arts and Sciences are sever'd from *Philosophy*, which consequently must grow dronish, insipid, pedantick, useless, and directly opposite to the real Knowledge and Practice of the World and Mankind. Our Youth accordingly seem to have their only Chance between two widely different Roads; either that of *Pedantry* and *School-Learning*, which lies amidst the Dregs and most corrupt part of antient Literature; or that of the *fashionable illiterate World*, which aims merely at the Character of the *fine Gentleman*, and takes up with the Foppery of modern Languages and foreign Wit. The frightful Aspect of the former of these Roads makes the Journey appear desperate and impracticable. Hence that Aversion so generally conceiv'd against a *learned Character*, wrong turn'd, and hideously set out, under such Difficultys, and in such seeming Labyrinths, and mysterious Forms. As if a HOMER or a XENOPHON imperfectly learnt, in raw Years, might not afterwards, in a riper Age, be study'd, as well in a *Capital*

City and amidst the *World*, as at a *College*, or *Country-Town*! Or as if a *PLUTARCH*, a *TULLY*, or a *HORACE* cou'd not accompany a young Man in his *Travels*, at a *Court*, or (if occasion were) even in a *Camp*! The Case is not without Precedent. Leisure is found sufficient for other Reading of numerous modern Translations, and worse Originals, of *Italian* or *French* Authors, who are read merely for Amusement. The *French* indeed may boast of some legitimate Authors of a just Relish, correct, and without any mixture of the affected or spurious kinds; the *false Tender*, or the *false Sublime*; the conceited *Jingle*, or the ridiculous *Point*. They are such Genius's as have been form'd upon the natural Model of the Antients, and willingly own their Debt to those great Masters. But for the rest, who draw from another Fountain, as the *Italian* Authors in particular; they may be reckon'd no better than the Corrupters of true Learning and Erudition; and can indeed be relish'd by those alone, whose Education has unfortunately deny'd 'em the Familiarity of the noble Antients, and the Practice of a better and more natural Taste.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, 3RD EARL OF SHAFTESBURY
(1671-1713): *Soliloquy: or Advice to an Author*

9 Manners

By MANNERS, I mean not here, Decency of behaviour; as how one should salute another, or how a man should wash his mouth, or pick his teeth before company, and such other points of the *Small Morals*; but those qualities of mankind, that concern their living together in Peace, and Unity. To which end we are to consider, that the Felicity of this life, consisteth not in the repose of a mind satisfied. For there is no such *Finis idtimus*, utmost aim, nor *Summum Bonum*, greatest Good, as is spoken of in the Books of the old Moral Philosophers. Nor can a man any more live, whose Desires are at an end, than he, whose Senses and Imaginations are at

a stand. Felicity is a continual progress of the desire, from one object to another; the attaining of the former, being still but the way to the latter. The cause whereof is, that the object of a man's desire, is not to enjoy once only, and for one instant of time; but to assure for ever, the way of his future desire. And therefore the voluntary actions, and inclinations of all men, tend, not only to the procuring, but also to the assuring of a contented life; and differ only in the way: which ariseth partly from the diversity of passions, in divers men; and partly from the difference of the knowledge, or opinion each one has of the causes, which produce the effect desired.

So that in the first place, I put for a general inclination of all mankind, a perpetual and restless desire of Power after power, that ceaseth only in Death. And the cause of this, is not always that a man hopes for a more intensive delight, than he has already attained to; or that he cannot be content with a moderate power: but because he cannot assure the power and means to live well, which he hath present, without the acquisition of more. And from hence it is, that Kings, whose power is greatest, turn their endeavours to the assuring it at home by Laws, or abroad by Wars: and when that is done, there succeedeth a new desire; in some, of Fame from new Conquest; in others, of ease and sensual pleasure; in others, of admiration, or being flattered for excellence in some art, or other ability of the mind.

Competition of Riches, Honour, Command, or other power, inclineth to Contention, Enmity, and War: because the way of one Competitor, to the attaining of his desire, is to kill, subdue, supplant, or repel the other. Particularly, competition of praise, inclineth to a reverence of Antiquity. For men contend with the living, not with the dead; to these ascribing more than due, that they niay obscure the glory of the other.

THOMAS HOBBS (1588-1679): *Leviathan*

10 *Manners*

I have just been reading, in Mr. Hazlitt's translation, Montaigne's account of his journey into Italy, and am struck with nothing more agreeably than the self-respecting fashions of the time. His arrival in each place, the arrival of a gentleman of France, is an event of some consequence. Wherever he goes, he pays a visit to whatever prince or gentleman of note resides upon his road, as a duty to himself and to civilisation. When he leaves any house in which he has lodged for a few weeks, he causes his arms to be painted and hung up as a perpetual sign to the house, as was the custom of gentlemen.

The complement of this graceful self-respect, and that of all the points of good breeding I most require and insist upon, is deference. I like that every chair should be a throne, and hold a king. I prefer a tendency to stateliness, to an excess of fellowship. Let the incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not be too much acquainted. I would have a man enter his house through a hall filled with heroic and sacred sculptures, that he might not want the hint of tranquillity and self-poise. We should meet each morning as from foreign countries, and spending the day together, should depart at night, as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all around Olympus. No degree of affection need invade this religion. This is myrrh and rosemary to keep the other sweet. Lovers should guard their strangeness. If they forgive too much, all slides into confusion and meanness. It is easy to push this deference to a Chinese etiquette; but coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise: a lady is serene. Proportionate is our disgust at those invaders who fill a studious house with blast and running, to secure some paltry convenience. Not less I

dislike a low sympathy of each with his neighbours needs. Must we have a good understanding with one another's palates ? as foolish people who have lived long together know when each wants salt or sugar. I pray my companion, if he wishes for bread, to ask me for bread, and if he wishes for sassafras or arsenic, to ask me for them, and not to hold out his plate as if I knew already. Every natural function can be dignified by deliberation and privacy. Let us leave hurry to slaves. The compliments and ceremonies of our breeding should recall, however remotely, the grandeur of our destiny.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882):

Essay on Manners

11 *The Ideal Dinner*

In order to make a dinner go off well, a good deal often depends upon the giver's mode of receiving his company. In the first place, he should always be ready; he should receive cordially, so as to let his guests feel inspired by an air of welcome; and he should set them well off together by the introduction of suitable topics. It is usually seen that the host receives his guests almost as if they were strangers to him, and after a word or two leaves them to manage for themselves as well as they can, by wandering about, or turning over books, or some resource of that sort, if they happen not to be well known to some of the company; and even persons who are in the habit of meeting, often seem to be actuated by a feeling of mutual reserve, for want of being well started by the host. It frequently requires some time after the dinner has commenced, to take off the chill of the first assembling, and in respect to individuals, it sometimes never is taken off during the whole party. During dinner it is expedient for the head of the feast to keep his eye upon everything around him, and not to occupy himself exclusively, as many do, with those immediately near, or, what is worse, to sink into fits of abstraction or anxiety. The alacrity and general attention of the host furnish the spring from

which the guests usually take their tone, and where they are not well known to each other, it is good to address each frequently by name, and to mention subjects on which they have some common interest. There is also much tact required in calling into play diffident or reserved merit, and in preventing too much individual monopoly of conversation, however good. In order to have a perfect success, the guests must be capable of being well mixed up together, and the host must be capable of mixing them, which unfortunately few are; but many are much more capable than they appear to be, if they would turn their attention to the subject. These latter observations are more applicable to large parties than to small ones, but they do apply to both.

THOMAS WALKER (1784-1836):

The Art of Dining

12 *Frankness*

We had written thus far when news came of the death of Lord Byron, and put an end at once to a strain of somewhat peevish invective, which was intended to meet his eye, not to insult his memory. Had we known that we were writing his epitaph, we must have done it with a different feeling. As it is, we think it better and more like himself, to let what we had written stand, than to take up our leaden shafts, and try to melt them into 'tears of sensibility,' or mould them into dull praise and an affected show of candour. We were not silent during the author's lifetime, either for his reproof or encouragement (such as we could give, and *he* did not disdain to accept), nor can we now turn undertakers' men to fix the glittering plate upon his coffin, or fall into the procession of popular woe. Death cancels everything but truth, and strips a man of everything but genius and virtue. It is a sort of natural canonization. It makes the meanest of us sacred; it installs the poet in his immortality, and lifts him to the skies. Death is the great assayer of the sterling **ore of talent**. At his touch **the** drossy particles fall off: **the irritable**,

the personal, the gross, and mingle with the dust—the finer and more etherial part mounts with the winged spirit to watch over our latest memory, and protect our bones from insult. We consign the least worthy qualities to oblivion, and cherish the nobler and imperishable nature with double pride and fondness.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830):
The Spirit of the Age: Lord Byron

13 *Facts*

All this amounts to saying that, so far as the casuistic question goes, ethical science is just like physical science, and instead of being deducible all at once from abstract principles, must simply bide its time, and be ready to revise its conclusions from day to day. The presumption, of course, in both sciences, always is that the vulgarly accepted opinions are true, and the right casuistic order that which public opinion believes in; and surely it would be folly quite as great, in most of us, to strike out independently and to aim at originality in ethics as in physics. Every now and then, however, some one is born with the right to be original, and his revolutionary thought or action may bear prosperous fruit. He may replace old 'laws of nature'⁵ by better ones; he may, by breaking old moral rules in a certain place, bring in a total condition of things more ideal than would have followed had the rules been kept.

On the whole, then, we must conclude that no philosophy of ethics is possible in the old-fashioned absolute sense of the term. Everywhere the ethical philosopher must wait on facts. The thinkers who create the ideals come he knows not whence, their sensibilities are evolved he knows not how; **and the question as to which of two conflicting ideals will give the best universe then and there, can be answered by him only through the aid of the experience of other men. I said some time ago, in treating of the 'first question, that the intuitional moralists deserve credit for keeping most**

clearly to the psychological facts. They do much to spoil this merit on the whole, however, by mixing with it that dogmatic temper which, by absolute distinctions and unconditional 'thou shalt nots,' changes a growing, elastic, and continuous life into a superstitious system of relics and dead bones. In point of fact, there are no absolute evils, and there are no non-moral goods; and the *highest* ethical life—however few may be called to bear its burdens—consists at all times in the breaking of rules which have grown too narrow for the actual case. There is but one unconditional commandment, which is that we should seek incessantly, with fear and trembling, so to vote and to act as to bring about the very largest total universe of good which we can see. Abstract rules indeed can help; but they help the less in proportion as our intuitions are more piercing, and our vocation is the stronger for the moral life. For every real dilemma is in literal strictness a unique situation; and the exact combination of ideals realized and ideals disappointed which each decision creates is always a universe without a precedent, and for which no adequate previous rule exists. The philosopher, then, *qua* philosopher, is no better able to determine the best universe in the concrete emergency than other men. He sees, indeed, somewhat better than most men what the question always is,—not a question of this good or that good simply taken, but of the two total universes with which these goods respectively belong. He knows that he must vote always for the richer universe, for the good which seems most organizable, most fit to enter into complex combinations, most apt to be a member of a more inclusive whole. But which particular universe this is he cannot know for certain in advance; he only knows that if he makes a bad mistake the cries of the wounded will soon inform him of the fact. In all this the philosopher is just like the rest of us non-philosophers, so far as we are just and sympathetic instinctively, and so far as we are open to the voice of complaint. His function is in fact indistinguishable from that of the best kind of statesman at the present day. His books

upon ethics, therefore, so far as they truly touch the moral life, must more and more ally themselves with a literature which is confessedly tentative and suggestive rather than dogmatic,—I mean with novels and dramas of the deeper sort, with sermons, with books on statecraft and philanthropy and social and economic reform. Treated in this way ethical treatises may be voluminous and luminous as well; but they can never be *finals* except in their abstractest and vaguest features; and they must more and more abandon the old-fashioned, clear-cut, and would-be 'scientific' form.

WILLIAM JAMES (1842-1910):

The Will to Believe: The Moral Philosopher and Moral Life

14 Egoism

Egoism, as a form of Hedonism, is the doctrine which holds that we ought each of us to pursue our own greatest happiness as our ultimate end. The doctrine will, of course, admit that sometimes the best means to this end will be to give pleasure to others; we shall, for instance, by so doing, procure for ourselves the pleasures of sympathy, of freedom from interference, and of self-esteem; and these pleasures, which we may procure by sometimes aiming directly at the happiness of other persons, may be greater than any we could otherwise get. Egoism in this sense must therefore be carefully distinguished from Egoism in another sense, the sense in which Altruism is its proper opposite. Egoism, as commonly opposed to Altruism, is apt to denote merely selfishness. In this sense, a man is an egoist, if all his actions are actually directed towards gaining pleasure for himself; whether he holds that he ought to act so, because he will thereby obtain for himself the greatest possible happiness on the whole, or not. Egoism may accordingly be used to denote the theory that we should always aim at getting pleasure for ourselves, because that is the best *means* to the ultimate end, whether the ultimate end be our own greatest pleasure or

not. Altruism, on the other hand, may denote the theory that we ought always to aim at other people's happiness, on the ground that this is the best *means* of securing our own as well as theirs. Accordingly an Egoist, in the sense in which I am now going to talk of Egoism, an Egoist, who holds that his own greatest happiness is the ultimate end, may at the same time be an Altruist: he may hold that he ought to 'love his neighbour.' as the best means to being happy himself. And conversely an Egoist, in the other sense, may at the same time be a Utilitarian. He may hold that he ought always to direct his efforts towards getting pleasure for himself on the ground that he is thereby most likely to increase the general sum of happiness.

GEORGE EDWARD MOORE (b. 1873): *Principia Ethica*

§ viii. OCCASIONAL WRITING

I *Five of the Clock*

It is now five of the clock, and the sun is going apace upon his journey: and fie sluggards, who would be asleep: the bells ring to prayer, and the streets are full of people, and the high-ways are stored with travellers: the scholars are up and going to school, and the rods are ready for the truants correction: the maids are at milking, and the servants at plough, and the wheel goes merrily, while the mistress is by: the capons and the chickens must be served without door, and the hogs cry till they have their swill: the shepherd is almost gotten to his fold, and the herd begins to blow his horn through the town. The blind fiddler is up with his dance and his song, and the alehouse door is unlocked for good fellows: the hounds begin to find after the hare, and horse and foot follow after the cry: the traveller now is well on his way, and if the weather be fair, he walks with the better cheer: the carter merrily whistles to his horse, and the boy with his sling casts stones at the crows: the lawyer now begins to look on his case, and if he give good counsel, he is worthy of his fee: In brief, not to stay too long upon it, I hold it the necessity of labour, and the note of profit.

NICHOLAS BRETON (1545-1626): *The Fantasticks*

2 *Conny-catching*

What is a gentleman (saith he) without travel: even as a man without one eye. The sight of sundry countries made Ulysses so famous: bought wit is the sweetest, and experience goeth beyond all patrimonies. Did young gentlemen, as

well as I, know the pleasure and profit of travel, they would not keep them at home within their native continent: but visit the world, and win more wisdom in travelling two or three years, than all the wealth their ancestors left them to possess. Ah, the sweet sight of ladies, the strange wonders in cities and the divers manners of men and their conditions, were able to ravish a young gentleman's senses with the surfeit of content, and what is a thousand pound spent to the obtaining of those pleasures?

All these novelties doth this pipned bragout boast on, when his only travel hath been to look on a fair day, from Dover Cliffs to Calais, never having stepped a foot out of England, but surveyed the maps, and heard others talk what they knew by experience. Thus decking himself like the daw with the fair feathers of other birds, and discoursing what he heard other men report, he grew so plausible among young gentlemen, that he got his ordinary at the least, and some gracious thanks for his labour. But happily some amongst many, tickled with the desire to see strange countries, and drawn on by his alluring words, would join with him, and question if he meant ever to travel again. He straight after he hath bitten his peak by the end, *Alia Neapolitano* begins thus to reply.

Sir, although a man of travel and experience might be satisfied in the sight of the countries, yet so insatiate is the desire of travelling that if perhaps a young gentleman of a liberal and courteous nature were desirous to see Jerusalem or Constantinople, would he well acquit my pains and follow my counsel, I would bestow a year or two with him out of England. To be brief, if the gentleman jump with him, then doth he cause him to sell some Lordship, and put some thousand or two thousand pounds in the bank to be received by letters of exchange, and because the gentleman is ignorant, my young master his guide must have the disposing of it, which he so well sets out, that the poor gentleman never sees any return of his money after. Then must store of suits of apparel be bought and furnished every way: at last he

names a ship wherein they should pass, and so down to Gravesend they go, and there he leaves the young novice, fleeced of his money and woe-begone, as far from travel as Miles the merry Cobbler of Shoreditch, that swore he would never travel further than from his shop to the alehouse. I pray you call you not these fine witted fellows Conny-catchers Master R. G. ?

ROBERT GREENE (1560P-1592):
A Defence of Conny-catching

3 *The Plague*

By this little picture you may guess, if that year of 1625 was not one of the world's climacterical years. If it be not (to this day) more remarkable than any other year in the memory of man, look back but on such calendars, as your observations may set down, and then be your own judges.

First, then, (in your looking back) remember those faint and purgative fluxes, which then were the vant-currers, making way for other diseases which immediately brake in upon us. How many families fell by that consumption! How many householders did that (then not regarded) sickness carry away? Did one ten in a thousand escape it? Or if happily they got out of his fingers, did not a spotted fever then presently print her nails upon their flesh?

How many bodies were by this purveyor of death, marked for funerals!

Our doctors gave that young sickness then (as they do this, now reigning) a fine gentleman like name, the spotted fever, as if it had been ermined, the spotted fever, as if it had been a beautiful fair skinned sickness, and those spots, the freckles in the face of it. But how many did this spotted leopard set upon, and tear in pieces!

The physicians were modest, and gave it a pretty harmless name, (the spotted fever) but woeful experience makes us confess, it was the direct plague, or cousin-german to it: the spotted fever served but as a by-name: the spots were the

signs that hung at the doors, but the pestilence dwelt within.

Again look back upon that moon, and that officious star, waiting so close upon her, and read in both their faces, what followed after.

Again look back, at the sudden, and unexpected death of King James: He led the way, and millions of subjects followed after him; he died of a burning fever, but that burning went cold to a great many hearts in Christendom, and it struck cold to us in England, till the breath of trumpets, glittering of bonfires, and acclamations of people, heated us again, with the happy news of a glorious sun risen. And that sun was the great Charlemagne, our now present Sovereign.

THOMAS DEKKER (c. 1570-1641):
London Look Back . . .

4 Solitude

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world, is a fit man to be alone; nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding; so that solitude can be well fitted and set right, but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair, than in a wood alone. They may like petty thieves cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets in the midst of company, but like robbers they use to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the hands of devils. Tis like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sewed into a bag with an ape, a dog, and a serpent. The first work therefore that a man must do to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is, the very eradication of all lusts, for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself while his affections are tied to things

without himself? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well speaking, depends upon much practice, and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a god from a wild beast. Now because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon; it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667): *Of Solitude*

5 *Fortune's Bubbles*

Tray.' said I, 'what do you take that knot of gentlemen to be, who are so merry with one another?' 'They,' replied my friend, 'are gamesters, waiting to pick up some young bubble or other as he comes from his chamber. They are men whose conditions are subject to more revolutions than a weathercock, or the uncertain mind of a fantastical woman. They are seldom two days in one and the same station; they are very richly dressed one day, and perhaps out at elbows the next; they often have a great deal of money, and are as often without a penny in their pockets. They are Fortune's bubbles, as young gentlemen are theirs; for whatever benefits she bestows upon 'em with one hand she snatches away with t'other. Their whole lives are a lottery; they read no books but cards; all their mathematics is to truly understand the odds of a bet; they very often fall out, but very seldom fight, and the way to make 'em your friends, is to quarrel with them; they are men who have seldom occasion to pare their nails, for they most commonly keep them short by biting of them. They generally begin every year with the same riches, for the issue of their annual labours is chiefly to

enrich the pawnbroker; they are seldom in debt, because nobody will trust 'em; and they never care to lend money, because they know not where to borrow it. A pair of false dice, and a pack of marked cards sets 'em up, and an hour's unfortunate play commonly breaks 'em; they are nearly related to madmen, for they have generally more raving fits in a day than a Bedlamite, at which time they are as profuse in their oaths, as a young scholar is of his Latin; they generally die intestate, and go as poor out of the world as they came into it.

NED WARD (1667-1731): *The London Spy*

6 Loquacity

I look upon a tedious talker, or what is generally known by the name of a story-teller, to be much more insufferable than even a prolix writer. An author may be tossed out of your hand, and thrown aside when he grows dull and tiresome; but such liberties are so far from being allowed towards your orators in common conversation, that I have known a challenge sent a person for going out of the room abruptly, and leaving a man of honour in the midst of a dissertation. This evil is at present so very common and epidemical, that there is scarce a coffee-house in town that has not some speakers belonging to it, who utter their political essays, and draw parallels out of Baker's Chronicle' to almost every part of her majesty's reign. It was said of two ancient authors, who had very different beauties in their style, 'that if you took a word from one of them, you only spoiled his eloquence; but if you took a word from the other, you spoiled his sense.' I have often applied the first part of this criticism to several of these coffee-house speakers whom I have at present in my thoughts, though the character that is given to the last of those authors, is what I would recommend to the imitation of my loving countrymen. **But** it is not only public places of resort, but private clubs and con-

versations over a bottle, that are infested with this loquacious kind of animal, especially with that species which I comprehend under the name of a story-teller. I would earnestly desire these gentlemen to consider, that no point of wit or mirth at the end of a story can atone for the half-hour that has been lost before they come at it. I would likewise lay it home to their serious consideration, whether they think that every man in the company has not a right to speak as well as themselves? and whether they do not think they are invading another man's property, when they engross the time which should be divided equally among the company to their own private use?

What makes this evil the much greater in conversation is, that these humdrum companions seldom endeavour to wind up their narrations into a point of mirth or instruction, which might make some amends for the tediousness of them; but think they have a right to tell anything that has happened within their memory. They look upon matter of fact to be a sufficient foundation for a story, and give us a long account of things, not because they are entertaining or surprising, but because they are true.

My ingenuous kinsman, Mr. Humphry Wagstaff, used to say 'the life of man is too short for a story-teller.'

Methusalem might be half an hour in telling what o'clock it was: but as for postdiluvians, we ought to do everything in haste; and in our speeches, as well as actions, remember that our time is short. A man that talks for a quarter of an hour together in company, if I meet him frequently, takes up a great part of my span. A quarter of an hour may be reckoned the eight-and-fortieth part of a day, a day the three hundred and sixtieth part of a year, and a year the three-score and tenth part of life. By this moral arithmetic, supposing a man to be in the talking world one third part of the day, whoever gives another a quarter of an hour's hearing, makes him a sacrifice of more than the four hundred thousandth **part of** his conversable life.

I would establish but one great general rule to be observed

in all conversations, which is this, 'that men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them.' This would make them consider, whether what they speak be w^orth hearing; whether there be either wⁱt or sense in what they are about to say; and, whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom, it is spoken.

For the utter extirpation of these orators and story-tellers, which I look upon as very great pests of society, I have invented a watch which divides the minute into twelve parts, after the same manner that the ordinary watches are divided into hours: and will endeavour to get a patent, which shall oblige every club or company to provide themselves with one of these watches, that shall lie upon the table, as an hour-glass is often placed near the pulpit, to measure out the length of a discourse.

I shall be willing to allow a man one round of my watch, that is, a whole minute, to speak in; but if he exceeds that time, it shall be lawful for any of the company to look upon the watch, or to call him down to order.

Provided, however, that if any one can make it appear he is turned of threescore, he may take two, or, if he pleases, three rounds of the watch without giving offence. Provided, also, that this rule be not construed to extend to the fair sex, who shall be at liberty to talk by the ordinary watch that is now in use. I would likewise earnestly recommend this little automaton, which may be easily carried in the pocket without any encumbrance, to all such as are troubled with this infirmity of speech, that upon pulling out their watches they may have frequent occasion to consider what they are doing, and by that means cut the thread of a story short, and hurry to a conclusion. I shall only add, that this watch, with a paper of directions how to use it, is sold at Charles Lillie's.

I am afraid a Tatier will be thought a very improper paper to censure this humour of being talkative; but I would have my readers know that there is a great difference between *tattle* and *loquacity*, as I shall show at large in a following

lucubration; it being my design to throw away a candle upon that subject, in order to explain the whole art of tattling in all its branches and subdivisions.

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729):

The Tatler, No. 264

7 *His Own Good Nature*

When I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty, and success, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and is his own private property. By this means, every man that does himself any real service, does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice, as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties, and distresses. And because the world does not supply instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together into a narrow compass the great occurrences and events that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man, who has deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with

lustre, and shining forth in all the splendour of success, I close my book, and am an happy man for a whole evening.

But since in history events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthless and the deserving, inso-much that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in prosperity and peace; I love to amuse myself with the accounts I meet with in fabulous histories and fictions: for in this kind of writings we have always the pleasure of seeing vice punished and virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a man in the whole circle of his existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it close with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit: but though our view of him is interrupted by death before the finishing of his adventures, (if I may so speak,) we may be sure that the conclusion and catastrophe is altogether suitable to his behaviour. On the contrary, the whole being of a man, considered as an hero, or a knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a poem or romance, and therefore always ends to our satisfaction; so that inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good-natured disposition, which they please and gratify at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we see our favourites in these relations engaged, the greater is the pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719):

The Tatler, No. 117

8 *Essay-writing*

As every scheme of life, so every form of writing, has its advantages and inconveniences, though not mingled in the same proportions. The writer of essays escapes many embarrassments to which a large work would have exposed him; he seldom harasses his reason with long trains of consequences, dims his eyes with the perusal of antiquated

volumes, or burdens his memory with great accumulations of preparatory knowledge. A careless glance upon a favourite author, or transient survey of the varieties of life is sufficient to supply the first hint or seminal idea, which, enlarged by the gradual accretion of matter stored in the mind, is, by the warmth of fancy, easily expanded into flowers, and sometimes ripened into fruit.

The most frequent difficulty by which the authors of these pretty compositions are distressed, arises from the perpetual demand of novelty and change. The compiler of a system of science lays his invention at rest, and employs only his judgment, the faculty exerted with less fatigue. Even the relator of feigned adventures, when once the principal-characters are established, and the great events regularly connected, finds incidents and episodes crowding upon his mind; every change opens new views, and the latter part of the story grows without labour out of the former. But he that attempts to entertain his reader with unconnected pieces, finds the irksomeness of his task rather increased than lessened by every production. The day calls afresh upon him for a new topic, and he is again obliged to choose, without any principle to regulate his choice.

It is indeed true, that there is seldom any necessity of looking far, or inquiring long, for a proper subject. Every diversity of art or nature, every public blessing or calamity, every domestic pain or gratification, every sally of caprice, blunder of absurdity, or stratagem of affectation, may supply matter to him whose only rule is to avoid uniformity. But it often happens, that the judgment is distracted with boundless multiplicity, the imagination ranges from one design to another, and the hours pass imperceptibly away, till the composition can be no longer delayed, and necessity enforces the use of those thoughts which then happen to be at hand. The mind, rejoicing at deliverance on any terms from perplexity and suspense, applies herself vigorously to the work before her, collects embellishments and illustrations, and sometimes finishes, with great elegance and happi-

ness, what in a state of ease and leisure she never had begun.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784):
The Rambler, No. 184

9 *Scotchmen*

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me; and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game per-adventure, and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting: waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath, but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are sugges-

tive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if indeed they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to any thing that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian: you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him, for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. A healthy book!' said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to John Bunclie—'Did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book.' Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a

Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr.—. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked *MY BEAUTY*, (a foolish name it goes by among my friends,) when he very gravely assured me that 'he had considerable respect for my character and talents.' (so he was pleased to say,) 'but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions.' The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him. Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth, which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm as announce it. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth (as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected, and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way,) that I wished it were the father instead of the son—when four of them started up at once to inform me that 'that was impossible, because he was dead.' An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive. Swift has hit off this part of their character, namely their love of truth, in his biting way, but with an illiberality that necessarily confines the passage to the margin. The tediousness of these people is certainly provoking. I wonder if they ever tire one another 1—In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot, even more than he would your contempt of him. The latter he imputes to your 'imperfect acquaintance with many of the words which he uses; and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose that you can admire him.

Thomson they seem to have forgotten. Smollett they have neither forgotten nor forgiven, for his delineation of Rory and his companion, upon their first introduction to our metropolis. Speak of Smollett as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume's History compared with *his* Continuation of it. What if the historian had continued Humphry Clinker?

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834):

Essays of Elia: Imperfect Sympathies

10 Minchmoor

Now that everybody is out of town, and every place in the guide-books is as well known as Princes Street or Pall Mall, it is something to discover a hill everybody has not been to the top of, and which is not in *Black*. Such a hill is *Minchmoor*, nearly three times as high as Arthur Seat, and lying between Tweed and Yarrow.

The best way to ascend it is from Traquair. You go up the wild old Selkirk road, which passes almost right over the summit, and by which Montrose and his cavaliers fled from Philiphaugh, where Sir Walter's mother remembered crossing, when a girl, in a coach-and-six, on her way to a ball at Peebles, several footmen marching on either side of the carriage to prop it up or drag it out of the moss *haggs*; and where, to our amazement, we learned that the Duchess of Buccleuch had lately driven her ponies. Before this we had passed the grey, old-world entrance to Traquair House, and looked down its grassy and untrod avenue to the pallid, forlorn mansion, stricken all o'er with eld, and noticed the wrought-iron gate embedded in a foot deep and more of soil, never having opened since the '45. There are the huge Bradwardine bears on each side—most grotesque supporters—with a superfluity of ferocity and canine teeth. The whole place, like the family whose it has been, seems dying out—everything subdued to settled desolation. The old race, the

old religion, the gaunt old house, with its small, deep, comfortable windows, the decaying trees, the stillness about the doors, the grass over-running everything, nature reinstating herself in her quiet way—all this makes the place look as strange and pitiful among its fellows in the vale as would the Earl who built it three hundred years ago if we met him tottering along our way in the faded dress of his **youth**; but it looks the Earl's house still, and has a dignity of its own.

We soon found the Minchmoor road, and took at once to the hill, the ascent being, as often is with other ascents in this world, steepest at first. Nothing could be more beautiful than the view as we ascended, and got a look of the 'eye sweet' Tweed hills, and their 'silver stream.' It was one of the five or six good days of this summer—in early morning, 'soft' and doubtful; but the mists drawing up, and now the noble, tawny hills were dappled with gleams and shadows—

' Sunbeams upon distant hills gliding apace '—

the best sort of day for mountain scenery—that ripple of light and shadow brings out the forms and the depths of the hills far better than a cloudless sky; and the horizon is generally wider.

Before us and far away was the round flat head of Minchmoor, with a dark, rich bloom on it, from the thick, short heather—the hills around being green. Near the top, on the Tweed side, its waters trotting away cheerily to the glen at Bold, is the famous *Cheese Well*—always full, never overflowing. Here every traveller—Duchess, shepherd, or houseless *mugger*—stops, rests, and is thankful; doubtless so did Montrose, poor fellow, and his young nobles and their jaded steeds, on their scurry from Lesly and his Dragoons. It is called the Cheese Well from those who rest there dropping in bits of their provisions, as votive offerings to the fairies whose especial haunt this mountain was. After our rest and drink, we left the road **and made for the top. When there we**

were well rewarded. The great round-backed, kindly, solemn hills of Tweed, Yarrow, and Ettrick lay all about like sleeping mastiffs—too plain to be grand, too ample and beautiful to be commonplace.

JOHN BROWN (1810-1882):
Horse Subsecivce: Minchmoor

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