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SPARE HOLES

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE SPARE HOLES"

AND "THE SPARE HOLES"
AND OTHER STORIES



BOSTON
Houghton, Mifflin and Company
New York 100 Nassau Street
The Atlantic City, Cambridge
1903



SPARE HOURS

BY

JOHN BROWN, M. D.

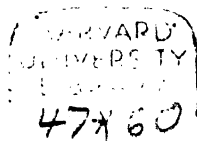
SECOND SERIES

JOHN LEECH, MARJORIE FLEMING
AND OTHER PAPERS



BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1883

KJ 34 547



AUTHOR'S EDITION.

THE AUTHOR

DEDICATES THIS VOLUME TO

THE MEMORY OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

“WHO THROUGH FAITH SUBDUED KINGDOMS, AND
WROUGHT RIGHTEOUSNESS.”

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JOHN LEECH.





JOHN LEECH.

IF man is made to mourn, he also, poor fellow! and without doubt therefore, is made to laugh. He needs it all, and he gets it. For human nature may say of herself, in the words of the ballad, "Werena my heart licht, I wad die."

Man is the only animal that laughs; it is as peculiar to him as his chin and his *hippocampus minor*.* The perception of a joke, the smile, the sense of the ludicrous, the quiet laugh, the roar of laughter, are all our own; and we may be laughed as well as tickled to death, as in the story of the French nun of mature years, who, during a vehement fit of laughter, was observed by her sisters to sit suddenly still and look very "gash" (like the Laird of Garscadden †), this being considered a further part of the joke, when they found she was elsewhere.

In books, old and new, there is no end of philosophizing upon the ludicrous and its cause; from Aristotle, who says it is some error in truth or propriety, but at the same time neither painful nor pernicious; and Cicero, who defines it as that which, without impropriety, notes and

* No other animal has a chin proper; and it is a comfort, in its own small way, that Mr. Huxley has not yet found the lesser sea-horse in our grandfather's brain.

† Vide Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

exposes an impropriety; to Jean Paul, who says it is the opposite of the sublime, the infinitely great, and is therefore the infinitely little; and Kant, who gives it as the sudden conversion into nothing of a long raised and highly wrought expectation; many have been the attempts to unsphere the spirit of a joke and make it tell its secret; but we agree with our excellent and judicious friend Quintilian, that its *ratio* is at best *anceps*. There is a certain robust felicity about old Hobbes's saying, that "it is a *sudden glory*, or sense of eminency above others or our former selves." There is no doubt at least about the suddenness and the glory; all true laughter must be involuntary, must come and go as it lists, must take us and shake us heartily and by surprise. No man can laugh any more than he can sneeze at will, and he has nearly as little to do with its ending: it dies out, disdaining to be killed. He may grin and guffaw, because these are worked by muscles under the dominion of volition; but your diaphragm, the midriff, into which your joker pokes his elbow, he is the great organ of genuine laughter and the sudden glory, and he, as you all know, when made absurd by hiccup, is masterless as the wind, "untamable as flies"; therefore is he called by the grave Haller, *nobilissimus post cor musculus*; for, ladies and gentlemen, your heart is only a (often very) hollow muscle. If you wish to know what is done in your interior when you laugh, here it is from Dr. Carpenter. He classes it along with sobbing and hiccup, and says: "In it the muscles of expiration are in convulsive movement, more or less violent, and send out the breath in a series of jerks, the *glottis* being open," — the *glottis* being the little chink at the top of the windpipe.

As to the mental impression on the sensorium that sets

these jerks agoing, and arches that noble muscle, we, as already said, think it may be left to a specific sense of its own, and that laughter is the effect and very often the cause of the laughable, and therefore of itself, — a definition which has the merit of being self-contained. But is it not well that we are made to laugh, that, from the first sleepy gleam moving like sunshine over an infant's cheek, to the cheery and feeble chirrup of his great-grandfather by the fireside, we laugh at the laughable, when the depths of our strange nature are dappled and rippled, or tossed into wildest laughter by anything, so that it be droll, just as we shudder when soused with cold water, — because we can't help it?

But we are drifting into disquisition, and must beware. What is it to us or the public that the pneumogastric and phrenic nerves are the telegraphs from their head-quarters in the brain to this same midriff; that if cut, there would be an end of our funny messages, and of a good deal more; that the *musculus nobilissimus*, if wounded in its feelings from without or from within, takes to outrageous laughter of the dreariest sort; that if anything goes wrong at the central *thalami*, as they are called, of these nerves, the vehicles of will and feeling, they too make sad fools of themselves by sending down absurd, incoherent telegrams "at lairge"?

One might be diffuse upon the various ways in which laughter seizes upon and deals with mankind: how it excruciates some, making them look and yell as if caught in a trap. How a man takes to crowing like a cock, or as if under permanent whooping-cough, ending his series of explosions victoriously with his well-known "clarion wild and shrill." How provocative of laughter such a

musical performance always is to his friends, leading them to lay snares for him! We knew an excellent man — a country doctor — who, if wanted in the village, might be traced out by his convivial crow. It was droll to observe him resisting internally and on the sly the beginnings of his *bravura*; how it always prevailed. How another friend, huge, learned, and wise, whom laughter seizes and rends, is made desperate, and at times ends in crashing his chair, and concluding his burst on its ruins, and on the floor. In houses where he is familiar, a special chair is set for him, braced with iron for the stress.

Then one might discourse on the uses of laughter as a muscular exercise; on its drawing into action lazy muscles, supernumeraries, which get off easily under ordinary circumstances; how much good the convulsive succussion of the whole man does to his chylo-poietic and other viscera; how it laughs to scorn care and *malaise* of all kinds; how it makes you cry without sorrow, and ache every inch of you without wrong done to any one; how it clears the liver and enlivens the spleen, and makes the very cockles of the heart to tingle. By the by, what are these cockles of tradition but the *columnæ carneæ*, that pull away at the valves, and keep all things tight?

But why should we trouble ourselves and you with either the physiology or the philosophy of laughter, when all that anybody needs to say or to hear is said, so as to make all after saying hopeless and needless, by Sydney Smith, in his two chapters on Wit and Humor, in his *Notes of Lectures on Moral Philosophy*? Why it is that when any one — except possibly Mr. Tupper — hears for the first time that wisest of wits' joke to his doctor, when told by him to "take a walk on an empty stomach": — "on whose?" — he laughs right out, loud and strong, may

be a question as hard to answer as the why he curls up his nose when tickled with a straw, or sneezes when he looks at the sun ; but it is not hard to be thankful for the joke, and for the tickle, and for the sneeze. Our business rather is now gratefully to acknowledge the singular genius, the great personal and artistic worth, of one of our best masters of "heart-easing mirth," than to discourse upon the why and how he makes us laugh so pleasantly, so wholesomely and well,—and to deplore, along with all his friends (who has not in him lost a friend?), his sudden and irreparable loss. It was as if something personal to every one was gone ; as if a fruit we all ate and rejoiced in had vanished forever ; a something good and cheery, and to be thankful for, which came every week as sure as Thursday — never to come again. Our only return to him for all his unfailing goodness and cheer is the memory of the heart ; and he has it if any man in the British empire has. The noble, honest, kindly, diligent, sound-hearted, modest, and manly John Leech, — the very incarnation in look, character, and work of the best in an Englishman.

As there is and has always been, since we had letters or art of our own, a rich abounding power and sense of humor and of fun in the English nature, so ever since that same nature was pleased to divert and express itself and its jokes in art as well as in books, we have had no lack of depictees of the droll, the odd, the terrible, and the queer. Hogarth is the first and greatest of them all, the greatest master in his own *terribile via* the world has ever seen. If you want to know his worth and the exquisite beauty of his coloring, study his pictures, and possess his prints, and read Charles Lamb on his genius. Then came the savage Gillray, strong and coarse as

Churchill, the very Tipton Slasher of political caricature; then we had Bunbury, Rowlandson, and Woodward, more violent than strong, more odd than droll, and often more disgusting than either. Smirke, with his delicate, pure, pleasant humor, as seen in his plates to *Don Quixote*, which are not unworthy of that marvellous book, the most deeply and exquisitely humorous piece of genius in all literature; then Edwin Landseer's *Monkeyana*, forgotten by, and we fear unknown to many, so wickedly funny, so awfully human, as almost to convert us to Mr. Huxley's pedigree, — *The Duel*, for instance. Then we had Henry Alken in the Hunting Field, and poor Heath, the ex-Captain of Dragoons, facile and profuse, unscrupulous and clever. Then the greatest since Hogarth, though limited in range and tending to excess, George Cruickshank, who happily still lives and plies his matchless needle; — it would take an entire paper to expound his keen, penetrating power, his moral intensity, his gift of wild grimace, the dexterity and super-subtlety of his etching, its firm and delicate lines. Then came poor short-lived tragical Seymour, whom Thackeray wished to succeed as artist to *Pickwick*; he embodied *Pickwick* as did "Phiz," — Hablot Browne, — *Messrs. Quilp* and *Pecksniff*, and *Micky Free*, and whose steeple-chasing Irish cocktails we all know and relish; but his manner is too much for him and for us, and his ideas are neither deep nor copious, hence everlasting and weak repetitions of himself. Kenny Meadows, with more genius, especially for fiends and all eldritch fancies, and still more mannerism. Sibson and Hood, whose drawings were quaint and queer enough, but his words better and queerer. Thackeray, very great, answering wonderfully his own idea. We wonder that his *Snobs* and *Modern Novelists* and miscellaneous papers were

ever published without his own cuts. What would *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* be without *The Mulligan*, as the spread-eagle, frantic and glorious, doing the mazurka, without *Miss Bunyon*, and them all; and the good little *Nightingale*, singing "Home, Sweet Home" to that young, premature brute Hewlett, in *Dr. Birch*. But we have already recorded our estimate of Mr. Thackeray's worth as an artist;* and all his drolleries and quaint bits of himself, — his comic melancholy, his wistful children, his terrific soldans in the early *Punches*. They should all be collected, — wherever he escapes from his pen to his pencil, they should never be divorced. Then Doyle, with his wealth of dainty fantasies, his glamourie, his wonderful power of expressing the weird and uncanny, his fairies and goblins, his enchanted castles and maidens, his plump caracolling pony chargers, his charm of color and of unearthly beauty in his water-colors. No one is more thoroughly himself and alone than Doyle. We need only name his father, "H. B.," the master of gentlemanly, political satire, — as Gillray was of brutal. Tenniel we still have, excellent, careful, and often strong and effective; but more an artist and a draughtsman than a genius or a humorist.

John Leech is different from all these, and, taken as a whole, surpasses them all, even Cruickshank, and seats himself next, though below, William Hogarth. Well might Thackeray, in his delightful notice of his friend and fellow-Carthusian in *The Quarterly*, say, "There is no blinking the fact, that in Mr. Punch's Cabinet John Leech is the right-hand man. Fancy a number of *Punch* without Leech's picture! What would you give for it?" This was said ten years ago. How much more

* North British Review, No. LXXIX., February 1864.

true it is now ! We don't need to *fancy* it any longer And yet, doubtless, Nature is already preparing some one else — she is forever filling her horn — whom we shall never think better, or in his own way, half so good, but who like him will be, let us trust, new and true, modest and good ; let us, meanwhile, rest and be thankful, and look back on the past. We'll move on by and by, "to fresh fields and pastures new," we suppose, and hope.

We are not going to give a biography, or a studied appraisalment of this great artist, — that has been already well done in the *Cornhill*, — and we trust the mighty "J. O.," who knew him and loved him as a brother, and whose strong and fine hand — its truth, nicety, and power — we think we recognize in an admirable short notice of Leech as one of the "Men of Mark," in the *London Review* of May 31, 1862, — may employ his leisure in giving us a memorial of his friend. No one could do it better, not even the judicious Tom Taylor, and it is worth his while to go down the great stream side by side with such a man. All that we shall now do is to give some particulars, not, so far as we know, given to the public, and end with a few selected woodcuts from *Punch*, — illustrative of his various moods and gifts, — for which we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, — two men to whom and to whose noble generosity and enterprise we owe it that *Punch* is what he is ; men who have made their relation to him and to his staff of writers and artists a labor of love ; dealing in everything, from the quality of the paper up to the genius, with truly disinterested liberality ; and who, to give only one instance, must have given Mr. Leech, during his twenty-three years' connection with them, upwards of £ 40,000, — money richly deserved, and well won, for no

money could pay in full what he was to them and to us; but still not the less honorable to them than to him.*

John Leech, we believe remotely of Irish extraction, was a thoroughly London boy, though never one whit of a Cockney in nature or look. He was born in 1817, being thus six years younger than Thackeray, both of them Charterhouse boys. We rejoice to learn that Lord Russell has, in the kindest way, given to Mr. Leech's eldest boy a presentation to this famous school, where the best men of London birth have so long had their training, as Brougham and Jeffrey, Scott and Cockburn, had at the Edinburgh High School. This gift of our Foreign Minister is twice blessed, and is an act the country may well thank him for.

When between six and seven years of age, some of

* When the history of the rise and progress of *Punch* comes to be written, it will be found that the Weekly Dinner has been one of the chief things which contributed to its success. Almost from the foundation of that journal it has been the habit of the contributors every Wednesday to dine together. In the winter months, the dinner is usually held in the front room of the first floor of No. 11 Bouverie Street, Whitefriars, — the business offices of the proprietors, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Sometimes these dinners are held at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden. During the summer months, it is customary to have ten or twelve dinners at places in the neighborhood of London, Greenwich, Richmond, Blackwall, etc. And once a year they attend the annual dinner of the firm, at which compositors, readers, printers, machinememen, clerks, etc., dine. This dinner is called the "Way Goose," and is often referred to in *Punch*.

At the weekly dinner the contents of the forthcoming number of *Punch* are discussed. When the cloth is removed, and dessert is laid on the table, the first question put by the editor is, "What shall the Cartoon be?"

During the lifetimes of Jerrold and Thackeray, the discussions after dinner ran very high, owing to the constitutional antipathy existing between these two. Jerrold being the oldest, as well as the noisiest, generally came off victorious. In these rows it required all the suavity

Leech's drawings were seen by the great Flaxman, and, after carefully looking at them and the boy, he said, "That boy must be an artist; he will be nothing else or less." This was said in full consciousness of what is involved in advising such a step. His father wisely, doubtless, thought otherwise, and put him to the medical profession at St. Bartholomew's, under Mr. Stanley. He was very near being sent to Edinburgh, and apprenticed to Sir George Ballingall. If he had come to us then, he would have found one student, since famous, with whom he would have cordialized, — Edward, afterwards Professor Forbes, who to his other great gifts added that of drawing, especially of all sorts of wild, fanciful, elfish pleasantries and freaks, most original and ethereal, and

of Mark Lemon (and he has a great deal of that quality) to calm the storm; his award always being final.

The third edition of Wednesday's *Sun* is generally brought in to give the latest intelligence, so as to bring the Cartoon down to the latest date. On the Thursday morning following, the editor calls at the houses of the artists to see what is being done. On Friday night all copy is delivered and put into type, and at two o'clock on Saturday proofs are revised, the forms made up, and with the last movement of the engine, the whole of the type is placed under the press, which cannot be moved until the Monday morning, when the steam is again up. This precaution is taken to prevent waggish tricks on the part of practical joking compositors.

At these dinners none but those connected with the staff proper are permitted to attend; the only occasional exceptions, we believe, have been Sir Joseph Paxton, Mr. Layard, the present Foreign Under-Secretary, Charles Dickens, and Charles Dickens, junior. As an illustration of the benefit arising from these meetings, we may mention that Jerrold always used to say, "It is no use any of us quarrelling, because next Wednesday must come round with its dinner, when we will all have to shake hands again." By means of these meetings, the discussions arising on all questions helped both caricaturist and wit to take a broad view of things, as well as enabled the editor to get his team to draw well together, and give a uniformity of tone to all the contributions.

the specimens of which, in their many strange resting-places, it would be worth the while to reproduce in a volume. Leech soon became known among his fellow-students for his lifelike, keen, but always good-natured caricatures; he was forever drawing. He never had any regular art-lessons, but his medical studies furnished him with a knowledge of the structure and proportions of the human form, which gives such reality to his drawing; and he never parades his knowledge, or is its slave; he values expression ever above mere form, never falsifying, but often neglecting, or rather subordinating, the latter to the former. This intense realism and insight, this pure intense power of observation it is that makes the Greek sculptors so infinitely above the Roman.

We believe the Greeks knew nothing of what was under the skin,—it was considered profane to open the human body and dissect it; but they studied form and action with that keen, sure, unforgetting, loving eye, that purely realistic faculty, which probably they, as a race, had in more exquisite perfection than any other people before or since. Objective truth they read, and could repeat as from a book. The Romans, with their hardy, penetrating, audacious nature,—*rerum Domini*,—wanted to know not only what appears, but what is, and what makes appear. They had no misgivings or shyness at cutting into and laying bare their dead fellows, as little as they had in killing them or being themselves killed; and as so often happens, their strength was their weakness, their pride their fall. They must needs show off their knowledge and their muscles, and therefore they made their statues as if without skin, and put on as violent and often impossible action as ever did Buonarrotti. Compare the Laocoon and his boys (small men, rather

with the Elgin marbles; the riders on the frieze so comely in their going, so lissome; their skin slipping sweetly over their muscles; their modestly representing, not of what they know, but of what they see.

In John Leech and Tennyel you see something of the same contrast: the one knows more than he needs, and shows it accordingly; the other knowing by instinct, or from good sense, that drawing has only to do with appearances, with things that may be seen, not with things that may be known, drew merely what he saw; but then with what an inevitable, concentrated eye and hand he did draw that! This made him so pre-eminent in reproducing the expression of action, — especially intense and rapid action. No knowledge of what muscles were acting, and what are their attachments, etc., could teach a man how a horse trots, or how he gathers himself up to leap, or how a broken-backed cab-horse would lie and look, or even how *Mr. Briggs* — excellent soul — when returning home, gently, and copiously ebriose from Epsom on his *donkey*, would sway about on his podgy legs, when instructing his amazed and ancient groom and friend as to putting up and rubbing down — *the mare*. But observation such as the Greeks had, that *ἀκρίβεια*, or accuracy, — carefulness, as they called it, — enabled Leech to do all this to the life.

All through his course, more and more, he fed upon Nature, and he had his reward in having perpetually at hand her freshness, her variety, her endlessness. There is a pleasant illustration of this given in a letter in *Notes and Queries* for November 5, 1864: — “On one occasion he and I were riding to town in an omnibus, when an elderly gentleman, in a very peculiar dress, and with very marked features, stepped into the vehicle, and sat down immediately in front of us. He stared so hard and

made such wry faces at us, that *I* could hardly refrain from laughter. My discomfiture was almost completed when Leech suddenly exclaimed, 'By the way, did Prendergast ever show you that extraordinary account which has been lately forwarded to him?' and, producing his note-book, added, 'Just run your eye up that column, and tell me what you *can* make of it.' The page was *blank*; but two minutes afterwards the features of that strange old gentleman gaping at us were reflected with life-like fidelity upon it." There is humor in the choice of the word "Prendergast." This is the true way to nurse invention, to preen and let grow imagination's wings, on which she soars forth into the ideal, "sailing with supreme dominion through the azure depths of air." It is the man who takes in who can give out. The man who does not do the one, soon takes to spinning his own fancies out of his interior, like a spider, and he snares himself at last as well as his victims. It is the bee that makes honey, and it is out of the eater that there comes forth meat, out of the strong that there comes forth sweetness. In the letter we refer to, which is well worth reading, there is a good remark, that Leech had no mere *minutiæ*, as Turner had none; everything was subordinated to the main purpose he had; but he had exquisite *finesse* and delicacy when it was that he wanted. Look at his drawing of our "Jocund Moru," from the boots to the swallows. His pencil work on wood was marvellous for freedom and loveliness.

The bent of his genius and external causes made him, when about seventeen, give up the study of medicine and go in stoutly and for life for art. His diligence was amazing, as witnessed by the list we give, by no means perfect, of his works; in *Bentley* they are in multitudes

and in *Punch* alone, up to 1862, there are more than three thousand separate drawings! with hardly the vestige of a repetition; it may be the same tune, but it is a new variation. In nothing is his realistic power more seen than in those delightful records of his own holidays in *Punch*. A geologist will tell you the exact structure of that rock in the Tay at Campsie Linn, where *Mr. Briggs* is carrying out that huge salmon in his arms, tenderly and safely, as if it were his first-born. All his seascapes, — Scarborough, Folkestone, Biarritz, etc., etc., — any one who has been there does not need to be told their names, and, as we have already said, his men are as native as his rocks, his bathers at Boulogne and Biarritz, his gamekeepers and gillies in Blair-Athole and Lochaber, — you have seen them there, the very men; Duncan Roy is one of them; and those men and women at Galway, in the Claddich, they are liker than themselves, more Irish than the Irish. In this respect his foreigners are wonderful, one of the rarest artistic achievements. Thackeray also could draw a foreigner, — as witness that dreary woman outworker in the Kickleburys. Mr. Frith can't. Then as to dress; this was one of the things Leech very early mastered and knew the meaning and power of; and it is worth mastering, for in it, the dress, is much of the man, both given and received. To see this, look at almost his first large drawing in *Punch*, two months after it started, called "Foreign Affairs." Look, too, at what is still one of his richest works, with all the fervor and abundance, the very dew of his youth, — the *Comic Latin Grammar*. Look at the dress of Menelaus, who threatens to give poor Helen, his wife, "a good hiding." Look at his droll etchings and woodcuts for the otherwise tiresomely brilliant *Comic Histories*, by Gilbert A'Beckett, with their too much puns.

Leech was singularly modest, both as a man and as an artist. This came by nature, and was indicative of the harmony and sweetness of his essence ; but doubtless the perpetual going to Nature, and drawing out of her fulness, kept him humble, as well as made him rich, made him, what every man of sense and power must be, conscious of his own strength ; but before the great mother he was simple and loving, attentive to her lessons, as a child, forever learning and doing.

This honesty and modesty were curiously brought out when he was, after much persuasion, induced to make the colored drawings for that exhibition which was such a splendid success, bringing in nearly £5,000. Nothing could induce him to do what was wanted, call them *paintings*. "They are mere sketches," he said, "and very crude sketches too, and I have no wish to be made a laughing-stock by calling them what they are not." Here was at once modesty and honest pride, or rather that truthfulness which lay at the root of his character, and was also its "bright, consummate flower" ; and he went further than this, in having printed in the Catalogue the following words: "These sketches have no claim to be regarded or tested as finished pictures. It is impossible for any one to know the fact better than I do. They have no pretensions to a higher name than that I have given them, — SKETCHES IN OIL."

We have had, by the kindness of Mr. John Heugh, their possessor, the privilege of having beside us for some time two of the best of those colored sketches, and we feel at once the candor and accuracy of their author's title. It is quite touching the unaccustomedness, the boyish, anxious, laborious workmanship of the practised hand that had done so much, so rapidly and perfectly in

B

another style. They do not make us regret much that he did not earlier devote himself to painting proper, because then what would have become of these three thousand cuts in *Punch*? But he shows, especially, true powers of landscape painting, a pure and deep sense of distance, translucency, and color, and the power of gleams and shadows on water. His girls are lovelier without color, — have, indeed, “to the eye and prospect of the soul,” a more exquisite bloom, the bloom within the skin, the brightness in the dark eye, all more expressed than in those actually colored. So it often is; give enough to set the looker-on a-painting, imagining, realizing, bringing up “the shows of things to the desires of the mind,” and no one but the highest painter can paint like that. This is the true office of the masters of all the ideal arts, to evoke, as did the rising sun on Memnon, the sleeping beauty and music and melody of another’s soul, to make every reader a poet, every onlooker an artist, every listener eloquent and tuneful, so be it that they have the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the loving and understanding heart.

As is well known, this exhibition took London captive. It was the most extraordinary record, by drawing, of the manners and customs and dress of a people ever produced. It was full “from morn to dewy eve,” and as full of mirth; at times this made it like a theatre convulsed as one man by the *vis comica* of one man. The laughter of special, often family groups, broke out opposite each drawing, spread contagiously effervescing throughout, lulling and waxing again and again like waves of the sea. From his reserve, pride, and nicety, Leech could never be got to go when any one was in the room; he had an especial horror of being what he called “caught and

talked at by enthusiastic people." It is worth mentioning here, as it shows his true literary turn as a humorist, and adds greatly to the completeness of his drawings and of his genius, that all the funny, witty, and often most felicitous titles and wordings of all sorts *were written by himself*; he was most particular about this.

One day a sporting nobleman visited the gallery with his huntsman, whose naïve and knowing criticisms greatly amused his master. At last, coming to one of the favorite hunting pictures, he said, "Ah! my Lord, nothin' but a party as knows 'osses cud havé draw'd them ere 'unters." The origin and means of these sketches in oil is curious. Mr. Leech had often been asked to undertake works of this character, but he had for so many years been accustomed to draw with the pencil, and that only on small blocks, that he had little confidence in his ability to draw on a large scale. The idea originated with Mr. Mark Lemon, his friend and colleague, who saw that by a new invention — a beautiful piece of machinery — the impression of a block in *Punch*, being first taken on a sheet of india-rubber, was enlarged; when, by a lithographic process, the copy thus got could be transferred to the stone, and impressions printed upon a large sheet of canvas. Having thus obtained an outline groundwork consisting of his own lines enlarged some eight times the area of the original block, Leech proceeded to color these. His knowledge of the manipulation of oil colors was very slight, and it was under the guidance of his friend, John Everett Millais, that his first attempts were made, and crude enough they were. He used a kind of transparent color which allowed the coarse lines of the enlargement to show through, so that the production presented the appearance of indifferent lithographs. slightly

tinted. In a short time, however, he obtained great mastery over oil color, and instead of allowing the thick fatty lines of printers' ink to remain on the canvas, he, by the use of turpentine, removed the ink, particularly with regard to the lines of the face and figure. These he redrew with his own hand in a fine and delicate manner. To this he added a delicacy of finish, particularly in flesh color, which greatly enhanced the value and beauty of his later works. To any one acquainted with these sketches, we may mention, for illustration of these remarks, No. 65 in the Catalogue. This work presents all the incompleteness and crudity of his early style. The picture represents *Piscator* seated on a wooden fence on a raw morning in a pelting shower of rain, the lines necessary to give the effect of a leaden atmosphere being very numerous and close. The works which illustrated his later style are best shown in Nos. 36 and 41. In the framing of these sketches he persisted in leaving a margin of white canvas, somewhat after the manner of water-color sketches.

Of all art satirists none have such a pervading sense and power of girlish and ripe womanly beauty as Leech. Hogarth alone, as in his *Poor Poet's Wife*, comes near him. There is a genuine domesticity about his scenes that could come only from a man who was much at his own fireside, and in the nursery when baby was washed. You see he is himself *paterfamilias*, with no Bohemian taint or raffish turn. What he draws he has seen. What he asks you to live in and laugh at and with, he has laughed at and lived in. It is this wholesomeness, and, to use the right word, this goodness, that makes Leech more than a drawer of funny pictures, more even than a great artist.* It makes him a teacher and an example

* It is honorable to the regular art of this country that many of its

of virtue in its widest sense, from that of manliness to the sweet devotion of woman, and the loving, open mouth and eyes of *parvula* on your knee. How different is the same class of art in France! you dare not let your wife or girls see their Leech; he is not for our virgins and boys. Hear what Thackeray says on this point:—

“Now, while Mr. Leech has been making his comments upon our society and manners, one of the wittiest and keenest observers has been giving a description of his own country of France, in a thousand brilliant pages; and it is a task not a little amusing and curious for a student of manners to note the difference between the two satirists, — perhaps between the societies which they describe. Leech’s England is a country peopled by noble elderly squires, riding large-boned horses, followed across country by lovely beings of the most gorgeous proportions, by respectful retainers, by gallant little boys emulating the courage and pluck of the sire. The joke is the precocious courage of the child, his gallantry as he charges at his fences, his coolness as he eyes the glass of port or tells grandpapa that he likes his champagne dry. How does Gavarni represent the family-father, the sire, the old gentleman in *his* country, the civilized country? Paterfamilias, in a dyed whig and whiskers, is leering by the side of Mademoiselle Coralie on her sofa in the Rue de Bréda; Paterfamilias, with a mask and a nose half a yard long, is hobbling after her at the ball. The *enfant terrible* is making Papa and Mamma alike ridiculous by showing us Mamma’s lover, who is lurking behind the

best men early recognized in Leech a true brother. Millais and Elmore and others were his constant *friends*; and we know that more than twelve years ago Mr. Harvey, now the perspicacious President of the Royal Scottish Academy, wished to make Leech and Thackeray honorary members of that body.

screen. A thousand volumes are written protesting against the seventh commandment. The old man is forever hunting after the young woman, the wife is forever cheating the husband. The fun of the old comedy never seems to end in France; and we have the word of their own satirists, novelists, painters of society, that it is being played from day to day.

"In the works of that barbarian artist Hogarth, the subject which affords such playful sport to the civilized Frenchman is stigmatized as a fearful crime, and is visited by a ghastly retribution. The English savage never thinks of such a crime as funny, and, a hundred years after Hogarth, our modern 'painter of mankind,' still retains his barbarous modesty, is tender with children, decorous before women, has never once thought that he had a right or calling to wound the modesty of either.

"Mr. Leech surveys society from the gentleman's point of view. In old days, when Mr. Jerrold lived and wrote for that celebrated periodical, he took the other side: he looked up at the rich and great with a fierce, sarcastic aspect, and a threatening posture; and his outcry or challenge was: 'Ye rich and great, look out! We, the people, are as good as you. Have a care, ye priests, wallowing on the tithe pig, and rolling in carriages and four; ye landlords grinding the poor; ye vulgar fine ladies bullying innocent governesses, and what not,—we will expose your vulgarity, we will put down your oppression, we will vindicate the nobility of our common nature,' and so forth. A great deal is to be said on the Jerrold side; a great deal was said; perhaps even a great deal too much. It is not a little curious to speculate upon the works of these two famous contributors of *Punch*, these two 'preachers,' as the phrase is. 'Woe to you, you ty-

rant and heartless oppressor of the poor! calls out Jerrold as Dives's carriage rolls by. 'Beware of the time when your bloated coachman shall be hurled from his box, when your gilded flunkey shall be cast to the earth from his perch, and your pampered horses shall run away with you and your vulgar wife, and smash you into ruin. The other philosopher looks at Dives and his cavalcade in his own peculiar manner. He admires the horses, and copies with the most curious felicity their form and action. The footman's calves and powder, the coachman's red face and floss wig, the over-dressed lady and plethoric gentleman in the carriage, he depicts with the happiest strokes; and if there is a pretty girl and a rosy child on the back seat, he 'takes them up tenderly' and touches them with a hand that has a caress in it. This artist is very tender towards all the little people. It is hard to say whether he loves boys or girls most, — these delightful little men on their ponies in the hunting-fields, those charming little Lady Adas flirting at the juvenile ball; or Tom the butcher's boy, on the slide; or ragged little Emly pulling the go-cart freighted with Elizarann and her doll Steele, Fielding, Goldsmith, Dickens, are similarly tender in their pictures of children. 'We may be barbarians, Monsieur —; but even the savages are occasionally kind to their papooses.' When are the holidays? Mothers of families ought to come to this exhibition and bring the children. Then there are the full-grown young ladies — the very full-grown young ladies — dancing in the ball-room, or reposing by the sea-shore; the men can peep at whole seraglios of these beauties for the moderate charge of one shilling, and bring away their charming likenesses in the illustrated catalogue (two-and-six). In the 'Mermaids' Haunt, for example, there is a siren

combing her golden locks, and another dark-eyed witch actually sketching you as you look at her, whom Ulysses could not resist. To walk by the side of the much-sounding sea, and come upon such a bevy of beauties as this, what bliss for a man or a painter! The mermaids in that haunt, haunt the beholder for hours after. Where is the shore on which those creatures were sketched? The sly catalogue does not tell us.

"The out-door sketcher will not fail to remark the excellent fidelity with which Mr. Leech draws the backgrounds of his little pictures. The homely landscape, the sea, the winter wood by which the huntsmen ride, the light and clouds, the birds floating over head, are indicated by a few strokes which show the artist's untiring watchfulness and love of nature. He is a natural truth-teller, and indulges in no flights of fancy, as Hogarth was before him. He speaks his mind out quite honestly, like a thorough Briton. He loves horses, dogs, river and field sports. He loves home and children, that you can see. He holds Frenchmen in light esteem. A bloated 'Mosoo' walking Leicester Square, with a huge cigar and a little hat, with 'billard' and 'estaminet' written on his flaccid face, is a favorite study with him; the unshaven jowl, the waist tied with a string, the boots which pad the Quadrant pavement, this dingy and disreputable being exercises a fascination over Mr. Punch's favorite artist. We trace, too, in his works a prejudice against the Hebrew nation, against the natives of an island much celebrated for its verdure and its wrongs; these are lamentable prejudices indeed, but what man is without his own? No man has ever depicted the little 'Snob' with such a delightful touch. Leech fondles and dandles this creature as he does the children. To

remember one or two of those dear gents is to laugh. To watch them looking at their own portraits in this pleasant gallery will be no small part of the exhibition; and as we can all go and see our neighbors caricatured here, it is just possible that our neighbors may find some smart likenesses of *their* neighbors in these brilliant, life-like, good-natured sketches in oil."—*Times*, June 21, 1862.

We could not resist giving this long extract. What perfection of thought and word! It is, alas! a draught of a wine we can no more get; the vine is gone. What flavor in his "dear prisoned spirit of the impassioned grape!" What a *bouquet*! Why is not everything that hand ever wrote reproduced? shall we ever again be regaled with such cœnanthic acid and ether?—the volatile essences by which a wine is itself and none other,—its flower and bloom; the reason why Chambertin is not Sherry, and Sauterne neither. Our scientific friends will remember that these same delicate acids and oils are compounds of the lightest of all bodies, hydrogen, and the brightest when concentrated in the diamond, carbon; and these in the same proportion as sugar! Moreover, this ethereal oil and acid of wine, what we may call its genius, never exceeds a forty-thousandth part of the wine! the elevating powers of the fragrant Burgundies are supposed to be more due to this essence than to its amount of alcohol. Thackeray, Jeremy Taylor, Charles Lamb, old Fuller, Sydney Smith, Ruskin, each have the felicity of a specific cœnanthic acid and oil,—a bouquet of his own; others' wines are fruity or dry or brandied, or "from the Cape," or from the gooseberry, as the case may be. For common household use, commend us to the stout home-brewed from the Swift, Defoe, Cobbet, and Southey taps.

Much has been said about the annoyance which organ-grinding caused to Leech, but there were other things which also gave him great annoyance, and amongst these was his grievance against the wood-engravers.

His drawings on the polished and chalked surface of the wood-block were beautiful to look at. Great admiration has been bestowed upon the delicacy and artistic feeling shown in the wood-blocks as they appeared in *Punch*; but any one who saw these exquisite little gems as they came from his hands would scarcely recognize the same things when they appeared in print in *Punch*. When he had finished one of his blocks, he would show it to his friends and say, "Look at this, and watch for its appearance in *Punch*." Sometimes he would point to a little beauty in a landscape, and calling particular attention to it, would say that probably all his fine little touches would be "cut away," in a still more literal sense than that in which he uses the word in his address.

When, however, we come to consider the circumstances and pressure under which these blocks were almost always engraved, the wonder will be that they were so perfect. The blocks upon which he drew were composed of small squares, fastened together at the back, so that when the drawing was completed on the block, it was unscrewed, and the various pieces handed over to a number of engravers, each having a square inch or two of landscape, figure, or face, as the case might be, not knowing what proportion of light and shade each piece bore to the whole.

Had these blocks been carefully and thoughtfully engraved by one hand, and then been printed by the hand instead of the steam press, we might have seen some of the *finesse* and beauty which the drawing showed *before* it was "cut away."

There was nothing that was so great a mark of the gentleness of his nature as his steady abstinence from personality. His correspondence was large, and a perusal of it only shows how careful he must have been, to have shunned the many traps that were laid for him to make him a partisan in personal quarrels. Some of the most wonderful suggestions were forwarded to him, but he had a most keen scent for everything in the shape of personality.

We need do little more than allude to the singular purity and good taste manifested in everything he drew or wrote. We do not know any finer instance of blamelessness in art or literature, such perfect delicacy and cleanness of mind, — nothing coarse, nothing having the slightest taint of indecency, no *double entendre*, no laughing at virtue, no glorifying or glozing of vice, — nothing to make any one of his own lovely girls blush, or his own handsome face hide itself. This gentleness and thorough gentlemanliness pervades all his works. They are done by a man you would take into your family and to your heart at once. To go over his four volumes of *Pictures of Life and Character* is not only a wholesome pleasure and diversion: it is a liberal education. And then he is not the least of a soft or *goody* man, no small sentimentalism or *petit maître* work: he is a man and an Englishman to the backbone; who rode and fished as if that were his chief business, took his fences fearlessly, quietly, and mercifully, and knew how to run his salmon and land him. He was, what is better still, a public-spirited man; a keen, hearty, earnest politician, with strong convictions, a Liberal deserving the name. His political pencillings are as full of good, energetic politics as they are of strong portraiture and drawing. He is

almost always on the right side, — sometimes, like his great chief, Mr. Punch, not on the popular one.

From the wonderful fidelity with which he rendered the cabmen and *gamins* of London, we might suppose he had them into his room to sit to him as studies. He never did this; he liked actions better than states. He was perpetually taking notes of all he saw; but this was the whole, and a great one. With this, and with his own vivid memory and bright informing spirit, he did it all. One thing we may be pardoned for alluding to as illustrative of his art. His wife, who was every way worthy of him, and without whom he was scarce ever seen at any place of public amusement, was very beautiful; and the appearance of those lovely English maidens we all so delight in, with their short foreheads, arch looks, and dark laughing eyes, their innocence and *esprit*, dates from about his marriage. They are all, as it were, *after* her, — her sisters; and as she grew more matronly, she may still be traced in her mature comeliness and motherly charms. Much of his sketches and their dramatic point are personal experience, as in "Mr. Briggs has a Slate off his House, and the Consequences." He was not, as indeed might be expected, what is called a funny man. Such a man was Albert Smith, whose absolute levity and funniness became ponderous, serious, and dreary, the crackling of thorns under the pot. Leech had melancholy in his nature, especially in his latter years, when the strain of incessant production and work made his fine organization super-sensitive and apprehensive of coming evil. It was about a year before his death, when in the hunting-field, that he first felt that terrible breast-pang, the last agony of which killed him, as he fell into his father's arms; while a child's party, such as he had often

seen inspired by, and given to us, was in the house. Probably he had by some strain, or sudden muscular exertion, injured the mechanism of his heart. We all remember the shock of his death: how every one felt bereaved, — felt poorer, — felt something gone that nothing could replace, — some one that no one else could follow.

What we owe to him of wholesome, hearty mirth and pleasure, and of something better, good as they are, than either, — purity, affection, pluck, humor, kindness, good humor, good feeling, good breeding, the love of nature, of one another, of truth, — the joys of children, the loveliness of our homely English fields, with their sunsets and village spires, their glimpses into the pure infinite beyond, — the sea and all its fulness, its waves “curling their monstrous heads and hanging them,” their crisping smiles on the sunlit sands, — all that variety of nature and of man which is only less infinite than its Maker; something of this, and of that mysterious quality called humor, that fragrance and flavor of the soul, which God has given us to cheer our lot, to help us to “take heart and hope, and steer right onward,” to have our joke, that lets us laugh at and make game of ourselves when we have little else to laugh at or play with, — of that which gives us when we will the silver lining of the cloud, and paints a rainbow on the darkened sky out of our own “troublesome tears”; — something of all these has this great and simple-hearted, hard-working artist given to us and to our children, as a joy and a possession forever. Let us be grateful to him, let us give him our best honor, affection, and regard.

Mr. Leech was tall, strongly but delicately made, graceful, long-limbed, with a grave, handsome face, a sensitive.

gentle mouth, but a mouth that could be "set," deep, penetrating eyes, an open, high, and broad forehead, exquisitely modelled. He looked like his works, — nimble, vigorous, and gentle; open, and yet reserved; seeing everything, saying not much; capable of heartiest mirth, but generally quiet. Once at one of John Parry's wonderful performances, "Mrs. Roseleaf's Tea-party," when the whole house was in roars, Leech's rich laughter was heard topping them all. There are, as far as we know, only two photographs of him: one — very beautiful, like a perfect English gentleman — by Silvy; the other more robust and homely, but very good, by Caldesi. We hope there is a portrait of him by his devoted friend Millais, whose experience and thoughts of his worth as a man and as an artist one would give a good deal to have.

When Thackeray wrote the notice of his sketches in *The Times*, Leech was hugely delighted, — rejoiced in it like a child, and said, "That's like putting £1,000 in my pocket." With all the temptations he had to Club life, he never went to the Garrick to spend the evenings, except on the Saturdays, which he never missed. On Sunday afternoons, in summer, Thackeray and he might often be seen regaling themselves with their fellow-creatures in the Zoölogical Gardens, and making their own queer observations, to which, doubtless, we are indebted for our baby hippopotamus and many another four-footed joke. He never would go to houses where he knew he was asked only to be seen and trotted out. He was not a frequenter of *Mrs. Leo Hunter's* at homes.

We now give a few typical woodcuts. It is impossible, from the size of our page, to give any of the larger, and often more complete and dramatic drawings. We hope

ours will send everybody to the volumes themselves. There should immediately be made, so long as it is possible, a complete collection of his works; and a noble monument to industry and honest work, as well as genius and goodness, it would be. We begin with the British Lion:—



THE STATE OF THE NATION. — DISRAELI MEASURING THE
BRITISH LION.

This is from a large Cartoon, but we have only space for the British Lion's head. He is dressed as a farm laborer. He has his hat and a big stick in his hand, and his tail innocently draggling under his smock-frock, which has the usual elaborate needlework displayed. Disraeli, who is taking his measure for rehabilitating the creature, is about a third shorter, and we would say six times lighter.

What a leonine simpleton! What a visage! How much is in it, and how much not! Look at his shirt collar and chubby cheek! What hair! copious and rank as the son of Manoah's, each particular hair growing straight out into space, and taking its own noway particular way. His honest, simple eyes, well apart; his snub, infantile nose; his long upper lip, unreclaimed as No-man's-land, or the Libyan desert, unstubbed as "Thornaby Waäste"

his mouth closed, and down at the corner, partly from stomach in discontent (Giles is always dyspeptic), partly from contempt of the same. He is submitting to be measured and taken advantage of behind his back by his Semitic brother. He will submit to this and much more, but not to more than that. He draws his line like other people, when it occurs to him; and he keeps his line, and breaks yours if you don't look to it.

He may be kicked over, and take it mildly, smiling, it may be, as if he ought somehow to take it well, though appearances are against it. You may even knock him down, and he gets up red and flustered, and with his hands among his hair, and his eyes rounder and brighter, and his mouth more linear, his one leg a little behind the other; but if you hit him again, calling him a liar or a coward, or his old woman no better than she should be, then he means mischief, and is at it and you. For he is like Judah, a true lion's whelp. Let us be thankful he is so gentle, and can be so fierce and stanch.



Did you ever see such a wind? How it is making

game of everything; how everything scuds! Look at his whiskers. Look at the tail of his descending friend's horse. Look at another's precursory "Lincoln and Bennett" bowling along! Look at his horse's head,—the jaded but game old mare; the drawing of her is exquisite; indeed, there is no end of praising his horses. They are all different, and a dealer could tell you their ages and price, possibly their pedigree.

There is a large woodcut in the *Illustrated London News* (any one who has it should frame it, and put the best plate-glass over it); it is called "Very Polite. The party on the gray, having invited some strangers to lunch, shows them the nearest way (by half a mile) to his house." The "party" is a big English squire—sixteen stone at least—with the handsome, insolent face of many of his tribe, and the nose of William the Conqueror. He has put the gray suddenly and quite close to a hurdle-fence, that nobody but such a man would face, and nothing but such blood and bone could take. He is returning from a "run," and is either ashamed of his guests, and wants to tail them off, or would like to get home and tell his wife that "some beggars" are coming to lunch; or it may be merely of the nature of a sudden lark, for the escape of his own and his gray's unsatisfied "go." The gray is over it like a bird. The drawing of this horse is marvellous; it is an action that could only last a fraction of a second, and yet the artist has taken it. Observe the group in the road of the astounded "strangers." There is the big hulking, sulky young cornet, "funking," as it is technically called; our friend Tom Noddy behind him, idiotic and ludicrous as usual, but going to go at it like a man such as he is,—the wintry elms, the big hedger at his work on his knees,—all done to the quick.

But the finest bit of all is the eye of the mare. She knows well it is a short cut home; and her cheery, fearless, gentle eye is keenly fixed, not on where she is about to land, — that's all right, — but on the distance, probably her own stable belfry. This woodcut is very valuable, and one of the largest he ever did.

How arch! how lovely! how maidenly in this their "sweet hour of prime" the two conspirators are! What a clever bit of composition! how workmanlike the rustic



seat! how jauntily the approaching young swells are bearing down upon them, keeping time with their long legs! you know how they will be chaffing all together in a minute; what ringing laughs!



“ And jocund day
stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.”

And is not she a jocund *morn*? day is too old for her. She is in “the first garden of her simpleness,” — in “the innocent brightness of her new-born day.” How plumb she stands! How firm these dainty heels! — leaning forward just a little on the wind; her petticoat, a mere hint of its wee bit of scoloped work, done by herself, doubtless; the billowy gown; the modest little *souppçon* of the white silk stockings, anybody else would have shown none, or too much; the shadow of puffing papa approaching to help her down; the wonderful sense of air and space. The only thing we question is, Would papa’s hat’s shadow show the rim *across*, instead of only at the sides?



BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First. "W'nt tak' thy quoad off, then! Oi tell thee oi'm as good a mon as thee!"

Second. "Thee a mon! Whoy, thou be'est only walkin' aboot to save thy funeral expenses."

This belongs to a set of drawings made when down in Staffordshire, his wife's county. They are all full of savage strength. They show how little he drew from fancy, and how much from nature, memory, and invention proper, which, as does also true imagination, postulate a foundation in materials and fact. A mere Cockney, — whose idea of a rough was that of a London ruffian, — would have put Staffordshire clothes on the Bill Sykes he may have seen in the flesh or more likely on the stage, and that would be all: Leech gives you the essence, the clothes, and the county. Look at these two fellows, bru-

tal as their own bull-dogs and as stanch, — having their own virtues too, in a way, — what a shoulder, what a deltoid and biceps! the upper man developed largely by generations of arm work, the legs well enough, but not in proportion, — their education having been neglected. Contrast these men with Leech's Highlandmen in *Briggs' Salmon and Grouse Adventures*: there matters are reversed, because so are the conditions of growth. A Staffordshire upper-man on Rannoch or Liddesdale legs would be an ugly customer. Observe the pipe fallen round from the mouth's action in speaking, and see how the potteries are indicated by the smoking brick cupola



This is delicious! What comic *vis*! Pluck and perspiration! bewilderment and bottom! He'll be at it again presently, give him time. This is only one of the rounds, and the boot-hooks are ready for the next. Look at the state of his back-hair, his small, determined eye! the braces burst with the stress! The affair is being done in some remote, solitary room. The hat is ready, look-

ing at him, and so are the spurs and the other boot, standing bolt upright and impossible ; but he'll do it ; apoplexy and asphyxia may be imminent ; but doubtless these are the very boots he won the steeplechase in. A British lion this too, not to be "done," hating that *bête* of a word "impossible" as much as Bonaparte did, and as Briggs does him. We have an obscure notion, too, that he has put the wrong foot into the boot ; never mind.

The character of *Mr. Briggs*, throughout all predicaments in *Punch*, is, we think, better sustained, more real, more thoroughly respectable and comic, than even Mr. Pickwick's. Somehow, though the latter worthy is always very delightful and like himself when he is with us, one does n't know what becomes of him the rest of the day ; and if he was asked to *be*, we fear he could n't live through an hour, or do anything for himself. He is for the stage. *Briggs* is a man you have seen, — he is a man of business, of sense, and energy ; a good husband and citizen, a true Briton and Christian, peppery, generous, plucky, obstinate, faithful to his spouse and bill ; only he has this craze about hunting and sport in general.



This is from the *Little Tour in Ireland*, in which, by

the by, is one of the only two drawings he ever made of himself, — at page 141 ; it is a back view of him, riding with very short stirrups a rakish Irish pony ; he is in the Gap of Dunloe, and listening to a barefooted master of blarney. The other likeness is in a two-page Cartoon, — “Mr. Punch’s Fancy Ball,” January, 1847. In the orchestra are the men on the *Punch* staff at the time. The first on the left is Mayhew, playing the cornet, then Percival Leigh the double bass, Gilbert A’Beckett the violin, Doyle the clarionette, Leech next playing the same, — tall, handsome, and nervous, — Mark Lemon, the editor, as conductor, appealing to the fell Jerrold to moderate his bitter transports on the drum. Mooning over all is Thackeray, — big, vague, childlike, — playing on the piccolo ; and Tom Taylor earnestly pegging away at the piano. What a change from such a fancy to this sunset and moonrise on the quiet, lonely Connemara Bay, — nothing living is seen but the great winged sea-bird flapping his way home, close to the “charmed wave.” The whole scene radiant, sacred, and still ; “the gleam, the shadow, and the peace supreme.” The man who could feel this, and make us feel it, had the soul and the hand of a great painter.



A MORAL LESSON FROM THE NURSERY.

Arthur. Do you know, Freddy, that we are only made of dus;?

Freddy. Are we? Then I'm sure we ought to be very careful how we pitch into each other so, for fear we might crumble each other all to pieces.

This speaks for itself. Nobody needs to be told which is Freddy; and you see the book from which Arthur got his views of genesis and the mystery of being; and the motherly, tidy air of the beds! Freddy's right thumb in his belt; the artistic use of that mass of white beyond his head; the drawing of his right sole; the tremendous bit of theology in that "only,"—do any of us know much more about it now than does Arthur?—only surely no-

body would now say, according to Pet Marjory's brother, that our Arthur, as he now sits, clean and caller, all tucked up in his night-gown, — made of soft cotton, thick and (doubtless) tweeled, — and ready for any amount of discussion, is only "dirt." *

We have said he was greater in humor than in caricature or even satire, and, like all true humorists, he had the tragic sense and power; for as is the height so is the depth, as is the mirth so is the melancholy; Loch Lomond is deepest when Ben dips into it. Look at this. Mr. Merryman and his dead wife, — there is

* This word, in conjunction with children, brings into our mind a joke which happened to Dr. Norman McLeod, and which he tells as only he can tell his own stories. He was watching some barelegged Glasgow street children who were busied in a great mud-work in the kennel. "What's that?" said he, stooping down. "It's a kirk," said they, never looking up. "Where's the door?" "There's the door," points a forefinger, that answers young Fleming's account of the constitution of man. "Where's the steeple?" "There's the steeple," — a defunct spunk slightly off the perpendicular. "Where's the poopit?" "There's the poopit," said the biggest, his finger making a hole in a special bit of clay he had been fondly rounding in his palms. "And where's the minister?" "O, ye see," looking as vacant as a congregation in such circumstances should, and as the hole did when he withdrew his finger, "*Ou're run oot o' dirt*"; but jumping up, and extinguishing for the time, with his bare foot, the entire back gallery, he exclaims, "There's Airchie comin', he's got a bit." Airchie soon converted his dirt into a minister, who was made round, and put into his hole, the gallery repaired, and the "call" vociferously unanimous and "sustained." Would n't that jovial piece of professional "dirt" chew his cud of droll fancies as he walked off, from the fall of man to the Aberdeen Act, and the entire subject of dirt.

"Where did Adam fall?" said his kindly old minister to "Wee Peter" at the examination. "Last nicht, at the close-mooth, sir" (Adam, like his old namesake, was in the way of frequenting a certain forbidden tree, his was "The Lemon Tree," — it was in Aberdeen.) "and he's a' glaur yet," (glaur being *Scottice et Scotorum*, wet dirt.) "Ay, ay, my wee man," said the benevolent Calvinist, patting his head, "he's a' glaur yet, — he's a' glaur yet."



nothing in Hogarth more tragic and more true. It is a travelling circus ; its business at its height ; the dying woman has just made a glorious leap through the papered hoop ; the house is still ringing with the applause ; she fell and was hurt cruelly ; but, saying nothing, crept into this caravan room ; she has been prematurely delivered, and is now dead ; she had been begging her Bill to come near her, and to hear her last words ; Bill has kissed her, taken her to his heart, — and she is gone. Look into this bit of misery and nature ; look at her thin face, white as the waning moon

“ Stranded on the pallid shore of morn ” ;

the women’s awe-stricken, pitiful looks (the great Gomersal, with his big blue-black unwhiskered cheek, his heavy moustache, his business-like, urgent thumb, — even he is

being solemnized and hushed) ; the trunk pulled out for the poor baby's clothes, secretly prepared at by-hours by the poor mother ; the neatly mended tear in Mary's frock ; the coronet, the slippers, the wand with its glittering star ; the nearness of the buzzing multitude ; the dignity of death over the whole. We do not know who "S. H." is, who tells, with his strong simplicity, the story of "The Queen of the Arena,"—it is in the first volume of *Once a Week*,—but we can say nothing less of it than that it is worthy of this woodcut ; it must have been true. Here, too, as in all Leech's works, there is a manly sweetness, an overcoming of evil by good, a gentleness that tames the anguish ; you find yourself taking off your shoes, and bow as in the presence of the Supreme,—who gives, who takes away,—who restores the lost.*

* We remember many years ago, in St. Andrews, on the fair-day in September, standing before a show, where some wonderful tumbling and music and dancing was being done. It was called by way of *The Tempest*, a ballet, and *Miranda* was pirouetting away all glorious with her crown and rouge and tinsel. She was young, with dark, wild, rich eyes and hair, and shapely, tidy limbs. The Master of ceremonies, a big fellow of forty, with an honest, merry face, was urging the young lady to do her best, when suddenly I saw her start, and thought I heard a child's cry in the midst of the rough music. She looked eagerly at the big man, who smiled, made her jump higher than ever, at the same time winking to some one within. Up came the bewitching *Ferdinand*, glorious, too, but old and ebriose ; and under cover of a fresh round of cheers from the public, *Miranda* vanished. Presently the cry stopped, and the big man smiled again, and thumped his drum more fiercely. I stepped out of the crowd, and getting to the end of the caravan, peered through a broken panel. There was our gum-flower-crowned *Miranda* sitting beside a cradle, on an old regimental drum, with her baby at her breast. O how lovely, how blessed, how at peace they looked, how all in all to each other ! and the fat handy-pandy patting its plump, snowy, unfailing friend ; it was like Hagar and young Ishmael by themselves. I learned that the big man was her husband, and used her well in his own gruff way.

We end as we began, by being thankful for our gift of laughter, and for our makers of the same, for the pleasant joke, for the mirth that heals and heartens, and never wounds, that assuages and diverts. This, like all else, is a gift from the Supreme Giver, to be used as not abused, to be kept in its proper place, neither despised nor estimated and cultivated overmuch; for it has its perils as well as its pleasures, and it is not always, as in this case, on the side of truth and virtue, modesty and sense. If you wish to know from a master of the art what are the dangers of giving one's self too much up to the comic view of things, how it demoralizes the whole man, read what we have already earnestly commended to you, Sydney Smith's two lectures, in which there is something quite pathetic in the earnestness with which he speaks of the snares and the degradations that mere wit, comicality, and waggyery bring upon the best of men. We end with his concluding words:—

“I have talked of the *danger* of wit and humor: I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they *are* dangerous. Wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, *every* thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and in-

formation; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit, — wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, — teaching age and care and pain to smile, — extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. *Genuine and innocent wit and humor like this is surely the flavor of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marle.'*"

SOME OF THE WORKS ILLUSTRATED BY LEECH.

1. Etchings and Sketchings. By A. PEN, Esq.
2. Sketches contributed to Bell's Life.
3. The Fiddle-Faddle Fashion Book.
4. Parody in Lithograph of Mulready's Post-Office Envelope.
5. The Children of the Mobility.
6. The Comic Latin Grammar. By PERCEVAL LEIGH. Illustrated by LEECH.

7. *The Comic English Grammar.* By the Same.
8. *Bentley's Miscellany.* For many years. Profuse Illustrations.
9. *The Marchioness de Brinvilliers.* By ALBERT SMITH and LEECH.
10. *The Adventures of Jack Ledbury.* By ALBERT SMITH and LEECH.
11. *Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports.*
12. *Ballads.* By BON GUALTIER.
13. *Puck on Pegasus.*
14. *The Militiaman Abroad.*
15. *Christopher Tadpole.*
16. *Paul's Dashes of American Humor.*
17. *Seeley's Porcelain Tower.*
18. *Christmas Numbers of the London Illustrated News.*
19. *The Quizziology of the British Drama.* By G. A. A'BECKETH.
20. *The Story of a Feather.* By DOUGLAS JERROLD.
21. *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.*
22. *Life of a Foxhound.* By JOHN MILLS.
23. *Crock of Gold, etc.*
24. *Colin Clink.*
25. *The Book of British Song.*
26. *Stanley Thorn.*
27. *Jack Hinton.*
28. *Punch's Pocket-Book.* Up to 1864. Etchings and small woodcuts.
29. *Douglas Jerrold's Collected Works.*
30. *The Earlier Volumes of Once a Week.*
31. *Jack Brag.* By THEODORE HOOK.
32. *Journey to Pau.* By Hon. ERSKINE MURRAY.
33. *The Month.* By ALBERT SMITH.
34. *The Rising Generation: A Series of Twelve Large Colored Plates.*
35. *The Comic Cocker.*
36. *Young Troublesome.*
37. *The Comic History of England.* Etchings and woodcuts.
38. *The Comic History of Rome.* Etchings and woodcuts.
39. *Handley Cross.*
40. *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour.*
41. *Ask Mamma.*
42. *Plain or Ringlets.*
43. *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds.*
44. *A little Tour in Ireland.* By an Oxonian.
45. *Master Jacky in Love: A Sequel to Young Troublesome.*
46. *The Christmas Carol.* By CHARLES DICKENS.
47. *The Cricket on the Hearth.* By CHARLES DICKENS.
48. *The Chimes.* By CHARLES DICKENS.
49. *Punch from 1841.*

MARJORIE FLEMING.



[NOTE — The separate publication of this sketch was forced upon me by the "somewhat free use" made of it in a second and thereby enlarged edition of the "little book" to which I owe my *introduction* to Marjorie Fleming, — but nothing more, — a "use" so exceedingly "free" as to extend almost to everything with which I had ventured perhaps to encumber the letters and journals of that dear child. To be called "kind and genial" by the individual who devised this edition has, strange as he may think it, altogether failed to console me. Empty praise without the solid pudding is proverbially a thing of naught; but what shall we say of praise the emptiness of which is aggravated not merely by the absence, but by the actual abstraction of the pudding?

This little act of conveyancing — this "engaging compilation," as he would have called it — puts me in mind of that pleasant joke in the preface to "Essays by Mr. Goldsmith": "I would desire in this case to imitate that fat man whom I have somewhere heard of in a shipwreck, who, when the sailors, pressed by famine, were taking slices from his body, to satisfy their hunger, insisted, with great justice, on having the first cut for himself."

J. B.]

To
MISS FLEMING,
(To whom I am indebted for all its Materials,

THIS MEMORIAL
OF HER DEAR AND UNFORGOTTEN

MAIDIE
Is gratefully inscribed.





MARJORIE FLEMING.

ONE November afternoon in 1810 — the year in which *Waverley* was resumed and laid aside again, to be finished off, its last two volumes in three weeks, and made immortal in 1814, and when its author, by the death of Lord Melville, narrowly escaped getting a civil appointment in India — three men, evidently lawyers, might have been seen escaping like school-boys from the Parliament House, and speeding arm-in-arm down Bank Street and the Mound, in the teeth of a surly blast of sleet.

The three friends sought the *bield* of the low wall old Edinburgh boys remember well, and sometimes miss now, as they struggle with the stout west wind.

The three were curiously unlike each other. One, “a little man of feeble make, who would be unhappy if his pony got beyond a foot pace,” slight, with “small, elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes, the index of the quick, sensitive spirit within, as if he had the warm heart of a woman, her genuine enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses.” Another, as unlike a woman as a man can be; homely, almost common, in look and figure; his hat and his coat, and indeed his entire covering, worn to the quick, but all of the best material; what redeemed him from vulgarity and meanness were his eyes, deep

set, heavily thatched, keen, hungry, shrewd, with a slumbering glow far in, as if they could be dangerous; a man to care nothing for at first glance, but somehow, to give a second and not-forgetting look at. The third was the biggest of the three, and though lame, nimble, and all rough and alive with power; had you met him anywhere else, you would say he was a Liddesdale store-farmer, come of gentle blood; "a stout, blunt carle," as he says of himself, with the swing and stride and the eye of a man of the hills, — a large, sunny, out-of-door air all about him. On his broad and somewhat stooping shoulders, was set that head which, with Shakespeare's and Bonaparte's, is the best known in all the world.

He was in high spirits, keeping his companions and himself in roars of laughter, and every now and then seizing them, and stopping, that they might take their fill of the fun; there they stood shaking with laughter, "not an inch of their body free" from its grip. At George Street they parted, one to Rose Court, behind St. Andrew's Church, one to Albany Street, the other, our big and limping friend, to Castle Street.

We need hardly give their names. The first was William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, chased out of the world by a calumny, killed by its foul breath, —

"And at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slipped in a moment out of life."

There is nothing in literature more beautiful or more pathetic than Scott's love and sorrow for this friend of his youth.

The second was William Clerk, — the *Darsie Latimer* of *Redgauntlet*; "a man," as Scott says, "of the most

acute intellects and powerful apprehension," but of more powerful indolence, so as to leave the world with little more than the report of what he might have been,— a humorist as genuine, though not quite so savagely Swiftian as his brother, Lord Eldin, neither of whom had much of that commonest and best of all the humors, called good.

The third we all know. What has he not done for every one of us? Who else ever, except Shakespeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely? We are fain to say, not even Shakespeare, for his is something deeper than diversion, something higher than pleasure, and yet who would care to split this hair?

Had any one watched him closely before and after the parting, what a change he would see! The bright, broad laugh, the shrewd, jovial word, the man of the Parliament House and of the world; and next step, moody, the light of his eye withdrawn, as if seeing things that were invisible; his shut mouth, like a child's, so impressionable, so innocent, so sad; he was now all within, as before he was all without; hence his brooding look. As the snow blattered in his face, he muttered, "How it raves and drifts! On-ding o' snaw,— ay, that 's the word,— on-ding —". He was now at his own door, "Castle Street, No. 39." He opened the door, and went straight to his den; that wondrous workshop, where, in one year, 1823, when he was fifty-two, he wrote *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, and *St. Ronan's Well*, besides much else. We once took the foremost of our novelists, the greatest, we would say, since Scott, into this room, and could not but mark the solemnizing effect of sitting where the great magician sat so often and so long, and looking out upon

that little shabby bit of sky and that back green, where faithful Camp lies.*

He sat down in his large green morocco elbow-chair, drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus, "a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before." He took out his paper, then starting up angrily, said, "'Go spin, you jade, go spin.' No, d— it, it won't do, —

'My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't wunna stand, sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff
Employs ower aft my hand, sir.'

I am off the fang.† I can make nothing of *Waverley* to-day; I'll awa' to Marjorie. Come wi' me, Maida, you thief." The great creature rose slowly, and the pair were off, Scott taking a *maud* (a plaid) with him. "White as a frosted plum-cake, by jingo!" said he, when he got to the street. Maida gambolled and whisked among the snow, and his master strode across to Young Street, and through it to 1 North Charlotte Street, to the house of his dear friend, Mrs. William Keith, of Corstorphine Hill, niece of Mrs. Keith, of Ravelston, of whom he said at her death, eight years after, "Much tradition, and that of the

* This favorite dog "died about January, 1809 and was buried in a fine moonlight night in the little garden behind the house in Castle Street. My wife tells me she remembers the whole family in tears about the grave as her father himself smoothed the turf above Camp, with the saddest face she had ever seen. He had been engaged to line abroad that day, but apologized, on account of the death of 'a dear old friend.'" — LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott*

† Applied to a pump when it is dry, and its valve has lost its "fang"; from the German *fangen*, to hold.

best, has died with this excellent old lady, one of the few persons whose spirits and *cleanliness* and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable."

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" shouted her friend, "where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?" In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs. Keith. "Come yer ways in, Wattie." "No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap." "Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o' snaw!*" said Mrs. Keith. He said to himself, "On-ding, — that's odd, — that is the very word." "Hoot, awa! look here," and he displayed the corner of his plaid, made to hold lambs, (the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or *cul de sac*). "Tak' yer lamb," said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb, — Maida gambolling through the snow, and running races in her mirth.

Did n't he face "the angry airt," and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy, little wifie, who took it all with great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her, began to say his lesson, which happened to be, — "Ziccotiy.

diccotty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck wan, down the mouse ran, ziccottty, diccottty, dock." This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers, — he saying it after her, —

"Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;
Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky, dan;
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um,
Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,
You, are, out."

He pretended to great difficulty, and she rebuked him with most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi Crackaby he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter. He said *Musky-Dan* especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill-behavior and stupidity.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over *Gil Morrice* or the *Baron of Smailholm*; and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in *King John*, till he swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating, —

"For I am sick, and capable of fears,
Oppressed with wrong, and therefore full of fears
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears."

"If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious —"

Or, drawing herself up "to the height of her great argument," —

"I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
Here I and sorrow sit."

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs. Keith, "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does."

Thanks to the unforgetting sister of this dear child, who has much of the sensibility and fun of her who has been in her small grave these fifty and more years, we have now before us the letters and journals of Pet Marjorie, — before us lies and gleams her rich brown hair, bright and sunny as if yesterday's, with the words on the paper, "Cut out in her last illness," and two pictures of her by her beloved Isabella, whom she worshipped; there are the faded old scraps of paper, hoarded still, over which her warm breath and her warm little heart had poured themselves; there is the old water-mark, "Lingard, 1808." The two portraits are very like each other, but plainly done at different times; it is a chubby, healthy face, deep-set, brooding eyes, as eager to tell what is going on within as to gather in all the glories from without; quick with the wonder and the pride of life; they are eyes that would not be soon satisfied with seeing; eyes that would devour their object, and yet childlike and fearless; and that is a mouth that will not be soon satisfied with love; it has a curious likeness to Scott's own, which has always appeared to us his sweetest, most mobile and speaking feature.

There she is, looking straight at us as she did at him. — fearless and full of love, passionate, wild, wilful, fancy's

child. One cannot look at it without thinking of Wordsworth's lines on poor Hartley Coleridge:—

“ O blessed vision, happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I thought of thee with many fears,
Of what might be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! ne'er at rest,
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
Oh, too industrious folly!
Oh, vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite,
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight
Preserve for thee by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock.”

And we can imagine Scott, when holding his warm, plump little playfellow in his arms, repeating that stately friend's lines:—

“ Loving she is, and tractable, though wild,
And Innocence hath privilege in her,
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes,
And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
Of trespasses, affected to provoke
Mock chastisement and partnership in play.
And, as a fagot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone,
Than when both young and old sit gathered round,
And take delight in its activity,
Even so this happy creature of herself
Is all-sufficient; solitude to her
Is blithe society; she fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.”

But we will let her disclose herself. We need hardly say that all this is true, and that these letters are as really Marjorie's as was this light brown hair; indeed, you could as easily fabricate the one as the other.

There was an old servant, Jeanie Robertson, who was forty years in her grandfather's family. Majorie Fleming, or, as she is called in the letters, and by Sir Walter, Maidie, was the last child she kept. Jeanie's wages never exceeded £3 a year, and, when she left service, she had saved £40. She was devotedly attached to Maidie, rather despising and ill-using her sister Isabella, — a beautiful and gentle child. This partiality made Maidie apt at times to domineer over Isabella. "I mention this" (writes her surviving sister) "for the purpose of telling you an instance of Maidie's generous justice. When only five years old, when walking in Raith grounds, the two children had run on before, and old Jeanie remembered they might come too near a dangerous mill-lade. She called to them to turn back. Maidie heeded her not, rushed all the faster on, and fell, and would have been lost, had her sister not pulled her back, saving her life, but tearing her clothes. Jeanie flew on Isabella to 'give it her' for spoiling her favorite's dress; Maidie rushed in between, crying out, 'Pay (whip) Maidie as much as you like, and I'll not say one word; but touch Isy, and I'll roar like a bull!' Years after Maidie was resting in her grave, my mother used to take me to the place, and told the story always in the exact same words." This Jeanie must have been a character. She took great pride in exhibiting Maidie's brother William's Calvinistic acquirements, when nineteen months old, to the officers of a militia regiment then quartered in Kirkcaldy. This performance was so amusing that it was often repeated, and the little theologian was presented by them with a cap and feathers. Jeanie's glory was "putting him through the earritch" (catechism) in broad Scotch, beginning at the beginning with, "Wha made ye, ma bonnie man?" For

the correctness of this and the three next replies Jeanie had no anxiety, but the tone changed to menace, and the closed *nieve* (fist) was shaken in the child's face as she demanded, "Of what are you made?" "DIRT," was the answer uniformly given. "Wull ye never learn to say *dust*, ye thrawn deevil?" with a cuff from the opened hand, was the as inevitable rejoinder.

Here is Maidie's first letter before she was six. The spelling unaltered, and there are no "commoes."

"MY DEAR ISA, — I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write to me. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my Life. There are a great many Girls in the Square and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painfull necessity of putting it to Death. Miss Potune a Lady of my acquaintance praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Dean Swift, and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primmed up with majestick Pride, but upon my word I felt myselfe turn a little birsay — birsay is a word which is a word that William composed which is as you may suppose a little enraged. This horrid fat simpliton says that my Aunt is beautifull which is intirely impossible for that is not her nature."

What a peppery little pen we wield! What could that have been out of the Sardonic Dean? what other child of that age would have used "beloved" as she does? This power of affection, this faculty of *beloving*, and wild hunger to be beloved, comes out more and more. She perilled her all upon it, and it may have been as well — we know, indeed, that it was far better — for her that this wealth of love was so soon withdrawn to its one only infinite Giver and Receiver. This must have been the law of her earthly life. Love was indeed "her Lord and

King"; and it was perhaps well for her that she found so soon that her and our only Lord and King Himself is Love.

Here are bits from her Diary at Braehead:—"The day of my existence here has been delightful and enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well made Bucks the names of whom is here advertised. Mr. Geo. Crakey (Craigie), and Wm. Keith and Jn. Keith—the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr. Crakey and walked to Crakyhall (Craigiehall) hand in hand in Innocence and matitation (meditation) sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender hearted mind which is overflowing with majestic pleasure no one was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Craky you must know is a great Buck and pretty good-looking.

"I am at Ravelston enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds are singing sweetly—the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face."

Here is a confession:—"I confess I have been very more like a little young divil than a creature for when Isabella went up stairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat which she had made on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfully passionate, but she never whiped me but said Marjory go into another room and think what a great crime you are committing letting your temper git the better of you. But I went so sulkily that the Devil got the better of me but she never never never whips me so that I think I would be the better of it and the next time that I behave ill I think she should do it for she never does it. . . . Isabella has given me praise for checking

my temper for I was sulky even when she was kneeling an hole hour teaching me to write."

Our poor little wife, *she* has no doubts of the personality of the Devil! "Yesterday I behave extremely ill in God's most holy church for I would never attend myself nor let Isabella attend which was a great crime for she often, often tells me that when to or three are geathered together God is in the midst of them, and it was the very same Divil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure; but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many many other misfortunes which I have escaped. . . . I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plaege (plague) that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure."

This is delicious; and what harm is there in her "Devilish"? it is strong language merely; even old Rowland Hill used to say "he grudged the Devil those rough and ready words." "I walked to that delightful place Crakyhall with a delightful young man beloved by all his friends especially by me his loveress, but I must not talk any more about him for Isa said it is not proper for to speak of gentalmen but I will never forget him! . . . I am very very glad that satan has not given me boils and many other misfortunes—In the holy bible these words are written that the Devil goes like a roaring lyon in search of his pray but the lord lets us escape from him but we" (*pauvre petite!*) "do not strive with this awfull Spirit. . . . To-day I pronounced a word which should never come out of a lady's lips it was that I called John a Impudent Bitch. I will tell you what I thiuk made me in so bad a humor is I got one or two of

that bad bad sma (senna) tea to-day," — a better excuse for bad humor and bad language than most.

She has been reading the Book of Esther: "It was a dreadful thing that Haman was hanged on the very gallows which he had prepared for Mordeca to hang him and his ten sons thereon and it was very wrong and cruel to hang his sons for they did not commit the crime; *but then Jesus was not then come to teach us to be merciful.*" This is wise and beautiful, — has upon it the very dew of youth and of holiness. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He perfects his praise.

"This is Saturday and I am very glad of it because I have play half the Day and I get money too but alas I owe Isabella 4 pence for I am finned 2 pence whenever I bite my nails. Isabella is teaching me to make simme colings nots of interrignations peorids commoes, etc. . . . As this is Sunday I will meditate upon Senciable and Religious subjects. First I should be very thankful I am not a begger."

This amount of meditation and thankfulness seems to have been all she was able for.

"I am going to-morrow to a delightfull place, Braehead by name, belonging to Mrs. Crraford, where there is ducks cocks hens bubblyjocks 2 dogs 2 cats and swine which is delightful. I think it is shocking to think that the dog and cat should bear them" (this is a meditation physiological), "and they are drowned after all. I would rather have a man-dog than a woman-dog, because they do not bear like women-dogs; it is a hard case — it is shocking. I cam here to enjoy natures delightful breath it is sweeter than a fial (phial) of rose cil."

Braehead is the farm the historical Jock Howison asked and got from our gay James the Fifth, "the gude-

man o' Ballengiech," as a reward for the services of his flail when the King had the worst of it at Cramond Brig with the gypsies. The farm is unchanged in size from that time, and still in the unbroken line of the ready and victorious thrasher. Braehead is held on the condition of the possessor being ready to present the King with a ewer and basin to wash his hands, Jock having done this for his unknown king after the *splore*, and when George the Fourth came to Edinburgh this ceremony was performed in silver at Holyrood. It is a lovely neuk this Braehead, preserved almost as it was two hundred years ago. "Lot and his wife," mentioned by Maidie, — two quaintly cropped yew-trees, — still thrive; the burn runs as it did in her time, and sings the same quiet tune, — as much the same and as different as *Now* and *Then*. The house full of old family relics and pictures, the sun shining on them through the small deep windows with their plate glass; and there, blinking at the sun, and chattering contentedly, is a parrot, that might, for its looks of eld, have been in the ark, and domineered over and *deaved* the dove. Everything about the place is old and fresh.

This is beautiful: — "I am very sorry to say that I forgot God — that is to say I forgot to pray to-day and Isabella told me that I should be thankful that God did not forget me — if he did, O what become of me if I was in danger and God not friends with me — I must go to unquenchable fire and if I was tempted to sin — how could I resist it O no I will never do it again — no no — if I can help it." (Canny wee wifie!) "My religion is greatly falling off because I dont pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers, and my charecter is lost among the Braehead people. I hope I

will be religious again — but as for regaining my character I despair for it.” (Poor little “habit and repute !”)

Her temper, her passion, and her “badness” are almost daily confessed and deplored : — “I will never again trust to my own power, for I see that I cannot be good without God’s assistance — I will not trust in my own selfe, and Isa’s health will be quite ruined by me — it will indeed.” “Isa has giving me advice, which is, that when I feel Satan beginning to tempt me, that I flea him and he would flea me.” “Remorse is the worst thing to bear, and I am afraid that I will fall a martyr to it.”

Poor dear little sinner! — Here comes the world again : “In my travels I met with a handsome lad named Charles Balfour Esq., and from him I got offers of marage — offers of marage, did I say? Nay plenty heard me.” A fine scent for “breach of promise !”

This is abrupt and strong : — “The Divil is curced and all works. ’T is a fine work *Newton on the profecies*. I wonder if there is another book of poems comes near the Bible. The Divil always girns at the sight of the Bible.” “Miss Potune” (her “simpliton” friend) “is very fat; she pretends to be very learned. She says she saw a stone that dropt from the skies; but she is a good Christian.” Here come her views on church government : — “An Annibabtist is a thing I am not a member of — I am a Pislekan (Episcopalian) just now, and” (O you little Laodicean and Latitudinarian!) “a Prisbeteran at Kirkcaldy!” — (*Blandula! Vagula! cælum et animum mutas quæ trans mare* (i. e. *trans Bodotriam*)-*curris!*) — “my native town.” “Sentiment is not what I am acquainted with as yet, though I wish it. and should like to practise it” (!) “I wish I had a great, great deal of

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gratitude in my heart, in all my body." "There is a new novel published, named *Self-Control* (Mrs. Brunton's) — "a very good maxim forsooth!" This is shocking: "Yesterday a marrade man, named Mr. John Balfour, Esq., offered to kiss me, and offered to marry me, though the man" (a fine directness this!) "was espused, and his wife was present and said he must ask her permission; but he did not. I think he was ashamed and confounded before 3 gentelman — Mr. Jobson and 2 Mr. Kings." "Mr. Banester's" (Bannister's) "Budjet is to-night; I hope it will be a good one. A great many authors have expressed themselves too sentimentally." You are right, Marjorie. "A Mr. Burns writes a beautiful song on Mr. Cunhaming, whose wife desarted him — truly it is a most beautiful one." "I like to read the Fabulous historys, about the histerys of Robin, Dickey, flapsay, and Peccay, and it is very amusing, for some were good birds and others bad, but Peccay was the most dutiful and obedient to her parients." "Thomson is a beautiful author, and Pope, but nothing to Shakespear, of which I have a little knolege. *Macbeth* is a pretty composition, but awful one." "The *Newgate Calender* is very instructive" (!) "A sailor called here to say farewell; it must be dreadful to leave his native country when he might get a wife; or perhaps me, for I love him very much. But O I forgot, Isabella forbid me to speak about love." This antiphlogistic regimen and lesson is ill to learn by our Maidie, for here she sins again: "Love is a very papithatick thing" (it is almost a pity to correct this into pathetic), "as well as troublesome and tiresome — but O Isabella forbid me to speak of it." Here are her reflections on a pine-apple: "I think the price of a pine-apple is very dear: it is a whole

bright goulden guinea, that might have sustained a poor family." Here is a new vernal simile: "The hedges are sprouting like chicks from the eggs when they are newly hatched or, as the vulgar say, *clacked*." "Doctor Swift's works are very funny; I got some of them by heart." "Moreheads sermons are I hear much praised, but I never read sermons of any kind; but I read novelettes and my Bible, and I never forget it, or my prayers." Bravo Marjorie!

She seems now, when still about six, to have broken out into song:—

"EPHIBOL (EPIGRAM OR EPITAPH—WHO KNOWS WHICH?) ON
MY DEAR LOVE ISABELLA.

"Here lies sweet Isabell in bed,
With a night-cap on her head;
Her skin is soft, her face is fair,
And she has very pretty hair;
She and I in bed lies nice,
And undisturbed by rats or mice;
She is disgusted with Mr. Worgan,
Though he plays upon the organ.
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white,
Her eyes are very, very bright,
In a conspicuous town she lives,
And to the poor her money gives:
Here ends sweet Isabella's story,
And may it be much to her glory."

Here are some bits at random:—

"Of summer I am very fond,
And love to bathe into a pond;
The look of sunshine dies away,
And will not let me out to play;
I love the morning's sun to spy
Glittering through the casement's eye,
The rays of light are very sweet,
And puts away the taste of meat;
The balmy breeze comes down from heaven
And makes us like for to be living."

"The casawary is an curious bird, and so is the gigantic crane, and the pelican of the wilderness, whose mouth holds a bucket of fish and water. Fighting is what ladies is not qualyified for, they would not make a good figure in battle or in a duel. Alas! we females are of little use to our country. The history of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is amusing." Still harping on the Newgate Calendar!

"Braehead is extremely pleasant to me by the companie of swine, geese, cocks, etc., and they are the delight of my soul."

"I am going to tell you of a melancholy story. A young turkie of 2 or 3 months old, would you believe it, the father broke its leg, and he killed another! I think he ought to be transported or hanged."

"Queen Street is a very gay one, and so is Princes Street, for all the lads and lasses, besides bucks and beggars, parade there."

"I should like to see a play very much, for I never saw one in all my life, and don't believe I ever shall; but I hope I can be content without going to one. I can be quite happy without my desire being granted."

"Some days ago Isabella had a terrible fit of the tooth-ake, and she walked with a long night-shift at dead of night like a ghost, and I thought she was one. She prayed for nature's sweet restorer — balmy sleep — but did not get it — a ghostly figure indeed she was, enough to make a saint tremble. It made me quiver and shake from top to toe. Superstition is a very mean thing, and should be despised and shunned."

Here is her weakness and her strength again:—"In the love-novels all the heroines are very desperate. Isabella will not allow me to speak about lovers and heroins, and

t is too refined for my taste." "Miss Egward's (Edgeworth's) tails are very good, particularly some that are very much adapted for youth (!) as Laz Laurance and Tarelton, False Keys, etc. etc."

"Tom Jones and Grey's Elegey in a country church-yard are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men." Are our Marjories now-a-days better or worse because they cannot read Tom Jones unharmed? More better than worse; but who among them can repeat Gray's Lines on a Distant Prospect of Eton College as could our Maidie?

Here is some more of her prattle: "I went into Isabella's bed to make her smile like the Genius Demedicus" (the Venus de Medicis) "or the statute in an ancient Greece, but she fell asleep in my very face, at which my anger broke forth, so that I awoke her from a comfortable nap. All was now hushed up again, but again my anger burst forth at her bidding me get up."

She begins thus loftily, —

"Death the righteous love to see,
But from it doth the wicked flee."

Then suddenly breaks off (as if with laughter), —

"I am sure they fly as fast as their legs can carry them!"

"There is a thing I love to see,
That is our monkey catch a flea."

"I love in Isa's bed to lie,
Oh, such a joy and luxury!
The bottom of the bed I sleep,
And with great care within I creep;
Oft I embrace her feet of lillys,
But she has goton all the pillys.
Her neck I never can embrace,
But I do hug her feet in place."

How childish and yet how strong and free is her use of words!—"I lay at the foot of the bed because Isabella said I disturbed her by continual fighting and kicking, but I was very dull, and continually at work reading the Arabian Nights, which I could not have done if I had slept at the top. I am reading the Mysteries of Udolpho. I am much interested in the fate of poor, poor Emily."

Here is one of her swains:—

"Very soft and white his cheeks,
His hair is red, and grey his breeks;
His tooth is like the daisy fair,
His only fault is in his hair."

This is a higher flight:—

"DEDICATED TO MRS. H. CRAWFORD BY THE AUTHOR, M. F.

"Three turkeys fair their last have breathed,
And now this world forever leaved;
Their father, and their mother too,
They sigh and weep as well as you;
Indeed, the rats their bones have crunched,
Into eternity theirs launched.
A direful death indeed they had,
As wad put any parent mad;
But she was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam."

This last word is saved from all sin by its tender age, not to speak of the want of the *n*. We fear "she" is the abandoned mother, in spite of her previous sighs and tears.

"Isabella says when we pray we should pray fervently, and not rattel over a prayer—for that we are kneeling at the footstool of our Lord and Creator, who saves us from eternal damnation, and from unquestionable fire and brimston."

She has a long poem on Mary Queen of Scots:—

“Queen Mary was much loved by all,
Both by the great and by the small,
But hark! her soul to heaven doth rise!
And I suppose she has gained a prize—
For I do think she would not go
Into the *awful* place below;
There is a thing that I must tell,
Elizabeth went to fire and hell;
He who would teach her to be civil,
It must be her great friend the devil!”

She hits off Darnley well:—

“A noble’s son, a handsome lad,
By some queer way or other, had
Got quite the better of her heart,
With him she always talked apart;
Silly he was, but very fair,
A greater buck was not found there.”

“By some queer way or other”; is not this the general case and the mystery, young ladies and gentlemen? Goethe’s doctrine of “elective affinities” discovered by our Pet Maidie.

SONNET TO A MONKEY.

“O lively, O most charming pug
Thy graceful air, and heavenly mug;
The beauties of his mind do shine,
And every bit is shaped and fine.
Your teeth are whiter than the snow,
Your a great buck, your a great bean;
Your eyes are of so nice a shape,
More like a Christian’s than an ape;
Your cheek is like the rose’s blume,
Your hair is like the raven’s plume;
His nose’s cast is of the Roman,
He is a very pretty woman.
I could not get a rhyme for Roman,
So was obliged to call him woman.”

This last joke is good. She repeats it when writing of James the Second being killed at Roxburgh:—

“He was killed by a cannon splinter,
Quite in the middle of the winter;
Perhaps it was not at that time,
But I can get no other rhyme!”

Here is one of her last letters, dated Kirkcaldy, 12th October, 1811. You can see how her nature is deepening and enriching:—“MY DEAR MOTHER,—You will think that I entirely forget you but I assure you that you are greatly mistaken. I think of you always and often sigh to think of the distance between us two loving creatures of nature. We have regular hours for all our occupations first at 7 o'clock we go to the dancing and come home at 8 we then read our Bible and get our repeating and then play till ten then we get our music till 11 when we get our writing and accounts we sew from 12 till 1 after which I get my gramer and then work till five. At 7 we come and knit till 8 when we dont go to the dancing This is an exact description. I must take a hasty fare-well to her whom I love, reverence and doat on and who I hope thinks the same of

“MARJORY FLEMING.

“P.S.—An old pack of cards (!) would be very exep-tible.”

This other is a month earlier:—“MY DEAR LITTLE MAMA,—I was truly happy to hear that you were all well. We are surrounded with measles at present on every side, for the Herons got it, and Isabella Heron was near Death's Door, and one night her father lifted her out of bed, and she fell down as they thought lifeless. Mr Heron said, ‘That lassie's deed noo’—‘I'm no deed yet.

She then threw up a big worm nine inches and a half long. I have begun dancing, but am not very fond of it, for the boys strikes and mocks me. — I have been another night at the dancing; I like it better. I will write to you as often as I can; but I am afraid not every week. *I long for you with the longings of a child to embrace you — to fold you in my arms. I respect you with all the respect due to a mother. You dont know how I love you. So I shall remain, your loving child — M. FLEMING.*"

What rich involution of love in the words marked! Here are some lines to her beloved Isabella, in July, 1811:—

"There is a thing that I do want,
With you these beauteous walks to haunt,
We would be happy if you would
Try to come over if you could.
Then I would all quite happy be
Now and for all eternity.
My mother is so very sweet,
And checks my appetite to eat;
My father shows us what to do;
But O I'm sure that I want you.
I have no more of poetry;
O Isa do remember me,
And try to love your Marjory."

In a letter from "Isa" to

"Miss Muff Maidie Marjory Fleming,
favored by Bare Rear-Admiral Fleming,"

she says: "I long much to see you, and talk over all our old stories together, and to hear you read and repeat. I am pining for my old friend Cesario, and poor Lear, and wicked Richard. How is the dear Multiplication table going on? are you still as much attached to 9 times 9 as you used to be?"

But this dainty, bright thing is about to flee, — to come “quick to confusion.” The measles she writes of seized her, and she died on the 19th of December, 1811. The day before her death, Sunday, she sat up in bed, worn and thin, her eye gleaming as with the light of a coming world, and with a tremulous, old voice repeated the following lines by Burns, — heavy with the shadow of death, and lit with the fantasy of the judgment-seat, — the publican’s prayer in paraphrase:—

“Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between,
Some gleams of sunshine ’mid renewing storms.
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death’s unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for GUILT my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

“Fain would I say, forgive my foul offence,
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might forsake fair virtue’s way,
Again in folly’s path might go astray,
Again exalt the brute and sink the man.
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy’s plan,
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran?

“O thou great Governor of all below,
If I might dare a lifted eye to thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
And still the tumult of the raging sea;
With that controlling power assist even me
Those headstrong furious passions to confine,
For all unfit I feel my powers to be
To rule their torrent in the allowed line;
O aid me with thy help, OMNIPOTENCE DIVINE.”

It is more affecting than we care to say to read her

mother's and Isabella Keith's letters written immediately after her death. Old and withered, tattered and pale, they are now : but when you read them, how quick, how throbbing with life and love ! how rich in that language of affection which only women, and Shakespeare, and Luther can use, — that power of detaining the soul over the beloved object and its loss.

"K. Philip to Constance.

You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Then I have reason to be fond of grief."

What variations cannot love play on this one string !

In her first letter to Miss Keith, Mrs. Fleming says of her dead Maidie : — " Never did I behold so beautiful an object. It resembled the finest wax-work. There was in the countenance an expression of sweetness and serenity which seemed to indicate that the pure spirit had anticipated the joys of heaven ere it quitted the mortal frame. To tell you what your Maidie said of you would fill volumes ; for you was the constant theme of her discourse, the subject of her thoughts, and ruler of her actions. The last time she mentioned you was a few hours before all sense save that of suffering was suspended, when she said to Dr. Johnstone, ' If you will let me out at the New Year, I will be quite contented.' I asked what made her so anxious to get out then. ' I want to purchase a New Year's gift for Isa Keith with the sixpence you gave me for being patient in the measles ; and I would like to choose it myself.' I do not remember her speaking afterwards, except to complain of her head, till

just before she expired, when she articulated, 'O mother! mother!'

Do we make too much of this little child, who has been in her grave in Abbotshall Kirkyard these fifty and more years? We may of her cleverness, — not of her affectionateness, her nature. What a picture the *animosa infans* gives us of herself, her vivacity, her passionateness, her precocious love-making, her passion for nature, for swine, for all living things, her reading, her turn for expression, her satire, her frankness, her little sins and rages, her great repentances! We don't wonder Walter Scott carried her off in the neuk of his plaid, and played himself with her for hours.

The year before she died, when in Edinburgh, she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's, in Castle Street. The company had all come, — all but Marjorie. Scott's familiars, whom we all know, were there, — all were come but Marjorie; and all were dull because Scott was dull. "Where's that bairn? what can have come over her? I'll go myself and see." And he was getting up, and would have gone; when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman Tougald, with the sedan chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and its top raised. And there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth, sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy, — "hung over her enamored." "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you"; and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder, and set her down beside him; and then began the night, and such a night! Those who knew Scott best said, that night was never equalled; Maidie

and he were the stars; and she gave them Constance's speeches and *Helvellyn*, the ballad then much in vogue, and all her *répertoire*, — Scott showing her off, and being oftentimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.

We are indebted for the following — and our readers will be not unwilling to share our obligations — to her sister: — “Her birth was 15th January, 1803; her death 19th December, 1811. I take this from her Bibles.* I believe she was a child of robust health, of much vigor of body, and beautifully formed arms, and until her last illness, never was an hour in bed. She was niece to Mrs. Keith, residing in No. 1 North Charlotte Street, who was *not* Mrs. Murray Keith, although very intimately acquainted with that old lady. My aunt was a daughter of Mr. James Rae, surgeon, and married the younger son of old Keith of Ravelstone. Corstorphine Hill belonged to my aunt's husband; and his eldest son, Sir Alexander Keith, succeeded his uncle to both Ravelstone and Dunnottar. The Keiths were not connected by relationship with the Howisons of Braehead; but my grandfather and grandmother (who was), a daughter of Cant of Thurston and Giles-Grange, were on the most intimate footing with *our* Mrs. Keith's grandfather and grandmother; and so it has been for three generations, and the friendship consummated by my cousin William Keith marrying Isabella Craufurd.

“As to my aunt and Scott, they were on a very intimate footing. He asked my aunt to be godmother to his eldest daughter Sophia Charlotte. I had a copy of Miss

* “Her Bible is before me; a pair, as then called; the faded marks are just as she placed them. There is one at David's lament over Jonathan.”

Edgeworth's 'Rosamond, and Harry and Lucy for long, which was 'a gift to Marjorie from Walter Scott,' probably the first edition of that attractive series, for it wanted 'Frank,' which is always now published as part of the series, under the title of *Early Lessons*. I regret to say these little volumes have disappeared."

"Sir Walter was no relation of Marjorie's, but of the Keiths, through the Swintons; and, like Marjorie, he stayed much at Ravelstone in his early days, with his grand-aunt Mrs. Keith; and it was while seeing him there as a boy, that another aunt of mine composed, when he was about fourteen, the lines prognosticating his future fame that Lockhart ascribes in his *Life to Mrs. Cockburn*, authoress of 'The Flowers of the Forest':—

"Go on, dear youth, the glorious path pursue
Which bounteous Nature kindly smooths for you;
Go bid the seeds her hands have sown arise,
By timely culture, to their native skies;
Go, and employ the poet's heavenly art,
Not merely to delight, but mend the heart."

Mrs. Keir was my aunt's name, another of Dr. Rae's daughters." We cannot better end than in words from this same pen:—"I have to ask you to forgive my anxiety in gathering up the fragments of Marjorie's last days, but I have an almost sacred feeling to all that pertains to her. You are quite correct in stating that measles were the cause of her death. My mother was struck by the patient quietness manifested by Marjorie during this illness, unlike her ardent, impulsive nature; but love and poetic feeling were unquenched. When Dr. Johnstone rewarded her submissiveness with a sixpence, the request speedily followed that she might get out ere New Year's day came. When asked why she was so desirous of getting out, she immediately rejoined, 'Oh, I am so anxious

to buy something with my sixpence for my dear Isa Keith.' Again, when lying very still, her mother asked her if there was anything she wished : ' Oh yes ! if you would just leave the room door open a wee bit, and play " The Land o' the Leal," and I will lie and *think*, and enjoy myself' (this is just as stated to me by her mother and mine). Well, the happy day came, alike to parents and child, when Marjorie was allowed to come forth from the nursery to the parlor. It was Sabbath evening, and after tea. My father, who idolized this child, and never afterwards in my hearing mentioned her name, took her in his arms ; and while walking her up and down the room, she said, ' Father, I will repeat something to you ; what would you like ?' He said, ' Just choose yourself, Maidie.' She hesitated for a moment between the paraphrase, ' Few are thy days, and full of woe,' and the lines of Burns already quoted, but decided on the latter, a remarkable choice for a child. The repeating these lines seemed to stir up the depths of feeling in her soul. She asked to be allowed to write a poem ; there was a doubt whether it would be right to allow her, in case of hurting her eyes. She pleaded earnestly, ' Just this once' ; the point was yielded, her slate was given her, and with great rapidity she wrote an address of fourteen lines, ' to her loved cousin on the author's recovery,' her last work on earth : —

' Oh ! Isa, pain did visit me,
I was at the last extremity ;
How often did I think of you,
I wished your graceful form to view,
To clasp you in my weak embrace,
Indeed I thought I'd run my race :
Good care, I'm sure, was of me taken,
But still indeed I was much shaken,

At last I daily strength did gain,
And oh! at last, away went pain;
At length the doctor thought I might
Stay in the parlor all the night;
I now continue so to do,
Farewell to Nancy and to you.'

She went to bed apparently well, awoke in the middle of the night with the old cry of woe to a mother's heart, 'My head, my head!' Three days of the dire malady, 'water in the head,' followed, and the end came."

"Soft, silken primrose, fading timelessly."

It is needless, it is impossible, to add anything to this: the fervor, the sweetness, the flush of poetic ecstasy, the lovely and glowing eye, the perfect nature of that bright and warm intelligence, that darling child, — Lady Nairne's words, and the old tune, stealing up from the depths of the human heart, deep calling unto deep, gentle and strong like the waves of the great sea hushing themselves to sleep in the dark; — the words of Burns touching the kindred chord, her last numbers "wildly sweet" traced, with thin and eager fingers, already touched by the last enemy and friend, — *moriens canit*, — and that love which is so soon to be her everlasting light, is her song's burden to the end,

"She set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven."



JEEMS THE DOOR-KEEPER. '

A LAY SERMON.





JEEMS THE DOOR-KEEPER.

WHEN my father was in Broughton Place Church, we had a door-keeper called *Jeems*, and a formidable little man and door-keeper he was; of unknown age and name, for he existed to us, and indeed still exists to me — though he has been in his grave these sixteen years — as *Jeems*, absolute and *per se*, no more needing a surname than did or do Abraham or Isaac, Samson or Nebuchadnezzar. We young people of the congregation believed that he was out in the '45, and had his drum shot through and quenched at Culloden; and as for any indication on his huge and gray visage of his ever having been young, he might safely have been *Bottom* the Weaver in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or that excellent, ingenious, and "wise-hearted" Bezaleel, the son of Uri, whom *Jeems* regarded as one of the greatest of men and of weavers, and whose "ten curtains of fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, each of them with fifty loops on the edge of the selvedge in the coupling, with their fifty taches of gold," he, in confidential moments, gave it to be understood were the sacred triumphs of his craft; for, as you may infer, my friend was a man of the treadles and the shuttle, as well as the more renowned grandson of Hur.

Jeems's face was so extensive, and met you so formidably and at once, that it mainly composed his whole; and such a face! Sydney Smith used to say of a certain quarrelsome man, "His very face is a breach of the peace." Had he seen our friend's he would have said he was the imperative mood on two (very small) legs, out on business in a blue great-coat. It was in the nose and the keen small eye that his strength lay. Such a nose of power, so undeniable, I never saw, except in what was said to be a bust from the antique, of Rhadamanthus, the well-known Justice Clerk of the Pagan Court of Session! Indeed, when I was in the Rector's class, and watched *Jeems* turning interlopers out of the church seats, by merely presenting before them this tremendous organ, it struck me that if Rhadamanthus had still been here, and out of employment, he would have taken kindly to *Jeems's* work, — and that possibly he was that potentate in a U. P. disguise.

Nature having fashioned the huge face, and laid out much material and idea upon it, had finished off the rest of *Jeems* somewhat scrimply, as if she had run out of means; his legs especially were of the shortest, and as his usual dress was a very long blue great-coat, made for a much taller man, its tails resting upon the ground, and its large hind buttons in a totally preposterous position, gave him the look of being planted, or rather after the manner of Milton's beasts at the creation, in the act of emerging painfully from his mother earth.

Now, you may think this was a very ludicrous old object. If you had seen him, you would not have said so; and not only was he a man of weight and authority, — he was likewise a genuine, indeed a deeply spiritual Christian, well read in his Bible, in his own heart, and in

human nature and life, knowing both its warp and woof; more peremptory in making himself obey his Master, than in getting himself obeyed, and this is saying a good deal; and, like all complete men, he had a genuine love and gift of humor,* kindly and uncouth, lurking in those small, deep-set gray eyes, shrewd and keen, which, like two sharpest of shooters, enfiladed that massive and redoubtable bulwark, the nose.

One day two strangers made themselves over to *Jeems* to be furnished with seats. Motioning them to follow, he walked majestically to the farthest in corner, where he had decreed they should sit. The couple found seats near the door, and stepped into them, leaving *Jeems* to march through the passages alone, the whole congregation watching him with some relish and alarm. He gets to his destination, opens the door, and stands aside; nobody appears. He looks sharply round, and then gives a look of general wrath "at large." No one doubted his victory. His nose and eye fell, or seemed to fall, on the two culprits, and pulled them out instantly, hurrying them to their appointed place; *Jeems* snibbed them slowly in, and gave them a parting look they were not likely to misunderstand or forget.

At that time the crowds and the imperfect ventilation made fainting a common occurrence in Broughton Place, especially among "*thae young hizzies*," as *Jeems* called the servant girls. He generally came to me, "the young Doctor," on these occasions with a look of great relish. I had indoctrinated him in the philosophy of *syncope*s,

* On one occasion a descendant of Nabal having put a crown-piece into "the plate" instead of a penny, and starting at its white and precious face, asked to have it back, and was refused, — "In once, in forever." "A weel, a weel," grunted he, "I'll get credit for it in heave..n." "Na, na," said *Jeems*, "ye'll get credit only for the penny!"

especially as to the propriety of laying the "*hizzies*" quite flat on the floor of the lobby, with the head as low as the rest of the body ; and as many of these cases were owing to what *Jeems* called "that bitter yerkin" of their boddices, he and I had much satisfaction in relieving them, and giving them a moral lesson, by cutting their stay-laces, which ran before the knife, and cracked "like a bowstring," as my coadjutor said. One day a young lady was our care. She was lying out, and slowly coming to. *Jeems*, with that huge terrific visage, came round to me with his open *gully* in his hand, whispering, "Wull oo ripp 'er up noo?" It happened not to be a case for ripping up. The *gully* was a great sanitary institution, and made a decided inroad upon the *yerking* system, — *Jeems* having, thanks to this and Dr. Combe, every year fewer opportunities of displaying and enjoying its powers.

He was sober in other things besides drink, could be generous on occasion, but was careful of his siller ; sensitive to fierceness ("we're uncommon *zeelyous* the day," was a favorite phrase when any church matter was stirring) for the honor of his church and minister, and to his too often worthless neighbors a perpetual moral protest and lesson, — a living epistle. He dwelt at the head of Big Lochend's Close in the Canongate, at the top of a long stair, — ninety-six steps, as I well know, — where he had dwelt, all by himself, for five-and-thirty years, and where, in the midst of all sorts of flittings and changes, not a day opened or closed without the well-known sound of *Jeems* at his prayers, — his "exercise," — at "the Books." His clear, fearless, honest voice in psalm and chapter, and strong prayer come sounding through that wide "*land*," like that of one crying in the wilderness.

Jeems and I got great friends ; he called me John, as if

he was my grandfather ; and though as plain in speech as in feature, he was never rude. I owe him much in many ways. His absolute downrightness and *yaefauldness* ; his energetic, unflinching fulfilment of his work ; his rugged, sudden tenderness ; his look of sturdy age, as the thick silver-white hair lay on his serious and weatherworn face, like moonlight on a stout old tower ; his quaint Old Testament exegetics ; his lonely and contented life ; his simple godliness, — it was no small privilege to see much of all this.

But I must stop. I forget that you did n't know him ; that he is not your *Jeems*. If it had been so, you would not soon have wearied of telling or of being told of the life and conversation of this "fell body." He was not communicative about his early life. He would sometimes speak to me about "*her*," as if I knew who and where she was, and always with a gentleness and solemnity unlike his usual gruff ways. I found out that he had been married when young, and that "*she*" (he never named her) and their child died on the same day, — the day of its birth. The only indication of married life in his room was an old and strong cradle, which he had cut down so as to rock no more, and which he made the depository of his books, — a queer collection.

I have said that he had what he called, with a grave smile, *family* worship, morning and evening, never failing. He not only sang his psalm, but gave out or chanted *the line* in great style ; and on seeing me one morning surprised at this, he said, "Ye see John, *oo*," meaning himself and his wife, "began that way." He had a firm, true voice, and a genuine though roughish gift of singing and being methodical in all things, he did what I never heard of in any one else, — he had seven fixed tunes, one

of which he sang on its own set day. Sabbath morning it was *French*, which he went through with great *birr*. Monday, *Scarborough*; which, he said, was like my father cantering. Tuesday, *Coleshill*, that soft, exquisite air, — monotonous and melancholy, soothing and vague, like the sea. This day, Tuesday, was the day of the week on which his wife and child died, and he always sang more verses then than on any other. Wednesday was *Irish*; Thursday, *Old Hundred*; Friday, *Bangor*; and Saturday, *Blackburn*, that humdrummost of tunes, “as long, and lank, and lean, as is the ribbed sea-sand.” He could not defend it, but had some secret reason for sticking to it. As to the evenings, they were just the same tunes in reversed order, only that on Tuesday night he sang *Coleshill* again, thus dropping *Blackburn* for evening work. The children could tell the day of the week by *Jeems’s* tune, and would have been as much astonished at hearing *Bangor* on Monday, as at finding St. Giles’s half-way down the Canongate.

I frequently breakfasted with him. He made capital porridge, and I wish I could get such buttermilk, or at least have such a relish for it, as in those days. Jeems is away, — gone over to the majority; and I hope I may never forget to be grateful to the dear and queer old man. I think I see and hear him saying his grace over our bickers with their *brats* on, then taking his two books out of the cradle and reading, not without a certain homely majesty, the first verse of the 99th Psalm,

“Th’ eternal Lord doth reign as king,
 Let all the people quake;
 He sits between the cherubims,
 Let th’ earth be moved and shake”;

then launching out into the noble depths of *Irish*. His

chapters were long, and his prayers short, very scriptural, but by no means stereotyped, and wonderfully real, *immediate*, as if he was near Him whom he addressed. Any one hearing the sound and not the words, would say, "That man is speaking to some one who is with him, — who is present," — as he often said to me, "There's nae gude dune, John, till ye get to *close groups*."

Now, I dare say you are marvelling, — *first*, Why I brought this grim, old Rhadamanthus, Bezaleel, U. P. Naso of a door-keeper up before you ; and *secondly*, How I am to get him down decorously in that ancient blue great-coat, and get at my own proper text.

And first of the *first*. I thought it would do you young men — the hope of the world — no harm to let your affections go out toward this dear, old-world specimen of homespun worth. And as to the *second*, I am going to make it my excuse for what is to come. One day soon after I knew him, when I thought he was in a soft, confidential mood, I said, "*Jeems*, what kind of weaver are you?" "*I'm in the fancical line*, maister John," said he, somewhat stiffly ; "I like its *leecence*." So *exit Jeems — impiger, iracundus, acer — torvus visu — placide quiescat !*

Now, my dear friends, I am in the *fancical* line as well as *Jeems*, and in virtue of my *leecence*, I begin my exegetical remarks on the pursuit of truth. By the by, I should have told Sir Henry that it is truth, not knowledge, I was to be after. Now all knowledge should be true, but it is n't ; much of what is called knowledge is very little worth even when true, and much of the best truth is not in a strict sense knowable, — rather it is felt and believed.

Exegetical, you know, is the grand and fashionable word now-a-days for explanatory ; it means bringing out

of a passage all that is in it, and nothing more. For my part, being in *Jeems's* line, I am not so particular as to the nothing more. We *fancical* men are much given to make somethings of nothings; indeed, the noble Italians call imagination and poetic fancy *the little more*; its very function is to embellish and intensify the actual and the common. Now you must not laugh at me, or it, when I announce the passage from which I mean to preach upon the pursuit of truth, and the possession of wisdom: —

“ On Tintock tap there is a Mist,
 And in the Mist there is a Kist,
 And in the Kist there is a Cap;
 Tak' up the Cap and sup the drap,
 And set the Cap on Tintock tap.”

As to what Sir Henry* would call the context, we are saved all trouble, there being none, the passage being self-contained, and as destitute of relations as Melchisedec.

Tintock, you all know, or should know, is a big porphyritic hill in Lanarkshire, standing alone, and dominating like a king over the Upper Ward. Then we all understand what a *mist* is; and it is worth remembering that as it is more difficult to penetrate, to illuminate, and to see through mist than darkness, so it is easier to enlighten and overcome ignorance, than error, confusion, and mental mist. Then a *kist* is Scotch for chest, and a *cap* the same for cup, and *drap* for drop. Well, then, I draw out of these queer old lines, —

First, That to gain real knowledge, to get it at first-hand, you must go up the Hill Difficulty, — some Tintock, something you see from afar, — and you must *climb*; you

* This was read to Sir Henry W. Moncreiff's Young Men's Association, November, 1862.

must energize, as Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Chalmers said and did; you must turn your back upon the plain, and you must mainly go alone, and on your own legs. Two boys may start together on going up Tinto, and meet at the top; but the journeys are separate, each takes his own line.

Secondly, You start for your Tintock top with a given object, to get into the mist and get the drop, and you do this chiefly because you have the truth-hunting instinct; you long to know what is hidden there, for there is a wild and urgent charm in the unknown; and you want to realize for yourself what others, it may have been ages ago, tell they have found there.

Thirdly, There is no road up; no omnibus to the top of Tinto; you must zigzag it in your own way, and as I have already said, most part of it alone.

Fourthly, This climbing, this exaltation, and buckling to of the mind, of itself does you good; * it is capital exercise, and you find out many a thing by the way. Your lungs play freely; your mouth fills with the sweet waters of keen action; the hill tries your wind and mettle, supples and hardens your joints and limbs; quickens and rejoices, while it tests your heart.

Fifthly, You have many a fall, many a false step; you slip back, you tumble into a *mosshagg*; you stumble over the baffling stones; you break your shins and lose your temper, and the finding of it makes you keep it better the next time; you get more patient, and yet more eager, and not unoften you come to a stand-still; run yourself up against, or to the edge of some impossible precipice, some insoluble problem, and have to turn for your life;

* "In this pursuit, whether we take or whether we lose our game, the chase is certainly of service." — BURKE.

and you may find yourself over head in a treacherous *wellev*, whose soft inviting cushion of green has decoyed many a one before you.

Sixthly, You are forever mistaking the top; thinking you are at it, when, behold! there it is, as if farther off than ever, and you may have to humble yourself in a hidden valley before reascending; and so on you go, at times flinging yourself down on the elastic heather, stretched panting with your face to the sky, or gazing far away athwart the widening horizon.

Seventhly, As you get up, you may see how the world below lessens and reveals itself, comes up to you as a whole, with its just proportions and relations; how small the village you live in looks, and the house in which you were born; how the plan of the place comes out: there is the quiet churchyard, and a lamb is nibbling at that infant's grave; there, close to the little church, your mother rests till the great day; and there far off you may trace the river winding through the plain, coming like human life, from darkness to darkness, — from its source in some wild, upland solitude to its eternity, the sea. But you have rested long enough, so, up and away! take the hill once again! Every effort is a victory and joy, — new skill and power and relish, — takes you farther from the world below, nearer the clouds and heavens; and you may note that the more you move up towards the pure blue depths of the sky, — the more lucid and the more unsearchable, — the farther off, the more withdrawn into their own clear infinity do they seem. Well, then, you get to the upper story, and you find it less difficult, less steep than lower down; often so plain and level, that you can run off in an ecstasy to the crowning cairn, to the sacred mist, — within whose cloudy shrine rests the unknown secret; some

great truth of God and of your own soul ; something that is not to be gotten for gold down on the plain, but may be taken here ; something that no man can give or take away ; something that you must work for and learn yourself, and which, once yours, is safe beyond the chances of time.

Eighthly, You enter that luminous cloud, stooping and as a little child, — as, indeed, all the best kingdoms are entered, — and pressing on, you come in the shadowy light to the long-dreamt-of ark, — the chest. It is shut, it is locked ; but if you are the man I take you to be, you have the key, put it gently in, steadily, and home. But what is the key ? It is the love of truth ; neither more nor less ; no other key opens it ; no false one, however cunning, can pick that lock ; no assault of hammer, however stout, can force it open. But with its own key, a little child may open it, often does open it, it goes so sweetly, so with a will. You lift the lid ; you are all alone ; the cloud is round you with a sort of tender light of its own, shutting out the outer world, filling you with an *eerie* joy, as if alone and yet not alone. You see the cup within, and in it the one crystalline, unimaginable, inestimable drop ; glowing and tremulous, as if alive. You take up the cup, you sup the drop ; it enters into, and becomes of the essence of yourself ; and so in humble gratitude and love, “in sober certainty of waking bliss,” you gently replace the cup. It will gather again, — it is for ever ever gathering ; no man, woman, or child ever opened that chest, and found no drop in the cup. It might not be the very drop expected ; it will serve their purpose none the worse, often much the better.

And now, bending down, you shut the lid, which you hear locking itself afresh against all but the sacred key. You leave the now hallowed mist. You look out on the

old familiar world again, which somehow looks both new and old. You descend, making your observations over again, throwing the light of the present on the past ; and past and present set against the boundless future. You hear coming up to you the homely sounds — the sheep-dog's bark, "the cock's shrill clarion" — from the farm at the hill-foot ; you hear the ring of the blacksmith's *study*, you see the smoke of his forge ; your mother's grave has the long shadows of evening lying across it, the sunlight falling on the letters of her name, and on the number of her years ; the lamb is asleep in the bield of the infant's grave. Speedily you are at your own door. You enter with wearied feet, and thankful heart ; you shut the door, and you kneel down and pray to your Father in heaven, the Father of lights, your reconciled Father, the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and our God and Father in and through him. And as you lie down on your own delightful bed before you fall asleep, you think over again your ascent of the Hill Difficulty, — its baffling heights, its reaches of dreary moorland, its shifting gravel, its precipices, its quagmires, its little wells of living waters near the top, and all its "dread magnificence" ; its calm, restful summit, the hush of silence there, the all-aloneness of the place and hour ; its peace, its sacredness, its divineness. You see again the mist, the ark, the cup, the gleaming drop, and recalling the sight of the world below, the earth and all its fulness, you say to yourself, —

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens."

And finding the burden too heavy even for these glorious lines, you take refuge in the Psalms, —

* Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

Praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps;

Fire and hail; snow and vapor; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars;

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes and all judges of the earth

Both young men and maidens; old men and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord:

For his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and
heaven.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

BLESS THE LORD, O my soul!"

I need hardly draw the moral of this our somewhat *fancical* exercitation and exegesis. You can all make it out, such as it is. It is the toil, and the joy, and the victory in the search of truth; not the taking on trust, or learning by rote, not by heart, what other men count or call true; but the vital appropriation, the assimilation of truth to ourselves, and of ourselves to truth. All truth is of value, but one truth differs from another in weight and in brightness, in worth; and you need not me to tell you that spiritual and eternal truth, the truth as it is in Jesus, is the best. And don't think that your own hand has gotten you the victory, and that you had no unseen, and it may be unfelt and unacknowledged, hand guiding you up the hill. Unless the Lord had been at and on your side, all your labor would have been in vain, and worse. No two things are more inscrutable or less uncertain than man's spontaneity and man's helplessness,—Freedom and Grace as the two poles. It is His doing that you are led to the right hill and the right road, for there are other Tintocks, with other kists, and other drops. Work out.

therefore, your own knowledge with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do, and to know of his good pleasure. There is no explaining and there is no disbelieving this.

And now, before bidding you good by, did you ever think of the spiritual meaning of the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, as connected with our knowledge and our ignorance, our light and darkness, our gladness and our sorrow? The every-day use of this divine alternation to the wandering children of Israel is plain enough. Darkness is best seen against light, and light against darkness; and its use, in a deeper sense of keeping forever before them the immediate presence of God in the midst of them, is not less plain; but I sometimes think, that we who also are still in the wilderness, and coming up from our Egypt and its flesh-pots, and on our way let us hope, through God's grace, to the celestial Canaan, may draw from these old-world signs and wonders that, in the midday of knowledge, with daylight all about us, there is, if one could but look for it, that perpetual pillar of cloud, — that sacred darkness which haunts all human knowledge, often the most at its highest noon; that "look that threatens the profane"; that something, and above all, that sense of *Some One*, that Holy One, who inhabits eternity and its praises, who makes darkness His secret place. His pavilion round about, darkness and thick clouds of the sky.

And again, that in the deepest, thickest night of doubt, of fear, of sorrow, of despair; that then, and all the most then, — if we will but look in the right *airt*, and with the seeing eye and the understanding heart, — there may be seen that Pillar of fire, of light and of heat, to guide and quicken and cheer; knowledge and love, that everlasting

love which we know to be the Lord's. And how much better off are we than the chosen people; their pillars were on earth, divine in their essence, but subject doubtless to earthly perturbations and interferences; but our guiding light is in the heavens, towards which may we take earnest heed that we are journeying.

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose, —
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

"It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port in peace.

"Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!"



MINCHMOOR.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

"Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow."

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.



"There is moral as well as bodily wholesomeness in a mountain walk, if the walker has the understanding heart, and eschews *picnics*. It is good for any man to be alone with nature and himself, or with a friend who knows when silence is more sociable than talk, —

‘ In the wilderness alone,
There where nature worships God.’

It is well to be in places where man is little and God is great, — where what he sees all around him has the same look as it had a thousand years ago, and will have the same, in all likelihood, when he has been a thousand years in his grave. It abates and rectifies a man, if he is worth the process.

"It is not favorable to religious feeling to hear only of the actions and interference of man, and to behold nothing but what human ingenuity has completed. There is an image of God's greatness impressed upon the outward face of nature fitted to make us all pious, and to breathe into our hearts a purifying and salutary fear.

"In cities, everything is man, and man alone. He seems to move and govern all, and be the Providence of cities; and there we do not render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's; but God is forgotten, and Cæsar is supreme, — all is human policy, human foresight, human power; nothing reminds us of *invisible dominion, and concealed omnipotence*, — it is all earth, and no heaven. One cure of this is prayer and the solitary place. As the body, harassed with the noxious air of cities, seeks relief in the freedom and purity of the fields and hills, so the mind, wearied by commerce with men, resumes its vigor in solitude, and repairs its dignity." — From SYDNEY SMITH's Sermon, *On the Effects which the tumultuous Life passed in great Cities produces upon the Moral and Religious Character*. 1809.



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's 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 *baggs*; and where, to our amazement, we learned that the Duchess of Buccleuch had lately driven her ponies. Before this we had passed the gray, 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, comfortless windows, the decaying trees, the stillness about the doors, the grass overrunning 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.

There, to the northeast, is the place — *Williamhope* ridge — where Sir Walter Scott bade farewell to his heroic friend Mungo Park. They had come up from *Ashiestiel*, where Scott then lived, and where "*Marmion*" was written and its delightful epistles inspired, — where he passed the happiest part of his life, — leaving it, as Hogg said, "for gude an' a'"; for his fatal "dreams about his cottage" were now begun. He was to have "a hundred acres, two spare bedrooms, with dressing-rooms, each of which will on a pinch have a couch-bed." We all know what the dream, and the cottage, and the hundred acres came to, — the ugly Abbotsford; the overburdened, shattered brain driven wild, and the end, death, and madness. Well, it was on that ridge that the two friends — each romantic, but in such different ways — parted never to meet again. There is the ditch Park's horse stumbled over and all but fell. "I am afraid, Mungo, that's a bad omen," said the Sheriff; to which he answered, with a bright smile on his handsome, fearless face, "*Freits* (omens) follow those who look to them." With this expression, he struck the spurs into his horse, and Scott never saw him again. He had not long been married to a lovely and much-loved woman, and had been

speaking to Scott about his new African scheme, and how he meant to tell his family he had some business in Edinburgh,—send them his blessing, and be off,—alas! never to return! Scott used to say, when speaking of this parting, “I stood and looked back, but he did not.” A more memorable place for two such men to part in would not easily be found.

Where we are standing is the spot Scott speaks of when writing to Joanna Baillie about her new tragedies: “Were it possible for me to hasten the treat I expect in such a composition with you, I would promise to read the volume *at the silence of noonday upon the top of Minchmoor*. The hour is allowed, by those skilful in demonology, *to be as full of witching as midnight itself*; and I assure you I have felt really oppressed with a sort of fearful loneliness when looking around the naked towering ridges of desolate barrenness, which is all the eye takes in from the top of such a mountain, the patches of cultivation being hidden in the little glens, or only appearing to make one feel how feeble and ineffectual man has been to contend with the genius of the soil. It is in such a scene that the unknown and gifted author of *Albania* places the superstition which consists in hearing the noise of a chase, the baying of the hounds, the throttling sobs of the deer, the wild halloos of the huntsmen, and the ‘hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill.’ I have often repeated his verses with some sensations of awe, in this place.” The lines — and they are noble, and must have sounded wonderful with his voice and look — are as follows. Can no one tell us anything more of their author? —

“There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds

And horns, horse-winded, blowing far and keen!
 Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale
 Labors with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
 Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
 Mangled by throttling dogs; the shouts of men,
 And hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill.
 Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
 Starts at the noise, and both the herdman's ears
 Tingle with inward dread; — aghast he eyes
 The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
 Yet not one trace of living wight discerns,
 Nor knows, o'erawed and trembling as he stands,
 To what or whom he owes his idle fear, —
 To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
 But wonders, and no end of wondering finds."

We listened for the hunt, but could only hear the wind sobbing from the blind "*Hopes*." *

The view from the top reaches from the huge *Harestane Broadlaw*, — nearly as high as Ben Lomond, — whose top is as flat as a table, and would make a race-course of two miles, and where the clouds are still brooding, to the *Cheviot*; and from the *Maiden Paps* in Liddesdale, and that wild huddle of hills at *Moss Paul*, to *Dunse Law*, and the weird *Lammermoors*. There is *Ruberslaw*, always surly and dark. The *Dunion*, beyond which lies Jedburgh. There are the *Eildons*, with their triple heights; and you can get a glimpse of the upper woods of Abbotsford, and the top of the hill above Cauldshiels Loch, that very spot where the "wonderous potentate" — when suffering from languor and pain, and beginning to break down under his prodigious fertility — composed those touching lines: —

"The sun upon the Weirclaw Hill
 In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;

* The native word for hollows in the hills: thus, Dryhope, Gameshope, Chapelhope, etc.

The westland wind is hushed and still;
 The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
 Yet not the landscape to mine eye
 Bears those bright hues that once it bore,
 Though evening, with her richest dye,
 Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

" With listless look along the plain
 I see Tweed's silver current glide,
 And coldly mark the holy fane
 Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
 The quiet lake, the balmy air,
 The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,
 Are they still such as once they were,
 Or is the dreary change in me?

" Alas! the warped and broken board,
 How can it bear the painter's dye!
 The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
 How to the minstrel's skill reply!
 To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
 To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
 And Araby or Eden's bowers
 Were barren as this moorland hill."

There, too, is *Minto Hill*, as modest and shapely and smooth as Clytie's shoulders, and *Earlston Black Hill*, with Cowdenknowes at its foot; and there, standing stark and upright as a warder, is the stout old *Smailholme Tower*, seen and seeing all around. It is quite curious how unmistakable and important it looks at what must be twenty and more miles. It is now ninety years since that "lonely infant," who has sung its awful joys, was found in a thunder-storm, as we all know, lying on the soft grass at the foot of the gray old Strength, clapping his hands at each flash, and shouting, "Bonny! bonny!"

We now descended into Yarrow, and forgathered with a shepherd who was taking his lambs over to the great Melrose fair. He was a fine specimen of a border herd, —

young, tall, sagacious, self-contained, and free in speech and air. We got his heart by praising his dog *Jed*, a very fine collie, black and comely, gentle and keen. "Ay, she's a fell yin; she can do a' but speak." On asking him if the sheep-dogs needed much teaching, "Whyles ay and whyles no; her kind (*Jed's*) needs nane. She sooks 't in wi' her mither's milk." On asking him if the dogs were ever sold, he said, "Never, but at an orra time. Naebody wad sell a gude dowg, and naebody wad buy an ill ane." He told us with great feeling, of the death of one of his best dogs by poison. It was plainly still a grief to him. "What was he poisoned with?" "*Strychnia*," he said, as decidedly as might Dr. Christison. "How do you know?" "I opened him, puir fallow, and got him analeezed!"

Now we are on *Birkindale Brae*, and are looking down on the same scene as did

"James Boyd (the Earle of Arran, his brother was he),"

when he crossed *Minchmoor* on his way to deliver James the Fifth's message to

"Yon outlaw Murray,
Surely whaur bauldly bideth he."

"Down *Birkindale Brae* when that he cam
He saw the feir *Foreste* wi' his ee."

How James Boyd fared, and what the outlaw said, and what James and his nobles said and did, and how the outlaw at last made peace with his king, and rose up "*Sheriffe of Ettricke Foreste*," and how the bold ruffian boasted,

"Fair *Philphaug* is mine by right,
And *Lewinshope* still mine shall be;
Newark, *Foulshiels*, and *Tinnies* baith
My bow and arrow purchased me.

"And I have native steeds to me
 The Newark Lee o' Hangingshaw.
 I have many steeds in the Forest schaw,
 But them by name I dinna knaw."

And how King James snubbed

"The kene Laird of Bucksleuth,
 A stalwart man and sterne was he."

When the Laird hinted that,

"For a king to gang an outlaw till
 Is beneath his state and dignitie.
 The man that wins yon forest intill
 He lives by reif and felony."

"Then out and spak the nobil King,
 And round him cast a wilie ee.

"Now haud thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,
 Nor speak o' reif or felonie, —
*For, had every honest man his awin kye,
 A richt pair clan thy name wud be !*"

(by the by, why did Professor Aytoun leave out this excellent hit in his edition?) — all this and much more may you see if you take up *The Border Minstrelsy*, and read "The Sang of the Outlaw Murray," with the incomparable notes of Scott. But we are now well down the hill. There to the left, in the hollow, is *Permanscore*, where the King and the outlaw met, —

"Bid him mete me at Permanscore,
 And bring four in his companie;
 Five Erles sall cum wi' mysel',
 Gude reason I suld honored be"

And there goes our Shepherd with his long swinging stride. As different from his dark, wily companion, the Badenoch drover, as was Harry Wakefield from Robin Oig; or as the big, sunny Cheviot is from the lowering

Ruberslaw; and there is *Jed* trotting meekly behind him, — may she escape strychnia, and, dying at the fire-side among the children, be laid like

“Paddy Tims — whose soul at aise is —
 With the point of his nose
 And the tips of his toes
 Turned up to the roots of the daisies” —

unanaleezed, save by the slow cunning of the grave. And may her master get the top price for his lambs!

Do you see to the left that little plantation on the brow of Foulshiels Hill, with the sunlight lying on its upper corner? If you were there you might find among the brackens and foxglove a little headstone with “I. T.” rudely carved on it. That is *Tibbie Tamson’s grave*, known and feared all the country round.

This poor outcast was a Selkirk woman, who, under the stress of spiritual despair, — that sense of perdition, which, as in Cowper’s case, often haunts and overmasters the deepest and gentlest natures, making them think themselves

“Damned below Judas, more abhorred than he was,”

committed suicide; and being, with the gloomy, cruel superstition of the time, looked on by her neighbors as accursed of God, she was hurried into a rough white deal coffin, and carted out of the town, the people stoning it all the way till it crossed the Etterick. Here, on this wild hillside, it found its rest, being buried where three lairds’ lands meet. May we trust that the light of God’s reconciled countenance has for all these long years been resting on that once forlorn soul, as his blessed sunshine now lies on her moorland grave! For “the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not

depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

Now we see down into the Yarrow; there is the famous stream twinkling in the sun. What stream and valley was ever so be-sung! You wonder at first why this has been, but the longer you look the less you wonder. There is a charm about it,—it is not easy to say what. The huge sunny hills in which it is embosomed give it a look at once gentle and serious. They are great, and their gentleness makes them greater. Wordsworth has the right words, "pastoral melancholy"; and besides, the region is "not uninformed with fantasy and looks that threaten the profane,"—the Flowers of Yarrow, the Douglas Tragedy, the Dowie Dens, Wordsworth's Yarrow Unvisited, Visited, and Revisited, and, above all, the glamour of Sir Walter, and Park's fatal and heroic story. Where can you find eight more exquisite lines anywhere than Logan's, which we all know by heart?—

"His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister, weeping, walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough,—
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow."

And there is *Newark Tower* among the rich woods; and *Harehead*, that cosiest, loveliest, and hospitablest of nests. Methinks I hear certain young voices among the hazels; out they come on the little haugh by the side of the deep, swirling stream, *fabulosus* as was ever Hydaspes. There they go "running races in their mirth," and is not that — *an me ludit amabilis insania?* — the voice of *ma pauvre petite*, — *animosa infans* — the wilful, rich-eyed, delicious Eppie?

"O blessed vision, happy child,
Thou art so exquisitely wild!"

And there is *Black Andro* and *Glowr our'em* and *Foul-shiels*, where Park was born and bred; and there is the deep pool in the Yarrow where Scott found him plunging one stone after another into the water, and watching anxiously the bubbles as they rose to the surface. "This," said Scott to him, "appears but an idle amusement for one who has seen so much adventure." "Not so idle, perhaps, as you suppose," answered Mungo, "this was the way I used to ascertain the depth of a river in Africa." He was then meditating his second journey, but had said so to no one.

We go down by *Broadmeadows*, now held by that Yair "Hoppringle,"—who so well governed Scinde,—and into the grounds of Bowhill, and passing *Philipphaugh*, see where stout David Lesly crossed in the mist at daybreak with his heavy dragoons, many of them old soldiers of Gustavus, and routed the gallant Græme; and there is *Slainmen's Lee*, where the royalists lie; and there is *Carterhaugh*, the scene of the strange wild story of *Tamlane* and Lady Janet, when

"She prinked hersell and prinned hersell
By the ae light of the moon,
And she 's awa' to Carterhaugh
To speak wi' young Tamlane."

Noel Paton might paint that night, when

"'Twixt the hours of twelve and yin
A north wind *tore the bent*";—

when "fair Janet" in her green mantle

"heard strange elritch sounds
Upon the wind that went."

And straightway

"About the dead hour o' the night
She heard the bridles ring;

"Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
The hemlock small blew clear;
And louder notes from hemlock large
And bog reed, struck the ear,"

and then the fairy cavalcade swept past, while Janet, filled with love and fear, looked out for the milk-white steed, and "gruppit it fast," and "pu'd the rider doon," the young Tamlane, whom, after dipping "in a stand of milk and then in a stand of water,"

"She wrappit ticht in her green mantle,
And sae her true love won!"

This ended our walk. We found the carriage at the Philiphaugh home-farm, and we drove home by *Yair* and *Fernilee*, *Ashestiel* and *Elibank*, and passed the bears as ferocious as ever, "the orange sky of evening" glowing through their wild tusks, the old house looking even older in the fading light. And is not this a walk worth making? One of our number had been at the Land's End and Johnnie Groat's, and now on Minchmoor; and we wondered how many other men had been at all the three, and how many had enjoyed Minchmoor more than he.

But we must end, and how can we do it better, and more to our readers' and our own satisfaction, than by giving them the following unpublished lines by Professor Shairp,* which, by means we do not care to mention, are now before us? —

* No longer unpublished. The reader will find them, along with much else that is delightful, in *Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral, with other Poems*.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Will ye gang wi' me and fare
 To the bush aboon Traquair?
Owre the high Minchmuir we'll up and awa',
 This bonny simmer noon,
 While the sun shines fair aboon,
And the licht sklents saftly doun on holm and ha'.

And what wad ye do there,
 At the bush aboon Traquair?
A lang dreich road, ye had better let it be;
 Save some auld scrunts o' birk
 I' the hillside lirk,*
There's nocht i' the warld for man to see.

But the blythe lilt o' that air,
 "The Bush aboon Traquair,"
I need nae mair, it's eneuch for me;
 Owre my cradle its sweet chime
 Cam sughin' frae auld time,
Sae tide what may, I'll awa' and see.

And what saw ye there,
 At the bush aboon Traquair?
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?
 I heard the cushies croon
 Thro' the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing doun to the vae o' Tweed.

And birks saw I three or four,
 Wi' gray moss bearded owre,
The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
 Whar mony a simmer e'en
 Fond lovers did convene,
Thae bonny, bonny gloamins that are lang awa'.

Frae mony a but and ben,
 By muirland, holm, and glen,
They cam ane hour to spen' on the greenwood swaird;

* "The hills were high on ilka side,
 And the bucht i' the lirk o' the hill."

Ballad of Cowdenknowes.

But lang ha'e lad an' lass
 Been lying 'neth the grass,
 The green, green grass o' Traquair kirkyard.

They were blest beyond compare,
 When they held their trysting there,
 Among thae greenest hills shone on by the sun;
 And then they wan a rest,
 The lownest and the best,
 I' Traquair kirkyard when a' was dune.

Now the birks to dust may rot,
 Names o' luvers be forgot,
 Nae lads and lasses there ony mair convene;
 But the blythe lilt o' yon air
 Keeps the bush aboon Traquair,
 And the luve that ance was there, aye fresh and green.

Have not these the true flavor of that gentle place and life, — as musical and as melancholy as their streams and glens, as fragrant as their birks and *gale*?* They have the unexpectedness of nature, of genius, and of true song. The “native wood-notes wild” of “the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.”

There must surely be more of this “lilting” in our minstrel’s wallet; and he may be assured that such a gift of genuine Scottish feeling and verse will be welcomed if revealed. It breathes the caller, strong air of the south country hills, and is a wild “flour o’ the forest” not likely soon to be “wede awae.”

“Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
 Yellow on Yarrow’s banks the gowan,
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
 As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
 The apple frae the rock as mellow.”

August, 1862.

* The Bog-Myrtle.

THE ENTERKIN.





THE ENTERKIN.

IF you have a holiday, and can trust your *aneroid* when it promises fair,—if you can do twenty-one miles in seven hours, and wish, moreover, to see what you never saw before, and what you will never forget,—then take six brown biscuits in your pocket, and a return ticket to *Abington*, on the *Caledonian*, starting at 6.20 A. M.

There is not much from Edinburgh to Abington that everybody does not know; but as you pass Kirknewton you will not be the worse of remembering that the beautiful little wooded glen—"dingle or bushy dell or bosky bourne"—on the left, into whose recesses you get a brief, surreptitious glimpse, with the young Gogar trotting cheerily through it, is the once famous "*PROCUL NEGOTIIS*" of the great philosophic physician Dr. Cullen, where it was his delight to walk, and muse, and delve. You may see the maze of his walks still. It was part of his little estate of Ormiston Hill. Behind the present handsome and sensible mansion the old house may still be seen, with its magnificent outlook across the Vale of the Almond to the Ochils, and the outlying Grampians from Benlomond to Schehallion, and across the Firth to Benarty and the Lomonds; above its door are the words "*EST ULUBRIS*," from the well-known lines:—

"Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currant,
 Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
 Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis hic est;
 Est Ulubris, animus si nor. deficit æquus."

This is untranslatable, but we give its bones: "It is clime, not character they change, who run across the sea; a strenuous idleness keeps us at work; in our yachts and 'drags' we seek a happy life. What you seek, is here. Even in this our Ulubræ, — our own homely out-of-the-way Ormiston Hill, if we but bring with us the even mind." It is pleasant to think of this great old Doctor, leaving his town work and books, and giving himself up to gardening, — the records of which, in outlandish plants and shrubs, still remain, — and to farming, testing those original speculations as to soils and manures which he expounded in his lectures on chemistry, and which were in much anticipatory of the new doctrines and practice. You may — to while away the time past Carnwath and its dreary *Lang Whang* — fancy the old Doctor, as Dr. Benjamin Rush sketches him, — "tall and slender, and with a stoop in his shoulders, his face long, his under lip protruded a little beyond the upper, his nose large, and inclined to point downwards, his eye of a blue color, penetrating but soft, and on his whole face an air of mildness and thought," — walking in his glen, and repeating to himself or to a friend his favorite beatitude of the old usurer, — "*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,*" etc., or that of Politian: —

"Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,
 Quem non mendaci resplendens gloria fuco
 Sollicitat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus.
 Sed tacitos si nit ire dies, et paupere cultu
 Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vitæ."

We are glad, by the by, to learn that our College of

Physicians is about to repair the tomb of this, one of their greatest fellows; it is in the old burying-ground of Kirknewton, and had fallen sadly into ruin and forgetfulness.

We are now past Carnwath, and got to that station which a shivering Cockney, who was kept waiting some hours on a windy winter night in the old shed, said was well-named *Curst airs* (Carstairs), and past Thankerton, — Tancred's Town, — and Symington, — Symon's, — and are at Abington before nine. There is Mrs. Hunter's comfortable little roadside inn, where, in the Eglinton Tournament year, the present Emperor of the French arrived one evening alone, wet, hungry, and weary, having been grouse-shooting all day on Crawford Muir. He asked for a room, but was told the only one was occupied by some young men who were surveying the Caledonian line. He sent up his card asking to be allowed to join them, and was requested to go to the place whence Mr. Kinglake seems to think his Majesty has a return ticket. He sat down by the kitchen fire, got his supper, slipped away to bed, and was off early next morning on foot.

You now take the road to Leadhills by the Glengonar Burn, which, like the river Pison in the Eden of Genesis, "compasses the land where there is gold." Indeed, this region was called in olden times "God's treasure-house in Scotland," and the four petty burns in which the precious yellow grains were found — Glengonar, Short Cleuch, Mennock, and Wanlock — were compared to the four rivers in the Garden of the Lord, — Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates! Here was got the gold of which King James's *bonnet-pieces* were made, hundreds of workmen being then employed in its search. The glittering sand is still occasionally to be found, and every

now and then a miner, smit with the sacred hunger, takes to the deluding, feckless work, and seldom settles to anything again.

It is six miles of a pleasant glen road from Abington to Leadhills, — a dreary, unexpected little town, — which has lain great part in ruins for many years, owing to the suspension or spiritless working of the mines, during a long, baffling House of Lords lawsuit. Things are better now under the new company, and we may soon see it as tidy and purpose-like as the Duke's neighboring Wanlockhead. The people are thoughtful and solid, great readers and church-goers. They have a capital library. Like all natives of such forlorn, out-of-the-world pleacs, they cannot understand how any one can be happy anywhere else; and when one of them leaves the wild, unlovely place, they accompany him with wondering pity to the outskirts of their paradise, and never cease to implore and expect his return for good.

If you have a keen eye, you will not fail to observe something you never before did n't see in a Scottish village. There are the usual dogs and children about the doors, but *there is not a hen to be seen!* — they would be all poisoned by the lead in the gravel they pick up.

You are now some twelve hundred feet above the sea, and as you pass the door of the good doctor, — an old Peninsular surgeon, and a thoroughbred gentleman; who has returned to his birthplace, and is the honored friend and healer of that solitary upland, — you may see what is now a broken-down byre, in which the author of *The Gentle Shepherd* was born.

Take now the road to the left; the other goes to Wanlockhead and down Mennock to Sanquhar; yours leads you by the shoulder of the huge Lowthers through the

Enterkil Pass to Durrisdeer and Dalveen. The road is little more than a bridle one. You ascend steadily and gently to a great height, the high hills lying all around, — not sharp and ridgy like the Highland mountains, “curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them,” like the fierce uplifted waves of a prodigious sea, — they are more like round-backed, lazy billows in the after-swell of a storm, as if tumbling about in their sleep. They have all a *sonsy*, good-humored, *buirdly* look. As compared with Ben Lomond, our young *Jacobus* pronounced them “slow.” This must, however, be a perilous road in snow and drift; for we passed several *cairns*, marking where some shepherd or bewildered traveller had stumbled on, blinded and sleepy, and taken his final rest.

The east side of the Lowthers is an easy ascent, and the effect of this vast expanse, stretching miles in smoothest surface, when covered with new-fallen snow, is said to be wonderful; shapely and rounded like some great recumbent creature, “white, radiant, spotless.” At this time of the year, as we saw it, covered with thick, short, tawny grass and moss, one unbroken surface to the summit of two thousand three hundred and seventy-seven feet, it was like the short, close-grained fur of a lioness, — the hills lying like her cubs, huddling round their mighty mother. On its summit the counties of Lanark and Dumfries meet, as also three lairds’ lands, and here it was the custom, up to fifty years ago, to bury suicides. Any more solitary and out-of-the-world place could hardly be conceived. The bodies were brought from great distances all around, and, in accordance with the dark superstitions of the time, the unblest corpse was treated with curious indignity, — no dressing with grave-

clothes, no *striking* of the pitiful limbs; the body was thrust, with the clothes it was found in, into a rude box, not even shaped like a coffin, and hurried away on some old shattered cart or sledge, with ropes for harness.

One can imagine the miserable procession as it slunk, often during night, through the villages, and past the farmsteads, every one turning from it as abhorred. Then, arrived at this high and desolate region, the horse was taken out, and the weary burden dragged with pain up to its resting-place, and carried headforemost as in despite; then a shallow hole dug, and the long, uncouth box pushed in,—the cart and harness left to rot as accursed. The white human bones may sometimes be seen among the thick, short grass; and one who was there more than fifty years ago remembers with a shudder still, coming—when crossing that hill-top—upon a small outstretched hand, as of one crying from the ground; this one little hand, with its thin fingers held up to heaven as if in an agony of supplication or despair. What a sight, seen against the spotless sky, or crossing the disk of the waning moon!

We are now nearing the famous Enterkin Pass; a few steps and you are on its edge, looking down giddy and amazed into its sudden and immense depths. We have seen many of our most remarkable glens and mountain gorges,—Glencroe and Glencoe,—Glen Nevis,—the noblest of them all,—the Sma' Glen, Wordsworth's Glen Almain (Glenalmond), where Ossian sleeps, the lower part of Glen Lyon, and many others of all kinds of sublimity and beauty; but we know nothing more noticeable, more unlike any other place, more impressive, than this short, deep, narrow, and sudden glen. There is

only room for its own stream and its bottom, and the sides rise in one smooth and all but perpendicular ascent to the height, on the left, of one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five feet, *Thirstane Hill*, and on the right, of one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five, the exquisitely moulded *Steep Gail*, or Steep Gable,—so steep that it is no easy matter keeping your feet, and if you slip you might just as well go over a *bona fide* mural precipice. “Commodore Rogers” would feel quite at home here ; we all know his merits : —

“Commodore Rogers was a man, — exceedingly brave, — particular ;
He climbed up very high rocks, — exceedingly high, — perpendicular ;
And what made this the more inexpressible,
These same rocks were quite inaccessible.”

This sense of personal fear has a finely idealistic effect upon the mind, makes it impressionable and soft, and greatly promotes the after-enjoyment of the visit. The aforesaid *Steep Gail* makes one dizzy to look at,—such an expanse of sheer descent. If a sheep dies when on its sides it never lies still, but tumbles down into the burn ; and when we were told that Grierson of Lagg once rode at full gallop along its slope after a fox, one feels it necessary to believe that either he or his horse were of Satanic lineage. No *canny* man or horse could do this and live.

After our first surprise, we were greatly struck with the likeness of the place to a picture of it by Mr. Harvey, exhibited in our Academy in 1846, and now in Mr. Campbell of Blythswood’s collection. This was one of this great painter’s first landscapes, and gives the spirit, the idea of the place with wonderful truth and beauty, — its solemnity and loneliness, its still power, its gentle gloom, its depth and height, its unity, its sacred peace, —

"It is not quiet, is not ease,
 But something deeper far than these,
 The separation that is here
 Is of the grave; and of austere,
 Yet happy feelings of the dead."

We have heard that the artist, who sat alone for hours sketching, got so *eerie*, so overpowered with the loneliness and silence, that he relieved himself from time to time by loud shouts, and was glad to hear his own voice or anything. It must be a wonderful place to be alone in on a midsummer's midnight, or at its not less witching noon, —

"In such a glen as this, on such a day,
 A poet might in solitude recline,
 And, while the hours unheeded stole away,
 Gather rich fancies in the art divine,
 Great thoughts that float through Nature's silent air,
 And fill the soul with hope and love and prayer."

The glen is peculiar in being closed in, to all appearance, as much at the lower as the upper end: you feel utterly shut in and shut out. Half-way down is a wild cascade called Kelte's Linn, — from Captain Kelte, one of Claverhouse's dragoons, who was killed here.

Defoe's account of the affair and of its wild scene, in his *Memoirs of the Church of Scotland*, is so homely and to the quick, that we give it in full. It is not unworthy of Robinson Crusoe, and is unexaggerated in local description: —

"This *Entrekwin* is a very steep, and dangerous Mountain; nor could such another Place have been easily found in the whole Country for their Purpose; and, had not the Dragoons been infatuated from Heaven, they would never have entered such a Pass, without well discovering the Hill above them. The Road for above a

Mile goes winding, with a moderate Ascent on the side of a very high, and very steep Hill, 'till on the latter part, still ascending and the Height on the left above them being still vastly great, the Depth on their right below them makes a prodigious Precipice, descending steep and ghastly into a narrow deep Bottom, only broad enough for the Current of Water to run that descends upon hasty Rain: From this Bottom the Mountain rises instantly again steep as a Precipice on the other side of a stupendous Height. The passage on the side of the first Hill, by which, as I said, the Way creeps gradually up, is narrow; so that two Horsemen can but ill pass in Front: And, if any Disorder should happen to them, so as that they step but a little a-wry, they are in danger of falling down the said Precipice on their right, where there would be no stopping 'till they came to the Bottom. And the writer of this has seen, by the Accident only of a sudden Frost, which had made the way slippery, 3 or 4 Horses at a Time of Travellers or Carriers lying in that dismal Bottom, which slipping in their way, have not been able to recover themselves, but have fallen down the Precipice, and rolled to the Bottom, perhaps, tumbling 20 Times over, by which it is impossible but they must be broken to pieces, ere they come to stop.

“In this Way the Dragoons were blindly marching 2 and 2 with the Minister and 5 Countrymen, whom they had taken Prisoners, and were hauling them along to *Edinburgh*; the Front of them being near the Top of the Hill, and the rest reaching all along the steep part; when on a sudden they heard a Man's Voice calling to them from the side of the Hill on their left a great Height above them.

“It was misty, as indeed it is seldom otherwise on

the Height of that Mountain ; so that no Body was seen at first : But the Commanding Officer hearing some Body call, halted, and call'd aloud, *What d' ye want, and who are ye ?* He had no sooner spoke, but 12 Men came in sight upon the side of the Hill above them, and the Officer call'd again, *What are ye ?* and bad *Stand* : One of the 12 answer'd by giving the Word of Command to his Men, *Make Ready* ; and then calling to the Officer, said, *Sir, Will ye deliver our Minister ?* The Officer answer'd with an Oath, *No, Sir, an ye were to be damn'd.* At which the Leader of the Countrymen fir'd immediately, and aim'd so true at him, tho' the Distance was pretty great, that he shot him thro' the Head, and immediately he fell from his Horse ; His Horse fluttering a little with the Fall of his Rider, fell over the Precipice, rolling to the Bottom, and was dash'd to pieces.

"The rest of the 12 Men were stooping to give Fire upon the Body ; when the next Commanding Officer call'd to them to *hold their Hands*, and desir'd a *Truce*. It was apparent, that the whole Body was in a dreadful Consternation ; Not a Man of them durst stir a Foot, or offer to fire a Shot. And had the 12 Men given Fire upon them, the first Volley, in all Probability, would have driven 20 of them down the side of the Mountain into that dreadful Gulph at the Bottom.

"To add to their Consternation, their 2 Scouts who rode before, gave them Notice, *That there appear'd another Body of Aim'd Countrymen at the Top of the Hill in their front* ; which however was nothing but some Travellers, who, seeing Troops of Horse coming up, stood there to let them pass, the Way being too narrow to go by them : It's true, there were about 25 more of the Countrymen in Arms, tho' they had not appear'd,

and they had been sufficient, if they had thought fit, to have cut this whole Body of Horse in pieces.

“ But, the Officer having ask’d a *Parley*, and demanded, *What it was they would have ?* they again replied again, *Deliver our Minister.* Well, Sir, says the Officer, *Ye’s get your Minister, an ye will promise to forbear firing :* *Indeed we’ll forbear,* says the good man, *We desire to hurt none of ye :* But, Sir, says he, *Belike ye have more Prisoners :* *Indeed have we,* says the Officer, *and ye man deliver them all,* says the honest Man. Well, says the Officer, *Ye shall have them then.* Immediately the Officer calls to *Bring forward the Minister :* But the Way was so narrow and crooked he could not be brought up by a Horseman, without Danger of putting them into Disorder : So that the Officer bad them *Loose him, and let him go ;* which was done : So the Minister stept up the Hill a step or two, and stood still ; Then the Officer said to him, Sir, *an I let you go, I expect you promise to oblige your People to offer no Hindrance to our March.* The Minister promis’d them, *He would do so.* Then go, Sir, said he, *You owe your Life to this Damn’d Mountain.* Rather, Sir, said the Minister, *to that God that made this Mountain.* When their Minister was come to them, their Leader call’d again to the Officer, Sir, *We want yet the other Prisoners.* The Officer gave Orders to the Rear, where they were, and they were also deliver’d. Upon which the Leader began to march away, when the Officer call’d again, *But hold, Sir,* says he *Ye promised to be satisfied if ye had your Prisoners : I expect you’ll be as good as your Word.* *Indeed shall I,* says the Leader, *I am just marching away ;* it seems he did not rightly understand the Officer. Well, Sir, but, says the Officer, *I expect you call off those Fellows you have*

posted at the Head of the Way. They belong not to us, says the honest Man, they are unarm'd People, waiting till you pass by. Say you so, said the Officer, Had I known that, you had not gotten your Men so cheap, or have come off so free : Says the Countryman, An ye are for Battle, Sir, We are ready for you still, if you think you are able for us, ye may trye your Hand ; we'll quit the Truce, if you like. NO, says the Officer, I think ye be brave Fellows, e'en gang your Gate."

In his curious account of his travels in Scotland, Defoe gives a more detailed description of the glen and of his own visit to it, saying with true London *naïveté* that the hills on each side "are nearly as high as the Monument!"*

We now escaped by a secret path which we defy the

* "From *Drumlanrig* I took a Turn to see the famous Pass of *Enterkin*, or *Introkinn* Hill: It is indeed, not easy to describe; but by telling you that it ascends through a winding Bottom for near half a Mile, and a Stranger sees nothing terrible, but vast high Mountains on either Hand, tho' all green, and with Sheep feeding on them to the very Top; when, on a suddain, turning short to the left, and crossing a Rill of Water in the Bottom, you mount the Side of one of those Hills, while, as you go on, the Bottom in which that Water runs down from between the Hills, keeping its Level on your Right, begins to look very deep, till at Length it is a Precipice horrible and terrifying; on the left the Hill rises almost perpendicular, like a Wall; till being come about half Way, you have a steep, unpassable Height on the Left, and a monstrous Casm or Ditch on your Right; deep, almost, as the Monument is high, and the Path, or Way, just broad enough for you to lead your Horse on it, and, if his Foot slips, you have nothing to do but let go the Bridle, lest he pulls you with him, and then you will have the Satisfaction of seeing him dash'd to Pieces, and lye at the Bottom with his four Shoes uppermost. I pass'd twice this Hill after this, but the Weather was good, and the Way dry, which made it safe; but one of our Company was so frightened with it, that in a Kind of an Extasy, when he got to the Bottom, he look'd back, and swore heartily that he would never come that Way again."

uninitiated to discover — we had a mountain nymph to guide us — out of this strange, deep place, which, if it were any longer, would weigh the traveller down with its solemnity and seclusion — into Dalveen, down which flows the Carron, and the road from Edinburgh to Dumfries, by Biggar and Thornhill. It is an exquisite scene, — great steep green hills opening and shutting the winding valley. It is well known as one of the finest and most romantic passes in the South of Scotland, — it must have been something worth one's while to descend it on the box seat in the old four-horse-coach days. It is six miles from Leadhills to Lower Dalveen, and nine from that to Elvanfoot, where you must catch the train due at 4.20, — most provokingly early. Any one fearing lest the twenty-one miles may be too much for his legs or his time, may shorten the walk two or more miles by going to Elvanfoot and walking up the Elvan, instead of the Glen-gonar Burn. If he has our sky and our willingness to be happy, he will mark the Enterkin day with a white stone.

We have said that the miners at Leadhills are a reading, a hard-reading people; and to any one looking into the catalogue of their "Reading Society," selected by the men themselves for their own uses and tastes, this will be manifest. We have no small gratification in holding their diploma of honorary membership, — signed by the preses and clerk, and having the official seal, significant of the craft of the place, — of this, we venture to say, one of the oldest and best village libraries in the kingdom, having been founded in 1741, when the worthy miners of that day, headed by James Wells and clerked by William Wright, did, on the 23d November, "condescend upon certain articles and laws" — as grave and thorough as if

they were the constitution of a commonwealth, and as sturdily independent as if no Earl was their superior and master. "It is hereby declared that no right is hereby given, nor shall at any time be given to the said Earl of Hopetoun, or his aforesaid, or to any person or persons whatever, of disposing of any books or other effects what ever belonging to the Society, nor of taking any concern with the Society's affairs," etc. As an indication of the wild region and the distances travelled, one of the rules is, "that every member not residing in Leadhills shall be provided with a bag sufficient to keep out the rain." Here is the stiff, covenanting dignity cropping out, — "Every member shall (at the annual meeting) deliver what he hath to say to the preses; and if two or more members attempt to speak at a time, the preses shall determine who shall speak first"; and "members guilty of indecency, or unruly, obstinate behavior," are to be punished "by fine, suspension, or exclusion, according to the nature of the transgression." The Westminster Divines could not have made a tighter job.

If Charles Lamb had, by any strange chance, — such as dropping from a balloon, hailing from Hampstead, — strayed into this reading and *howking* village, and put up at Mr. Noble's for a day or two, with his pipe (of peace and more, for he used to say with a sad smile between the earnest puffs, "Other men smoke for pleasure; I (puff) smoke (puff) for my (puff) sal- (puff) va-va-va-tion," *) well-provisioned, and a modicum of old Madeira

* "When Dr. Parr, — who took only the finest tobacco, used to half fill his pipe with salt, and smoked with a philosophic calmness, — saw Lamb smoking the strongest preparation of the weed, puffing out smoke like some furious enchanter, he gently laid down his pipe and asked how he had acquired his power of smoking at such a rate? Lamb replied, '*I toiled after it, Sir, as some men toil after virtue.*'" — TALFOURD'S *Life of Lamb*.

and Hollands, and had he been driven into his inn by stress of weather and fear of the mountains (we all remember how, when visiting Southey at Keswick, he ran away from Skiddaw and the rest of the big fellows, back to "the sweet security of streets"), — how he would have enjoyed this homely, workingman's library with its twenty-two hundred volumes! Fancy him and "Papaverius" (De Quincey) and "The Bookhunter" storm-stayed, all three here, and discussing over their toddy, and through their fragrant reek, its multifarious books, from Cudworth's "Intellectual System," and Grotius "On Christianity," to Spurgeon's "Gems" and Wylie's "Seventh Vial." Fancy *Carloagnulus* beseeching The Bookhunter to enlighten him upon the Marrow Controversy, and the Old and New Lights, and the Burghers and Antiburghers, the Glassites, Sandemanians, Cameronians, and U. P.'s; and "Papaverius" entering curiously and delectably upon King's "Origin of Evil," Thomas à Kempis, or "Aspasia Vindicated." To hear "Elia" * inquiring mildly and stammeringly at The Bookhunter, as he turned over Erskine's "Principles of the Law of Scotland," whether "multiple-poin ding" was a phrase which his friend Pierce Egan — historian of the prize-ring — might not advantageously adopt; and during the mixing of another tumbler, asking his opinion as to the two Histories of the *Concilium Tridentinum*, in order to edge in a small joke of Burton-upon-Trent. Then think of the three discussing, with a single dip and a blazing fire, "Humphrey Clinker," "The Adventures of a Guinea," and "The Bravo of Bohemia." Fancy their awe when they found upwards of one hundred and forty volumes of sermons, graduating from Butler, Sterna,

* See note, p. 122.

Horsley, and Robert Hall, down to Drs. Dodd and Cumming. How Charles would expatiate upon "Queen Street, a poem," — what "on earth" it might mean and what it might not; — how curious he would be upon Clarke's "Hundred Wonders" and "Extracts of C. L., Esq.," — were these *his* Essays taken down in his sleep, — all unbeknown to himself? Who wrote "Juniper Jack"? and "The Land of Sinim"? and who ever allowed "Count Fathom" to slip into such decent company? But seriously, we have been greatly struck with the range of subjects and of authors in this homely catalogue; and it is impossible to think with anything but respect of the stout-hearted, strong-brained men who, after being in the bowels of the earth all day, sat down to wrestle with John Owen or Richard Baxter, or dream of heaven and holiness with Scougall and Leighton, or refresh themselves with Don Quixote, the Antiquary, the Fool of Quality, and Daubuisson on "The Basalts of Saxony," — besides eviscerating, with the help of Jonathan Edwards and Andrew Fuller, their own gloomy and masculine theology as mercilessly as they did the stubborn galea and quartz.

NOTE BY "THE BOOKHUNTER" ON PAPAVERIUS.

PAPAVERIUS would have scunnered at the decent "good book" appearance of Fisher's "Marrow," or Gibb's "Display of the Secession Testimony." To bring him round about to the manner by a learned-like congenial path, I would have put into his hands, to bring him up to the seventeenth century, the "*Tremulantes sivi Quakeri*," and the *Independentes*, by means of "*Speculum Abominationum*," and then have shipped him in the "*Histoire des Sectes Religieuses*" of Bishop Grégoire, where he would have found "Methodistes, Seceders, Burghers, Reliefs, Bereans, Glassites, Balchristes, Hutchensonians, Tunkers, Shakers, Skevi-kares, Buchanistes, Brugglerians, Mamillaires, Venchoristes," with others equally familiar and unfamiliar, all discussed in fluent French.

SINCE our Leadhills ploy, four of us met one September morning at Abington to breakfast, and took our way up *Camps Water* and down *Glen Breck* into Tweed. It was a gray, demure day, gentle and serious, — “caught at the point where it stops short of sadness”; the clouds well up and curdled, — lying becalmed

“O’er the broad fields of heaven’s bright wilderness”;

what of sunshine there was lay on the distant hills, moving slowly, and every now and then making darker the depths of some far-off *Hope*. There is something marvellous in the silence of these upland solitudes; the burns slip away without noise; there are no trees, few birds; and it so happened that the sheep were nibbling elsewhere, and the shepherds all unseen. There was only “the weird sound of its own stillness,” as we walked up the glen. It was refreshing and reassuring, after the din of the town, this out-of-the-world, unchangeable place.

We got upon the Moffat road two or three miles above Tweedsmuir Kirk; and one of us, who had not been there for three-and-thirty years, — when, taking his time, he walked from Edinburgh to Kendal and back again, — could not but be moved at the deserted look of that old mail road, — hardly a trace of wheels, — like the bed of a stream that has ceased to flow, — “the sound of a voice that is still.” Nature winning it back to herself. Fancy the glory of coming there upon the well-appointed Royal Mail, with the music of its team, the guard on his little seat, with its black, hairy skin, his horn, and his tremendous blunderbuss. What compactness! what a unity, power, and purpose about the whole organism! what stories we used to hear of what the driver could do, and

what the guard had done.* How Willie Lawson snuffed a candle, and not out, with his whip at Penicuik Inn, on a "lown" night before starting. How the guard; having in vain sounded his horn at Harestanes toll, when some disorderly coal-carts were stopping the royal way, their carters drinking, heedless inside,—blew out the brains of the first horse, and got the gate cleared forthwith. And what a peremptory, "dread" horn it was, bringing somehow *Pontarabia* into the school-boy head.

One guard I remember well,—M'George. He had been in the army, and was a gentleman,—stern and not given to speak; even with his companion the driver he would let a whole day pass in silence,—a handsome, firm, keen face. I remember well, too, when I had gone day after day to meet the Mail, to be taken into Edinburgh to school after my vacation among the hills, and to my rapture the Mail was full, and we came back rejoicing at the respite. "Is she full?" asked again my grave and dear old uncle, six feet and more on his soles. "Yea," said M'George, with a gentle grin, and looking me in the face; "she's full of emptiness!" whereupon the High-School boy was bundled inside, and left to his meditations. Our guard, I must say, came and looked in upon me at each stage, comforting me greatly with some jargonelle pears, the smell and relish of which I can feel now. I fell asleep, of course, and when we stopped at the Black Bull, found myself snug in the potentate's great-coat. All this impressed me the more, when I heard of his death many years after. It was a snow-

* An Edinburgh clergyman, of a rare and quaint genius, was one day seen gazing at the Carlisle Mail as it came thundering down *The Bridges*. "What are you thinking of?" said a reverend brother "I'm thinkin' that, next to preachin' the everlastin' Gospel, I would like to drive the Mail."

storin, — a night of wild drift, — in mid-winter: nothing like it for years. The Mail from Dumfries was late, and the towns-people of Moffat had gathered at Mrs. Cranstoun's inn waiting for it. Up it came. They crowded round M'George, entreating him not to proceed, — "At Tweedshaws it'll be awful." But he put them aside. "They" (meaning the Post-Office authorities) "blamed me once; they'll never blame me again." And, saddling the two strongest horses, he and the driver mounted and took their way into the night, stumbling dumbly up the street. The driver returned, having, at the *Beef-stand*, — a wild hollow in the hills, five miles out of Moffat, — given it up in despair, and in time; M'George plunging on, and not to be spoken to. The riderless horse came back at midnight. Next morning at daybreak, — the wind hushed. the whole country silent and white, — a shepherd saw on the heights at Tweedshaws something bright like a flame. He made his way to it, — it was the morning sun shining on the brass-plate of the post-bags, hung up on a bit of paling, — we have seen the very stake, — and out of the snow stretched a hand, as if pointing to the bags: M'George dead, and as the shepherd said, "wi' a kind o' a plesure on his face."

"Stern daughter of the voice of God,
We know not anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face." *

From Tweedsmuir we walked by the Bield, the old inn, where the Moffat carriers baited or slept; and could not help recalling a story worthy of *Humphrey Clinker*. Campbell the poet, in his young days, had walked out thus far, and had got snug into bed after his tumbler of toddy, when there was a knock at the door. "Come

* Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*.

in"; and behold, with a candle in her hand, stood the pretty maiden — who had given him his supper — in her short-gown and petticoat. "Please, sir, could ye tak' a neebor into yer bed?" "With all my heart," said the imaginative, susceptible poet, starting gayly up. "Thank ye, sir, for the Moffat carrier's just come in a' wat, and there's no a single ither place." Up came the huge and reeking man; exit the dainty little woman.

There, on the river side, is where once was *Linkum-doddie*, where *Willie Wastle* dwelt. There is the *Logan Water*, which, with superb exaggeration, the poet says Willie's wife's face "wad file."

There is Mossfennan "yett," where "lichtit doon" the lovers of the Lass of the Logan-lea. This ballad, which is still remembered as being sung entire, is gone, we fear irrecoverably, all but a few broken stanzas, for which we have to thank Miss Watson, who, in her *Bygone Days in our Village*, has so well described the old-world life of this pastoral region: —

"Some say that I lo'e young Polmood,
An' some say he lo'es na me;
But I think I 'm a match for the best o' his blude,
Though I had never a ewe on the Logan-lea.

"For wooers I've had braw young men,
Booted and spurred as ye may see,
A' lichtin at Mossfennan yett,
Doon by the side o' the Logan-lea.

"Three cam east, and three cam west,
An' three cam out frae the north countrie,
The lave cam a' frae Moffat-side,
An' lichtit at the Logan-lea.

"John Paterson comes frae Holms-water head,
An' he did come to visit me,
An' he cam in by the Mere-cleugh head,
Wi' his spotted hounds and spaniels three.

"Graham o' Slipperfield, on his gray mere,
Charlie, an' his pistols clear,
Young Polmood, wi' his hounds three,
Will ne'er heir a ewe on the Logan-lea."

We closed our *Minchmoor* with *The Bush aboon Traquair*; we close *The Enterkin* with the *Cry from Craigellachie*, which our companion the author recited with impassioned cadence, as we walked down Tweed to Broughton. After much urgency, we got him to pat it in the *Scotsman*, from which we now take it.

May we not enjoy its fervor and beauty, and at the same time rejoice that the cottagers at Kingussie are getting their oatmeal and coals one half cheaper, since the iron horse took his way down Badenoch?

A CRY FROM CRAIGELLACHIE.

Written after travelling for the first time to Inverness by the Highland Railway, last August.)

Land of Bens, and Glens, and Corries,
Headlong rivers, ocean-floods!
Have we lived to see this outrage
On your haughty solitudes?

Yea! there burst invaders stronger,
On the mountain-barriered land,
Than the Ironsides of Cromwell,
Or the bloody Cumberland!

Spanning Tay and curbing Tummel,
Hewing with rude mattocks down
Killiecrankie's birchen chasm, —
What reck they of old renown!

Cherished names! how disenchanted
Hark the railway porter roar,
Ho! Blair-Athole! Dalnaspidal!
Ho! Dalwhinnie! Aviemore!

Garry, cribbed with mound and rampart,
Up his chafing bed we sweep,
Scare from his lone lochan-cradle
The charmed immemorial sleep.

Grisly, storm-resounding Badenoch,
With gray boulders scattered o'er,
And cairns of forgotten battles,
Is a wilderness no more.

Ha! we start the ancient silence,
Thundering down the long incline
Over Spey and Rothiemurchus'
Forests of primeval pine.

Boar of Badenoch! Sow of Athole!
Hill by hill behind us cast;
Rock, and craig, and moorland reeling —
Scarce Craigellachie stands fast.*

Dark Glen More and clov'n Glen Feshie,
Loud along these desolate tracts,
Hear the shriek of whistle louder
Than their headlong cataracts.

Strange to them the train, — but stranger
The mixed throng it huddles forth, —
Strand and Piccadilly emptied
On the much-enduring North.

Cockneys, Frenchmen, swells, and tourists
Motley-garbed and garish crew!
Belted pouches, knickerbockers,
Silken hose and patent shoe.

While from carriage-window gazing,
Eye-glassed damsels, yawning, drawl,
"Strange these names of yours, — Braeriel-
Ben-Mac-Dhui, Cairntoul."

What to them are birk-tree fragrance
Pine-wood scents, bog-myrtle balm!
What the burns down carries sounding,
Or the solemn mountain calm!

* "Stand fast, Craigellachie," is the war-cry of the Claa Grant

Point not them to Lock-an-Eilan,
Lochindorbh's grim island hold;
Tell them not wild tales of Comyn,
Or the Badenoch Wolf of old.

O Cairngorum! O Braeriach!
Roll ye blinding swathes of cloud
Down your crags, that these insult not
Your majestic foreheads proud.

On, still on, — let drear Culloden
For clan-slogans hear this scream, —
Shake the woods by Beaully river,
Startle beauty-haunted Dhuirna.

Northward still the iron horses,
Naught may stay their destined path,
Till their snort, by Pentland surges,
Stun the cliffs of far Cape Wrath.

Must then pass, quite disappearing
From their glens, the ancient Gael?
In and in must Saxon struggle?
Southron, Cockney more prevail?

Clans long gone, and pibrochs going,
Shall the patriarchal tongue
From these mountains fade forever,
With its names and memories hung?

Oh! you say, it little recketh, —
Let the ancient manners go,
Heaven will work, through their destroying,
Some end greater than you know!

Be it so! but will Invention,
With her smooth mechanic arts,
Raise, when gone, the old Highland warriors,
Bring again warm Highland hearts?

Nay! whate'er of good they herald,
Whereso comes that hideous roar,
The old charm is disenchanted,
The old Highlands are no more!

THE ENTERKIN.

Yet, I know, there lie, all lonely,
Still to feed thought's loftiest mood,
Countless glens, undesecrated,
Many an awful solitude!

Many a burn, in unknown corries,
Down dark linn the white foam flings,
Fringed with ruddy-berried rowans,
Fed from everlasting springs.

Still there sleep unnumbered lochans,
Craig-begirt 'mid deserts dumb,
Where no human road yet travels,
Never tourist's foot hath come!

Many a Scur, like bald sea-eagle,
Hoary-scalped with boulder piles,
Stands against the sunset, eying
Ocean and the outmost Isles.

If e'en these should fail, I'll get me
To some rock roared round by seas,
There to drink calm nature's freedom,
Till they bridge the Hebrides!

SHELIABHAIR.

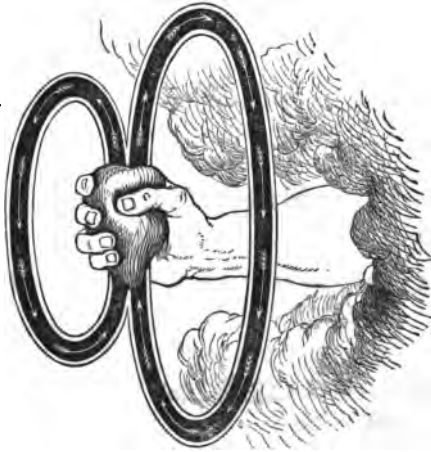
(Anglic), Mountaineer



HEALTH.

FIVE LAY SERMONS TO WORKING-PEOPLE.





**He is not far from every one of us. For in Him we live and move,
not less than in Him we have our being.**

**“Out of darkness comes the hand
Reaching through nature, — moulding man.”**



*Affectionately inscribed to the memory of the REV. JAMES TRENCH,
the heart and soul of the Canongate Mission, who, while he preached
a pure and a fervent gospel to its heathens, taught them also and
therefore to respect and save their health, and was the Originator
and Keeper of their Library and Penny Bank, as well as their
Minister.*





P R E F A C E.

THREE of these sermons were written for, and (shall I say?) preached some years ago, in one of the earliest missionary stations in Edinburgh, established by Broughton Place Congregation, and presided over at that time by the Reverend James Trench; one of the best human beings it was ever my privilege to know. He is dead; dying in and of his work, — from typhus fever caught at the bedside of one of his poor members, — but he lives in the hearts of many a widow and fatherless child; and lives also, I doubt not, in the immediate vision of Him to do whose will was his meat and his drink. Given ten thousand such men, how would the crooked places be made straight, and the rough places plain, the wildernesses of city wickedness, the solitary places of sin and despair, of pain and shame, be made glad! This is what is to regenerate mankind; this is the leaven that some day is to leaven the lump.

The other two sermons were never preached, except in print; but they were composed in the same key. I say this not in defence, but in explanation. I have tried to speak to working men and women from my lay pulpit, in the same words, with the same voice, with the same thoughts I was in the habit of using when doctoring them. This is the reason of their plain speaking. There is no

other way of reaching these sturdy and weather and work-beaten understandings; there is nothing fine about them outside, though they are often as white in the skin under their clothes as a duchess, and their hearts as soft and tender as Jonathan's, or as Rachel's, or our own Grizel Baillie's; but you must speak out to them, and must not be mealy-mouthed if you wish to reach their minds and affections and wills. I wish the gentlefolks could bear, and could use a little more of this outspokenness; and, as old Porson said, condescend to call a spade a spade, and not a horticultural implement; five letters instead of twenty-two, and more to the purpose.

You see, my dear working friends, I am great upon sparing your strength and taking things cannily. "All very well," say you; "it is easy speaking, and saying. Take it easy; but if the pat's on the fire it maun bile." It must, but you need n't poke up the fire forever, and you may now and then set the kettle on the hob, and let it sing, instead of leaving it to burn its bottom out.

I had a friend who injured himself by overwork. One day I asked the servant if any person had called, and was told that some one had. "Who was it?" "O, it's the little gentleman that *aye rins when he walks!*" So I wish this age would walk more and "rin" less. A man can walk farther and longer than he can run, and it is poor saving to get out of breath. A man who lives to be seventy, and has ten children and (say) five-and-twenty grandchildren, is of more worth to the state than three men who die at thirty, it is to be hoped unmarried. However slow a coach seventy may have been, and however energetic and go-ahead the three thirties, I back the tortoise against the hares in the long run.

I am constantly seeing men who suffer, and indeed die,

from living too fast; from true though not consciously immoral dissipation or scattering of their lives. Many a man is bankrupt in constitution at forty-five, and either takes out a *cessie* of himself to the grave, or goes on paying ten per cent for his stock-in-trade; he spends his capital instead of merely spending what he makes, or better still, laying up a purse for the days of darkness and old age. A queer man, forty years ago, — Mr. Slate, or, as he was called, *Sclate*, who was too clever and not clever enough, and had not wisdom to use his wit, always scheming, full of “go,” but never getting on, — was stopped by his friend, Sir Walter Scott, — that wonderful friend of us all, to whom we owe Jeanie Deans and Rob Roy, Meg Merrihes and Dandie Dinmont, Jinglin’ Geordie, Cuddie Headrigg, and the immortal Bailie, — one day in Princes Street. “How are ye getting on, Sclate?” “Oo, just the auld thing, Sir Walter; *ma pennies a’ gang on tippenny eerands*.” And so it is with our nervous power, with our vital capital, with the pence of life; many of them go on “tippenny eerands.” We are forever getting our bills renewed, till down comes the poor and damaged concern with dropsy or consumption, blazing fever, madness, or palsy. There is a Western Banking system in living, in using our bodily organs, as well as in paper-money. But I am running off into another sermon.

Health of mind and body, next to a good conscience, is the best blessing our Maker can give us, and to no one is it more immediately valuable than to the laboring man and his wife and children; and indeed a good conscience is just moral health, the wholeness of the sense and the organ of duty; for let us never forget that there is a religion of the body, as well as, and greatly helpful of, the religion of the soul. We are to glorify God in our souls

and in our bodies, for the best of all reasons, *because they are His*, and to remember that at last we must give account, not only of our thoughts and spiritual desires and acts, but of *all the deeds done in our body*. A husband who, in the morning before going to his work, would cut his right hand off sooner than injure the wife of his bosom, strangles her that same night when mad with drink; that is a deed done in his body, and truly by his body, for his judgment is gone; and for that he must give an account when his name is called; his judgment was gone; but then, as the child of a drunken murderer said to me, "A' but, sir, wha gonied it?" I am not a teetotaller. I am against teetotalism as a doctrine of universal application; I think we are meant to use these things as not abusing them,—this is one of the disciplines of life; but I not the less am sure that drunkenness ruins men's bodies,—it is not for me to speak of souls,—is a greater cause of disease and misery, poverty, crime, and death among the laboring men and women of our towns, than consumption, fever, cholera, and all their tribe, with thieving and profligacy and improvidence thrown into the bargain: these slay their thousands; this its tens of thousands. Do you ever think of the full meaning of "he's the waur o' drink?" How much the waur?—and then "dead drunk,"—"mortal." Can there be anything more awfully significant than these expressions you hear from children in the streets?

You will see in the woodcut a good illustration of the circulation of the blood; both that through our lungs, by which we breathe and burn, and that through the whole body, by which we live and build. That hand grasps the heart, the central depot, with its valves opening out and

in, and, by its contraction and relaxation, makes the living fluid circulate everywhere, carrying in strength, life, and supply to all, and carrying off waste and harm. None of you will be the worse of thinking of that hand as His who makes, supports, moves, and governs all things, — that hand which, while it wheels the rolling worlds, gathers the lambs with his arm, carries them in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with young, and which was once nailed for “our advantage on the bitter cross.’

J. B

23 RUTLAND STREET,
Dec. 16, 1861.





SERMON I.

THE DOCTOR, — OUR DUTIES TO HIM.

EVERYBODY knows the Doctor; a very important person he is to us all. What could we do without him? He brings us into this world, and tries to keep us as long in it as he can, and as long as our bodies can hold together; and he is with us at that strange and last hour which will come to us all, when we must leave this world and go into the next.

When we are well, we perhaps think little about the Doctor, or we have our small joke at him and his drugs; but let anything go wrong with our body, that wonderful tabernacle in which our soul dwells, let any of its wheels go wrong, then off we fly to him. If the mother thinks her husband or her child dying, how she runs to him, and urges him with her tears! how she watches his face, and follows his searching eye, as he examines the dear sufferer; how she wonders what he thinks, — what would she give to know what he knows! how she wearies for his visit! how a cheerful word from him makes her heart leap with joy, and gives her spirit and strength to watch over the bed of distress! Her whole soul goes out to him in unspeakable gratitude when he brings back to her from the power of the grave her husband or darling child.

The Doctor knows many of our secrets, of our sorrows, which no one else knows, — some of our sins, perhaps, which the great God alone else knows; how many cares and secrets, how many lives, he carries in his heart and in his hands! So you see he is a very important person the Doctor, and we should do our best to make the most of him, and to do our duty to him and to ourselves.

A thinking man feels often painfully what a serious thing it is to be a doctor, to have the charge of the lives of his fellow-mortals, to stand, as it were, between them and death and eternity and the judgment-seat, and to fight hand to hand with Death. One of the best men and greatest physicians that ever lived, Dr. Sydenham, says, in reference to this, and it would be well if all doctors, young and old, would consider his words: —

“It becomes every man who purposes to give himself to the care of others, seriously to consider the four following things: *First*, That he must one day give an account to the Supreme Judge of all the lives intrusted to his care. *Secondly*, That all his skill and knowledge and energy, as they have been given him by God, so they should be exercised for His glory and the good of mankind, and not for mere gain or ambition. *Thirdly*, and not more beautifully than truly, Let him reflect that he has undertaken the care of no mean creature, for, in order that we may estimate the value, the greatness of the human race, the only begotten Son of God became himself a man, and thus ennobled it with His divine dignity, and, far more than this, died to redeem it; and, *Fourthly*, That the Doctor, being himself a mortal man, should be diligent and tender in relieving his suffering patients, inasmuch as he himself must one day be a like sufferer.”

I shall never forget a proof I myself got twenty years

ago, how serious a thing it is to be a doctor, and how terribly in earnest people are when they want him. It was when cholera first came here in 1832. I was in England at Chatham, which you all know is a great place for ships and sailors. This fell disease comes on generally in the night; as the Bible says, "it walks in darkness," and many a morning was I roused at two o'clock to go and see its sudden victims, for then is its hour and power. One morning a sailor came to say I must go three miles down the river to a village where it had broken out with great fury. Off I set. We rowed in silence down the dark river, passing the huge hulks, and hearing the restless convicts turning in their beds in their chains. The men rowed with all their might: they had too many dying or dead at home to have the heart to speak to me. We got near the place; it was very dark, but I saw a crowd of men and women on the shore, at the landing-place. They were all shouting for the Doctor; the shrill cries of the women, and the deep voices of the men coming across the water to me. We were near the shore, when I saw a big old man, his hat off, his hair gray, his head bald; he said nothing, but turning them all off with his arm, he plunged into the sea, and before I knew where I was, he had me in his arms. I was helpless as an infant. He waded out with me, carrying me high up in his left arm, and with his right levelling every man or woman who stood in his way.

It was Big Joe carrying me to see his grandson, little Joe; and he bore me off to the poor convulsed boy, and dared me to leave him till he was better. He did get better, but Big Joe was dead that night. He had the disease on him when he carried me away from the boat, but his heart was set upon his boy. I never can forget

that night, and how important a thing it was to be able to relieve suffering, and how much Old Joe was in earnest about having the Doctor.

Now, I want you to consider how important the Doctor is to you. Nobody needs him so much as the poor and laboring man. He is often ill. He is exposed to hunger and wet and cold, and to fever, and to all the diseases of hard labor and poverty. His work is heavy, and his heart is often heavy too with misery of all kinds, — his back weary with its burden, — his hands and limbs often meeting with accidents, — and you know if the poor man, if one of you falls ill and takes fever, or breaks his leg, it is a far more serious thing than with a richer man. Your health and strength are all you have to depend on; they are your stock-in-trade, your capital. Therefore I shall ask you to remember *four things* about your duty to the Doctor, so as to get the most good out of him, and do the most good to him too.

1st, It is your duty to trust the Doctor;

2dly, It is your duty to obey the Doctor;

3dly, It is your duty to speak the truth to the Doctor, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and,

4thly, It is your duty to reward the Doctor.

And so now for the *first*. It is your duty to *trust* the Doctor, that is, to believe in him. If you were in a ship, in a wild storm, and among dangerous rocks, and if you took a pilot on board, who knew all the coast and all the breakers, and had a clear eye, a firm heart, and a practised hand, would you not let him have his own way? would you think of giving him your poor advice, or keep his hand from its work at the helm? You would not be such a fool, or so uncivil, or so mad. And yet many people do this very same sort of thing, just because they

don't really trust their Doctor; and a Doctor is a pilot for your bodies when they are in a storm and in distress. He takes the helm, and does his best to guide you through a fever; but he must have fair play; he must be trusted *even* in the dark. It is wonderful what cures the very sight of a Doctor will work, if the patient believes in him; it is half the battle. His very face is as good as a medicine, and sometimes better, — and much pleasanter too.

One day a laboring man came to me with indigestion. He had a sour and sore stomach, and heartburn, and the water-brash, and wind, and colic, and wonderful misery of body and mind. I found he was eating bad food, and too much of it; and then, when its digestion gave him pain, he took a glass of raw whiskey. I made him promise to give up his bad food and his worse whiskey, and live on pease-brose and sweet milk, and I wrote him a prescription, as we call it, for some medicine, and said, "Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight and you will be well." He did come back, hearty and hale; — no colic, no sinking at the heart, a clean tongue, and a cool hand, and a firm step, and a clear eye, and a happy face. I was very proud of the wonders my prescription had done; and having forgotten what it was, I said, "Let me see what I gave you." "O," says he, "I took it." "Yes," said I, "but the prescription." "*I took it*, as you bade me. I swallowed it." He had actually eaten the bit of paper, and been all that the better of it; but it would have done him little, at least less good had he not trusted me when I said he would be better, and attended to my rules.

So, take my word for it, and trust your Doctor; it is his due, and it is for your own advantage. Now, our next duty is to *obey* the Doctor. This you will think is simple enough. What use is there in calling him in, if

we don't do what he bids us? and yet nothing is more common, partly from laziness and sheer stupidity, partly from conceit and suspiciousness, and partly, in the case of children, from false kindness and indulgence, than to disobey the Doctor's orders. Many a child have I seen die from nothing but the mother's not liking to make her swallow a powder, or put on a blister; and let me say, by the by, teach your children at once to obey you, and take the medicine. Many a life is lost from this, and remember you may make even Willie Winkie take his castor-oil in spite of his cries and teeth, *by holding his nose*, so that he must swallow.

Thirdly, You should tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to your Doctor. He may be never so clever, and never so anxious, but he can no more know how to treat a case of illness without knowing all about it, than a miller can make meal without corn; and many a life have I seen lost from the patient or his friends concealing something that was true, or telling something that was false. The silliness of this is only equal to its sinfulness and its peril.

I remember, in connection with that place where Big Joe lived and died, a singular proof of the perversity of people in not telling the Doctor the truth, — as you know people are apt to send for him in cholera when it is too late, when it is a death rather than a disease. But there is an early stage, called premonitory, — or warning, — when medicines can avail. I summoned all the people of that fishing village who were well, and told them this, and asked them if they had any of the symptoms. They all denied having any (this is a peculiar feature in that terrible disease, they are afraid to *let on* to themselves, or even the Doctor, that they are “in for it”), though from

their looks and from their going away while I was speaking, I knew they were not telling the truth. Well, I said, "You must, at any rate, every one of you, take some of this," producing a bottle of medicine. I will not tell you what it was, as you should never take drugs at your own hands, but it is simple and cheap. I made every one take it; only one woman going away without taking any; she was the only one of all those *who died*.

Lastly, It is your duty to reward your Doctor. There are four ways of rewarding your Doctor. The first is by giving him your money; the second is by giving him your gratitude; the third is by your doing his bidding; and the fourth is by speaking well of him, giving him a good name, recommending him to others. Now, I know few if any of you can pay your Doctor, and it is a great public blessing that in this country you will always get a good Doctor willing to attend you for nothing, and this *is* a great blessing; but let me tell you, — I don't think I need tell you, — try and pay him, be it ever so little. It does you good as well as him; it keeps up your self-respect; it raises you in your own eye, in your neighbor's, and, what is best, in your God's eye, because it is doing what is right. The "man of independent mind," be he never so poor, is "king of men for a' that"; ay, and "for twice and mair than a' that"; and to pay his way is one of the proudest things a poor man can say, and he may say it oftener than he thinks he can. And then let me tell you, as a bit of cool, worldly wisdom, that your Doctor will do you all the more good, and make a better job of your cure, if he gets something, some money for his pains; it is human nature and common sense, this. It is wonderful how much real kindness and watching and attendance and cleanliness you may get

for so many shillings a week. Nursing is a much better article at that, — much, — than at *nothing* a week. But I pass on to the other ways of paying or rewarding your Doctor, and, above all, *to gratitude.*

Honey is not sweeter in your mouths, and light is not more pleasant to your eyes, and music to your ears, and a warm, cosey bed is not more welcome to your wearied legs and head, than is the honest, deep gratitude of the poor to the young Doctor. It is his glory, his reward; he fills himself with it, and wraps himself all round with it as with a cloak, and goes on in his work, happy and hearty; and the gratitude of the poor is worth the having, and worth the keeping, and worth the remembering. Twenty years ago I attended old Sandie Campbell's wife in a fever, in Big Hamilton's Close in the Grassmarket, — two worthy, kindly souls they were and are. (Sandie is dead now.) By God's blessing, the means I used saved "oor Kirsty's" life, and I made friends of these two forever; Sandie would have fought for me if need be, and Kirsty would do as good. I can count on them as my friends, and when I pass the close-mouth in the West Port, where they now live, and are thriving, keeping their pigs, and their hoary old cuddie and cart, I get a courtesy from Kirsty, and see her look after me, and turn to the women beside her, and I know exactly what she is saying to them about "Dr. Broon." And when I meet old Sandie, with his ancient and long-lugged friend, driving the draff from the distillery for his swine, I see his gray eye brighten and glisten, and he looks up and gives his manly and cordial nod, and goes on his way, and I know that he is saying to himself, "God bless him! he saved my Kirsty's life," and he runs back in his mind all those twenty past years, and lays out his heart on all

he remembers, and that does him good and me too, and nobody any ill. Therefore, give your gratitude to your Doctor, and remember him, like honest Sandie; it will not lose its reward and it costs you nothing; it is one of those things you can give and never be a bit the poorer but all the richer.

One person I would earnestly warn you against, and that is the *Quack Doctor*. If the real Doctor is a sort of God of healing, or rather our God's cobbler for the body, the Quack is the Devil for the body, or rather the Devil's servant against the body. And like his father, he is a great liar and cheat. He offers you what he cannot give. Whenever you see a medicine that cures everything, be sure it cures nothing; and remember, it may kill. The Devil promised our Saviour all the kingdoms of the world if he would fall down and worship him; now this was a lie, he could not give him any such thing. Neither can the Quack give you his kingdoms of health, even though you worship him as he best likes, by paying him for his trash; he is dangerous and dear, and often deadly,— have nothing to do with him.

We have our duties to one another, yours to me, and mine to you: but we have all our duty to one else, — to Almighty God, who is beside us at this very moment — who followed us all this day, and knew all we did and did n't do, what we thought and did n't think, — who will watch over us all this night, — who is continually doing us good, — who is waiting to be gracious to us, — who is the great Physician, whose saving health will heal all our diseases, and redeem our life from destruction, and crown us with loving-kindness and tender mercies, — who can make death the opening into a better life, the very gate of heaven; that same death which is to all of

us the most awful and most certain of all things, and at whose door sits its dreadful king, with that javelin, that sting of his, which is sin, our own sin. Death would be nothing without sin, no more than falling asleep in the dark to awake to the happy light of the morning. Now, I would have you think of your duty to this great God, our Father in heaven; and I would have you to remember that it is your duty to trust Him, to believe in Him. If you do not, your soul will be shipwrecked, you will go down in terror and in darkness.

It is your duty to *obey* Him. Whom else in all this world should you obey, if not Him? and who else so easily pleased, if we only do obey? It is your duty to speak the truth to Him, not that he needs any man to tell Him anything. He knows everything about everybody; nobody can keep a secret from Him. But he hates lies; He abhors a falsehood. He is the God of truth, and must be dealt honestly with, in sincerity and godly fear; and, lastly, you must in a certain sense *reward* Him. You cannot give Him money, for the silver and gold, the cattle upon a thousand hills, are all His already, but you can give Him your grateful lives; you can give Him your hearts; and as old Mr. Henry says, "Thanksgiving is good, but thanks-living is better."

One word more; you should call your Doctor early. It saves time; it saves suffering; it saves trouble; it saves life. If you saw a fire beginning in your house, you would put it out as fast as you could. You might perhaps be able to blow out with your breath what in an hour the fire-engine could make nothing of. So it is with disease and the Doctor. A disease in the morning when beginning is like the fire beginning; a dose of medicine, some simple thing, may put it out, when if left

alone, before night it may be raging hopelessly, like the fire if left alone, and leaving your body dead and in ruins in a few hours. So, call in the Doctor soon; it saves him much trouble, and may save you your life.

And let me end by asking you to call in the Great Physician; to call Him instantly, to call Him in time; there is not a moment to lose. He is waiting to be called; He is standing at the door. But He must be *called*, — He may be called too late.



SERMON II.

THE DOCTOR, — HIS DUTIES TO YOU.

YOU remember our last sermon was mostly about your duties to the Doctor. I am now going to speak about his duties to you; for you know it is a law of our life, that there are no one-sided duties, — they are all double. It is like shaking hands, there must be two at it; and both of you ought to give a hearty grip and a hearty shake. You owe much to many, and many owe much to you. The Apostle says, "Owe no man anything but to love one another"; but if you owe that, you must be forever paying it; it is always due, always running on; and the meanest and most helpless, the most forlorn, can always pay and be paid in that coin, and in paying can buy more than he thought of. Just as a farthing candle, twinkling out of a cottar's window, and, it may be, guiding the gudeman home to his wife and children, sends its rays out into the infinite expanse

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of heaven, and thus returns, as it were, the light of the stars, which are many of them suns. You cannot pass any one on the street to whom you are not bound by this law. If he falls down, you help to raise him. You do your best to relieve him, and get him home; and let me tell you, to your great gain and honor, the poor are far more ready and better at this sort of work than the gentlemen and ladies. You do far more for each other than they do. You will share your last loaf; you will sit up night after night with a neighbor you know nothing about, just because he is your neighbor, and you know what it is to be neighbor-like. You are more natural and less selfish than the fine folks. I don't say you are better, neither do I say you are worse; that would be a foolish and often mischievous way of speaking. We have all virtues and vices and advantages peculiar to our condition. You know the queer old couplet, —

“ Them what is rich, them rides in chaises;
Them what is poor, them walks like blazes.”

If you were well, and not in a hurry, and it were cold, would you not much rather “walk like blazes,” than ride listless in your chaise? But this I know, for I have seen it, that according to their means, the poor bear one another's burdens far more than the rich.

There are many reasons for this, outside of yourselves, and there is no need of your being proud of it or indeed of anything else; but it is something to be thankful for, in the midst of all your hardships, that you in this have more of the power and of the luxury of doing immediate, visible good. You pay this debt in ready-money, as you do your meal and your milk; at least you have very short credit, and the shorter the better. Now, the Doctor has his duties to you, and it is well that he should

know them, and that you should know them too; for it will be long before you and he can do without each other. You keep each other alive. Disease, accidents, pain, and death reign everywhere, and we call one another *mortals*, as if our chief peculiarity was that we must die, and you all know how death came into this world. "By one man sin entered in the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for ~~that~~ all have sinned"; and disease, disorder, and distress are the fruits of sin, as truly as that apple grew on ~~that~~ forbidden tree. You have now-a-days all sorts of schemes for making bad men good, and good men better. The world is full of such schemes, some of them wise and some foolish; but to be wise they must all go on the principle of lessening misery by lessening *sin*; so that the old weaver at Kilmarnock, who at a meeting for abolishing slavery, the corn laws, and a few more things, said, "Mr. Preses, I move that we abolish Original Sin," was at least beginning at the right end. Only fancy what a world it would be, what a family any of ours would be, when everybody did everything that was right, and nothing that was wrong, say for a week! The world would not know itself. It would be inclined to say with the "wee bit wiffekie," though reversing the cause, "This is no me." I am not going to say more on this point. It is not my parish. But you need none of you be long ignorant of Who it is who has abolished death, and therefore vanquished sin.

Well, then, it is the duty of the Doctor in the first place, to *cure us*; in the second, to be *kind to us*; in the third, to be *true to us*; in the fourth, to keep *our secrets*; in the fifth, to *warn us*, and, best of all, to *forewarn us*; in the sixth, to be *grateful to us*; and, in the last, to *keep his time and his temper*

And, *first*, it is the duty of the Doctor to *cure* you — if he can. That is what we call him in for; and a doctor, be he never so clever and delightful, who does n't cure, is like a mole-catcher who can't catch moles, or a watchmaker who can do everything but make your watch go. Old Dr. Pringle of Perth, when preaching in the country, found his shoes needed mending, and he asked the brother whom he was assisting to tell him of a good cobbler, or as he called him, a *snab*. His friend mentioned a "Tammass Rattray, a godly man, and an elder." "But," said Dr. Pringle, in his snell way, "can he mend my shoon? that's what I want; I want a shoemaker; I'm not wanting an elder." It turned out that Tammass was a better elder than a shoemaker. A doctor was once attending a poor woman in labor; it was a desperate case, requiring a cool head and a firm will; the good man — for he *was* good — had neither of these, and losing his presence of mind, gave up the poor woman as lost, and retired into the next room to pray for her. Another doctor, who perhaps wanted what the first one had, and certainly had what he wanted, brains and courage, meanwhile arrived, and called out, — "Where is Dr. —?" "O, he has gone into the next room to pray!" "Pray! tell him to come here this moment, and help me; he can work and pray too"; and with his assistance the snell doctor saved that woman's life. This, then, is the Doctor's first duty to you, — to cure you, — and for this he must, in the first place, be up to his business; he must know what to do, and, secondly, he must be able to do it; he must not merely do as a pointer dog does, stand and say "there it is," and no more, he must point and shoot too. And let me tell you, moreover, that unless a man likes what he is at, and is in earnest, and

sticks to it, he will no more make a good doctor than a good anything else. Doctoring is not only a way for a man to do good by curing disease, and to get money to himself for doing this, but it is also a study which interests for itself alone, like geology, or any other science; and moreover it is a way to fame and the glory of the world; all these four things act upon the mind of the Doctor, but unless the first one is uppermost, his patient will come off second-best with him; he is not the man for your lives or for your money.

They tell a story, which may not be word for word true, but it has truth and a great principle in it, as all good stories have. It is told of one of our clever friends, the French, who are so knowing in everything. A great French doctor was taking an English one round the wards of his hospital; all sort of miseries going on before them, some dying, others longing for death, all ill; the Frenchman was wonderfully eloquent about all their diseases, you would have thought he saw through them, and knew all their secret wheels like looking into a watch or into a glass beehive. He told his English friend what would be seen in such a case, *when the body was opened!* He spent some time in this sort of work, and was coming out, full of glee, when the other doctor said: "But, Dr. —, you have n't *prescribed* for these cases." "O, neither I have!" said he, with a grumph and a shrug; "I quite forgot *that*"; that being the one thing why these poor people were there, and why he was there too. Another story of a Frenchman, though I dare say we could tell it of ourselves. He was a great professor, and gave a powerful poison as a medicine for an ugly disease of the skin. He carried it very far, so as to weaken the poor fellow, who died, just as the last vestige

of the skin disease died too. On looking at the dead body, quite smooth and white, and, also, quite dead, he said, "Ah, never mind, he was *dead cured*."

So let me advise you, as, indeed, your good sense will advise yourselves, to test a Doctor by this:—Is he in earnest? does he speak little and do much? does he make your case his first care? He may, after that, speak of the weather, or the money-market; he may gossip, and even *haver*; or he may drop, quietly and shortly, some "good words,"—the fewer the better; something that causes you to think and feel; and may teach you to be more of the Publican than of the Pharisee, in that story you know of, when they two went up to the temple to pray; but generally speaking, the Doctor should, like the rest of us, stick to his trade, and mind his business.

Secondly, It is the Doctor's duty to be *kind* to you. I mean by this, not only to speak kindly, but to *be* kind, which includes this and a great deal more, though a kind word, as well as a merry heart, does good, like a medicine. Cheerfulness, or rather cheeriness, is a great thing in a Doctor; his very foot should have "music in't, when he comes up the stair." The Doctor should never lose his power of pitying pain, and letting his patient see this and feel it. Some men, and they are often the best at their proper work, can let their hearts come out only through their eyes; but it is not the less sincere, and to the point; you can make your mouth say what is not true; you can't do quite so much with your eyes. A Doctor's eye should command, as well as comfort and cheer his patient; he should never let him think disobedience or despair possible. Perhaps you think Doctors get hardened by seeing so much suffering; this is not

true. Pity as a motive, as well as a feeling ending in itself, is stronger in an old Doctor than in a young, so he be made of the right stuff. He comes to know himself what pain and sorrow mean, what their weight is, and how grateful he was or is for relief and sympathy.

Thirdly, It is his duty to be *true* to you. True in word and in deed. He ought to speak nothing but the truth, as to the nature, and extent, and issues of the disease he is treating; but he is not bound, as I said you were, to tell *the whole truth*, — that is for his own wisdom and discretion to judge of; only, never let him tell an untruth, and let him be honest enough, when he can't say anything definite, to say nothing. It requires some courage to confess our ignorance, but it is worth it. As to the question, often spoken of, — telling a man he is dying, — the Doctor must, in the first place, be sure the patient is dying; and, secondly, that it is for his good, bodily and mental, to tell him so: he should almost always warn the friends, but, even here, cautiously.

Fourthly, It is his duty to *keep your secrets*. There are things a Doctor comes to know and is told which no one but he and the Judge of all should know; and he is a base man, and unworthy to be in such a noble profession as that of healing, who can betray what he knows must injure, and in some cases may ruin.

Fifthly, It is his duty to *warn* you against what is injuring your health. If he finds his patient has brought disease upon himself by sin, by drink, by over-work, by over-eating, by over-anything, it is his duty to say so plainly and firmly, and the same with regard to the treatment of children by their parents; the family doctor should forewarn them; he should explain, as far as he is able and they can comprehend them, the Laws of Health,

and so tell them how to *prevent* disease, as well as do his best to *cure* it. What a great and rich field there is here for our profession, if they and the public could only work well together! In this, those queer, half-daft, half-wise beings, the Chinese, take a wiser way; they pay their Doctor for keeping them well, and they stop his pay as long as they are ill!

Sixthly, It is his duty to be *grateful* to you; 1st, for employing him, whether you pay him in money or not, for a Doctor, worth being one, makes capital, makes knowledge, and therefore power out of every case he has; 2dly, for obeying him and getting better. I am always very much obliged to my patients for being so kind as to be better, and for saying so; for many are ready enough to say they are worse, not so many to say they are better, even when they are; and you know our Scotch way of saying, "I'm no that ill," when "I" is in high health, or, "I'm no ony waur," when "I" is much better. Don't be niggards in this; it cheers the Doctor's heart, and it will lighten yours.

Seventhly, and lastly, It is the Doctor's duty to *keep his time and his temper* with you. Any man or woman who knows how longed for a doctor's visit is, and counts on it to a minute, knows how wrong, how painful, how angering it is for the Doctor not to keep his time. Many things may occur, for his urgent cases are often sudden, to put him out of his reckoning; but it is wonderful what method, and real consideration, and a strong will can do in this way. I never found Dr. Abercrombie a minute after or *before* his time (both are bad, though one is the worser), and yet if I wanted him in a hurry, and stopped his carriage in the street, he could always go with me at once; he had the knack and the principle of being

true in his times, for it is often a matter of *truth*. And the Doctor must keep his *temper*: this is often worse to manage than even his time, there is so much unreason, and ingratitude, and peevishness, and impertinence, and impatience, that it is very hard to keep one's tongue and eye from being angry: and sometimes the Doctor does not only well, but the best, when he is downrightly angry, and astonishes some fool, or some insolent, or some untruth-doing or saying patient; but the Doctor should be patient with his patients, he should bear with them, knowing how much they are at the moment suffering. Let us remember Him who is full of compassion, whose compassion never fails; whose tender mercies are new to us every morning, as His faithfulness is every night; who healed all manner of diseases, and was kind to the unthankful and the evil; what would become of us, if He were as impatient with us as we often are with each other? If you want to be impressed with the Almighty's infinite loving-kindness and tender mercy, His forbearance, His long-suffering patience, His slowness to anger, His Divine ingeniousness in trying to find it possible to spare and save, think of the Israelites in the desert, and read the chapter where Abraham intercedes with God for Sodom, and these wonderful "peradventures."

But I am getting tedious, and keeping you and myself too long, so good night. Let the Doctor and you be honest and grateful, and kind and cordial, in one word, dutiful to each other, and you will each be the better of the other.

I may by and by say a word or two to you on your *Health*, which is your wealth, that by which you are and do well, and on your *Children*, and how to guide it and them.

SERMON III.

CHILDREN, AND HOW TO GUIDE THEM.

OUR text at this time is Children and their treatment, or as it sounds better to our ears, Bairns, and how to guide them. You all know the wonder and astonishment there is in a house among its small people when a baby is born; how they stare at the new arrival with its red face. Where does it come from? Some tell them it comes from the garden, from a certain kind of cabbage; some from "Rob Rorison's bonnet," of which wha hasna heard? some from that famous wig of Charlie's, in which the cat kittled, when there was three o' them leevin', and three o' them dead; and you know the Doctor is often said to bring the new baby in his pocket; and many a time have my pockets been slyly examined by the curious youngsters, — especially the girls! — in hopes of finding another baby. But I'll tell you where all the babies come from; *they all come from God*; His hand made and fashioned them; He breathed into their nostrils the breath of life, — of His life. He said, "Let this little child be," and it was. A child is a true creation; its soul, certainly, and in a true sense, its body too. And as our children came from Him, so they are going back to Him, and He lends them to us as keepsakes; we are to keep and care for them for His sake. What a strange and sacred thought this is! Children are God's gifts to us, and it depends on our guiding of them, not only whether they are happy here, but whether they are happy hereafter in that great unchangeable eternity, into

which you and I, and all of us are fast going. I once asked a little girl, "Who made you?" and she said, holding up her apron as a measure, "God make me that length, and I grewed the rest myself." Now this, as you know, was not quite true, for she could not grow one half-inch by herself. God makes us grow as well as makes us at first. But what I want you to fix in your minds is, that children come from God, and are returning to Him, and that you and I, who are parents, have to answer to Him for the way we behave to our dear children, — the kind of care we take of them.

Now, a child consists, like ourselves, of a body and a soul. I am not going to say much about the guiding of the souls of children, — that is a little out of my line, — but I may tell you that the soul, especially in children, depends much, for its good and for its evil, for its happiness or its misery, upon the kind of body it lives in: for the body is just the house that the soul dwells in; and you know that, if a house be uncomfortable, the tenant of it will be uncomfortable and out of sorts; if its windows let the rain and wind in, if the chimney smoke, if the house be damp, and if there be a want of good air, then the people who live in it will be miserable enough; and if they have no coals, and no water, and no meat, and no beds, then you may be sure it will soon be left by its inhabitants. And so, if you don't do all you can to make your children's bodies healthy and happy, their souls will get miserable and cankered and useless, their tempers peevish; and if you don't feed and clothe them right, then their poor little souls will leave their ill-used bodies, — will be starved out of them; and many a man and woman have had their tempers, and their minds and hearts, made miseries to themselves,

and all about them, just from a want of care of their bodies when children.

There is something very sad, and, in a true sense, very unnatural, in an unhappy child. You and I, grown-up people, who have cares, and have had sorrows and difficulties and sins, may well be dull and sad sometimes; it would be still sadder, if we were not often so; but children should be always either laughing and playing, or eating and sleeping. Play is their business. You cannot think how much useful knowledge, and how much valuable bodily exercise, a child teaches itself in its play; and look how merry the young of other animals are: the kitten making fun of everything, even of its sedate mother's tail and whiskers; the lambs, running races in their mirth; even the young asses, — the baby-cuddie, — how pawky and droll and happy he looks with his fuzzy head, and his laughing eyes, and his long legs, stot, stotting after that venerable and *sair hauden-down* lady, with the long ears, his mother. One thing I like to see, is a child clean in the morning. I like to see its plump little body, well washed, and sweet and *caller* from top to bottom. But there is another thing I like to see, and that is a child dirty at night. I like a *steerin' bairn*, — goo-goo'in', crowing and kicking, keeping everybody alive. Do you remember William Miller's song of "Wee Willie Winkie?" Here it is. I think you will allow, especially you who are mothers, that it is capital.

"Wee Willie Winkie
Rins through the toun,
Up stairs an' doon stairs
In his nicht-goun,
Tirlin' at the window,
Crying at the lock,
'Are the weans in their bed,
For it's noo ten o'clock?'

“ Hey, Willie Winkie,
Are ye comin’ ben!
The cat’s singin’ gray thrums
To the sleepin’ hen,
The dog’s speldert on the floor,
And disna gie’e a cheep,
But here’s a waukrife laddie!
That winna fa’ asleep.”

**" Nothing but sleep, you rogue!
Glow'rin' like the moon!
Rattlin' in an airn jug
Wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about,
Crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a keenna-what,
Wauk'nin' sleepin' folk.**

“ ‘ Hey, Willie Winkie,
The wean 's in a creel!
Wamblin' aff a bodie's knee
Like a verra eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug,
And ravelin' a' her thrums, —
Hey, Willie Winkie, —
See, there he comes! ’

“ Weared is the mither
That has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpie stousie,
Wha canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi’ sleep
Afore he’ll close an e’e, —
But ae kiss frae aff his rosy lips
Gi’es strength aneew to me.”

Is not this good? first-rate! The cat singin gray thrums, and the wee stumpie stousie, ruggin' at her lug, and ravelin' a' her thrums; and then what a din he is making!—rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoen, skirlin' like a kenna-what, and ha'in' a battle aye wi' sleep. What a picture of a healthy and happy child!

Now, I know how hard it is for many of you to get

meat for your children, and clothes for them, and bed and bedding for them at night, and I know how you have to struggle for yourselves and them, and how difficult it often is for you to take all the care you would like to do of them, and you will believe me when I say, that it is a far greater thing, because a far harder thing, for a poor, struggling, and it may be weakly woman in your station, to bring up her children comfortably, than for those who are richer; but still you may do a great deal of good at little cost either of money or time or trouble. And it is well-warded pains; it will bring you in two hundred per cent in real comfort, and profit, and credit; and so you will I am sure listen good-naturedly to me, when I go over some plain and simple things about the health of your children.

To begin with their *heads*. You know the head contains the brain, which is the king of the body, and commands all under him; and it depends on his being good or bad whether his subjects,—the legs, and arms, and body, and stomach, and our old friends the bowels, are in good order and happy, or not. Now, first of all, keep the head cool. Nature has given it a night-cap of her own in the hair, and it is the best. And keep the head clean. Give it a good scouring every Saturday night at the least; and if it get sore and scabby, the best thing I know for it is to wash it with soft soap (black soap), and put a big cabbage-blade on it every night. Then for the *lungs*, or *lichts*,—the bellows that keep the fire of life burning,—they are very busy in children, because a child is not like grown-up folk, merely keeping itself up. It is doing this, and growing too; and so it eats more, and sleeps more, and breathes more in proportion than big folk. And to carry on all this business it must have fresh air

and lots of it. So, whenever it can be managed, a child should have a good while every day in the open air, and should have well-aired places to sleep in. Then for their *nicht-gowns*, the best are long flannel gowns; and children should be always more warmly clad than grown-up people, — cold kills them more easily. Then there is the *stomach*, and as this is the kitchen and great manufactory, it is almost always the first thing that goes wrong in children, and generally as much from too much being put in, as from its food being of an injurious kind. A baby for nine months after it is born, should have almost nothing but its mother's milk. This is God's food, and it is the best and the cheapest too. If the baby be healthy it should be weaned or spained at nine or ten months; and this should be done gradually, giving the baby a little gruel, or new milk, and water and sugar, or thin bread-berry, once a day for some time, so as gradually to wean it. This makes it easier for mother as well as baby. No child should get meat or hard things till it gets teeth to chew them, and no baby should ever get a drop of whiskey, or any strong drink, unless by the Doctor's orders. Whiskey to the soft, tender stomach of an infant is like vitriol to ours; it is a burning poison to its dear little body, as it may be a burning poison and a curse to its never-dying soul. As you value your children's health of body, and the salvation of their souls, never give them a drop of whiskey; and let mothers, above all others, beware of drinking when nursing. The whiskey passes from their stomachs into their milk, and poisons their own child. This is a positive fact. And think of a drunk woman carrying and managing a child! I was once, many years ago, walking in Lothian Street, when I saw a woman staggering along very drunk. She was

carrying a child ; it was lying over her shoulder. I saw it slip, slippin' farther and farther back. I ran, and cried out ; but before I could get up, the poor little thing smiling over its miserable mother's shoulder, fell down, like a stone, on its head, on the pavement ; it gave a gasp, and turned up its blue eyes, and had a convulsion, and its soul was away to God, and its little, soft, waefu' body lying dead, and its idiotic mother grinning and staggering over it, half seeing the dreadful truth, then forgetting it, and cursing and swearing. That was a sight ! so much misery, and wickedness, and ruin. It was the young woman's only child. When she came to herself, she became mad, and is to this day a drivelling idiot, and goes about forever seeking for her child, and cursing the woman who killed it. This is a true tale, too true.

There is another practice which I must notice, and that is giving children laudanum to make them sleep, and keep them quiet, and for coughs and windy pains. Now, this is a most dangerous thing. I have often been called in to see children who were dying, and who did die, from laudanum given in this way. I have known four drops kill a child a month old ; and ten drops one a year old. The best rule, and one you should stick to, as under God's eye as well as the law's, is, never to give laudanum without a Doctor's line or order. And when on this subject, I would also say a word about the use of opium and laudanum among yourselves. I know this is far commoner among the poor in Edinburgh than is thought. But I assure you, from much experience, that the drunkenness and stupefaction from the use of laudanum is even worse than that from whiskey. The one poisons and makes mad the body ; the other, the laudanum, poisons the mind, and makes it like an idiot's. So

in both matters beware ; death is in the cup, murder is in the cup, and poverty and the workhouse, and the gal lows, and an awful future of pain and misery, — all are in the cup. These are the wages the Devil pays his servants with for doing his work.

But to go back to the bairns. And first a word on our old friends, the bowels. Let them alone as much as you can. They will put themselves and keep themselves right, if you take care to prevent wrong things going into the stomach ! No sour apples, or raw turnips or carrots ; no sweeties or tarts, and all that kind of abomination ; no tea, to draw the sides of their tender little stomachs together ; no whiskey, to kill their digestion ; no *Gundy*, or *Taffy*, or *Lick*, or *Black Man*, or *Jib* ; the less sugar and sweet things the better ; the more milk and butter and fat the better ; but plenty of plain, halesome food, parritch and milk. bread and butter, potatoes and milk, good broth. — kail as we call it. You often hear of the wonders of cod-liver oil, and they are wonders ; poor little wretches who have faces like old puggies', and are all belly and no legs, and are screaming all day and all night too, — these poor little wretches under the cod-liver oil, get sonsy, and rosy, and fat, and happy, and strong. Now, this is greatly because the cod-liver oil is capital *food*. If you can't afford to get cod-liver oil for delicate children, or if they reject it, give them plain olive oil, a tablespoonful twice a day, and take one to yourself, and you will be astonished how you will, both of you, thrive.

Some folk will tell you that children's feet should be always kept warm. I say no. No healthy child's feet are warm ; but the great thing is to keep the body warm. That is like keeping the fire good, and the room will be

warm. The chest, the breast, is the place where the fire of the body, — the heating apparatus, — is, and if you keep it warm, and give *it* plenty of fuel, which is fresh air and good food, you need not mind about the feetikins, they will mind themselves; indeed, for my own part, I am so ungenteel as to think bare feet and bare legs in summer the most comfortable wear, costing much less than leather and worsted, the only kind of soles that are always fresh. As to the moral training of children, I need scarcely speak to you. What people want about these things is, not knowledge, but the will to do what is right, — what they know to be right, and the moral power to do it.

Whatever you wish your child to be, be it yourself. If you wish it to be happy, healthy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest, and godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy and sulky, and a liar, and a thief, and a drunkard, and a swearer, be yourself all these. As the old cock crows, the young cock learns. You will remember who said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And you may, as a general rule, as soon expect to gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles, as get good, healthy, happy children from diseased and lazy and wicked parents.

Let me put you in mind, seriously, of one thing that you ought to get done to all your children, and that is, to have them vaccinated, or inoculated with the cow-pock. The best time for this is two months after birth, but better late than never, and in these times you need never have any excuse for its not being done. You have only to take your children to the Old or the New Town Dis

pensaries. It is a real crime, I think, in parents to neglect this. It is cruel to their child, and it is a crime to the public. If every child in the world were vaccinated, which might be managed in a few years, that loathsome and deadly disease, the small-pox, would disappear from the face of the earth ; but many people are so stupid, and so lazy, and so prejudiced, as to neglect this plain duty, till they find to their cost that it is too late. So promise me, all seriously in your hearts, to see to this if it is not done already, and see to it immediately.

Be always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you and tell you all their secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make *free* with them. There is no such good plaything for grown-up children like you and me as *weans*, wee ones. It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little coaxing and fun. You all know this as well as I do, and you all practise it every day in your own families. Here is a pleasant little story out of an old book. "A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to get weary, and all cried to him to carry them on his back, but because of their multitude he could not do this. 'But,' says he, 'I'll get horses for us all'; then cutting little wands out of the hedge as ponies for them, and a great stake as a charger for himself, this put mettle in their little legs, and they rode cheerily home." So much for a bit of ingenious fun.

One thing, however poor you are, you can give your children, and that is your prayers, and they are, if real and humble, worth more than silver or gold,—more than food and clothing, and have often brought from our Father who is in heaven, and hears our prayers, both money and meat and clothes, and all worldly good things

And there is one thing you can always teach your child you may not yourself know how to read or write, and therefore you may not be able to teach your children how to do these things; you may not know the names of the stars or their geography, and may therefore not be able to tell them how far you are from the sun, or how big the moon is; nor be able to tell them the way to Jerusalem or Australia, but you may always be able to tell them who made the stars and numbered them, and you may tell them the road to heaven. You may always teach them to pray. Some weeks ago, I was taken out to see the mother of a little child. She was very dangerously ill, and the nurse had left the child to come and help me. I went up to the nursery to get some hot water, and in the child's bed I saw something raised up. This was the little fellow under the bedclothes kneeling. I said, "What are you doing?" "I am praying God to make mamma better," said he. God likes these little prayers and these little people,—for of such is the kingdom of heaven. These are His little ones, His lambs, and He hears their cry; and it is enough if they only lisp their prayers. "Abba, Father," is all He needs; and our prayers are never so truly prayers as when they are most like children's in simplicity, in directness, in perfect fulness of reliance. "They pray right up," as black Uncle Tom says in that wonderful book, which I hope you have all read and wept over.

I forgot to speak about punishing children. I am old-fashioned enough to uphold the ancient practice of warming the young bottoms with some sharpness, if need be; it is a wholesome and capital application, and does good to the bodies, and the souls too, of the little rebels, and it is far less cruel than being sulky, as some parents are

and keeping up a grudge at their children. Warm the bott, say I, and you will warm the heart too ; and all goes right.

And now I must end. I have many things I could say to you, but you have had enough of me and my bairns, I am sure. Go home, and when you see the little curly pows on their pillows, sound asleep, pour out a blessing on them, and ask our Saviour to make them His ; and never forget what we began with, that they came from God, and are going back to Him, and let the light of eternity fall upon them as they lie asleep, and may you resolve to dedicate them and yourselves to him who died for them and for us all, and who was once Himself a little child, and sucked the breasts of a woman, and who said that awful saying, " Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it had been better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the midst of the sea."

SERMON IV.

HEALTH.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I am going to give you a sort of sermon about your health,—and you know a sermon has always a text ; so, though I am only a doctor, I mean to take a text for ours, and I will choose it, as our good friends the ministers do, from that best of all books, the Bible. Job ii. 4: " All that a man hath will he give for his life."

This, you know, was said many thousands of years ago by the Devil, when, like a base and impudent fellow, as

he always was and is, he came into the presence of the great God, along with the good angels. Here, for once in his life, the Devil spoke the truth and shamed himself.

What he meant, and what I wish you now seriously to consider, is, that a man — you or I — will lose anything sooner than life; we would give everything for it, and part with all the money, everything we had, to keep away death and to lengthen our days. If you had £ 500 in a box at home, and knew that you would certainly be dead by to-morrow unless you gave the £ 500, would you ever make a doubt about what you would do? Not you! And if you were told that if you got drunk, or worked too hard, or took no sort of care of your bodily health, you would turn ill to-morrow and die next week, would you not keep sober, and work more moderately, and be more careful of yourself?

Now, I want to make you believe that you are too apt to do this very same sort of thing in your daily life, only that instead of to-morrow or next week, your illness and your death comes next year, or at any rate, some years sooner than otherwise. *But your death is actually preparing already, and that by your own hands*, by your own ignorance, and often by your own foolish and sinful neglect and indulgence. A decay or rottenness spreads through the beams of a house, unseen and unfear'd, and then, by and by down it comes, and is utterly destroyed. So it is with your bodies. You plant, by sin and neglect and folly, the seeds of disease by your own hands; and as surely as the harvest comes after the seed-time, so will you reap the harvest of pain, and misery, and death. And remember there is nobody to whom health is so valuable, is worth so much, as to the poor laboring man; it is his stock-in-trade, his

wealth, his capital ; his bodily strength and skill are the main things he can make his living by, and therefore he should take better care of his body and its health than a rich man ; for a rich man may be laid up in his bed for weeks and months, and yet his business may go on, for he has means to pay his men for working under him, or he may be what is called "living on his money." But if a poor man takes fever, or breaks his leg, or falls into a consumption, his wife and children soon want food and clothes : and many a time do I see on the streets poor, careworn men, dying by inches of consumption, going to and from their work, when, poor fellows, they should be in their beds ; and all this just because they cannot afford to be ill and to lie out of work, — they cannot spare the time and the wages.

Now, don't you think, my dear friends, that it is worth your while to attend to your health? If you were a carter or a coach-driver, and had a horse, would you not take care to give him plenty of corn, and to keep his stable clean and well aired, and to curry his skin well, and you would not kill him with overwork, for besides the cruelty, this would be a dead loss to you, — it would be so much out of your pocket? And don't you see that God has given you your bodies to work with, and to please Him with their diligence ; and it is ungrateful to Him, as well as unkind and wicked to your family and yourself, to waste your bodily strength, and bring disease and death upon yourselves? But you will say, "How can we make a better of it? We live from hand to mouth ; we can't have fine houses and warm clothes, and rich food and plenty of it." No, I know that ; but if you have not a fine house, you may always have a clean one, and fresh air costs nothing, — God gives it to all his chil-

dren without stint, — and good plain clothes, and meal, may now be had cheaper than ever.

Health is a word that you all have some notion of, but you will perhaps have a clearer idea of it when I tell you what the word comes from. Health was long ago *wholth*, and comes from the word *whole* or *hale*. The Bible says, "They that are whole need not a physician"; that is, healthy people have no need of a doctor. Now, a man is whole when, like a bowl or any vessel, he is entire, and has nothing broken about him; he is like a watch that goes well, neither too fast nor too slow. But you will perhaps say, "You doctors should be able to put us all to rights, just as a watchmaker can clean and sort a watch; if you can't, what are you worth?" But the difference between a man and a watch is, that you must try to mend the man when he is going. You can't stop him and then set him agoing; and, you know, it would be no joke to a watchmaker, or to the watch, to try and clean it while it was going. But God, who does everything like Himself, with his own perfectness, has put inside each of our bodies a Doctor of his own making, — one wiser than we with all our wisdom. Every one of us has in himself a power of keeping and setting his health right. If a man is overworked, God has ordained that he desires rest, and that rest cures him. If he lives in a damp, close place, free and dry air cures him. If he eats too much, fasting cures him. If his skin is dirty, a good scrubbing and a bit of yellow soap will put him all to rights.

What we call disease or sickness, is the opposite of health, and it comes on us, — 1st. By descent from our parents. It is one of the surest of all legacies; if a man's father and mother are diseased, naturally or artificially

he will have much chance to be as bad, or worse. 2dly. Hard work brings on disease, and some kinds of work more than others. Masons who hew often fall into consumption; laborers get rheumatism, or what you call "the pains"; painters get what is called their colic, from the lead in the paint, and so on. In a world like ours, this set of causes of disease and ill health cannot be altogether got the better of; and it was God's command, after Adam's sin, that men should toil and sweat for their daily bread; but more than the half of the bad effects of hard work and dangerous employments might be prevented by a little plain knowledge, attention, and common sense. 3dly. Sin, wickedness, foolish and excessive pleasures, are a great cause of disease. Thousands die from drinking, and from following other evil courses. There is no life so hard, none in which the poor body comes so badly off, and is made so miserable as the life of a drunkard or a dissolute man. I need hardly tell you, that this cause of death and disease you can all avoid. I don't say it is easy for any man in your circumstances to keep from sin; he is a foolish or ignorant man who says so, and that there are no temptations to drinking. You are much less to blame for doing this than people who are better off; but you CAN keep from drinking, and you know as well as I do, how much better and happier, and healthier and richer and more respectable you will be if you do so. 4thly and lastly. Disease and death are often brought on from ignorance, from not knowing what are called the *laws of health*, — those easy, plain, common things which, if you do, you will live long, and which, if you do not do, you will die soon.

Now, I would like to make a few simple statements about this to you; and I will take the body bit by bit,

and tell you some things that you should know and do in order to keep this wonderful house that your soul lives in, and by the deeds done in which you will one day be judged, and which is God's gift, and God's handiwork, — clean and comfortable, hale, strong, and hearty ; for you know, that besides doing good to ourselves and our family and our neighbors with our bodily labor, we are told that we should glorify God in our bodies as well as in our souls, for they are His, more His than ours, — He has bought them by the blood of His Son Jesus Christ. We are not our own, we are bought with a price ; therefore ought we to glorify God with our souls and with our bodies, which are His.

Now, first, for *the skin*. You should take great care of it, for on its health a great deal depends ; keep it clean, keep it warm, keep it dry, give it air ; have a regular scrubbing of all your body every Saturday night, and if you can manage it, you should every morning wash not only your face, but your throat and breast with cold water, and rub yourself quite dry with a hard towel till you glow all over. You should keep your hair short if you are men ; it saves you a great deal of trouble and dirt.

Then, the inside of your *head*, — you know what is inside your head, — your brain ; you know how useful it is to you ; the cleverest pair of hands among you would be of little use without brains, they would be like a body without a soul, a watch with the mainspring broken. Now, you should consider what is best for keeping the brain in good trim. One thing of great consequence is *regular sleep, and plenty of it*. Every man should have at the least eight hours in his bed every four-and-twenty hours, and let him sleep all the time if he can ; but even

if he lies awake it is a rest to his wearied brain, as well as to his wearied legs and arms. *Sleep is the food of the brain.* Men may go mad and get silly, if they go long without sleep. Too much sleep is bad; but I need hardly warn you against that, or against too much meat. You are in no great danger from these.

Then, again, whiskey and all kinds of intoxicating liquors, in excess, are just so much poison to the brain. I need not say much about this, you all know it; and we all know what dreadful things happen when a man poisons his brain and makes it mad, and like a wild beast with drink; he may murder his wife, or his child, and when he comes to himself he knows nothing of how he did it, only the terrible thing is certain, that he *did* do it, and that he may be hanged for doing something when he was mad, and which he never dreamt of doing when in his senses; but then he knows that he made himself mad, and he must take all the wretched and tremendous consequences.

From the brains we go to the *lungs*,—you know where they are,—they are what the butchers call the *lichts*; here they are, they are the bellows that keep the fire of life going; for you must know that a clever German philosopher has made out that we are all really burning,—that our bodies are warmed by a sort of burning or combustion, as it is called,—and fed by breath and food, as a fire is fed with coals and air.

Now the great thing for the lungs is plenty of fresh air, and plenty of room to play in. About seventy thousand people die every year in Britain from that disease of the lungs called consumption,—that is, nearly half the number of people in the city of Edinburgh; and it is certain that more than the half of these deaths could be pre-

vented if the lungs had fair play. So you should **always** try to get your houses well ventilated, that means to let the air be often changed, and free from impure mixtures; and you should avoid crowding many into one room, and be careful to keep everything clean, and put away all filth: for filth is not only disgusting to the eye and the nose, but it is dangerous to the health. I have seen a great deal of cholera, and been surrounded by dying people, who were beyond any help from doctors, and I have always found that where the air was bad, the rooms ill ventilated, cleanliness neglected, and drunkenness prevailed, there this terrible scourge, which God sends upon us, was most terrible, most rapidly and widely destructive. Believe this, and go home and consider well what I now say, for you may be sure it is true.

Now we come to the *heart*. You all know where it is. It is the most wonderful little pump in the world. There is no steam-engine half so clever at its work, or so strong. There it is in every one of us, beat, beating, — all day and all night, year after year, never stopping, like a watch ticking; only it never needs to be wound up, — God winds it up once for all. It depends for its health on the state of the rest of the body, especially the brains and lungs. But all violent passions, all irregularities of living, damage it. Exposure to cold when drunk, falling asleep, as many poor wretches do, in stairs all night, — this often brings on disease of the heart; and you know it is not only dangerous to have anything the matter with the heart; it is the commonest of all causes of sudden death. It gives no warning; you drop down dead in a moment. So we may say of the bodily as well as of the moral organ, "Keep your heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

We now come to the *stomach*. You all know, I dare say, where it lies! It speaks for itself. Our friends in England are very respectful to their stomachs. They make a great deal of them, and we make too little. If an Englishman is ill, all the trouble is in his stomach; if an Irishman is ill, it is in his heart, and he's "kilt entirely"; and if a Scotsman, it is in his "heed." Now, I wish I saw Scots men and women as nice and particular about their stomachs, or rather about what they put into them, as their friends in England. Indeed, so much does your genuine John Bull depend on his stomach, and its satisfaction, that we may put in his mouth the stout old lines of Prior:—

"The plainest man alive may tell ye
 The seat of empire is the Belly:
 From hence are sent out those supplies,
 Which make us either stout or wise;
 The strength of every other member
 Is founded on your Belly-timber;
 The qualms or raptures of your blood
 Rise in proportion to your food,
 Your stomach makes your fabric roll,
 Just as the bias rules the bowl:
 That great Achilles might employ
 The strength designed to ruin Troy,
 He dined on lions' marrow, spread
 On toasts of ammunition bread;
 But by his mother sent away,
 Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
 Effeminate he sat and quiet;
 Strange product of a cheese-cake diet.
 Observe the various operations,
 Of food and drink in several nations.
 Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel,
 Upon the strength of water-gruel?
 But who shall stand his rage and force,
 If first he rides, then eats his horse!
 Salads and eggs, and lighter fare,
 Turn the Italian spark's guitar;

And if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight "

Good cooking is the beauty of a dinner. It really does a man as much good again if he eats his food with a relish, and with a little attention, it is as easy to cook well as ill. And let me tell the wives, that your husbands would like you all the better, and be less likely to go off to the public-house, if their bit of meat or their drop of broth were well cooked. Laboring men should eat well. They should, if possible, have meat — *butcher-meat* — every day. Good broth is a capital dish. But, above all, keep whiskey out of your stomachs; it really plays the very devil when it gets in. It makes the brain mad, it burns the coats of the stomach; it turns the liver into a lump of rottenness; it softens and kills the heart; it makes a man an idiot and a brute. If you really need anything stronger than good meat, take a pot of wholesome porter or ale; but I believe you are better without even that. You will be all the better able to afford good meat, and plenty of it.

With regard to your *bowels*; — a very important part of your interior, — I am not going to say much, except that neglect of them brings on many diseases; and laboring men are very apt to neglect them. Many years ago, an odd old man, at Greenock, left at his death a number of sealed packets to his friends, and on opening them they found a Bible, £50, and a box of pills, and the words, "Fear God, and keep your bowels open." It was good advice, though it might have been rather more decorously worded. If you were a doctor, you would be astonished how many violent diseases of the mind, as well as of the body, are produced by irregularity of the bowels. Many years ago, an old minister, near Linlithgow, was awakened

out of his sleep to go to see a great lady in the neighborhood who was thought dying, and whose mind was in dreadful despair, and who wished to see him immediately. The old man, rubbing his eyes, and pushing up his Kilmarnock nightcap, said, "And when were her leddyship's booeels opened?" And on finding, after some inquiry, that they were greatly in arrears, "I thocht sae. Rar me ower that pill-box on the chimney-piece, and gie my compliments to Laddy Margret, and tell her to tak thae twa pills, and I'll be ower by and by mysel'." They did as he bade them. They did their duty, and the pills did theirs, and her leddyship was relieved, and she was able at breakfast-time to profit by the Christian advice of the good old man, which she could not have done when her nerves were all wrong. The old Greeks, who were always seeking after wisdom, and did n't always find it, showed their knowledge and sense in calling depression of mind *Melancholy*, which means black bile. Laddy Margret's liver, I have no doubt, had been distilling this perilous stuff.

My dear friends, there is one thing I have forgot to mention, and that is, about keeping common-stairs clean; you know they are often abominably filthy, and they aggravate fever, and many of your worst and most deadly diseases; for you may keep your own houses never so clean and tidy, but if the common-stair is not kept clean too, all its foul air comes into your rooms, and into your lungs, and poisons you. So let all in the stair resolve to keep it clean, and well aired.

But I must stop now. I fear I have wearied you. You see I had nothing new to tell you. The great thing in regulating and benefiting human life, is not to find out new things, but to make the best of the old things, — to

live according to Nature, and the will of Nature's God, — that great Being who bids us call Him our Father, and who is at this very moment regarding each one of us with far more than any earthly father's compassion and kindness, and who would make us all happy if we would but do His bidding, and take His road. He has given us minds by which we may observe the laws He has ordained in our bodies, and which are as regular and as certain in their effects, and as discoverable by us as the motions of the sun, moon, and stars in the heavens; and we shall not only benefit ourselves and live longer and work better and be happier, by knowing and obeying these laws, from love to ourselves, but we shall please Him, we shall glorify Him, and make Him our *Friend*, — only think of that! and get His blessing, by taking care of our health, from love to Him, and a regard to His will, in giving us these bodies of ours to serve Him with, and which He has, with His own almighty hands, so fearfully and wonderfully made.

I hope you will pardon my plainness in speaking to you. I am quite in earnest, and I have a deep regard, I may say a real affection, for you; for I know you well. I spent many of my early years as a doctor in going about among you. I have attended you long ago when ill; I have delivered your wives, and been in your houses when death was busy with you and yours, and I have seen your fortitude, energy, and honest, hearty, generous kindness to each other; your readiness to help your neighbors with anything you have, and to share your last sixpence and your last loaf with them. I wish I saw half as much real neighborliness and sympathy among what are called your betters. If a poor man falls down in a fit on the street, who is it that takes him up and car-

ries him home, and gives him what he needs? it is not the man with a fine coat and gloves on,—it is the poor, dirty-coated, hard-handed, warm-hearted laboring man.

Keep a good hold of all these homely and sturdy virtues, and add to them temperance and diligence, cleanliness and thrift, good knowledge, and, above all, the love and the fear of God, and you will not only be happy yourselves, but you will make this great and wonderful country of ours which rests upon you still more wonderful and great.



SERMON V.

MEDICAL ODDS AND ENDS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—We are going to ring in now, and end our course. I will be sorry and glad, and you will be the same. We are this about everything. It is the proportion that settles it. I am, upon the whole, as we say, sorry, and I dare say on the whole you are not glad. I dislike parting with anything or anybody I like, for it is ten to one if we meet again.

My text is, “*That his way may be known upon earth ; his saving health to all nations.*” You will find it in that perfect little psalm, the 67th. But before taking it up, I will, as my dear father used to say,—you all remember him, his keen eye and voice ; his white hair, and his grave, earnest, penetrating look ; and you should remember and possess his Canongate Sermon to you,—“The Bible, what it is, what it does, and what it deserves,”—

well, he used to say, let us *recapitulate* a little. It is a long and rather kittle word, but it is the only one that we have. He made it longer, but not less alive, by turning it into "a few recapitulatory remarks." What ground then have we travelled over? *First*, our duties to and about the Doctor; to call him in time, to trust him, to obey him, to be grateful to, and to pay him with our money and our hearts and our good word, if we have all these; if we have not the first, with twice as much of the others. *Second*, The Doctor's duties to us. He should be able and willing to cure us. That is what he is there for. He should be sincere, attentive, and tender to us, keeping his time and our secrets. We must tell him all we know about our ailments and their causes, and he must tell us all that is good for us to know, and no more. *Third*, Your duties to your children; to the wee Willie Winkies and the little wifes that come toddlin' hame. It is your duty to *mind* them. It is a capital Scotch use of this word: they are to be in your mind; you are to exercise your understanding about them; to give them simple food; to keep goodies and trash, and raw pears and whiskey away from their tender mouths and stomachs; to give them that never-ending meal of good air, night and day, which is truly food and fire to them and you; to be good before as well as to them, to speak and require the truth in love, — that is a wonderful expression, is n't it? — the truth in love; that, if acted on by us all, would bring the millennium next week; to be plain and homely with them, never *spaining* their minds from you. You are all sorry, you mothers, when you have to spain their mouths; it is a dreadful business that to both parties; but there is a spaining of the affections still more dreadful, and that need never be, no, never, neither in this

world nor in that which is to come. Dr. Waugh, of London, used to say to bereaved mothers, Rachels weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted, for that simplest of all reasons, because they were not ; after giving them God's words of comfort, clapping them on the shoulders, and fixing his mild deep eyes on them (those who remember those eyes will know what they could mean), " My woman, your bairn is where it will have two fathers, but never but one mother."

You should also, when the time comes, explain to your children what about their own health and the ways of the world they ought to know, and for the want of the timely knowledge of which many a life and character has been lost. Show them, moreover, the value you put upon health, by caring for your own.

Do your best to get your sons well married, and soon. By " well married," I mean that they should pair off old-fashionedly, for love, and marry what deserves to be loved, as well as what is lovely. I confess I think falling in love is the best way to begin ; but then the moment you fall, you should get up and look about you, and see how the land lies, and whether it is as goodly as it looks. I don't like walking into love, or being carried into love ; or, above all, being sold or selling yourself into it, which, after all, is not it. And by " soon," I mean as soon as they are keeping themselves ; for a wife, such a wife as alone I mean, is cheaper to a young man than no wife, and is his best companion.

Then for your duties to yourselves. See that you make yourself do what is *immediately* just to your body, feed it when it is really hungry ; let it sleep when it, not its master, desires sleep ; make it happy, poor hard-working fellow ! and give it a gambol when it wants it

and deserves it, and as long as it can execute it. Dancing is just the music of the feet, and the gladness of the young legs, and is well called the poetry of motion. It is like all other natural pleasures, given to be used, and to be not abused, either by yourself or by those who don't like it, and don't enjoy your doing it, — shabby dogs these, beware of them ! And if this be done, it is a good and a grace, as well as pleasure, and satisfies some good end of our being, and in its own way glorifies our Maker. Did you ever see anything in this world more beautiful than the lambs running races and dancing round the big stone of the field ; and does not your heart get young when you hear, —

“ Here we go by Jingo ring,
Jingo ring, Jingo ring;
Here we go by Jingo ring,
About the merry ma tanzie.”

This is just a dance in honor of poor old pagan Jingo ; measured movements arising from and giving happiness. We have no right to keep ourselves or others from natural pleasures ; and we are all too apt to interfere with and judge harshly the pleasures of others ; hence we who are stiff and given to other pleasures, and who, now that we are old, know the many wickednesses of the world, are too apt to put the vices of the jaded, empty old heart, like a dark and ghastly fire burnt out, into the feet and the eyes, and the heart and the head of the young. I remember a story of a good old Antiburgher minister. It was in the days when dancing was held to be a great sin, and to be dealt with by the session. Jessie, a comely, and good, and blithe young woman, a great favorite of the minister's, had been guilty of dancing at a friend's wedding. She was summoned before the session to be “ dealt

with, — the grim old fellows sternly concentrating their eyes upon her, as she stood trembling in her striped short-gown, and her pretty bare feet. The Doctor, who was one of divinity, and a deep thinker, greatly pitying her and himself, said, "Jessie, my woman, were ye dancin'?"

"Yes," sobbed Jessie.

"Ye maun e'en promise never to dance again, Jessie."

"I wull, sir; I wull promise," with a curtsy.

"Now, what were ye thinking o', Jessie, when ye were dancin'? tell us truly," said an old elder, who had been a poacher in youth.

"Nae ill, sir," sobbed out the dear little woman.

"Then, Jessie, my woman, aye dance," cried the delighted Doctor.

And so say I, to the extent, that so long as our young girls think "nae ill," they may dance their own and their feet's fills; and so on with all the round of the sunshine and flowers God has thrown on and along the path of his children.

Lastly, your duty to your own bodies: to preserve them; to make, or rather let — for they are made so to go — their wheels go sweetly; to keep the *girs* firm round the old barrel; neither to over nor underwork our bodies, and to listen to their teaching and their requests, their cries of pain and sorrow; and to keep them as well as your souls unspotted from the world. If you want to know a good book on Physiology, or the Laws of Health and of Life, get Dr. Combe's *Physiology*; and let all you mothers get his delightful *Management of Infancy*. You will love him for his motherly words. You will almost think he might have worn petticoats, — for tenderness he might; but in mind and will and eye he was every inch a man. It is now long since he wrote, but I have seen

nothing so good since ; he is so intelligent, so reverent, so full of the solemnity, the sacredness, the beauty, and joy of life, and its work ; so full of sympathy for suffering, himself not ignorant of such evil, — for the latter half of his life was a daily, hourly struggle with death, fighting the destroyer from within with the weapons of life, his brain and his conscience. It is very little physiology that you require, so that it is physiology, and is suitable for your need. I can't say I like our common people, or indeed, what we call our ladies and gentlemen, poking curiously into all the ins and outs of our bodies as a general accomplishment, and something to talk of. No, I don't like it. I would rather they chose some other *ology*. But let them get enough to give them awe and love, light and help, guidance and foresight.

These, with good sense and good senses, humility, and a thought of a hereafter in this world as well as in the next, will make us as able to doctor ourselves — especially to act in the *preventive service*, which is your main region of power for good — as in this mortal world we have any reason to expect. And let us keep our hearts young, and they will keep our legs and our arms the same. For we know now that hearts are kept going by having strong, pure, lively blood ; if bad blood goes into the heart, it gets angry, and shows this by beating at our breasts, and frightening us ; and sometimes it dies of sheer anger and disgust, if its blood is poor or poisoned, thin and white. "He may dee, but he'll never grow auld," said a canty old wife of her old minister, whose cheek was ruddy like an apple.

Run for the Doctor ; don't saunter to him, or go in, by the by, as an old elder of my father's did, when his ouse was on fire. He was a perfect Nathanael. and

lived more in the next world than in this, as you will soon see. One winter night he slipped gently into his neighbor's cottage, and found James Somerville reading aloud by the blaze of the light coal; he leant over the chair, and waited till James closed the book, when he said, "By the by, I am thinkin' ma hoose is on fire!" and out he and they all ran, in time to see the auld biggin' fall in with a glorious blaze. So it is too often when that earthly house of ours — our cottage, our tabernacle — is getting on fire. One moment your finger would put out what in an hour all the waters of Clyde would be too late for. If the Doctor is needed, the sooner the better. If he is not, he can tell you so, and you can rejoice that he had a needless journey, and pay him all the more thankfully. So run early and at once. How many deaths — how many lives of suffering and incapacity — may be spared by being in time? by being a day or two sooner. With children this is especially the case, and with work ingmen in the full prime of life. A mustard plaster, a leech, a pill, fifteen drops of Ipecacuanha wine, a bran poultice, a hint, or a stitch in time, may do all and at once; when a red-hot iron, a basinful of blood, all the wisdom of our art, and all the energy of the Doctor, all your tenderness and care, are in vain. Many a child's life is saved by an emetic at night, who would be lost in twelve hours. So send in time; it is just to your child or the patient, and to yourself; it is just to your Doctor; for I assure you we Doctors are often sorry, and angry enough, when we find we are too late. It affronts us, and our powers, besides affronting life and all its meanings, and Him who gives it. And we really *enjoy* curing; it is like running and winning a race, — like hunting and flushing and killing our game. And then remember to go

to the Doctor early in the day, as well as in the disease. I always like my patients to send and say that they would like the Doctor "to call before he goes out!" This is like an Irish message, you will say; but there is "sinse" in it. Fancy a Doctor being sent for, just as he is in bed, to see some one, and on going he finds they had been thinking of sending in the morning, and that he has to run neck and neck with death, with the odds all against him.

I now wind up with some other odds and ends. I give you them as an old wife would empty her pockets, — such wallets they use to be! — in no regular order; here a bit of string, now a bit of gingerbread, now an "aiple," now a bunch of keys, now an old almanac, now three *bawbees* and a bad shilling, a "wheen" buttons all marrowless, a thimble, a bit of black sugar, and may be at the very bottom a "goold guinea."

Shoes. — It is amazing the misery the people of civilization endure in and from their shoes. Nobody is ever, as they should be, comfortable at once in them; they hope in the long-run and after much agony, and when they are nearly done, to make them fit, especially if they can get them once well wet, so that the mighty knob of the big toe may adjust himself and be at ease. For my part, if I were rich, I would advertise for a clean, wholesome man, whose foot was exactly my size, and I would make him wear my shoes till I could put them on, and not know I was in them.* Why is all this? Why do you see every man's and woman's feet so out of shape? Why are there corns, with their miseries and maledic-

* Frederick the Great kept an aid-de-camp for this purpose, and poor fellow! he sometimes wore them too long, and got a kicking for his pains.

tions? why the virulence and unreachableness of those that are "soft"? Why do our nails grow in and sometimes have to be torn violently off?

All because the makers and users of shoes have not common sense, and common reverence for God and his works enough to study the shape and motions of that wonderful pivot on which we turn and progress. Because FASHION, — that demon that I wish I saw dressed in her own crinoline, in bad shoes, a man's old hat, and trailing petticoats, and with her (for she must be a *her*) waist well nipt by a circlet of nails with the points inmost, and any other of the small torments, mischiefs, and absurdities she destroys and makes fools of us with, — whom, I say, I wish I saw drummed and hissed, blazing and shrieking, out of the world; because this contemptible slave, which domineers over her makers, says the shoe must be elegant, must be so and so, and the beautiful living foot must be crushed into it, and human nature must limp along Princess Street and through life natty and wretched.

It makes me angry when I think of all this. Now, do you want to know how to put your feet into new shoes, and yourself into a new world? go and buy from Edmonston and Douglas sixpence worth of sense, in *Why the Shoe Pinches*; you will, if you get your shoemaker to do as it bids him, go on your ways rejoicing; no more knobby, half-dislocated big toes; no more secret parings, and slashings desperate, in order to get on that pair of exquisite boots or shoes.

Then there is the *Infirmery*. — Nothing I like better than to see subscriptions to this admirable house of help and comfort to the poor, advertised as from the quarrymen of Craighleith; from Mr. Milne the brassfounder's

men ; from Peeblesshire ; from the utmost Orkneys ; and from those big, human mastiffs, the navvies. And yet we doctors are often met by the most absurd and obstinate objections by domestic servants in town, and by country people, to going there. This prejudice is lessening, but it is still great. " Oh, I canna gang into the Infirmary ; I would rather dee ! " Would you, indeed ? Not you, or if so, the sooner the better. They have a notion that they are experimented on, and slain by the surgeons ; neglected and poisoned by the nurses, etc., etc. Such utter nonsense ! I know well about the inner life and work of at least our Infirmary, and of that noble, old Minto House, now gone ; and I would rather infinitely, were I a servant, 'prentice boy, or shopman, a porter, or student, and anywhere but in a house of my own, and even then, go straight to the Infirmary, than lie in a box-bed off the kitchen, or on the top of the coal-bunker, or in a dark hole in the lobby, or in a double-bedded room. The food, the bedding, the physicians, the surgeons, the clerks, the dressers, the medicines, the wine and porter, — and they don't scrimp these when necessary, — the books, the Bibles, the baths, are all good ; are all better far than one man in ten thousand can command in his own house. So off with a grateful heart and a fearless to the Infirmary, and your mistress can come in and sit beside you ; and her doctor and yours will look in and single you out with his smile and word, and cheer you and the ward by a kindly joke, and you will come out well cured, and having seen much to do you good for life. I never knew any one who was once in, afraid of going back ; they know better.

There are few things in human nature finer than the devotion and courage of medical men to their hospital

and charitable duties; it is to them a great moral discipline; not that they don't get good, selfish good to themselves. Why should n't they? Nobody does good without getting it; it is a law of the government of God. But, as a rule, our medical men are not kind and skilful and attentive to their hospital patients, because this is to make them famous, or even because through this they are to get knowledge and fame; they get all this, and it is their only and their great reward; but they are in the main disinterested men. Honesty is the best policy; but, as Dr. Whately, in his keen way, says, "that man is not honest who is so for this reason," and so with the doctors and their patients. And I am glad to say for my profession, few of them take this second-hand line of duty.

Beards. — I am for beards out and out, because I think the Maker of the beard was and is. This is reason enough; but there are many others. The misery of shaving, its expense, its consumption of time, — a very corporation existing for no other purpose but to shave mankind. Campbell the poet, who had always a bad razor, I suppose, and was late of rising, said he believed the man of civilization who lived to be sixty had suffered more pain in littles every day in shaving than a woman with a large family had from her lyings-in. This would be hard to prove; but it is a process that never gets pleasanter by practice; and then the waste of time and temper, — the ugliness of being ill or unshaven. Now, we can easily see advantages in it; the masculine gender is intended to be more out of doors, and more in all weathers than the smooth-chinned ones, and this protects him and his Adam's apple from harm. It acts as the best of all respirators to the mason and the east wind. Besides, it is a glory; and it must be delightful to have and to stroke a

natural beard, not one like bean-stalks or a bottle-brush, but such a beard as Abraham's or Abd-el-Kader's. It is the beginning ever to cut, that makes all the difference. I hazard a theory, that no hair of the head or beard should ever be cut, or needs it, any more than the eyebrows or eyelashes. The finest head of hair I know is one which was never cut. It is not too long; it is soft and thick. The secret where to stop growing is in the end of the native untouched hair. If you cut it off, the poor hair does not know when to stop; and if our eyebrows were so cut, they might be made to hang over our eyes, and be wrought into a veil. Besides, think of the waste of substance of the body in hewing away so much hair every morning, and encouraging an endless rotation of crops! Well then, I go in for the beards of the next generation, the unshorn beings whose beards will be wagging when we are away; but of course they must be clean. But how are we to sup our porridge and kail? Try it when young, when there is just a shadowy down on the upper lip, and no fears but they will do all this "elegantly" even. Nature is slow and gentle in her teaching even the accomplishment of the spoon. And as for women's hair, don't plaster it with scented and sour grease, or with any grease; it has an oil of its own. And don't tie up your hair tight, and make it like a cap of iron over your skull. And why are your ears covered? You hear all the worse, and they are not the cleaner. Besides, the ear is beautiful in itself, and plays its own part in the concert of the features. Go back to the curls some of you, and try in everything to dress as it becomes you, and as you become; not as that fine lady or even your own Tibbie or Grizzy chooses to dress, it may be becomingly to her. Why shouldn't we even in

dress be more ourselves than somebody or everybody else?

I had a word about *Teeth*. Don't get young children's teeth drawn. At least, let this be the rule. Bad teeth come of bad health and bad and hot food, and much sugar. I can't say I am a great advocate for the common people going in for tooth-brushes. No, they are not necessary in full health. The healthy man's teeth clean themselves, and so does his skin. A good dose of Gregory often puts away the toothache. It is a great thing, however, to get them early stuffed, if they need it; that really keeps them and your temper whole. For appearance' sake merely, I hate false teeth, as I hate a wig. But this is not a matter to dogmatize about. I never was, I think, deceived by either false hair, or false teeth, or false eyes, or false cheeks, for there are in the high — I don't call it the great — world, plumpers for making the cheeks round, as well as a certain dust for making them bloom. But you and I don't enjoy such advantages.

Rheumatism is peculiarly a disease of the workingman. One old physician said its only cure was patience and flannel. Another said six weeks. But I think good flannel and no drunkenness (observe, I don't say no drinking, though very nearly so) are its best preventives. It is a curious thing the way in which cold gives rheumatism. Suppose a man is heated and gets cooled, and being very well at any rate, and is sitting or sleeping in a draught; the exposed part is chilled; the pores of its skin, which are always exuding and exhaling waste from the body, contract and shut in this bad stuff; it — this is my theory — not getting out is taken up by a blunder of the deluded absorbents, who are always prowling about

for something, and it is returned back to the centre, and finds its way into the blood, and poisons it, affecting the heart, and carrying bad money, bad change, bad fat, bad capital all over the body, making nerves, lungs, everything unhappy and angry. This vitiated blood arrives by and by at the origin of its mischief, the chilled shoulder, and here it wreaks its vengeance, and in doing so, does some general good at local expense. It gives pain ; it produces a certain inflammation of its own, and if it is not got rid of by the skin and other ways, it may possibly kill by the rage the body gets in, and the heat ; or it may inflame the ill-used heart itself, and then either kill, or give the patient a life of suffering and peril. The medicines we give act not only by detecting this poison of blood, which, like yeast, leavens all in its neighborhood ; but by sending it out of the body like a culprit.

Vaccination. — One word for this. Never neglect it ; get it done within two months after birth, and see that it is well done ; and get all your neighbors to do it.

Infectious Diseases. — Keep out of their way ; kill them by fresh air and cleanliness ; defy them by cheerfulness, good food (*better* food than usual, in such epidemics as cholera), good sleep, and a good conscience.

When in the midst of and waiting on those who are under the scourge of an epidemic, be as little very close to the patient as you can, and don't inhale his or her breath or exhalations when you can help it ; be rather in the current to, than from him. Be very cleanly in putting away all excretions at once, and quite away ; go frequently into the fresh air ; and don't sleep in your day clothes. Do what the Doctor bids you ; don't crowd round your dying friend ; you are stealing his life in taking his air, and you are quietly killing yourself. This

is one of the worst and most unmanageable of our Scottish habits, and many a time have I cleared the room of all but one, and dared them to enter it.

Then you should, in such things as small-pox, as indeed in everything, carry out the Divine injunction, "*Whatsoever* ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Don't send for the minister to pray with and over the body of a patient in fever or delirium, or a child dying of small-pox or malignant scarlet fever; tell him, by all means, and let him pray with you, and for your child. Prayers, you know, are like gravitation, or the light of heaven; they will go from whatever place they are uttered; and if they are real prayers, they go straight and home to the centre, the focus of all things; and you know that poor fellow with the crust of typhus on his lips, and its nonsense on his tongue, — that child tossing in misery, not knowing even its own mother, — what can they know, what heed can they give to the prayer of the minister? He may do all the good he can, the most good may be, when, like Moses on the hillside, in the battle with Amalek, he uplifts his hands apart. No! a word spoken by your minister to himself and his God, a single sigh for mercy to Him who is Mercy, a cry of hope, of despair of self, opening into trust in Him, may save that child's life, when an angel might pour forth in vain his burning, imploring words into the dull, or wild ears of the sufferer, in the vain hope of getting *him* to pray. I never would allow my father to go to typhus cases; and I don't think they lost anything by it. I have seen him rising in the dark of his room from his knees, and I knew whose case he had been laying at the footstool.

And now, my dear friends, I find I have exhausted

our time, and never yet got to the sermon — and its text — “*That the way of God*” — what is it? it is His design in setting you here; it is the road He wishes you to walk in; it is His providence in your minutest as in the world’s mightiest things; it is His will expressed in His works and word, and in your own soul it is His salvation. That it “*may be known*,” that the understandings of His intelligent, responsible, mortal and immortal creatures should be directed to it, to study and (as far as we ever can or need) to understand that which, in its fulness, passes all understanding; that it may be known “*on the earth*,” here, in this very room, this very minute; not as too many preachers and performers do, to be known only in the next world, men who, looking at the stars, stumble at their own door, and it may be smoor their own child, besides despising, upsetting, and extinguishing their own lantern. No! the next world is only to be reached through this, and our road through this our wilderness is not safe unless on the far beyond there is shining the lighthouse on the other side of the dark river that has no bridge. Then “*His saving health*”; His health — whose? — God’s — His soundness, the wholeness, the perfectness that is alone in and from Him, — health of body, of heart, and brain, health to the finger-ends, health for eternity as well as time. “*Saving*”; we need to be saved, and we are salvable, this is much; and God’s health can save us, that is more. When a man or woman is fainting from loss of blood, we sometimes try to save them, when all but gone, by transfusing the warm rich blood of another into their veins. Now this is what God, through His Son, desires to do; to transfuse His blood, Himself, through His Son, who is Himself, into us, diseased and weak. “*And*” refers to His health being

"*known*," recognized, accepted, used, "*among all nations*"; not among the U.P.s, or the Frees, or the Resid-uaries, or the Baptists, or the New Jerusalem people, — nor among us in the Canongate, or in Biggar, or even in old Scotland, but "*among all nations*"; then, and only then, will the people praise Thee, O God; will all the people praise Thee. Then, and then only, will the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, will bless us. God will bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

And now, my dear and patient friends, we must say good night. You have been very attentive, and it has been a great pleasure to me as we went on to preach to you. We came to understand one another. You saw through my jokes, and that they were not always nothing but jokes. You bore with my solemnities, because I am not altogether solemn; and so good night, and God bless you, and may you, as Don Quixote, on his death-bed, says to Sancho, May you have your eyes closed by the soft fingers of your great-grandchildren. But no, I must shake hands with you, and kiss the bairns — why should n't I? if their mouths are clean and their breath sweet? As for you, *Ailie*, you are wearying for the child; and he is tumbling and fretting in his cradle, and wearying for you; good by, and away you go on your milky way. I wish I could (unseen) see you two enjoying each other. And good night, my bonnie *wee wifie*; you are sleepy, and you must be up to make your father's porridge; and *Master William Winkie*, will you be still for one moment while I address you? Well, Master William, *wamble* not off your mother's lap, neither rattle in your excruciating way in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon; no more crowing like a cock, or skirlin' like a ken-na-what. I had much

more to say to you, sir, but you will not bide still; off with you, and a blessing with you.

Good night, *Hugh Cleland*, the best smith of any smiddy; with your bowly back, your huge arms, your big heavy brows and eyebrows, your clear eye, and warm unforgetting heart. And you, *John Noble*, let me grip your horny hand, and count the queer knobs made by the perpetual mell. I used, when I was a Willie Winkie, and wee, to think that you were born with them. Never mind, you were born for them, and of old you handled the trowel well, and built to the plumb. *Thomas Bertram*, your loom is at a discount, but many's the happy day I have watched you and your shuttle, and the interweaving treadles, and all the mysteries of setting the "wab." You are looking well, and though not the least of an ass, you might play Bottom must substantially yet. *Andrew Wilson*, across the waste of forty years and more I snuff the fragrance of your shop; have you forgiven me yet for stealing your paint-pot (awful joy!) for ten minutes to adorn my rabbit-house, and for blunting your pet *furmer*? Wise you were always, and in the saw-pit you spoke little, and wore your crape. Yourself wears well, but take heed of swallowing your shavings unawares, as is the trick of you "wrights"; they confound the interior and perplex the Doctor.

Rob Rough, you smell of rosin, and your look is stern, nevertheless, or all the rather, give me your hand. What a grip! You have been the most sceptical of all my hearers; you like to try everything, and you hold fast only what you consider good; and then on your *crepida* or stool, you have your own think about everything human and divine, as you smite down errors on the lapstane, and "yerk" your arguments with a well-rosined lingle

throw your window open for yourself as well as for your blackbird ; and make your shoes not to pinch. I present you, sir, with a copy of the book of the wise Switzer.

And nimble *Pillans*, the clothier of the race, and quick as your needle, strong as your corduroys, I bid you good night. May you and the cooper be like him of Fogo, each a better man than his father ; and you, *Mungo* the mole-catcher, and *Tod Laurie*, and *Sir Robert* the cadger, and all the other odd people, I shake your fists twice, for I like your line. I often wish I had been a mole-catcher, with a brown velveteen, or (fine touch of tailoric fancy !) a moleskin coat, — not that I dislike moles, I once ate the fore-quarter of one, having stewed it in a Florence flask, some forty years ago, and liked it ; but I like the killing of them, and the country by-ways, and the regularly irregular life, and the importance of my trade.

And good night to you all, you women folks. *Marion Graham* the milkwoman ; *Tibbie Meek* the single servant ; *Jenny Muir* the sempstress ; *Mother Johnston* the howdie, thou consequential Mrs. Gamp, presiding at the gates of life ; and you in the corner there, *Nancy Cairns*, gray-haired, meek and old, with your crimped mutch as white as snow ; the shepherd's widow, the now childless mother, you are stepping home to your *bein* and lonely room, where your cat is now ravelling a' her thrums, wondering where "she" is.

Good night to you all, big and little, young and old ; and go home to your bedside, there is Some One waiting there for you, and His Son is here ready to take you to Him. Yes, He is waiting for every one of you, and you have only to say, "Father, I have sinned, — make me" — and he sees you a great way off. But to reverse the parable ; it is the first-born, your elder brother, who is at

your side, and leads you to your Father, and says, "I have paid his debt"; that Son who is ever with Him, whose is all that He hath.

I need not say more. You know what I mean. You know who is waiting, and you know who it is who stands beside you, having the likeness of the Son of Man. Good night! The night cometh in which neither you nor I can work,—may we work while it is day; whatsoever thy *hand* findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work or device in the grave, whither we are all of us hastening; and when the night is spent, may we all enter on a healthful, a happy, an everlasting to-morrow!



THE DUKE OF ATHOLE.





THE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

SOME men have character, — more or less, — others have none, — and some few *are* characters; it is of their essence and what they are made of. Such was the late Duke of Athole; he was a character, inscribed and graven by the cunning, inimitable, and unrepeatable hand of Nature, — as original and as unmistakable as his own Ben-y-Gloe.

He was a living, a strenuous protest, in perpetual kilt, against the civilization, the taming, the softening of mankind. He was essentially wild. His virtues were those of human nature in the rough and unreclaimed, open and unsubdued as the Moor of Rannoch. He was a true autochthon, *terrigena*, — a son of the soil, — as rich in local color, as rough in the legs, and as hot at the heart, as prompt and hardy, as heathery as a gorcock.* Courage, endurance, stanchness, fidelity and warmth of heart, simplicity, and downrightness were his staples; and with them he attained to a power in his own region and among his own people quite singular. The secret of this was his truth and his pluck, his kindness and his constancy. Other noblemen put on the kilt at the season, and do their best to embrown their smooth knees for six weeks, returning then to trousers and to town; he lived in his kilt all

* The cock grouse.

the year long, and often slept soundly in it and his plaid among the brackens; and not sparing himself, he spared none of his men or friends, — it was the rigor of the game, — it was Devil take the hindmost. Up at all hours, out all day and all night, often without food, — with nothing but the unfailing pipe, — there he was, stalking the deer in Glen Tilt or across the Gaick moors, or rousing before daybreak the undaunted otter among the alders of the Earn, the Isla, or the Almond; and if in his pursuit, which was fell as any hound's, he got his hand into the otter's grip, and had its keen teeth meeting in his palm, he let it have its will till the pack came up, — no flinching, almost as if without the sense of pain. It was this gameness and thoroughness in whatever he was about that charmed his people, — charmed his very dogs; and so it should.*

There may be better pursuits for a man and a duke than otter-hunting, and crawling like a huge caterpillar for hours across bogs and rocks after a royal stag; but there may be worse; and it is no small public good to keep up the relish for and the exercise of courage, perseverance, readiness of mind and resource, hardihood, — it is an antidote against the softness and the luxury of a fainty world.

But he was not only a great hunter, and an organizer and vitalizer of hunting, he was a great breeder. He lived at home, was himself a farmer, and knew all his

* Many years ago, when Lord Glenlyon, he was riding in a hurdle race on the North Inch, when somehow his spectacles (he was very shortsighted) fell off, and in taking the first leap he and his horse fell heavily. Up he was and on again and away, winning in spite of his lost time, and taking his hurdles "like a lord." His right arm was observed to hang useless, and so it might, for he had broken his collar-bone.

farmers and all their men; had lain out at night on the Badenoch heights with them, and sat in their bothies and smoked with them the familiar pipe. But he also was, as we have said, a thorough breeder, especially of Ayrshire cattle. It was quite touching to see this fierce, restless, intense man — *impiger, acer, iracundus* — at the great Battersea show doating upon and doing everything for his meek-eyed, fine-limbed, sweet-breathed kine. It was the same with other stock, though the Ayrshires were his pets to the end.

Then he revived and kept up the games of the country, — the throwing the hammer, and casting the mighty *caber*;* the wild, almost naked, hillrace; the Ghillie-Callum (sword-dance) and the study of the eldritch, melancholy pipes, to which, we think, distance adds not a little enchantment; all the natural fruits of human industry — the dyes, the webs, the hose — of the district. There might be much for Adam Smith and the *Times* to laugh at in all this, but it had and did its own good; and it made him a living centre, — a king. And who that ever was there does not remember the wonderful ball that closed the Athole Gathering, when delicate London girls were endued with miraculous spunk, when reel succeeded reel like the waves of the sea, — all innocent, and all happy, and all light of heel, — and when the jocund morn, far up in heaven, saw them “down by the Tummel and banks o’ the Garry,” or across into Lochaber by the grim Ben Alder and utmost Dalnaspidal.

Let no man speak evil of those cordial and once-a-year jovialities. They did no harm to those who brought no harm with them, and they left the memory of honest mirth — of health and youth — rejoicing after its last Reel of

* A huge tree, requiring great strength and knack to pitch it.

Tulloch or Houlachan, to immerse itself in the loveliness of that nature which is the art of God, and go home to its bath, its breakfast, and its bed.

Then the Duke was a great organizer of men, — he was martial to the core; had his body-guard dressed and drilled to perfection, — all mighty men of valor, — after whom at the Princess's marriage the lively and minute Cockneys gazed in an awful wonder.

Of all the men about him he was as much the friend as the master; and this is saying much, as those who knew his peremptory nature can well confirm. This power over men, not from mere birth, — though he knew he was “to the manner born,” — not by high intellect, or what is called knowledge, — for, though he had a stout and keen understanding, it was not high or cultured, — not because he was rich, which he never was, but simply because he was immediate, honest, and alive, — up to anything, and always with them. This power gave him a hold over all about him, which, had it not been something deeper and better, would have been almost ludicrous. His Athole guard (many of whom, with Struan at their head, were his peers in birth) would have died for him, not in word, but in deed; and a young, capable shepherd, who might have pushed his fortune anywhere and to any length, was more than rewarded for living a solitary deer-keeper at the far-end of Glen Tilt, or up some to us nameless wild, where for months he saw no living thing but his dog and the deer, the eagles and the hill fox, the raven and the curlew, — by his £18 a year, his £8 for milk, his six bolls and a half of oatmeal, with his annual coat of gray tweed, his kilt and his hose, — so that he had the chance of a kind word or nod from the Duke, or, more blessed still, a friendly pipe with him in his hut, with a confidential chat on the interests of the “Forest.”

He was habitually and curiously good to all below him, unrelenting in his requisition of service, but far more generous than just. He knew them every one, and all their interests and wants, and took his own odd but genuine ways of reaching their hearts and doing them good.

Every one knows the interest our Queen had in him, in his Duchess and in Blair, — where she first saw and loved the Highlands, when she and her husband were in their first young joys, and where she went when her friend and her friend's husband, and her husband's friend, lay dying by inches of that terrible malady against which he bore himself so patiently, we may now say so sweetly, — submitting that fierce, restless spirit to the Awful Will, setting his house in order, seeing and comforting his friends, remembering his people, not even forgetting his Ayrshires, — why should he? — waiting steadfastly and like a man for the end. We all know — it is our possession — that meeting of the quick, honest, chivalrous, devoted chieftain with his sorrow-laden but sympathizing Queen, — their mutual regards, their brief, measured words from the heart. The dying man rising from his final room and accompanying his Royal Mistress to the train, — kissing her hand, and bidding her, not without dignity, farewell; and when his amazed and loving people stood, silent and awed, almost scared, by something greater than Majesty, — the presence of that Shade who is waiting for us all, and who “the likeness of a kingly crown has on,” — as the Duke with his dying lips raised the parting cheer. Such a thing does a nation — does every one of us — good; it is that touch of nature which makes us we all know what, and which we are in this fast world of ours all too little and too seldom.

There must have been no ordinary worth in the man

whom the Queen so regarded and honored. Much of this honor he, in his simple-heartedness and his frank speech, would have returned to her, the admirable wife, who now mourns him, — who had nursed him day and night for months as few women could even if they would, — to whom he was glad at all times to say he owed everything; and his marriage to whom he, in his blunt and strong way, said, at a dinner to him at Dunkeld some years ago, when the Duchess's health was drank, was the wisest thing he ever did.

The Duke was by blood, inheritance, and education as pure a Tory as he allowed himself to be educated; but he had none of the meannesses, the tortuosities, of your partisan Tory. He was a cordial Palmerstonian, as his presence and his speech at his Lordship's dinner testified. He knew who could drive the coach, and he booked himself accordingly. Next to his deer, his Freemasonry and his belief in the Ayrshire breed, was his love for what he called Toryism; but he was his own master in this as in everything, and his vote was at no man's bidding. Long will his well-known figure and gait, his hearty, ringing, shrill voice, his reckless daring, his unsparing energy, his hidden kindness, his genuine love of his hills and wilds and men, survive in his own noble region, where he lived and died as unsubdued by the hand of progress and city life, — as unhurt by luxury as Schehallion or Ben Doran; for he was, as we at first said, a genuine character, with a look and a step, a set of his glengarry, an everything all his own, and a thoroughness, cordiality, and kindliness of nature all the more delightful and unforgettable that, like the honey in Samson's lion, it took us by surprise.

STRUAN.





STRUAN.*

ANOTHER Highland chief of the old breed has been gathered to his fathers in the midst of his years. Struan Robertson — or, as he was best known, *Struan*, not *the* Struan, the head of the clan Donachie, and representative of one of the oldest families in the North, who were Counts of Athole before the Murrays, and once owned land from the watershed of the Moor of Rannoch to within a mile of Perth, and were always “out” when anybody was, — was laid in his grave on Monday last, carried shoulder-high by his men and the stout shepherds of Rannoch, and lowered into his rest by his brother-officers of the Athole Guard.

A more exquisite place is not in all the Perthshire Highlands, — of which it is the very heart, — a little wooded knoll near Dunalister, within whose lofty pines the shadow of death gently and forever broods, even at noon, over the few graves of the lords of the clan and their kin ; at its foot the wild Rannoch, now asleep, now chafing with the rocks ; and beyond, the noble Schiehallion, crowned, as it was on that day, with snow, and raked with its own pathetic shroud-like mists.

Though he was but occasionally in Edinburgh, Struan was better known than many men who never leave it

From the “ Scotsman ” of April 18, 1864.

and all felt proud of watching the manly, athletic, and agile chief, with his stern and powerful look as of an eagle, —

“The terror of his beak, the lightning of his eye,” —

and his beard black as an Arab sheik's, as he strode along Princes Street in his decorous kilt of hodden gray, — for he detested the Cockney fopperies and curt garments of what he called “Sabbath-day Hielandmen,” — as if he were on the heather in his own “Black Wood.” His last act before leaving this country for the South, to die, was to give his thin, trembling hand to lower his Duke and friend into the grave at Blair; and as he came home he said, “I'll be the next”; and so he was. We may wait long before we see such a pair.

Struan was in the Forty-Second when young. Had he remained in the army he would have made himself famous. He had a true military instinct, and was pre-eminently cool and inventive in emergencies. We remember well his sudden appearance at the great fire in Leith Street some six-and-twenty years ago, — as a stripling in Highland nall-dress, — with a company of his men whom he had led from the Castle; how he took, as if by right, the command of every one, and worked like Telamonian Ajax (who we are sure was like him) at the engines; how the boys gloried in him, saying, “There's young Struan; he works like six!” and so he did. He and his men got the thanks of the Town Council next day. But his life was spent in his own Rannoch and among his own people, taking part not only in all their sports and games and strenuous festivities, the life and soul of them all, but leading them also in better ways, — making roads and building for them schools and bridges.

Like all true sportsmen, he was a naturalist, — studied Nature's ongoings and all her children with a keen, unerring, and loving eye, from her lichens and moths (for which Rannoch is famous) to her eagles, red deer, and *salmo ferox* ; and his stories, if recorded, would stand well side by side with Mr. St. John's. One we remember. He and his keeper were on a cloudless day in midwinter walking across the head of Loch Rannoch, which, being shallow, was frozen over. The keeper stopped, and, looking straight up into the clear sky, said to his master, "Do you see that?" Keen as he was, Struan said, "What?" "An eagle"; and there, sure enough, was a mere speck in the far-off "azure depths of air." Duncan Roy flung a white hare he had shot along the ice, and instantly the speck darkened, and down came the mighty creature with a swoop, and not knowing of the ice, was "made a round flat dish of, with the head in the centre."

For one thing Struan was remarkable, even among good shots ; he was the most humane sportsman we ever saw ; he never shot but he hit, and he never hit but he killed. No temptation made him wound and lose a bird or deer as so many do, — he was literally a dead shot. He used to say that once when a boy he found a poor bird lying in the heather ; he took it up, and it died in his hand, — he knew he had shot and lost it some days before. He said that bird's dying eye haunted him for months ; and he made a covenant with himself that never again would his hand cause such long misery.

We have said he was in the Forty-Second ; and his house, "Ranach Barracks," was the first rendezvous of that renowned corps, then known as the Black Watch.

He was as courtly and mannerly, as gentle and full of chivalrous service, as he was strong, peremptory, and

hardly ; and any one seeing him with ladies or children or old people would agree with one half of King Jamie's saying, "A' the 'sons" (men with names ending in *son* like Wilson, Nicholson, etc.) "are carles' sons, but Struan Robertson's a gentleman's." Those who knew and mourn him can never hope to see any one like him again, with his abounding jokes and mirth, and his still more abounding hospitality and heart.



THACKERAY'S DEATH.





THACKERAY'S DEATH.

THIS great writer — our greatest novelist since Scott, (and in some senses greater, because deeper, more to the quick, more *naked* than he,) our foremost wit and man of letters since Macaulay — has been taken from us with an awful unexpectedness. He was found dead in bed this morning. This is to us so great a personal as well as public calamity, that we feel little able to order our words aright or to see through our blinding tears.

Mr. Thackeray was so much greater, so much nobler than his works, great and noble as they are, that it is difficult to speak of him without apparent excess. What a loss to the world the disappearance of that large, acute, and fine understanding; that searching, inevitable inner and outer eye; that keen and yet kindly satiric touch; that wonderful humor and play of soul! And then such a mastery of his mother tongue! such a style! such nicety of word and turn! such a flavor of speech! such genuine originality of genius and expression! such an insight into the hidden springs of human action! such a dissection of the nerves to their ultimate *fibrille*! such a sense and such a sympathy for the worth and for the misery of man! such a power of bringing human nature to its essence, — detecting at once its basic goodness and vileness, its com-

positeness ! In this subtle, spiritual analysis of men and women, as we see them and live with them ; in this power of detecting the enduring passions and desires, the strengths, the weaknesses, and the deceits of the race, from under the mask of ordinary worldly and town life, — making a dandy or a dancing-girl as real, as “moving delicate and full of life,” as the most heroic incarnations of good and evil ; in this vitality and yet lightness of handling, doing it once and forever, and never a touch too little or too much, — in all these respects he stood and stands alone and matchless. He had a crystalline translucency of thought and language ; there was no mistaking or missing his meaning. It was like the finest etching, done with a needle and bitten in with the best *aqua-fortis*, — the *manière incisive* to perfection ; while, when needed, he could rise to the full diapason of passion and lofty declamation : and this was not the less striking from being rare and brief, like a flash of close lightning with its thunder quick and short.

Besides his wit, his quiet, scrupulous, and unerring eye, his proper satiric gifts, his amazing faculty of making his men and women talk each in their own voice and tongue, so that you know them before they are named, Mr. Thackeray had, as the condition under which all these acted, a singularly truthful, strong, and roomy understanding. There was an immense quantity, not less than the finest quality, of mind in everything he said. You felt this when with him and when you measured with your eye his enormous brain.

His greatest work, one of the great masterpieces of genius in our, or indeed in any language, without doubt is *Vanity Fair*.

This set him at once and by a bound in the first rank

of fiction. One returns again and again to it, with its freshness, its depth, and terrible truth and power, its easy yet exquisite characterization, its living talk, its abounding wit and fun.

We remember how, at the dinner given to him many years ago here, the chairman, with equal felicity and truth, said that two of Mr. Thackeray's master powers were *satire* and *sympathy*, — for without both of them he would not have been all that he peculiarly was.

It should never be forgotten that his specific gift was creative satire, — not caricature, nor even sarcasm, nor sentiment, nor romance, nor even character as such, — but the delicate satiric treatment of human nature in its most superficial aspects as well as in its inner depths, by a great-hearted, and tender and genuine sympathy, unsparing, truthful, inevitable, but with love and the love of goodness and true loving-kindness over-arching and indeed animating it all. It was well said by Brimley, in his subtle and just estimate of our great author in his *Essays*, that he could not have painted "Vanity Fair as he has, unless Eden had been shining in his inner eye." It was this sense of an all-perfect good, of a strict goodness laid upon each one of us as an unescapable law, it was this glimpse into the Paradise, not lost, of the lovely and the pure, which quickened his fell insight into the vileness, the vanity, the shortcomings, the pitifulness of us all, of himself not less than of any son of time. But as we once heard him say, he was created with a sense of the ugly, of the odd, of the meanly false, the desperately wicked; he laid them bare: them under all disguises he hunted to the death. And is not this something to have done? Something inestimable, though at times dreadful and sharp? It purges the soul by terror and pity.

This, with his truthfulness, his scorn of exaggeration in thought or word, and his wide, deep, living sympathy for the entire round of human wants and miseries, goes far to make his works in the best, because a practical sense, wholesome, moral, honest, and of "good report."

It is needless to enumerate his works. We not only all know and possess them,—they *possess us*; for are not Becky Sharp, Colonel Newcome, Major Pendennis, the Little Sister and Jeames, the O'Mulligan, and the terrific Deuceace, more really existing and alive in our minds than many men and women we saw yesterday?

Mr. Thackeray had, we believe, all but, if not entirely, finished a novel which was to appear in the *Cornhill* next spring. It will be a sad pleasure to read the last words of the great genius and artist to whom we owe so much of our best entertainment.

He had a genuine gift of drawing. The delicious Book of Snobs is poor without his own woodcuts; and he not only had the eye and the faculty of a draughtsman, he was one of the best of art critics. He had the true instinct and relish, and the nicety and directness, necessary for just as well as high criticism: the white light of his intellect found its way into this as into every region of his work. We should not forget his verses,—he would have laughed if they had been called poems; but they have more imaginative *vis*, more daintiness of phrase, more true sensibility and sense, than much that is called so both by its authors and the public. We all know the abounding fun and drollery of his "Battle of Limerick," the sweet humor and rustic Irish loveliness of "Peg of Limavaddy," and the glorified cockneyism of "Jacob Omnium's 'Oss." "The Ballad of Eliza Davis," and the joys and woes of "Pleaceman

X," we all know; but not so many know the pathetic depth, the dreamy, unforgetting tenderness, of the "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," "The White Squall," and "The End of the Play," — the last written, strangely as it now reads, for Christmas, 1848, this day fifteen years ago. From it we take the following mournful and exquisite lines : —

"I'd say we suffer and we strive
 Not less nor more as men than boys,
 With grizzled beards at forty-five
 As erst at twelve in corduroys;
 And if in time of sacred truth
 We learned at home to love and pray,
 Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
 May never wholly pass away.

"And in the world as in the school
 I'd say how fate may change and shift
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,
 The race not always to the swift.
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown,
 The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

"We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all;
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.

"So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed,
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance
 And longing passion unfulfilled.
 Amen whatever fate be sent,
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
 Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snow.

"Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,

And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.

‘My song save this is little worth,
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still,
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.”

Gentle and sacred as these words are, they are as much an essential part of their author's nature as that superfluity of naughtiness, the Marquis of Steyne, in “Vanity Fair,” or the elder and truly infernal Deuceace, or the drunken and savage parson, in “Philip.” It was no ordinary instrument which embraced so much, and no ordinary master who could so sound its chords.

Mr. Thackeray had a warm heart to Edinburgh. It was here he took courage from the cordial, appreciative reception he got when he lectured here, and he always returned to us with renewed relish. Many of us will now think over with a new and deeper interest—the interest of the sudden grave and the irrevocable and imperishable past—on those pleasant times when he read his “Wit and Humor” and his “Curate's Walk,” and, with a solemn tenderness, simplicity, and perfectness, such as it is now hopeless ever again to hear, read to us “The spacious firmament on high,” and Johnson's noble and touching lines on poor Levett.

We know of no death in the world of letters since Macaulay's which will make so many mourners,—for he was a faithful friend. No one, we believe, will ever know the amount of true kindness and help, given often at a time when kindness cost much, to nameless, unheard

of suffering. A man of spotless honor, of the strongest possible home affections, of the most scrupulous truthfulness of observation and of word, we may use for him his own words to his "faithful old gold pen":—

"Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie."

He has joined the immortals; for we may say of him, what we can say of few,—he is already and forever classic. He is beyond the fear of forgetfulness or change, for he has enshrined his genius in a style crystalline, strong, beautiful, and enduring. There was much of many great men in him,—of Montaigne, Le Sage, Swift, and Addison, of Steele and Goldsmith, of Fielding, Molière, and Charles Lamb; but there was more of himself than of all others. As a work of art, his "Esmond" is probably the most consummate: it is a curious *tour de force*,—a miracle, not only of story-telling, but of archaic insight and skill.



THACKERAY'S LITERARY
CAREER.





THACKERAY'S LITERARY CAREER.*

THAT Mr. Thackeray was born in India in 1811; that he was educated at Charter House and Cambridge; that he left the University after a few terms' residence without a degree; that he devoted himself at first to art; that in pursuit thereof he lived much abroad "for study, for sport, for society"; that about the age of twenty-five, married, without fortune, without a profession, he began the career which has made him an English classic; that he pursued that career steadily till his death,—all this has, within the last few weeks, been told again and again.

It is a common saying that the lives of men of letters are uneventful. In an obvious sense this is true. They are seldom called on to take part in events which move the world, in politics, in the conflicts of nations; while the exciting incidents of sensation-novels are as rare in their lives as in the lives of other men. But men of letters are in no way exempt from the changes and chances of fortune; and the story of these, and of the effects which came from them, must possess an interest for all. Prosperity succeeded by cruel reverses; happiness, and the long prospect of it, suddenly clouded; a hard fight,

* The larger and better part of this paper is by my young and accomplished friend Henry H. Lancaster, Advocate. — J. B.

with aims as yet uncertain, and powers unknown ; success bravely won ; the austerer victory of failure manfully borne,—these things make a life truly eventful, and make the story of that life full of interest and instruction. They will all fall to be narrated when Mr. Thackeray's life shall be written ; we have only now to do with them so far as they illustrate his literary career, of which we propose to lay before our readers an account as complete as is in our power, and as impartial as our warm admiration for the great writer we have lost will allow.

Many readers know Mr. Thackeray only as the Thackeray of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes*, and *The Virginians*, the quadrilateral of his fame, as they were called by the writer of an able and kindly notice in the *Illustrated News*. The four volumes of *Miscellanies* published in 1857, though his reputation had been then established, are less known than they should be. But Mr. Thackeray wrote much which does not appear even in the *Miscellanies* ; and some account of his early labors may not be unacceptable to our readers.

His first attempt was ambitious. He became connected as editor, and also, we suspect, in some measure, as proprietor, with a weekly literary journal, the fortunes of which were not prosperous. We believe the journal to have been one which bore the imposing title of "The National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts." Thackeray's editorial reign began about the 19th Number, after which he seems to have done a good deal of work,—reviews, letters, criticisms, and verses. As the *National Standard* is now hardly to be met with out of the British Museum, we give a few specimens of these first efforts. There is a mock sonnet by W. Words-

worth, illustrative of a drawing of Braham^{*} in stage nautical costume, standing by a theatrical sea-shore; in the background an Israelite, with the clothes-bag and triple hat of his ancient race; and in the sky, constellation-wise, appears a Jew's harp, with a chaplet of bays round it. The sonnet runs:—

Say not that Judah's harp hath lost its tone,
Or that no bard^{*} hath found it where it hung
Broken and lonely, voiceless and unstrung,
Beside the sluggish streams of Babylon:
Slowman^{*} repeats the strain his fathers sung,
And Judah's burning lyre is Braham's own!
Behold him here! Here view the wondrous man,
Majestical and lonely, as when first,
In music on a wondering world he burst,
And charmed the ravished ears of Sov'reign Anne.†
Mark well the form, O reader! nor deride
The sacred symbol—Jew's harp glorified—
Which, circled with a blooming wreath, is seen
Of verdant bays; and thus are typified
The pleasant music, and the baize of green,
Whence issues out at eve Braham with front serene.”

We have here the germ of a style in which Thackeray became famous, though the humor of attributing this nonsense to Wordsworth, and of making Braham coeval with Queen Anne, is not now very plain. There is a yet more characteristic touch in a review of Montgomery's "Woman the Angel of Life," winding up with a quotation of some dozen lines, the order of which he says has been reversed by the printer, but as they read

* "It is needless to speak of the eminent vocalist and improvisatore. He nightly delights a numerous and respectable audience at the Cider Cellar; and while on this subject, I cannot refrain from mentioning the kindness of Mr. Evans, the worthy proprietor of that establishment. N. B. — A *table d'hôte* every Friday. — W. WORDSWORTH.”

† "Mr. Braham made his first appearance in England in the reign of Queen Anne. — W. W.”

quite as well the one way as the other, he does not think it worth while to correct the mistake! A comical tale, called the "Devil's Wager," afterwards reprinted in the *Paris Sketch-Book*, also appeared in the *National Standard*, with a capital woodcut, representing the Devil as sailing through the air, dragging after him the fat Sir Roger de Rollo by means of his tail, which is wound round Sir Roger's neck. The idea of this tale is characteristic. The venerable knight, already in the other world, has made a foolish bet with the Devil involving very seriously his future prospects there, which he can only win by persuading some of his relatives on earth to say an Ave for him. He fails to obtain this slight boon from a kinsman successor for obvious reasons; and from a beloved niece, owing to a musical lover whose serenading quite puts a stop to her devotional exercises; and succeeds at last, only when, giving up all hope from compassion or generosity, he appeals by a pious fraud to the selfishness of a brother and a monk. The story ends with a very Thackerian touch: "The moral of this story will be given in several successive numbers"; the last three words are in the *Sketch-Book* changed into "the second edition."

Perhaps best of all is a portrait of Louis Philippe, presenting the Citizen King under the Robert Macaire aspect, the adoption and popularity of which Thackeray so carefully explains and illustrates in his Essay on "Caricatures and Lithography in Paris." Below the portrait are these lines, not themselves very remarkable, but in which, especially in the allusion to Snobs by the destined enemy of the race, we catch glimpses of the future: —

"Like 'the king in the parlor' he's fumbling his money,
Like 'the queen in the kitchen' his speech is all honey

Except when he talks it, like Emperor Nap,
 Of his wonderful feats at Fleurus and Jemappe;
 But alas! all his zeal for the multitude's gone,
 And of no numbers thinking except Number One!
 No huzzas greet his coming, no patriot club licks
 The hand of 'the best of created republics':
 He stands in Paris, as you see him before ye,
 Little more than a snob. That's an end of the story."

The journal seems to have been an attempt to substitute vigorous and honest criticism of books and of art for the partiality and slipslop general then, and now not perhaps quite unknown. It failed, however, partly, it may be, from the inexperience of its managers, but doubtless still more from the want of the capital necessary to establish anything of the sort in the face of similar journals of old standing. People get into a habit of taking certain periodicals unconsciously, as they take snuff. *The National Standard*, etc., etc., came into existence on the 5th January, 1833, and ceased to be on the 1st February, 1834.

His subsequent writings contain several allusions to this misadventure; from some of which we would infer that the breakdown of the journal was attended with circumstances more unpleasant than mere literary failure. Mr. Adolphus Simcoe* (*Punch*, Vol. III.), when in a bad way from a love of literature and drink, completed his ruin by purchasing and conducting for six months that celebrated miscellany called the *Lady's Lute*, after which

* The portrait of Mr. Adolphus, stretched out, "careless diffused," — seedy, hungry, and diabolical, in his fashionable cheap hat, his dirty white duck trousers strapped tightly down, as being the mode and possibly to conceal his bare legs; a half-smoked, probably unsmokeably bad cigar, in his hand, which is lying over the arm of a tavern bench, from whence he is casting a greedy and ruffian eye upon some unseen fellows, supping plenteously and with cheer, — is, for power and drawing, not unworthy of Hogarth.

time "its chords were rudely snapped asunder, and he who had swept them aside with such joy went forth a wretched and heart-broken man." And in *Lovel the Widower*, Mr. Batchelor narrates similar experiences:—


"I dare say I gave myself airs as editor of that confounded *Museum*, and proposed to educate the public taste, to diffuse morality and sound literature throughout the naticu, and to pocket a liberal salary in return for my services. I dare say I printed my own sonnets, my own tragedy, my own verses (to a being who shall be nameless, but whose conduct has caused a faithful heart to bleed not a little). I dare say I wrote satirical articles, in which I piqued myself on the fineness of my wit and criticisms, got up for the nonce, out of encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries; so that I would be actually astonished at my own knowledge. I dare say I made a gaby of myself to the world; pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise? If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man."

Silence for a while seems to have followed upon this failure; but in 1836 his first attempt at independent authorship appeared simultaneously at London and Paris. This publication, at a time when he still hoped to make his bread by art, is, like indeed everything he either said or did, so characteristic, and has been so utterly forgotten, that an account of it may not be out of place, perhaps more minute than its absolute merits deserve.

It is a small folio, with six lithographs, slightly tinted, entitled *Flore et Zephyr, Ballet Mythologique dédié à — par Théophile Wagstaffe*. Between "à" and "par" on the cover is the exquisite *Flore* herself, all alone in some rosy and bedizened bower. She has the old jaded smirk, and, with eyebrows up and eyelids dropt, she is looking down oppressed with modesty and glory. Her nose, which is long, and has a ripe droop, gives to the semicir-

ular smirk of the large mouth, down upon the centre of which it comes in the funniest way, an indescribably sentimental absurdity. Her thin, sinewy arms and large hands are crossed on her breast, and her petticoat stands out like an inverted white tulip — of muslin — out of which come her professional legs, in the only position which human nature never puts its legs into; it is her special *pose*. Of course, also, you are aware, by that smirk, that look of being looked at, that though alone in maiden meditation in this her bower, and sighing for her Zephyr, she is in front of some thousand pairs of eyes, and under the fire of many double-barrelled lorgnettes, of which she is the focus.

In the first plate, *La Danse fait ses offrandes sur l'autel de l'harmonie*, in the shapes of Flore and Zephyr coming trippingly to the footlights, and paying no manner of regard to the altar of harmony, represented by a fiddle with an old and dreary face, and a laurel-wreath on its head, and very great regard to the unseen but perfectly understood "house." Next is *Triste et abattu, les séductions des Nymphes le (Zephyr) tentent en vain*, Zephyr looking theatrically sad. Then *Flore* (with one lower extremity at more than a right angle to the other) *déplore l'absence de Zephyr*. The man in the orchestra endeavoring to combine business with pleasure, so as to play the flageolet and read his score, and at the same time miss nothing of the deploring, is intensely comic. Next Zephyr has his turn, and *dans un pas seul exprime sa suprême désespoir*, — the extremity of despair being expressed by doubling one leg so as to touch the knee of the other, and then whirling round so as to suggest the regulator of a steam-engine run off. Next is the rapturous reconciliation, when the faithful creature bounds into his arms, and

is held up to the house by the waist in the wonted fashion. Then there is *La Retraite de Flore*, where we find her with her mother and two admirers, — Zephyr, of course, not one. This is in Thackeray's strong, unflinching line. One lover is a young dandy without forehead or chin, sitting idiotically astride his chair. To him the old lady, who has her slight rouge, too, and is in a homely shawl and muff, having walked, is making faded love. In the centre is the fair darling herself still on tiptoe, and wrapped up, but not too much, for her *fiacre*. With his back to the comfortable fire, and staring wickedly at her, is the other lover, a big, burly, elderly man, probably well to do on the Bourse, and with a wife and family at home in their beds. The last exhibits *Les délassements de Zephyr*. That hard-working and homely personage is resting his arm on the chimney-piece, taking a huge pinch of snuff from the box of a friend, with a refreshing expression of satisfaction, the only bit of nature as yet. A dear little innocent pot-boy, such as only Thackeray knew how to draw, is gazing and waiting upon the two, holding up a tray from the nearest tavern, on which is a great pewter-pot of foaming porter for Zephyr, and a rummer of steaming brandy and water for his friend, who has come in from the cold air. These drawings are lithographed by Edward Morton, son of "Speed the Plough," and are done with that delicate strength and truth for which this excellent but little known artist is always to be praised. In each corner is the monogram , which appears so often afterwards with the M added, and is itself superseded by the well-known pair of spectacles. Thackeray must have been barely five-and-twenty when this was published by Mitchell in Bond Street. It can hardly be said to have sold.

Now it is worth noticing how in this, as always, he ridiculed the ugly and the absurd in truth and pureness. There is, as we may well know, much that is wicked (though not so much as the judging community are apt to think) and miserable in such a life. There is much that a young man and artist might have felt and drawn in depicting it, of which in after years he would be ashamed; but "Théophile Wagstaffe" has done nothing of this. The effect of looking over these *juvenilia* — these first shafts from that mighty bow, now, alas! unbent — is good, is moral; you are sorry for the hard-wrought slaves; perhaps a little contemptuous towards the idle people who go to see them; and you feel, moreover, that the *Ballet*, as thus done, is ugly as well as bad, is stupid as well as destructive of decency.

His dream of editorship being ended, Mr. Thackeray thenceforward contented himself with the more lowly, but less responsible, position of a contributor, especially to *Fraser's Magazine*. The youth of *Fraser* was full of vigor and genius. We know no better reading than its early volumes, unsparing indeed, but brilliant with scholarship and originality and fire. In these days, the staff of that periodical included such men as Maginn, "Barry Cornwall," Coleridge, Carlyle, Hogg, Galt, Theodore Hook, Delta, Gleig, Edward Irving, and, now among the greatest of them all, Thackeray. The first of the *Yellowplush Correspondence* appeared in November, 1837. The world should be grateful to Mr. John Henry Skelton, who in that year wrote a book called *My Book, or the Anatomy of Conduct*, for to him is owing the existence of Mr. Charles Yellowplush as a critic, and as a narrator of "fashionable fax and polite annygoats." Mr. Yellowplush, on reading Mr. Skelton's book saw at once that

only a gentleman of his distinguished profession could competently criticise the same; and this was soon succeeded by the wider conviction that the great subject of fashionable life should not be left to any "common writin creatures," but that an authentic picture thereof must be supplied by "ONE OF US." In the words of a note to the first paper, with the initials O. Y., but which it is easy to recognize as the work of Mr. Charles himself without the plush: "He who looketh from a tower sees more of the battle than the knights and captains engaged in it; and, in like manner, he who stands behind a fashionable table knows more of society than the guests who sit at the board. It is from this source that our great novel-writers have drawn their experience, retailing the truths which they learned. It is not impossible that Mr. Yellowplush may continue his communications, when we shall be able to present the reader with the only authentic picture of fashionable life which has been given to the world in our time." The idea was not carried out very fully. The only pictures sketched by Mr. Yellowplush were the farce of "Miss Shum's Husband" and the terrible tragedy of "Deuceace," neither of them exactly "pictures of fashionable life." We rather fancy that, in the story of Mr. Deuceace, Mr. Yellowplush was carried away from his original plan, a return to which he found impossible after that wonderful medley of rascality, grim humor, and unrelieved bedevilry of all kinds. But in 1838 he reverted to his original critical tendencies, and demolished all that *The Quarterly* had left of a book which made some noise in its day, called *A Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth*; and wrote from his pantry one of the "Epistles to the Literati," expressing his views of Sir Edward Lytton's *Sea Captain*, than which we know

of no more good-natured, trenchant, and conclusive piece of criticism. All the Yellowplush papers except the first are republished in the Miscellanies.

In 1839 appeared the story of *Catherine*, by Ikey Solomon. This story is little known, and it throws us back upon one still less known. In 1832, when Mr. Thackeray was not more than twenty-one, *Elisabeth Brownrigge: a Tale*, was narrated in the August and September numbers of *Fraser*. This tale is dedicated to the author of *Eugene Aram*, and the author describes himself as a young man who has for a length of time applied himself to literature, but entirely failed in deriving any emoluments from his exertions. Depressed by failure he sends for the popular novel of *Eugene Aram* to gain instruction therefrom. He soon discovers his mistake: —

“ From the frequent perusal of older works of imagination I had learnt so to weave the incidents of my story as to interest the feelings of the reader in favor of virtue, and to increase his detestation of vice. I have been taught by *Eugene Aram* to mix vice and virtue up together in such an inextricable confusion as to render it impossible that any preference should be given to either, or that the one, indeed, should be at all distinguishable from the other. . . . In taking my subject from that walk of life to which you had directed my attention, many motives conspired to fix my choice on the heroine of the ensuing tale; she is a classic personage, — her name has been already ‘linked to immortal verse’ by the muse of Canning. Besides, it is extraordinary that, as you had commenced a tragedy under the title of *Eugene Aram*, I had already sketched a burletta with the title of *Elisabeth Brownrigge*. I had, indeed, in my dramatic piece, been guilty of an egregious and unpardonable error: I had attempted to excite the sympathies of the audience in favor of the murdered apprentices, but your novel has disabused me of so vulgar a prejudice, and, in my present version of her case, all the interest of the reader

and all the pathetic powers of the author will be engaged on the side of the murderess."

According to this conception the tale proceeds, with incidents and even names taken directly from the *Newgate Calendar*, but rivalling *Eugene Aram* itself in magnificence of diction, absurdity of sentiment, and pomp of Greek quotation. The trial scene and the speech for the defence are especially well hit off. If *Elisabeth Brownrigge* was written by Thackeray, and the internal evidence seems to us strong, the following is surprising criticism from a youth of twenty-one, — the very Byron and Bulwer age: —

"I am inclined to regard you (the author of *Eugene Aram*) as an original discoverer in the world of literary enterprise, and to reverence you as the father of a new '*lusus naturæ* school.' There is no other title by which your manner could be so aptly designated. I am told, for instance, that in a former work, having to paint an adulterer, you described him as belonging to the class of country curates, among whom, perhaps, such a criminal is not met with once in a hundred years; while, on the contrary, being in search of a tender-hearted, generous, sentimental, high-minded hero of romance, you turned to the pages of the *Newgate Calendar*, and looked for him in the list of men who have cut throats for money, among whom a person in possession of such qualities could never have been met with at all. Wanting a shrewd, selfish, worldly, calculating valet, you describe him as an old soldier, though he bears not a single trait of the character which might have been moulded by a long course of military service, but, on the contrary, is marked by all the distinguishing features of a bankrupt attorney, or a lame duck from the Stock Exchange. Having to paint a cat, you endow her with the idiosyncrasies of a dog."

At the end, the author intimates that he is ready to treat with any liberal publisher for a series of works in

the same style, to be called *Tales of the Old Bailey*, or *Romances of Tyburn Tree*. The proposed series is represented only by *Catherine*, a longer and more elaborate effort in the same direction. It is the narrative of the misdeeds of Mrs. Catherine Hayes, — an allusion to whose criminality in after days brought down upon the author of *Pendennis* an amusing outpouring of fury from Irish patriotism, forgetting in its excitement that the name was borne by a heroine of the *Newgate Calendar*, as well as by the accomplished singer whom we all regret. The purpose of *Catherine* is the same as that of *Elisabeth Brownrigge*, — to explode the *lusus naturæ* school; but the plan adopted is slightly different. Things had got worse than they were in 1832. The public had called for coarse stimulants and had got them. *Jack Sheppara* had been acquiring great popularity in *Bentley's Miscellany*; and the true feeling and pathos of many parts of *Oliver Twist* had been marred by the unnatural sentimentalism of Nancy. Mr. Ikey Solomon objected utterly to these monstrosities of literature, and thought the only cure was a touch of realism; an attempt to represent blackguards in some measure as they actually are: —

“In this,” he says, “we have consulted nature and history rather than the prevailing taste and the general manner of authors. The amusing novel of *Ernest Maltravers*, for instance, opens with a seduction; but then it is performed by people of the strictest virtue on both sides; and there is so much religion and philosophy in the heart of the seducer, so much tender innocence in the soul of the seduced, that — bless the little dears! — their very peccadilloes make one interested in them; and their naughtiness becomes quite sacred, so deliciously is it described. Now, if we are to be interested by rascally actions, let us have them with plain faces, and let them be performed, not by virtuous philosophers, but by rascals.

Another clever class of novelists adopt the contrary system, and create interest by making their rascals perform virtuous actions. Against these popular plans we here solemnly appeal. We say, let your rogues in novels act like rogues, and your honest men like honest men; don't let us have any juggling and thimblerrigging with virtue and vice, so that, at the end of three volumes, the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves and sympathizing with the rascalities of noble hearts. For our own part, we know what the public likes, and have chosen rogues for our characters, and have taken a story from the *Newgate Calendar*, which we hope to follow out to edification. Among the rogues at least, we will have nothing that shall be mistaken for virtue. And if the British public (after calling for three or four editions) shall give up, not only our rascals, but the rascals of all other authors, — we shall be content. We shall apply to government for a pension, and think that our duty is done."

Again, further on in the same story: —

"The public will hear of nothing but rogues; and the only way in which poor authors, who must live, can act honestly by the public and themselves, is to paint such thieves as they are; not dandy, poetical, rose-water thieves, but real downright scoundrels, leading scoundrelly lives, drunken, profligate, dissolute, low, as scoundrels will be. They don't quote Plato like Eugene Aram, or live like gentlemen, and sing the pleasantest ballads in the world, like jolly Dick Turpin; or prate eternally about τὸ καλόν, like that precious canting Maltravers, whom we all of us have read about and pitied; or die white-washed saints, like poor Biss Dadsy, in *Oliver Twist*. No, my dear madam, you and your daughters have no right to admire and sympathize with any such persons, fictitious or real: you ought to be made cordially to detest, scorn, loathe, abhor, and abominate all people of this kidney. Men of genius, like those whose works we have above alluded to, have no business to make these characters interesting or agreeable, to be feeling

your morbid fancies, or indulging their own with such monstrous food. For our parts, young ladies, we beg you to bottle up your tears, and not waste a single drop of them on any one of the heroes or heroines in this history; they are all rascals, every soul of them, and behave 'as sich.' Keep your sympathy for those who deserve it; don't carry it, for preference, to the Old Bailey, and grow maudlin over the company assembled there."

Neither of these tales, though it is very curious to look back at them now, can be considered quite successful. And the reason of this is not hard to find. It was impossible that they could be attractive as stories; while, on the other hand, the humor was not broad enough to command attention for itself. They were neither sufficiently interesting nor sufficiently amusing. They are caricatures without the element of caricature. In *Elisabeth*, we have little but the story of a crime committed by a criminal actuated by motives and overflowing with sentiments of the Eugene Aram type. *Catherine* is more ambitious. In it an attempt is made to construct a story,—to delineate character. The rival loves of Mr. Bullock and Mr. Hayes, and the adventures of the latter on his marriage-day, show, to some extent, the future novelist; while in the pictures of the manners of the times, slight though they are, in the characters of Corporal Brock and Cornet Galgenstein, and M. l'Abbé O'Flaherty, we can trace, or at least we now fancy we can trace, the author of *Barry Lyndon* and *Henry Esmond*. *Catherine* herself, in her gradual progress from the village jilt to a murderess, is the most striking thing in the story, and is a sketch of remarkable power. But nothing could make a story interesting which consists of little more than the seduction of a girl, the intrigues of a mistress, the discov-

tent of a wife growing into hatred and ending in murder. At the close, indeed, the writer resorts to the true way of making such a *jeu d'esprit* attractive, — burlesque. He concludes, though too late altogether to save the piece, in a blaze of theatrical blue-fire; and it was this idea of burlesque or extravagant caricature which led to the perfected successes of George de Barnwell and Codlingsby. In a literary point of view, it is well worth while to go back upon those early efforts; and we have dwelt upon them the more willingly that their purpose and the literary doctrine they contend for would be well remembered at this very time. We have given up writing about discovered criminals, only to write more about criminals not yet found out; the *lusus naturæ* school has given place to the sensational; the literature of the *Newgate Calendar* has been supplanted by the literature of the detective officer, — a style rather the worse and decidedly the more stupid of the two. The republication of *Catherine* might be a useful, and would be a not unpleasing specific in the present diseased state of literary taste. We have said that the hand of the master is traceable in the characters of this tale. We have also a good example of what was always a marked peculiarity, both in his narrative writing and in his representations of composite natures, what some one has called his "sudden pathos," an effect of natural and unexpected contrast always deeply poetical in feeling, such as the love of Barry Lyndon for his son, the association of a murderess eying her victim, with images of beauty and happiness and peace. We quote the passage, although, as is always the case with the best things of the best writers, it suffers greatly by separation from the context, the force of the contrast being almost entirely lost: —

"Mrs. Hayes sat up in the bed sternly regarding her husband. There is, be sure, a strong magnetic influence in wakeful eyes so examining a sleeping person; do not you, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses long before you woke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace, and love, and fresh-springing joy?"

In 1840 the *Shabby Genteel Story* appeared in *Fraser*, which broke off sorrowfully enough, as we are told, "at a sad period of the writer's own life," to be afterwards taken up in *The Adventures of Philip*. The story is not a pleasant one, nor can we read it without pain, although we know that the after fortunes of the Little Sister are not altogether unhappy. But it shows clear indications of growing power and range; Brandon, Tufthunt, the Gann family, and Lord Cinqbars, can fairly claim the dignity of ancestors. The *Great Hoggarty Diamond* came in 1841. This tale was always, we are informed in the preface to a separate edition in 1849, a great favorite with the author, — a judgment, however, in which at first he stood almost alone. It was refused by one magazine before it found a place in *Fraser*; and when it did appear it was little esteemed, or, indeed, noticed in any way. The late Mr. John Sterling took a different view, and wrote Mr. Thackeray a letter which "at that time gave me great comfort and pleasure." Few will now venture to express doubts of Mr. Sterling's discernment. But in reality we suspect that this story is not very popular. It is said to want humor and power; but, on the other hand, in its beauty of pathos and tenderness of feeling, quite indescribable, it reaches a higher point of art than any of the minor tales; and these qualities have gained for it

admirers very enthusiastic if not numerous. *Fraser* for June of the same year has a most enjoyable paper called "Memorials of Gormandizing," in which occurs the well-known adaptation of the "Persicos Odi," — "Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is"; a paper better than any thing in the "Original," better because simpler than Hayward's *Art of Dining*, and which should certainly be restored to a dinner-eating world. To say nothing of its quiet humor and comical earnestness, it has a real practical value. It would be invaluable to all the hungry Britons in Paris who lower our national character, and, what is a far greater calamity, demoralize even French cooks, by their well-meant but ignorant endeavors to dine. There is a description of a dinner at the Café Foy altogether inimitable; so graphic that the reader almost fancies himself in the actual enjoyment of the felicity depicted. Several of the Fitz-Boodle papers, which appeared in 1842 – 43, are omitted in the Miscellanies. But in spite of the judgment of the author himself we venture to think that Mr. Fitz-Boodle's love experiences as recorded in "Miss Löwe" (October, 1842), "Dorothea" (January, 1843), and "Ottilia" (February, 1843), are not unworthy of a place beside the "Ravenswing," and should be preserved as a warning to all fervent young men. And during these hard-working years we have also a paper on "Dickens in France," containing an amazing description of Nicholas Nickleby, as translated and adapted (bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated indeed!) to the Parisian stage, followed by a hearty defence of Boz against the criticism of Jules Janin; and "Bluebeard's Ghost," in its idea — that of carrying on a well-known story beyond its proper end — the forerunner of Rebecca and Rowena. "Little Travels" is the title of two papers, in May and

October, 1844, — sketches from Belgium, closely resembling, certainly not inferior, to the roundabout paper called a "Week's Holiday"; and our enumeration of his contributions to *Fraser* closes with the incomparable "Barry Lyndon." "The Hoggarty Diamond" is better and purer, and must therefore rank higher; but "Barry Lyndon" in its own line stands, we think, unrivalled; immeasurably superior, if we must have comparative criticism, to "Count Fathom"; superior even to the history of "Jonathan Wild." It seems to us to equal the sarcasm and remorseless irony of Fielding's masterpiece, with a wider range and a more lively interest.

Mr. Thackeray's connection with *Punch* began very early in the history of that periodical, and he continued a constant contributor at least up to 1850. The acquisition was an invaluable one to *Mr. Punch*. Without undue disparagement of that august dignitary, it may now be said that at first he was too exclusively metropolitan in his tone, too much devoted to "natural histories" of medical students and London idlers, — in fact, somewhat Cockney. Mr. Thackeray at once stamped it with a different tone; made its satire universal, adapted its fun to the appreciation of cultivated men. On the other hand, the connection with *Punch* must have been of the utmost value to Mr. Thackeray. He had the widest range, could write without restraint, and without the finish and completeness necessary in more formal publications. The unrestrained practice in *Punch*, besides the improvement in style and in modes of thought which practice always gives, probably had no small share in teaching him wherein his real strength lay. For it is worthy of notice in Mr. Thackeray's literary career that this knowledge did not come easily or soon, but only after hard work and

much experience. His early writings both in *Fraser* and *Punch* were as if groping. In these periodicals his happier efforts come last, and after many preludes, — some of them broken off abruptly. "Catherine" is lost in "George de Barnwell"; "Yellowplush" and "Fitz-Boodle" are the preambles to "Barry Lyndon" and "The Hoggarty Diamond"; *Punch's* "Continental Tour" and the "Wanderings of the Fat Contributor" close untimely, and are succeeded by the "Snob Papers" and the kindly wisdom of the elder Brown. Fame, indeed, was not now far off; but ere it could be reached there remained yet repeated effort and frequent disappointment. With peculiar pleasure we now recall the fact that these weary days of struggle and obscurity were cheered in no inconsiderable degree by the citizens of Edinburgh.

There happened to be placed in the window of an Edinburgh jeweller a silver statuette of *Mr. Punch*, with his dress *en rigueur*, — his comfortable and tidy paunch, with all its buttons; his hunch; his knee-breeches, with their ties; his compact little legs, one foot a little forward; and the intrepid and honest, kindly little fellow firmly set on his pins, with his customary look of up to and good for anything. In his hand was his weapon, a pen; his skull was an inkborn, and his cap its lid. A passer-by — who had long been grateful to our author, as to a dear unknown and enriching friend, for his writings in *Fraser* and in *Punch*, and had longed for some way of reaching him, and telling him how his work was relished and valued — bethought himself of sending this inkstand to Mr. Thackeray. He went in, and asked its price. "Ten guineas, sir." He said to himself, "There are many who feel as I do; why should n't we send him up to him? I'll get eighty several half-crowns, and that

will do it" (he had ascertained that there would be discount for ready money). With the help of a friend, who says he awoke to Thackeray, and divined his great future, when he came, one evening, in *Fraser* for May, 1844, on the word *kinopium*,* the half-crowns were soon forthcoming, and it is pleasant to remember, that in the "octogint" are the names of Lord Jeffrey and Sir William Hamilton, who gave their half-crowns with the heartiest good will. A short note was written telling the story. The little man in silver was duly packed, and sent with the following inscription round the base:—

GULIELMO MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

ARMA VIRUMQUE

GRATI NECNON GRATÆ EDINENSES

LXXX.

D. D. D.

To this the following reply was made:—

"13 YOUNG STREET, KENSINGTON SQUARE, May 11, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The arms and the man arrived in safety yesterday, and I am glad to know the names of two of the eighty Edinburgh friends who have taken such a kind method of showing their good-will towards me. If you are grati I am gravior. Such tokens of regard & sympathy are very precious

* Here is the passage. It is from *Little Travels and Roadside Sketches*. Why are they not republished? We must have his *Opera Omnia*. He is on the top of the Richmond omnibus. "If I were a great prince, and rode outside of coaches (as I should if I were a great prince), I would, whether I smoked or not, have a case of the best Havannas in my pocket, not for my own smoking, but to give them to the snobs on the coach, who smoke the vilest cheroots. They poison the air with the odor of their filthy weeds. A man at all easy in circumstances would spare himself much annoyance by taking the above simple precaution.

"A gentleman sitting behind me tapped me on the back, and asked for a light. He was a footman or rather valet. He had no livery, but

to a writer like myself, who have some difficulty still in making people understand what you have been good enough to find out in Edinburgh, that under the mask satirical there walks about a sentimental gentleman who means not unkindly to any mortal person. I can see exactly the same expression under the vizard of my little friend in silver, and hope some day to shake the whole octogint by the hand gratos & gratas, and thank them for their friendliness and regard. I think I had best say no more on the subject, lest I should be tempted into some enthusiastic writing of w^h I am afraid. I assure you these tokens of what I can't help acknowledging as popularity — make me humble as well as grateful — and make me feel an almost awful sense of the responsibility w^h falls upon a man in such a station. Is it deserved or undeserved? Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind, and to laugh at many things w^h men reverence? I hope I may be able to tell the truth always, & to see it aright, according to the eyes w^h God Almighty gives me. And if, in the exercise of my calling I get friends, and find encouragement and sympathy, I need not tell you how much I feel and am thankful for this support. Indeed I can't reply lightly upon this subject or feel otherwise than very grave when people begin to praise me as you do. Wishing you and my Edinburgh friends all health and happiness believe me my dear Sir most faithfully yours

“W. M. THACKERAY.”

How like the man is this gentle and serious letter,

the three friends who accompanied him were tall men in pepper-and-salt undress jackets, with a duke's coronet on their buttons.

“After tapping m^e on the back, and when he had finished h^{is} cheroot, the gentleman produced another wind instrument, which he called a ‘kinopium,’ a sort of trumpet, on which he showed a great inclination to play. He began puffing out of the kinopium an abominable air, which he said was the ‘Duke's March.’ It was played by the particular request of the pepper-and-salt gentry.

“The noise was so abominable, that even the coachman objected, and said it was not allowed to play on *his* bus. ‘Very well,’ said the valet, ‘*we're only of the Duke of B——'s establishment, THAT'S ALL.*’”

written these long years ago! He tells us frankly his "calling": he is a preacher to mankind. He "laughs," he does not sneer. He asks home questions at himself as well as the world: "Who is this?" Then his feeling "not otherwise than very grave" when people begin to praise, is true conscientiousness. This servant of his Master hoped to be able "to tell the truth always, and to see it aright, according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me." His picture by himself will be received as correct *now*, "a sentimental gentleman, meaning not unkindly to any mortal person,"—sentimental in its good old sense, and a gentleman in heart and speech. And that little touch about enthusiastic writing, proving all the more that the enthusiasm itself was there.

Of his work in *Punch*, the "Ballads of Pleaceman X," the "Snob Papers," "Jeames' Diary," the "Travels and Sketches in London," a "Little Dinner at Timmins'," are now familiar to most readers. But besides these he wrote much which has found no place in the Miscellanies. M. de la Pluche discoursed touching many matters other than his own rise and fall. "Our Fat Contributor" wandered over the face of the earth gaining and imparting much wisdom and experience, if little information; Dr. Solomon Pacifico "prosed" on various things besides the "pleasures of being a Fogy"; and even two of the "Novels by Eminent Hands," *Crinoline* and *Stars and Stripes*, have been left to forgetfulness. "Mrs. Tickletooby's Lectures on the History of England," in Vol. III. are especially good reading. Had they been completed, they would have formed a valuable contribution to the philosophy of history. His contributions to *Punch* became less frequent about 1850. but the connection was

not entirely broken off till much later ; we remember, in 1854, the "Letters from the Seat of War, by our own Bashi-Bazouk," who was, in fact, Major Gahagan again, always foremost in his country's cause. To the last, as *Mr. Punch* has himself informed us, he continued to be an adviser and warm friend, and was a constant guest at the weekly *symposia*.

In addition to all this work for periodicals, Mr. Thackeray had ventured on various independent publications. We have already alluded to *Flore et Zephyr*, his first attempt. In 1840, he again tried fortune with "The Paris Sketch-Book," which is at least remarkable for a dedication possessing the quite peculiar merit of expressing real feeling. It is addressed to M. Aretz, Tailor, 27 Rue Richelieu, Paris ; and we quote it the more readily that, owing to the failure of these volumes to attract public attention, the rare virtues of that gentleman have been less widely celebrated than they deserve : —

"SIR, — It becomes every man in his station to acknowledge and praise virtue wheresoever he may find it, and to point it out for the admiration and example of his fellow-men.

"Some months since, when you presented to the writer of these pages a small account for coats and pantaloons manufactured by you, and when you were met by a statement from your debtor that an immediate settlement of your bill would be extremely inconvenient to him, your reply was, 'Mon dieu, sir, let not that annoy you ; if you want money, as a gentleman often does in a strange country, I have a thousand-franc note at my house, which is quite at your service.' History or experience, sir, makes us acquainted with so few actions that can be compared to yours, — an offer like this from a stranger and a tailor seems to me so astonishing, — that you must pardon me for making your virtue public, and acquainting the English nation with your merit and your name. Let me add,

er, that you live on the first floor ; that your cloths and fit are excellent, and your charges moderate and just ; and, as a humble tribute of my admiration, permit me to lay these volumes at your feet. Your obliged faithful servant,

"M. A. TITMARSH."

Some of the papers in these two volumes were reprints, as "Little Poinciset" and "Cartouche," from *Fraser* for 1839 ; "Mary Ancel," from *The New Monthly* for 1839 ; others appeared then for the first time. They are, it must be confessed, of unequal merit. "A Caution to Travellers" is a swindling business, afterwards narrated in *Pendennis*, by Amory or Altamont as among his own respectable adventures ; "Mary Ancel" and "The Painter's Bargain" are amusing stories ; while a "Gambler's Death" is a tale quite awful in the every-day reality of its horror. There is much forcible criticism on the French school of painting and of novel-writing, and two papers especially good, called "Caricatures and Lithography in Paris," and "Meditations at Versailles," the former of which gives a picture of Parisian manners and feeling in the Orleans times in no way calculated to make us desire those days back again ; the latter an expression of the thoughts called up by the splendor of Versailles and the beauty of the Petit Trianon, in its truth, sarcasm, and half-melancholy, worthy of his best days. All these the public, we think, would gladly welcome in a more accessible form. Of the rest of the *Sketch-Book* the same can hardly be said, and yet we should ourselves much regret never to have seen, for example, the four graceful imitations of Béranger.

The appreciative and acquisitive tendencies of our Yankee friends forced, we are told, independent authorship on Lord Macaulay and Sir James Stephen. We owe

to the same cause the publication of the "Comic Tales and Sketches" in 1841; Mr. Yellowplush's memoirs having been more than once reprinted in America before that date. The memoirs were accompanied with "The Fatal Boots" (from the *Comic Almanack*); the "Bedford Row Conspiracy," and the Reminiscences of that astonishing Major Gahagan (both from the *New Monthly Magazine*, 1838-1840, a periodical then in great glory, with Hood, Marryatt, Jerrold, and Laman Blanchard among its contributors); all now so known and so appreciated that the failure of this third effort seems altogether unaccountable. In 1843, however, the "Irish Sketch-Book" was, we believe, tolerably successful; and in 1846 the "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo" was still more so; in which year also *Vanity Fair* began the career which has given him his place and name in English literature.

We have gone into these details concerning Mr. Thackeray's early literary life, not only because they seem to us interesting and instructive in themselves; not only because we think his severe judgment rejecting so many of his former efforts should in several instances be reversed; but because they give us much aid in arriving at a true estimate of his genius. He began literature as a profession early in life, — about the age of twenty-five, — but even then he was, as he says of Addison, "full and ripe." Yet it was long before he attained the measure of his strength, or discovered the true bent of his powers. His was no sudden leap into fame. On the contrary, it was by slow degrees, and after many and vain endeavors that he attained to anything like success. Were it only to show how hard these endeavors were, the above retrospect would be well worth while; not that the retrospect is

anything like exhaustive. In addition to all we have mentioned, he wrote for the *Westminster*, for the *Examiner*, and the *Times*; was connected with the *Constitutional*, and also, it is said, with the *Torch* and the *Parthenon*,—these last three being papers which enjoyed a brief existence. No man ever more decidedly refuted the silly notion which disassociates genius from labor. His industry must have been unremitting, for he worked slowly, rarely retouching, writing always with great thought and habitual correctness of expression. His writing would of itself show this; always neat and plain; capable of great beauty and minuteness. He used to say that if all trades failed, he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed (not the Athanasian) in the size of one. He considered and practised caligraphy as one of the fine arts, as did Porson and Dr. Thomas Young. He was continually catching new ideas from passing things, and seems frequently to have carried his work in his pocket, and when a thought, or a turn, or a word struck him, it was at once recorded. In the fulness of his experience, he was well pleased when he wrote six pages of *Esmond* in a day; and he always worked in the day, not at night. He never threw away his ideas; if at any time they passed unheeded, or were carelessly expressed, he repeats them, or works them up more tellingly. In these earlier writings we often stumble upon the germ of an idea, or a story, or a character with which his greater works have made us already familiar; thus the swindling scenes during the sad days of Becky's decline and fall, and the Baden sketches in the *Newcomes*, the Deuceaces, and Punters, and Loders, are all in the *Yellowplush Papers* and the *Paris Sketch-Book*; the University pictures of *Pendennis* are

sketched, though slightly, in the *Shabby-Genteel Story*, the anecdote of the child whose admirer of seven will learn that she has left town "from the newspapers," is transferred from the "Book of Snobs" to Ethel Newcome; another child, in a different rank of life, whose acquisition of a penny gains for her half-a-dozen sudden followers and friends, appears, we think, three times; "Canute," neglected in *Punch*, is incorporated in *Rebecca and Rowena*. And his names, on which he bestowed no ordinary care, and which have a felicity almost deserving an article to themselves, are repeated again and again. He had been ten years engaged in literary work before the conception of *Vanity Fair* grew up. Fortunately for him it was declined by at least one magazine, and, as we can well believe, not without much anxiety and many misgivings he sent it out to the world alone. Its progress was at first slow; but we cannot think its success was ever doubtful. A friendly notice in the *Edinburgh*, when eleven numbers had appeared, did something, the book itself did the rest; and before *Vanity Fair* was completed, the reputation of its author was established.

Mr. Thackeray's later literary life is familiar to all. It certainly was not a life of idleness. *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, *Philip*; the Lectures on the "Humorists" and the "Georges"; and that wonderful series of Christmas stories, *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*, *Our Street*, *Dr. Birch*, *Rebecca and Rowena*, and *The Rose and the Ring*, represent no small labor on the part of the writer, no small pleasure and improvement on the part of multitudes of readers. For the sake of the *Cornhill Magazine* he reverted to the editorial avocations of his former days, happily with a very different result both on the fortunes of the periodical and his

own, but, we should think, with nearly as much discomfort to himself. The public, however, were the gainers, if only they owe to this editorship the possession of *Lovel the Widower*. We believe that Lovel was written for the stage, and was refused by the management of the Olympic about the year 1854. Doubtless the decision was wise, and Lovel might have failed as a comedy. But as a tale it is quite unique, — full of humor, and curious experience of life, and insight ; with a condensed vigor, and grotesque effects and situations which betray its dramatic origin. The tone of many parts of the book, particularly the description of the emotions of a disappointed lover, shows the full maturity of the author's powers ; but there is a daring and freshness about other parts of it which would lead us to refer the dramatic sketch even to an earlier date than 1854. This imperfect sketch of his literary labors may be closed, not inappropriately, with the description which his "faithful old Gold Pen" gives us of the various tasks he set it to : —

" Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

" Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

" I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain ;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain ;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

" I've helped him to pen many a line for bread ;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head ;
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

" Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low ;

"Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
 Tradesman's polite reminders of his small
 Account due Christmas last, — I've answered all.

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-
 Guinea; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph;
 So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

"Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
 Day after day still dipping in my trough,
 And scribbling pages after pages off.

"Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
 Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
 Nor signed the page that registered a lie."

"En réalité," says the writer of an interesting notice in *Le Temps*, "l'auteur de *Vanity Fair* (la Foire aux vanités) est un satiriste, un moraliste, un humoriste, auquel il a manqué, pour être tout-à-fait grand, d'être un artiste. Je dis tout-à-fait grand; car s'il est douteux que, comme humoriste, on le puisse comparer soit à Lamb, soit à Sterne, il est bien certain, du moins, que comme satiriste, il ne connaît pas de supérieurs, pas même Dryden, pas même Swift, pas même Pope. Et ce qui le distingue d'eux, ce qui l'élève au dessus d'eux, ce qui fait de lui un génie essentiellement original, c'est que sa colère, pour qui est capable d'en pénétrer le secret, n'est au fond que la réaction d'une nature tendre, furieuse d'avoir été désappointée." Beyond doubt the French critic is right in holding Thackeray's special powers to have been those of a satirist or humorist. We shall form but a very inadequate conception of his genius if we look at him exclusively, or even chiefly, as a novelist. His gifts were not those of a teller of stories. He made up a story in which his characters played their various parts, because the requirement of interest is at the present day imperative, and because stories are well paid for, and also

because to do this was to a certain extent an amusement to himself; but it was often, we suspect, a great worry and puzzle to him, and never resulted in any marked success. It is not so much that he is a bad constructor of a plot, as that his stories have no plot at all. We say nothing of such masterpieces of constructive art as *Tom Jones*; he is far from reaching even the careless power of the stories of Scott. None of his novels end with the orthodox marriage of hero and heroine, except *Pendennis*, which might just as well have ended without it. The stereotyped matrimonial wind-up in novels can of course very easily be made game of; but it has a rational meaning. When a man gets a wife and a certain number of hundreds a year, he grows stout, and his adventures are over. Hence novelists naturally take this as the crisis in a man's life to which all that has gone before leads up. But for Mr. Thackeray's purposes a man or woman is as good after marriage as before it, — indeed, rather better. To some extent this is intentional; a character, as he says somewhere, is too valuable a property to be easily parted with. Besides, he is not quite persuaded that marriage concludes all that is interesting in the life of a man: "As the hero and heroine pass the matrimonial barrier, the novelist generally drops the curtain, as if the drama were over then, the doubts and struggles of life ended; as if, once landed in the marriage country, all were green and pleasant there, and wife and husband had nothing but to link each other's arms together, and wander gently downwards towards old age in happy and perfect fruition." But he demurs to this view; and as he did not look on a man's early life as merely an introduction to matrimony, so neither did he regard that event as a final conclusion. Rejecting, then, this natural and ordi-

nary catastrophe, he makes no effort to provide another. His stories stop, but they don't come to an end. There seems no reason why they should not go on further, or why they should not have ceased before. Nor does this want of finish result from weariness on the part of the writer, or from that fear of weariness on the part of readers which Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham expresses to Miss Martha Buskbody: "Really, madam, you must be aware that every volume of a narrative turns less and less interesting as the author draws to a conclusion; just like your tea, which, though excellent hyson, is necessarily weaker and more insipid in the last cup. Now, as I think the one is by no means improved by the luscious lump of half-dissolved sugar usually found at the bottom of it, so I am of opinion that a history, growing already vapid, is but dully crutched up by a detail of circumstances which every reader must have anticipated, even though the author exhaust on them every flowery epithet in the language." It arises from the want of a plot, from the want often of any hero or heroine round whom a plot can centre. Most novelists know how to let the life out towards the end, so that the story dies quite naturally, having been wound up for so long. But his airy nothings, if once life is breathed into them, and they are made to speak and act, and love and hate, will not die; on the contrary, they grow in force and vitality under our very eye; the curtain comes sheer down upon them when they are at their best. Hence his trick of re-introducing his characters in subsequent works, as fresh and life-like as ever. He does not indeed carry this so far as Dumas, whose characters are traced with edifying minuteness of detail from boyhood to the grave; Balzac or our own Trollope afford, perhaps, a closer comparison, although

neither of these writers — certainly not Mr. Trollope — rivals Thackeray in the skill with which such reappearances are managed. In the way of delineation of character we know of few things more striking in its consistency and truth than *Beatrix Esmond* grown into the *Baroness Bernstein*: the attempt was hazardous, the success complete.

Yet this deficiency in constructive art was not inconsistent with dramatic power of the highest order. Curiously enough, if his stories for the most part end abruptly, they also for the most part open well. Of some of them, as *Pendennis* and the *Newcomes*, the beginnings are peculiarly felicitous. But his dramatic power is mainly displayed in his invention and representation of character. In invention his range is perhaps limited, though less so than is commonly said. He has not, of course, the sweep of Scott, and, even where a comparison is fairly open, he does not show Scott's creative faculty; thus, good as his high life below stairs may be, he has given us no Jenny Dennison. He does not attempt artisan life like George Eliot, nor, like other writers of the day, affect rural simplicity, or delineate provincial peculiarities (the Mulligan and Costigan are national), or represent special views or opinions. But he does none of these things, — not so much because his range is limited as because his art is universal. There are many phases of human life on which he has not touched; few developments of human nature. He has caught those traits which are common to all mankind, peer and artisan alike, and he may safely omit minor points of distinction. It is a higher art to draw men, than to draw noblemen or workingmen. If the specimen of our nature be brought before us, it

matters little whether it be dressed in a lace coat or a fustian jacket. Among novelists he stands, in this particular, hardly second to Scott. His pages are filled with those touches of nature which make the whole world kin. Almost every passion and emotion of the heart of man finds a place in his pictures. These pictures are taken mainly from the upper and middle classes of society, with an occasional excursion into Bohemia, sometimes even into depths beyond that pleasant land of lawlessness. In variety, truth, and consistency, they are unrivalled. They are not caricatures, they are not men of humors; they are the men and women whom we daily meet; they are, in the fullest sense of the word, representative; and yet they are drawn so sharply and finely that we never could mistake or confound them. Pendennis, Clive Newcome, Philip, are all placed in circumstances very much alike, and yet they are discriminated throughout by delicate and certain touches, which we hardly perceive even while we feel their effect. Only one English writer of fiction can be compared to Mr. Thackeray in this power of distinguishing ordinary characters, — the authoress of *Pride and Prejudice*. But with this power he combines, in a very singular manner, the power of seizing humors, or peculiarities, when it so pleases him. Jos. Sedley, Charles Honeyman, Fred Bayham, Major Pendennis, are so marked as to be fairly classed as men of humors; and in what a masterly way the nature in each is caught and held firm throughout! In national peculiarities he is especially happy. The Irish he knows well: the French, perhaps, still better. How wonderfully clever is the sketch of "Mary, Queen of Scots" and the blustering Gascor and the rest of her disreputable court at Baden! And what

can those who object to Thackeray's women say of that gentle lady Madame de Florac, — a sketch of ideal beauty, with her early, never-forgotten sorrow, her pure, holy resignation? To her inimitable son no words can do justice. The French-English of his speech would make the fortune of any ordinary novel. It is as unique, and of a more delicate humor, than the orthography of Jeames. Perhaps more remarkable than even his invention is the fidelity with which the conception of his characters is preserved. This never fails. They seem to act, as it were, of themselves. The author having once projected them, appears to have nothing more to do with them. They act somehow according to their own natures, unprompted by him, and beyond his control. He tells us this himself in one of those delightful and most characteristic Roundabout Papers, which are far too much and too generally undervalued: "I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, How the dickens did he come to think of that? . . . We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What also if there is an *afflated* style; when a writer is like a Pythoness, or her oracle tripod, and mighty words, words which he cannot help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ?" Take one of his most subtle sketches, — though it is but a sketch, — Elizabeth, in *Lovel the Widower*. The woman has a character, and a strong one; she shows it, and acts up to it; but it is as great a puzzle to us as the character of Hamlet; the author himself does not understand it. This is, of course, art; and it is the highest perfection of art; it is the

art of Shakespeare; and hence it is that Thackeray's novels are interesting irrespective of the plot, or story, or whatever we choose to call it. His characters come often without much purpose: they go often without much reason; but they are always welcome, and for the most part we wish them well. Dumas makes up for the want of a plot by wild incident and spasmodic writing; Thackeray makes us forget a like deficiency by the far higher means of true conceptions, and consistent delineations of human nature. *Esmond*, alone of all his more important fictions, is artistically constructed. The marriage indeed of Esmond and Lady Castlewood marks no crisis in their lives; on the contrary it might have happened at any time, and makes little change in their relations; but the work derives completeness from the skill with which the events of the time are connected with the fortunes of the chief actors in the story,—the historical plot leading up to the catastrophe of Beatrix, the failure of the conspiracy, and the exile of the conspirators. In *Esmond*, too, Thackeray's truth to nature is especially conspicuous. In all his books the dialogue is surprising in its naturalness, in its direct bearing on the subject in hand. Never before, we think, in fiction did characters so uniformly speak exactly like the men and women of real life. In *Esmond*—owing to the distance of the scene—this rare excellence was not easy of attainment, yet it has been attained. Every one not only acts, but speaks in accordance certainly with the ways of the time, but always like a rational human being; there is no trace of that unnaturalness which offends us even in Scott's historical novels, and which substitutes for intelligible converse long harangues in pompous

diction, garnished with strange oaths,—a style of communicating their ideas never adopted, we may be very sure, by any mortals upon this earth. Add to these artistic excellences a tenderness of feeling and a beauty of style which even Thackeray has not elsewhere equalled, and we come to understand why the best critics look on *Esmond* as his masterpiece.

Nor, in speaking of Thackeray as a novelist, should we forget to mention—though but in a word—his command of the element of tragedy. The parting of George Osborne with Amelia, the stern grief of old Osborne for the loss of his son, the later life of Beatrix Esmond, the death of Colonel Newcome, are in their various styles perfect, and remarkable for nothing more than for the good taste which controls and subdues them all.

But, as we said before, to criticise Mr. Thackeray as a novelist is to criticise what was in him only an accident. He wrote stories, because to do so was the mode; his stories are natural and naturally sustained, because he could do nothing otherwise than naturally; but to be a teller of stories was not his vocation. His great object in writing was to express himself,—his notions of life, all the complications and variations which can be played by a master on this one everlasting theme. Composite human nature as it is, that sins and suffers, enjoys and does virtuously, that was “the main haunt and region of his song.” To estimate him fairly, we must look at him as taking this wider range; must consider him as a humorist, using the word as he used it himself. “The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness; your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture; your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and

ability, he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds and speaks and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him, — sometimes love him." Adopting this point of view, and applying this standard, it seems to us that no one of the great humorists of whom he has spoken is deserving equally with himself of our respect, esteem, and love ; — respect for intellectual power, placing him on a level even with Swift and Pope ; esteem for manliness as thorough as the manliness of Fielding, and rectitude as unsullied as the rectitude of Addison ; love for a nature as kindly as that of Steele. Few will deny the keen insight, the passion for truth of the week-day preacher we have lost ; few will now deny the kindness of his disposition, but many will contend that the kindness was too much restrained ; that the passion for truth was allowed to degenerate into a love of detecting hidden faults. The sermons on women have been objected to with especial vehemence and especial want of reason. No one who has read Mr. Brown's letters to his nephew, — next to the Snob Papers and Sydney Smith's Lectures, the best modern work on moral philosophy, — will deny that Mr. Thackeray can at least appreciate good women, and describe them : —

" Sir, I do not mean to tell you that there are no women in the world, vulgar and ill-humored, rancorous and narrow-minded, mean schemers, son-in-law hunters, slaves of fashion hypocrites ; but I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women ; and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, and I have no doubt, in every educated Englishman's circle of society, whether he finds that circle in palaces in Belgravia and May Fair, in snug little suburban villas, in ancient comfortable old Bloomsbury, or in back par-

lone behind the shop. It has been my fortune to meet with excellent English ladies in every one of these places, — wives graceful and affectionate, matrons tender and good, daughters happy and pure-minded, and I urge the society of such to you, because I defy you to think evil in their company. Walk into the drawing-room of Lady Z., that great lady : look at her charming face, and hear her voice. You know that she can't but be good, with such a face and such a voice. She is one of those fortunate beings on whom it has pleased Heaven to bestow all sorts of its most precious gifts and richest worldly favors. With what grace she receives you ; with what a frank kindness and natural sweetness and dignity ! Her looks, her motions, her words, her thoughts, all seem to be beautiful and harmonious quite. See her with her children, what woman can be more simple and loving ? After you have talked to her for a while, you very likely find that she is ten times as well read as you are : she has a hundred accomplishments which she is not in the least anxious to show off, and makes no more account of them than of her diamonds, or of the splendor round about her, — to all of which she is born, and has a happy, admirable claim of nature and possession, — admirable and happy for her and for us too ; for is it not a happiness for us to admire her ? Does anybody grudge her excellence to that paragon ? Sir, we may be thankful to be admitted to contemplate such consummate goodness and beauty : and as, in looking at a fine landscape or a fine work of art, every generous heart must be delighted and improved, and ought to feel grateful afterwards, so one may feel charmed and thankful for having the opportunity of knowing an almost perfect woman. Madam, if the gout and the custom of the world permitted, I would kneel down and kiss the hem of your ladyship's robe. To see your gracious face is a comfort, — to see you walk to your carriage is a holiday. Drive her faithfully, O thou silver-wigged coachman ! drive to all sorts of splendors and honors and royal festivals. And for us, let us be glad that we should have the privilege to admire her.

“ Now, transport yourself in spirit, my good Bob, into another

drawing-room. There sits an old lady of more than fourscore years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now, as in her youth, when History toasted her. What has she not seen, and is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, all the rank and beauty, of more than half a century, have passed through those rooms where you have the honor of making your best bow. She is as simple now as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her: she is never tired of being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life which after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully, if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now that she is old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials, may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper, and complete that perfect manner. But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire.

“Or shall we walk through the shop (while N. is recommending a tall copy to an amateur, or folding up a twopenny-worth of letter-paper, and bowing to a poor customer in a jacket and apron with just as much respectful gravity as he would show while waiting upon a duke), and see Mrs. N. playing with the child in the back parlor until N. shall come in to tea? They drink tea at five o'clock; and are actually as well-bred as those gentlefolks who dine three hours later. Or will you please to step into Mrs. J.'s lodgings, who is waiting, and at work, until her husband comes home from Chambers? She blushes and puts the work away on hearing the knock, but when she sees who the visitor is, she takes it with a smile from behind the sofa cushion, and behold, it is one of J.'s waistcoats on which she is sewing buttons. She might have been a countess blazing in diamonds, had Fate so willed it, and the higher her station the more she would have adored it. But she looks as charming while plying her needle as the great lady in the palace whose equal she is — in beauty, in goodness in high-bred grace and simplicity: at least, I can't fancy her better, or any peeress being more than her peer.”

But then he is accused of not having represented this. "It is said," to quote a friendly critic in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1848, "that having with great skill put together a creature of which the principal elements are indiscriminating affection, ill-requited devotion, ignorant partiality, a weak will and a narrow intellect, he calls on us to worship his poor idol as the type of female excellence. This is true." Feminine critics enforce similar charges yet more vehemently. Thus, Miss Brontë says: "As usual, he is unjust to women, quite unjust. There is hardly any punishment he does not deserve for making Lady Castlewood peep through a keyhole, listen at a door, and be jealous of a boy and a milkmaid." Mrs. Jameson criticises him more elaborately: "No woman resents his Rebecca, — inimitable Becky! No woman but feels and acknowledges with a shiver the completeness of that wonderful and finished artistic creation; but every woman resents the selfish, inane Amelia. . . . Laura in *Pendennis* is a yet more fatal mistake. She is drawn with every generous feeling, every good gift. We do not complain that she loves that poor creature Pendennis, for she loved him in her childhood. She grew up with that love in her heart; it came between her and the perception of his faults; it is a necessity indivisible from her nature. Hallowed, through its constancy, therein alone would lie its best excuse, its beauty and its truth. But Laura, faithless to that first affection; Laura waked up to the appreciation of a far more manly and noble nature, in love with Warrington, and then going back to Pendennis, and marrying *him*! Such infirmity might be true of some women, but not of such a woman as Laura; we resent the inconsistency, the indelicacy of the portrait. And then Lady Castlewood, — so ex dently a favorite of

the author, what shall we say of her? The virtuous woman, *par excellence*, who 'never sins and never forgives'; who never resents, nor relents, nor repents; the mother who is the rival of her daughter; the mother, who for years is the confidante of a man's delirious passion for her own child, and then consoles him by marrying him herself! O Mr. Thackeray! this will never do! Such women may exist, but to hold them up as examples of excellence, and fit objects of our best sympathies, is a fault, and proves a low standard in ethics and in art."

But all these criticisms, even if sound, go to this only, that Mr. Thackeray's *representations* of women are unjust: they are confined solely to his novels. Now, if the view we have taken of Mr. Thackeray's genius be the true one, such a limitation is unfair. He is not to be judged only by his novels as a representer of character, he must be judged also by all his writings together as a describer and analyzer of character. In the next place, the said criticisms are based upon wonderfully hasty generalizations. Miss Brontë knew that *she* would not have listened at a keyhole, and she jumps at once to the conclusion that neither would Lady Castlewood. But surely the character of that lady is throughout represented as marred by many feminine weaknesses falling little short of unamiability. Is the existence of a woman greedy of affection, jealous, and unforgiving, an impossibility? Her early love for Esmond we cannot quite approve; her later marriage with him we heartily disapprove; but neither of these things is the fault of the writer. With such a woman as Lady Castlewood, deprived of her husband's affection, the growth of an attachment towards her dependent into a warmer feeling, was a matter of extreme probability; and her subsequent marriage to Esmond,

affectionate, somewhat weak, and above all, disappointed elsewhere, was, in their respective relations, a mere certainty. Not to have married them would have been a mistake in art. Thus, when a friend remonstrated with him for having made Esmond "marry his mother-in-law," he replied, "*I did n't make him do it; they did it themselves.*" But as to Lady Castlewood's being a favorite with the author, which is the gravamen of the charge, that is a pure assumption on the part of Mrs. Jameson. We confess to having always received, in reading the book, a clear impression to the contrary. Laura, again, we do not admire vehemently; but we cannot regard her returning to her first love, after a transient attachment to another, as utterly unnatural. Indeed, we think it the very thing a girl of her somewhat commonplace stamp of character would certainly have done. She never is much in love with Pendennis either first or last, but she marries him nevertheless. She might have loved Warrington had the Fates permitted it, very differently; and as his wife, would never have displayed those airs of self-satisfaction and moral superiority which make her so tediously disagreeable. But all this fault-finding runs up into the grand objection, that Thackeray's good women are denied brains; that he preserves an essential alliance between moral worth and stupidity; and it is curious to see how women themselves dislike this, — how, in their admiration of intellect, they admit the truth of Becky willingly enough, but indignantly deny that of Amelia. On this question Mr. Brown thus expresses himself: —

"A set has been made against clever women from all times. Take all Shakespeare's heroines: they all seem to me pretty much the same, affectionate, motherly, tender, that sort of thing. Take Scott's ladies, and other writers, each man seems

to draw from one model : an exquisite slave is what we want for the most part, a humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, pianoforte-playing being, who laughs at our jokes however old they may be, coaxes and wheedles us in our humors, and fondly lies to us through life."

In the face of Rosalind, Beatrice, and Portia, it is impossible to concur with Mr. Brown in his notions about Shakespeare's women ; but otherwise he is right. Yet it is but a poor defence for the deficiencies of a man of genius, that others have shown the like short-comings. And on Mr. Thackeray's behalf a much better defence may be pleaded ; though it may be one less agreeable to the sex which he is said to have maligned. That defence is a simple plea of not guilty ; a denial that his women, as a class, want intellectual power to a greater extent than is consistent with truth. They vary between the extremes of pure goodness and pure intellect—Becky and Amelia—just as women do in real life. The moral element is certainly too prominent in Amelia ; but not more so than in Colonel Newcome, and we can't see anything much amiss in Helen Pendennis. Laura, as Miss Bell, is clever enough for any man ; and, though she afterwards becomes exceedingly tiresome and a prig, she does not become a fool. And what man would be bold enough to disparage the intellectual powers of Ethel Newcome ? Her moral nature is at first incomplete owing to a faulty education ; but when this has been perfected through sorrow, wherein is the character deficient ? Besides, we must bear in mind that virtue in action is undoubtedly "slow." Goodness is not in itself entertaining, while ability is ; and the novelist, therefore, whose aim is to entertain, naturally labors most with the characters possessing the latter, in which characters the reader

too is most interested. Hence they acquire greater prominence both as a matter of fact in the story and also in our minds. Becky, Blanche Amory, 'Trix are undeniably more interesting, and in their points of contrast and resemblance afford far richer materials for study than Amelia, Helen Pendennis, and Laura. But this is in the nature of things ; and the writer must not be blamed for it any more than the readers. Taking, however, the Thackerian gallery as a whole, we cannot admit that either in qualities of heart or head his women are inferior to the women we generally meet. Perhaps he has never — not even in Ethel — combined these qualities in their fullest perfection ; but then how often do we find them so combined ? It seems to us that Thackeray has drawn women more carefully and more truly than any novelist in the language, except Miss Austen ; and it is small reproach to any writer, that he has drawn no female character so evenly good as Anne Elliot or Elizabeth Bennet.

If this is true of his women, we need not labor in defence of his men. For surely it cannot be questioned that his representations of the ruder sex are true, nay, are on the whole an improvement on reality ? The ordinary actors who crowd his scene are not worse than the people we meet with every day ; his heroes, to use a stereotyped expression, are rather better than the average ; while one such character as George Warrington is worth a wilderness of commonplace excellence called into unnatural life. But then it is said his general tone is bitter ; he settles at once on the weak points of humanity, and to lay them bare is his congenial occupation. To a certain extent this was his business. "Dearly beloved," he says, "neither in nor out of this pulpit do I profess to be bigger, or cleverer or wiser, or better than any of you." Nevertheless

he was a preacher, though an unassuming one ; and therefore it lay upon him to point out faults, to correct rather than to flatter. Yet it must be confessed that his earlier writings are sometimes too bitter in their tone, and too painful in their theme. This may be ascribed partly to the infectious vehemence of *Fraser* in those days, partly to the influence of such experiences as are drawn upon in some parts of the *Paris Sketch-Book* ; but, however accounted for, it must be condemned as an error in art. As a disposition to doubt and despond in youth betrays a narrow intellect, or a perverted education ; so in the beginning of a literary career, a tendency towards gloom and curious research after hidden evil reveals artistic error, or an unfortunate experience. Both in morals and art these weaknesses are generally the result of years and sorrow ; and thus the common transition is from the joyousness of youth to sadness, it may be to moroseness, in old age. But theirs is the higher and truer development, who reverse this process, — who, beginning with false tastes or distorted views, shake these off as they advance into a clearer air, in whom knowledge but strengthens the nobler powers of the soul, and whose kindliness and generosity, based on a firmer foundation than the buoyancy of mere animal life, are purer and more enduring. Such, as it appears to us, was the history of Thackeray's genius. Whatever may have been the severity of his earlier writings, it was latterly laid aside. In the *New-comer* he follows the critical dogma which he lays down, that "fiction has no business to exist unless it be more beautiful than reality" ; and truthful kindliness marks all his other writings of a later date, from the letters of Mr. Brown and Mr. Spec in *Punch*, down to the pleasant egotism of the "Roundabout Papers." He became disin-

elined for severe writing even where deserved : "I have militated in former times, and not without glory, but I grow peaceable as I grow old." The only things towards which he never grew peaceable were pretentiousness and falsehood. But he preferred to busy himself with what was innocent and brave, to attacking even these ; he forgot the satirist, and loved rather honestly to praise or defend. The "Roundabout Papers" show this on every page, especially, perhaps, those on Tunbridge Toys, on Ribbons, on a Joke I heard from the late Thomas Hood, and that entitled *Nil nisi bonum*. The very last paper of all was an angry defence of Lord Clyde against miserable club gossip, unnecessary perhaps, but a thing one likes now to think that Thackeray felt stirred to do. "To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions," says Foster, "and yet be able to preserve, when occasion requires it, an immovable heart, even amidst the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is perhaps not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and rarest condition of humanity." These words do not describe the nature of a man who would pay out of his own pocket for contributions he could not insert in the *Cornhill* ; but if for heart we substitute intellect, they will perfectly describe his literary genius. He was always tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, but his intellect amidst any emotions remained clear and immovable ; so that good taste was never absent, and false sentiment never came near him. He makes the sorrows of Werther the favorite reading of the executioner at Strasbourg.*

* Among his ballads we have the following somewhat literal analysis of this work :—

" Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter ;

Few men have written so much that appeals directly to our emotions, and yet kept so entirely aloof from anything tawdry, from all falsetto. "If my tap," says he, "is not genuine, it is naught, and no man should give himself the trouble to drink it." It was at all times thoroughly genuine, and is therefore everything to us. Truthfulness, in fact, eager and uncompromising, was his main characteristic; truthfulness not only in speech, but, what is a far more uncommon and precious virtue, truth in thought. His entire mental machinery acted under this law of truth. He strove always to find and show things as they really are, — true nobleness apart from trappings, unaffected simplicity, generosity without ostentation; confident that so he would best convince every one that what is truly good pleases most, and lasts longest, and that what is otherwise soon becomes tiresome, and, worst of all, ridiculous. A man to whom it has been given consistently to devote to such a purpose the highest powers of sarcasm, ridicule, sincere pathos, and, though sparingly used, of exhortation, must be held to have fulfilled a career singularly honora-

Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

"Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

"So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

"Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter."

ble and useful. To these noble ends he was never unfaithful. True, he made no boast of this. Disliking cant of all kinds, he made no exception in favor of the cant of his own profession. "What the deuce," he writes to a friend, "our twopenny reputations get us at least twopence-halfpenny; and then comes *nox fabulæque manes*, and the immortals perish." The straightforward Mr. Yellowplush stoutly maintains, in a similar strain, that people who write books are no whit better, or actuated by more exalted motives, than their neighbors: "Away with this caunting about great motifs! Let us not be too prowd, and fancy ourselves marters of the truth, marters or apostels. We are but tradesmen, working for bread, and not for righteousness' sake. Let's try and work honestly; but don't let us be praying pompisly about our 'sacred calling.'" And George Warrington, in *Pendennis*, is never weary of preaching the same wholesome doctrine. Thackeray had no sympathy with swagger of any kind. His soul revolted from it; he always talked under what he felt. At the same time, indifference had no part in this want of pretence. So far from being indifferent, he was peculiarly sensitive to the opinions of others; too much so for his own happiness. He hated to be called a cynical satirist; the letter we have quoted to his Edinburgh friends shows how he valued any truer appreciation. Mere slander he could despise like a man; he winced under the false estimates and injurious imputations too frequent from people who should have known better. But he saw his profession as it really was, and spoke of it with his innate simplicity and dislike of humbug. And in this matter, as in the ordinary affairs of life, those who profess little, retaining a decent reserve as to their feelings and motives, are far more to be relied on than those

who protest loudly. Whether authors are moved by love of fame, or a necessity for daily bread, does not greatly signify. The world is not concerned with this in the least; it can only require that, as Mr. Yellowplush puts it, they should "try to work honestly"; and herein he never failed. He never wrote but in accordance with his convictions; he spared no pains that his convictions should be in accordance with truth. For one quality we cannot give him too great praise; that is the sense of the distinction of right and of wrong. He never puts bitter for sweet, or sweet for bitter; never calls evil things good, or good things evil; there is no haziness or muddle; no "topsyturvifications," like Madame Sand's, in his moralities: — with an immense and acute compassion for all suffering, with a power of going out of himself, and into almost every human feeling, he vindicates at all times the supremacy of conscience, the sacredness and clearness of the law written in our hearts.

His keenness of observation and his entire truthfulness found expression in a style worthy of them in its sharpness and distinctness. The specimens we have quoted of his earlier writings show that these qualities marked his style from the first. He labored to improve those natural gifts. He steadily observed Mr. Yellowplush's recommendation touching poetical composition: "Take my advise, honourable sir — listen to a humble footmin: it's genrally best in poatry to understand puffickly what you mean yourself, and to ingspress your meaning clearly afterwoods — in the simpler words the better, praps." He always expressed his meaning clearly and in simple words. But as, with increasing experience, his meanings deepened and widened, his expression became richer. The language continued to the last simple and direct, but

it became more copious, more appropriate, more susceptible of rhythmical combinations: in other words, it rose to be the worthy vehicle of more varied and more poetical ideas. This strange peculiarity of soberness in youth, of fancy coming into being at the command and for the service of the mature judgment, has marked some of the greatest writers. The words in which Lord Macaulay has described it with regard to Bacon may be applied, with little reservation, to Thackeray: "He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply, and judged as temperately, when he gave his first work to the world, as at the close of his long career. But in eloquence, in sweetness and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration, his later writings are far superior to those of his youth." Confessedly at the last he was the greatest master of pure English in our day. His style is never ornate, on the contrary is always marked by a certain reserve which surely betokens thought and real feeling; is never forced or loaded, only entirely appropriate and entirely beautiful; like crystal, at once clear and splendid. We quote two passages, both from books written in his prime, not merely as justifying these remarks, but because they illustrate qualities of his mind second only to his truthfulness, — his sense of beauty and his sense of pathos. And yet neither passage has any trace of what he calls the "sin of grandiloquence, or tall-talking." The first is the end of the *Kickleburys on the Rhine*: —

"The next morning we had passed by the rocks and towers, the old familiar landscapes, the gleaming towers by the riverside, and the green vineyards combed along the hills; and when I woke up, it was at a great hotel at Cologne, and it was not sunrise yet. Deutz lay opposite, and over Deutz the dusky sky was reddened. The hills were veiled in the mist

and the gray. The gray river flowed underneath us; the steamers were roosting along the quays, a light keeping watch in the cabins here and there, and its reflection quivering in the water. As I look, the sky-line towards the east grows redder and redder. A long troop of gray horsemen winds down the river road, and passes over the bridge of boats. You might take them for ghosts, those gray horsemen, so shadowy do they look; but you hear the trample of their hoofs as they pass over the planks. Every minute the dawn twinkles up into the twilight; and over Deutz the heaven blushes brighter. The quays begin to fill with men; the carts begin to creak and rattle; and wake the sleeping echoes. Ding, ding, ding, the steamers' bells begin to ring; the people on board to stir and wake; the lights may be extinguished, and take their turn of sleep; the active boats shake themselves, and push out into the river; the great bridge opens, and gives them passage; the church-bells of the city begin to clink; the cavalry trumpets blow from the opposite bank; the sailor is at the wheel, the porter at his burden, the soldier at his musket, and the priest at his prayers. . . . And lo! in a flash of crimson splendor, with blazing scarlet clouds running before his chariot, and heralding his majestic approach, God's sun rises upon the world, and all nature wakens and brightens. O glorious spectacle of light and life! O beatific symbol of Power, Love, Joy, Beauty! Let us look at thee with humble wonder, and thankfully acknowledge and adore. What gracious forethought is it,—what generous and loving provision, that deigns to prepare for our eyes and to soothe our hearts with such a splendid morning festival! For these magnificent bounties of Heaven to us, let us be thankful, even that we can feel thankful (for thanks surely is the noblest effort, as it is the greatest delight, of the gentle soul); and so, a grace for this feast, let all say who partake of it. . . . See! the mist clears off Drachenfels, and it looks out from the distance and bids us a friendly farewell."

Our second quotation describes Esmond at his mother's grave, — one of the most deeply affecting pieces of writing in the language: —

“Esmond came to this spot in one sunny evening of spring, and saw, amidst a thousand black crosses, casting their shadows across the grassy mounds, that particular one which marked his mother's resting-place. Many more of those poor creatures that lay there had adopted that same name with which sorrow had rebaptized her, and which fondly seemed to hint their individual story of love and grief. He fancied her, in tears and darkness, kneeling at the foot of her cross, under which her cares were buried. Surely he knelt down, and said his own prayer there, not in sorrow so much as in awe (for even his memory had no recollection of her), and in pity for the pangs which the gentle soul in life had been made to suffer. To this cross she brought them; for this heavenly bridegroom she exchanged the husband who had wooed her, the traitor who had left her. A thousand such hillocks lay round about, the gentle daisies springing out of the grass over them, and each bearing its cross and *requiescat*. A nun, veiled in black, was kneeling hard by, at a sleeping sister's bedside (so fresh made, that the spring had scarce had time to spin a coverlid for it); beyond the cemetery walls you had glimpses of life and the world, and the spires and gables of the city. A bird came down from a roof opposite, and lit first on a cross, and then on the grass below it, whence it flew away presently with a leaf in its mouth: then came a sound of chanting, from the chapel of the sisters hard by: others had long since filled the place which poor Mary Magdalene once had there, were kneeling at the same stall and hearing the same hymns and prayers in which her stricken heart had found consolation. Might she sleep in peace, — might she sleep in peace; and we, too, when our struggles and pains are over! But the earth is the Lord's as the heaven is; we are alike his creatures here and yonder. I took a little flower off the hillock and kissed it, and went

my way like the bird that had just lighted on the cross by me, back into the world again. Silent receptacle of death tranquil depth of calm, out of reach of tempest and trouble. I felt as one who had been walking below the sea, and treading amidst the bones of shipwrecks."

Looking at Mr. Thackeray's writings as a whole, he would be more truthfully described as a sentimentalist than as a cynic. Even when the necessities of his story compel him to draw bad characters, he gives them as much good as he can. We don't remember in his novels any utterly unredeemed scoundrel except Sir Francis Clavering. Even Lord Steyne has something like genuine sympathy with Major Pendennis's grief at the illness of his nephew. And if reproof is the main burden of his discourse, we must remember that to reprove, not to praise, is the business of the preacher. Still further, if his reproof appears sometimes unduly severe, we must remember that such severity may spring from a belief that better things are possible. Here lies the secret of Thackeray's seeming bitterness. His nature was, in the words of the critic in *Le Temps*, "*furieuse d'avoir été désappointée*." He condemns sternly men as they often are, because he had a high ideal of what they might be. The feeling of this contrast runs through all his writings. "He could not have painted Vanity Fair as he has, unless Eden had been shining brightly before his eyes."* And this contrast could never have been felt, the glories of Eden could never have been seen, by the mere satirist or by the misanthrope. It has been often urged against him that he does not make us think better of our fellow-men. No, truly. But he does what is far greater than

* Essays by George Brimley. Second edition. Cambridge, 1860.
▲ collection of singularly good critical papers.

this,—he makes us think worse of ourselves. There is no great necessity that we should think well of other people; there is the utmost necessity that we should know ourselves in our every fault and weakness; and such knowledge his writings will supply.

In Mr. Hannay's Memoir,† which we have read with admiration and pleasure, a letter from Thackeray is quoted, very illustrative of this view of his character: "I hate Juvenal; I mean, I think him a truculent brute, and I love Horace better than you do, and rate Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you have n't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say. *Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred.*" We think the terrible Dean had love as well as hate strong within him, and none the worse in that it was more special than general; "I like Tom, Dick, and Harry," he used to say; "I hate the race"; but nothing can be more characteristic of Thackeray than this judgment. Love was the central necessity of his understanding as well as of his affections; it was his fulfilling of the law; and unlike the Dean, he could love Tom, and also like and pity as well as rebuke the race.

Mr. Thackeray has not written any history formally so called. But it is known that he purposed doing so, and in *Esmond* and the *Lectures* he has given us much of the real essence of history. The *Saturday Review*, however, in a recent article, has announced that this was a mistake; that history was not his line. Such a decision is rather startling. In one or two instances of historical

† *A Brief Memoir of the late Mr. Thackeray.* By James Hannay. Edinburgh. 1864.

representation, Mr. Thackeray may have failed. Johnson and Richardson do not appear in the *Virginians* with much effect. But surely in the great majority of instances, he has been eminently successful. Horace Walpole's letter in the *Virginians*, the fictitious 'Spectator' in *Esmond*, are very felicitous literary imitations. Good natured trooper Steele comforting the boy in the lonely country-house; Addison, serene and dignified, "with even so slight a touch of *merum* in his voice" occasionally Bolingbroke, with a good deal of *merum* in his voice talking reckless Jacobitism at the dinner at General Webbe's, are wonderful portraits. And, though the estimate of Marlborough's character may be disputed, the power with which that character is represented cannot be questioned. But the historical genius displayed in *Esmond* goes beyond this. We know of no history in which the intrigues and confusion of parties at the death of Queen Anne are sketched so firmly as in the third volume of that work; in fact, a more thorough historical novel was never written. It is not loaded with historical learning; and yet it is most truly, though or rather *because* unpretendingly, a complete representation of the time. It reads like a veritable memoir. And it will hardly be disputed, that a good historical novel cannot be written save by one possessed of great historical powers. What are the qualities necessary to a historian? Knowledge, love of truth, insight into human nature, imagination to make alive before him the times of which he writes. All these Mr. Thackeray had. His knowledge was accurate and minute,—indeed, he could not have written save of what he knew well; a love of truth was his main characteristic; for insight into human nature he ranks second to Shakespeare alone; and, while

he wanted that highest creative imagination which makes the poet, he had precisely that secondary imagination which serves the historian, which can realize the past and make the distant near. Had he been allowed to carry out his cherished design of recording the reign of Queen Anne, a great gap in the history of our country would have been filled up by one of the most remarkable books in the language. We might have had less than is usual of the "dignity of history," of battles and statutes and treaties; but we should have had more of human nature, — the actors in the drama would have been brought before us living and moving, their passions and hidden motives made clear; the life of England would have been sketched by a subtle artist; the literature of England, during a period which this generation often talks about, but of which it knows, we suspect, very little, would have been presented to us lighted up by appreciative and competent criticism. The Saturday Reviewer gives a reason for Mr. Thackeray's failure as a historian, which will seem strange to those who have been accustomed to regard him as a cynic. He was so carried away by worth, says this ingenious critic bent on fault-finding, and so impatient of all moral obliquity, that he could not value fairly the services which had been rendered by bad men. And the instance given is that a sense of what we owe to the Hanoverian succession was not allowed to temper the severity of the estimate given of the first two Georges; — an unfortunate instance, as the critic would have discovered had he read the following passage in the lecture on George the Second: —

"But for Sir Robert Walpole, we should have had the Pretender back again. But for his obstinate love of peace, we should have had wars which the nation was not strong enough

nor united enough to endure. But for his resolute counsels and good-humored resistance, we might have had German despots attempting a Hanoverian regimen over us; we should have had revolt, commotion, want, and tyrannous misrule, in place of a quarter of a century of peace, freedom, and material prosperity, such as the country never enjoyed, until that corrupter of parliaments, that dissolute, tipsy cynic, that courageous lover of peace and liberty, that great citizen, patriot, and statesman governed it."

The truth is, that Mr. Thackeray, while fully appreciating the blessings of the Hanoverian succession, knew well that the country did not in the least degree owe the stability of that succession to the Hanoverian kings, but, on the contrary, to that great minister, whose character is sketched, in a powerful passage, of which the above quotation is a part. In fact, Mr. Thackeray judged no man harshly. No attentive student of his works can fail to see that he understood the duty of "making allowance," not less with regard to historical characters, than with regard to characters of his own creation. He does full justice, for example, to the courage and conduct of Marlborough, as to whose moral character the opinion of Colonel Esmond is in curious accordance with the historical judgment given later to the public by Lord Macaulay.

These "Lectures on the Georges" were made the ground of a charge against Mr. Thackeray of disloyalty. This charge was urged with peculiar offensiveness by certain journals, which insinuated that the failings of English kings had been selected as a theme grateful to the American audiences who first heard the lectures delivered. Mr. Thackeray felt this charge deeply, and repelled it in language which we think worthy to be

remembered. At a dinner given to him in Edinburgh, in 1857, he said : —

“ I had thought that in these lectures I had spoken in terms not of disrespect or unkindness, and in feelings and in language not un-English, of her Majesty the Queen ; and wherever I have had to mention her name, whether it was upon the banks of the Clyde or upon those of the Mississippi, whether it was in New England or in Old England, whether it was in some great hall in London to the artisans of the suburbs of the metropolis, or to the politer audiences of the western end, — wherever I had to mention her name, it was received with shouts of applause, and with the most hearty cheers. And why was this ? It was not on account of the speaker ; it was on account of the truth ; it was because the English and the Americans — the people of New Orleans a year ago, the people of Aberdeen a week ago — all received and acknowledged with due allegiance the great claims to honor which that lady has who worthily holds that great and awful situation which our Queen occupies. It is my loyalty that is called in question, and it is my loyalty that I am trying to plead to you. Suppose, for example, in America, — in Philadelphia or in New York, — that I had spoken about George IV. in terms of praise and affected reverence, do you believe they would have hailed his name with cheers, or have heard it with anything like respect ? They would have laughed in my face if I had so spoken of him. They know what I know and you know, and what numbers of squeamish loyalists who affect to cry out against my lectures know, that that man's life was not a good life, — that that king was not such a king as we ought to love, or regard, or honor. And I believe, for my part, that, in speaking the truth, as we hold it, of a bad sovereign, we are paying no disrespect at all to a good one. Far from it. On the contrary, we degrade our own honor and the Sovereign's by unduly and unjustly praising him ; and the mere slaverer and flattterer is one who comes forward, as it were, with flash notes, and pays with false coin

his tribute to Cæsar. I don't disguise that I feel somehow on my trial here for loyalty, for honest English feeling."

The judgment pronounced by the accomplished Scotch judge who presided at this dinner-trial, a man far removed, both by tastes and position, from any sympathy with vulgar popularity-hunting, will be accepted by every candid person as just:—

"I don't," said Lord Neaves, "for my part, regret if there are some painful truths told in these lectures to those who had before reposed in the pleasing delusion that everything royal was immaculate. I am not sorry that some of the false trappings of royalty or of a court life should be stripped off. We live under a Sovereign whose conduct, both public and private, is so unexceptionable, that we can afford to look all the facts connected with it in the face; and woe be to the country or to the crown when the voice of truth shall be stifled as to any such matters, or when the only tongue that is allowed to be heard is that of flattery."

It was said of Fontenelle that he had as good a heart as could be made out of brains. Adapting the observation, we may say of Thackeray that he was as good a poet as could be made out of brains. The highest gifts of the poet of course he wanted. His imagination, to take Ruskin's distinction, was more penetrative than associative or contemplative. His mind was too much occupied with realities for persistent ideal work. But manliness and common sense, combined with a perfect mastery of language, go a long way at least to the making of very excellent verses. More than this, he had the sensibility, the feeling of time and of numbers essential to versifying; and his mind fulfilled the condition required by our greatest living poet:—

"Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river."

His verse-making was a sort of pleasaunce, — a flower-garden in the midst of spacious policies. It was the ornamentation of his intellect. His ballads do not perhaps show poetic feeling more profound than is possessed by many men; they derive, for the most part, their charm from the same high qualities as mark his prose, with the attraction of music and rhyme superadded. Writing them seems to have given him real pleasure. The law of self-imposed restraint, of making the thought often wait upon the sound, necessary in rhythmical composition, rather than, as in prose, the sound upon the sense, — this measuring of feeling and of expression had plainly a great charm for his rich and docile genius. His verses give one the idea of having been a great delight to himself, like humming a favorite air; there is no trace of effort, and yet the trick of the verse is perfect. His rhymes are often as good as Swift's and Hood's. This feeling of enjoyment, as also the abounding fertility in strange rhymes, is very marked in the *White Squall*; and hardly less in the ease and gayety of *Peg of Limavaddy*. Take, for instance, the description of the roadside inn where *Peg* dispenses liquor: —

“ *Limavaddy inn's*
 But a humble baithouse,
Where you may procure
 Whiskey and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
 Gives a smiling welcome
To the shivering wights
 Who to his hotel come.
Landlady within
 Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
 Baby's cradle rocking.
To the chimney nook,
 Having found admittance

There I watch a pup
 Playing with two kittens;
 (Playing round the fire,
 Which of blazing turf is,
 Boaring to the pot
 Which bubbles with the murphies;
 And the cradled babe
 Fond the mother nursed it,
 Singing it a song
 As she twists the worsted!"

Peg herself and her laugh, —

"Such a silver peal!
 In the meadows listening,
 You who 've heard the bells
 Ringing to a christening;
 You who ever heard
 Caradori pretty,
 Smiling like an angel,
 Singing 'Giovinetti';
 Fancy Peggy's laugh,
 Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,
 At my pantaloons
 With half a pint of beer full!
 See her as she moves!
 Scarce the ground she touches,
 Airy as a fay,
 Graceful as a duchess;
 Bare her rounded arm,
 Bare her little leg is,
 Vestris never showed
 Ankles like to Peggy's;
 Braided is her hair,
 Soft her look and modest,
 Slim her little waist
 Comfortably bodiced."

In a similar light and graceful style are the Cane-Bottomed Chair, Piscator and Piscatrix, the Carmen Lillie ease, etc.; and all the *Lyra Hibernica*, especially the rollicking *Battle of Limerick*, are rich in Irish absurdity. That compact little epic, the *Chronicle of the Drum*, the

well-known Bouillabaisse, and At the Church Gate,— the first literary effort of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, — seem to us in their various styles to rise into the region of real poetry. The Chronicle of the Drum is a grand martial composition, and a picture of the feelings of the French soldiery which strikes on us at once as certainly true. The Ballads of Pleaceman X. are unique in literature,— as startlingly original as Tam O'Shanter. Jacob Homnium's Hoss is perhaps the most amusing, the Foundling of Shoreditch the most serious ; but through them all there runs a current of good sense, good feeling, and quaint fun which makes them most pleasant reading. They remind one somehow of John Gilpin, — indeed there is often the same playful fancy and delicate pensiveness in Thackeray as in Cowper. We should like to quote many of these ; but we give in preference Miss Tickletoby's ballad on King Canute, long though it be, because it is not included in the collected ballads, and has not, we fear, obtained great popularity by being incorporated into *Rebecca and Rowena*, — a rendering of poetical justice less generally read than it should be : —

KING CANUTE.

King Canute was weary-hearted ; he had reigned for years a score ;
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more,
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the chancellor and bishop walked the king with steps sedate,
 Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks and gold sticks great
 Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages, — all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause ;
 If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws
 If to laugh the king was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and young
 Thrice L's grace had yawned at table, when his favorite gleeman sung
 Once the queen would have consoled him, but he bade her ho'd her
 tongue

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the keeper of the seal;
 "Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the veal!"
 "Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch, "keeper, 't is not that I feel."

"'T is the *heart* and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;
 Can a king be great as I am, prithce, and yet know no care?
 O I'm sick, and tired, and weary" — Some one cried, "The king's
 arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my lord the keeper nodded,
 Straight the king's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able
 bodied,
 Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine
 I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine!"
 Loudly all the courtiers echoed, "Where is glory like to *thine*?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now, and old,
 Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold;
 Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould!

"O remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites
 Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
 Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed of nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
 Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, vainly for their slaughtered sires —"
 — "Such a tender conscience," cries the bishop, "every one admires."

"But for such unpleasant by-gones, cease, my gracious lord, to search,
 They're forgotten and forgiven by our holy Mother Church;
 Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look! the land is crowned with minsters, which your Grace's bounty
 raised;
 Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and heaven are daily praised;
 You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience, I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near";
 "Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a
 tear),

"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year"

"Live these fifty years!" the bishop roared, with actions made to suit
 "Are you mad, my good lord keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?
 Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, Mahaleel, Methusela,
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and may n't the king as well as they?"
"Fervently," exclaimed the keeper, "fervently, I trust he may."

"He to die," resumed the bishop. "He a mortal like to us?
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*;
Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,
Lonthsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean, — "Back!" he said, "thou foaming
brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat;
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
Back the keeper and the bishop, back the king and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship that which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: parasites exist alway.

We must say a few words on his merits as an artist and a critic of art. We can hardly agree with those who hold that he failed as an artist, and then took to his pen. There is no proof of failure; his art accomplishes all he sets it to. Had he, instead of being a gentleman's son, brought up at the Charter-house and Cambridge, been born in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, and

apprenticed, let us say, when thirteen years old, to Raimbach the engraver, we might have had another, and in some ways a subtler Hogarth. He draws well; his mouths and noses, his feet, his children's heads, all his ugly and queer "mugs," are wonderful for expression and good drawing. With beauty of man or woman he is not so happy; but his fun is, we think, even more abounding and *funnier* in his cuts than in his words. The love of fun in him was something quite peculiar. Some writers have been more witty; a few have had a more delicate humor; but none, we think, have had more of that genial quality which is described by the homely word *fun*. It lay partly in imitation, as in the "Novels by Eminent Hands." There were few things more singular in his intellectual organization than the coincidence of absolute originality of thought and style with exquisite mimetic power. But it oftener showed itself in a pure love of nonsense, — only nonsense of the highest order. He was very fond of abandoning himself to this temper; witness the "Story *à la Mode*" in the *Cornhill*, some of the reality-giving touches in which would have done credit to Gulliver. Major Gahagan is far funnier than Baron Munchausen; and where is there more exquisite nonsense than "The Rose and the Ring," with the "little beggar baby that laughed and sang as droll as may be?" There is much of this spirit in his ballads,* especially, as

* We subjoin an astonishing piece of nonsense, — a species of song, or ditty, which he chanted, we believe, *extempore* [in singing, each line to be repeated twice]: —

LITTLE BILLEE.

There were 3 sailors in Bristol city,
Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and captain's biscuit,
And pickled pork they loaded she.

we have already said, the series by Pleaceman X. but we are inclined to think that it finds most scope in his

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now very soon, they were so greedy,
They did n't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
"We have no provisions, so we must eat we."

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"O gorging Jim, what a fool you be!

"There's little Bill is young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"O Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemie."

When Bill received this infumation
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"O let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me."

"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jacky
While Jim pulled out his snickersnee.

So Bill went up the maintop-gallant mast,
Where down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment,
When up he jumps, "There's land, I see.

"There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee.

"There's the British fleet a riding at anchor,
With Admiral Nelson, K. C. B."

So when they came to the admiral's vessel,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee.

But as for little Bill, he made him
The captain of a seventy-three.

drawings. We well remember our surprise on coming upon some of his earlier works for *Punch*. Best of all was an impressive series illustrative of the following passage in the *Times* of December 7, 1843: "The agents of the tract societies have lately had recourse to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles *securely corked*; and, taking advantage of the tide flowing into the harbor, they were committed to the waves, on whose surface they floated towards the town, where the inhabitants eagerly took them up on their arriving at the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contain are *supposed to have been* read with much interest." The purpose of the series is to hold up to public odium the Dissenting tract-smuggler, — Tractistero dissentero contrabandistero. The first cut represents a sailor, "thirsty as the seaman naturally is," rushing through the surf to seize the bottle which has been bobbing towards him. "Sherry, perhaps," he exclaims to himself and his friend. Second cut: the thirsty expectant has the bottle in position, and is drawing the cork, another mariner, and a little wondering boy, capitally drawn, looking on. "Rum, I hope," is the thought of each. Lastly we have the awful result: our friend holds up on the corkscrew to his companion and the universe "a Spanish translation of the Cow-boy of Kensington Common," with an indignant "Tracts, by jingo!" Then there is John Balliol, in *Miss Tickletoby's Lectures*, "cutting" into England on a ragged sheltie, which is trotting like a maniac over a series of boulders, sorely discomposing the rider, whose kilt is of the shortest. Even better is the cut illustrative of the ballad of "King Canute," the king and his courtiers on the shore, with bathing-machines and the Union-jack in the distance;

and a most preposterous representation of the *non Angli sed Angeli* story. We wish Mr. Thackeray's excellent friends, the proprietors of *Punch*, would reprint all his odds and ends, with their woodcuts. They will get the laughter and gratitude of mankind if they do.

He is, as far as we recollect, the only great author who illustrated his own works. This gives a singular completeness to the result. When his pen has said its say, then comes his pencil and adds its own felicity. Take the original edition of the Book of Snobs, all those delicious Christmas little quartos, especially *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* and the *Rose and the Ring* (one of the most perfectly realized ideas we know of), and see how complete is the duet between the eye and the mind, between word and figure. There is an etching in the *Paris Sketch-Book* which better deserves to be called "high art" than most of the class so called. It is Majesty in the person of "Le Grand Monarque" in and stripped of its externals, which are there also by themselves. The lean and slippered old pantaloon is tottering peevishly on his staff, his other hand in his waistcoat-pocket; his head absolutely bald; his whole aspect pitiable and forlorn, querulous and absurd. To his left is his royal self, in all his glory of high-heeled boots, three-storied flowing wig, his orders, and sword, and all his "dread magnificence," as we know him in his pictures; on his right we behold, and somehow feel as if the old creature, too, is in awe of them, — his clothes, *per se*, — the "properties" of the great European actor, set ingeniously up, and looking as grand and much steadier than with him inside. The idea and the execution are full of genius. The frontispiece of the same book contains a study of Heads, than which Hogarth certainly

never did anything better. These explanatory lines are below the picture : —

“Number 1's an ancient Carlist; number 3 a Paris artist;
Gloomily there stands between them number 2, a Bonapartist.
In the middle is King Louis Philip standing at his ease,
Guarded by a loyal grocer, and a serjeant of police;
4's the people in a passion; 6 a priest of pious mien;
5 a gentleman of fashion copied from a magazine.”

No words can do justice to the truth and power of this group of characters : it gives a history of France during the Orleans dynasty.

We give below a fac-simile of a drawing sent by him to a friend, with the following note : —

“Behold a drawing instead of a letter. I've been thinking of writing you a beautiful one ever so long, but, etc., etc. And



instead of doing my duty this morning, I began this here drawing, and will pay your debt some other day, — no, *part* of your debt. I intend to owe the rest, and like to owe it, and think I'm sincerely grateful to you always, my dear good friends.

“W. M. T.”

This drawing is a good specimen of his work ; it tells its own story, as every drawing should. Here is the great lexicographer, with his ponderous, shuffling tread, his thick lips, his head bent down, his book close to his purblind eyes, himself *totus in illo*, reading as he fed, greedily and fast. Beside him simpers the clumsy and inspired Oliver, in his new plum-colored coat ; his eyes bent down in an ecstasy of delight, for is he not far prouder of his visage, and such a visage ! and of his coat, than of his artless genius ? We all know about that coat, and how Mr. Filby never got paid for it. There he is behind his window in sartorial posture, his uplifted goose arrested, his eye following wistfully, and not without a sense of glory and dread, that coat and man. His journeyman is grinning at him ; he is paid weekly, and has no risk. And then what a genuine bit of Thackeray, the street boy and his dear little admiring sister ! — there they are, stepping out in mimicry of the great two. Observe the careful, honest work, and how the turn of the left foot of the light-hearted and heeled *gamin*, — whose toes, much innocent of shoes, have a prehensile look about them, suggestive of the Huxley grandfather, — is corrected, as also Dr. Goldsmith's. He could never let anything remain if it was untrue.

It would not be easy to imagine better criticisms of art than those from Mr Thackeray's hand in *Fraser*, in *Punch*, in a kindly and beautiful paper on our inimitable John Leech in the *Quarterly*, in a Roundabout on Rubens,

and throughout his stories, — especially the *Newcomes*, — wherever art comes in. He touches the matter to the quick, — and touches nothing else; and, while sensitive to all true and great art, he detects and detests all that is false or mean. He is not so imaginative, not so impassioned and glorious, not so amazing in illustration, and in painting better than pictures, as Mr. Ruskin, who has done more for art and its true interests than all other writers. But he is more to be trusted because he is more objective, more cool, more critical in the true sense. He sees everything by the *lumen siccum*, though it by no means follows that he does not feel as well as see; but here, as in everything else, his art “has its seat in reason, and is judicious.” Here is his description of Turner's Old Téméraire, from a paper on the Royal Academy in *Fraser*. We can give it no higher praise than that it keeps its own with Ruskin's: —

“I must request you to turn your attention to a noble river piece, by J. W. M. Turner, Esq., R. A., ‘The Fighting Téméraire,’ as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old Téméraire is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously, and lashing up the water round about it; while behind it (a cold, gray moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. . . . It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of reason), for Titmarsh or any other Briton to grow so politically

enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colors, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's 'Battle of Vittoria,' in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of 'God save the King' was introduced. The very instant it begun, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr. Turner and his 'Fighting Téméraire,' which I am sure, when the art of translating colors into poetry or music shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music."

When speaking of *The Slave Ship* by the same amazing artist, he says, with delightful *naïveté*: "I don't know whether it is sublime or ridiculous," — a characteristic instance of his outspoken truthfulness; and he lays it down that the "first quality of an artist is to have a large heart," believing that all art, all imaginative work of the highest order, must originate in and be addressed to the best powers of the soul, must "submit the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

Mr. Trollope says, in the *Cornhill* for this February, "that which the world will most want to know of Thackeray is the effect which his writings have produced." In one sense of the word, the world is not likely ever to find this out; it is a matter which each man must determine for himself. But the world can perhaps ascertain what special services Mr. Thackeray has rendered; and it is this probably which Mr. Trollope means. His great ser-

vice has been in his exposure of the prevailing faults of his time. Among the foremost are the faults of affectation and pretence, but there is one yet more grievous than these, — the sceptical spirit of the age. This he has depicted in the gentlest and saddest of all his books, *Pendennis* : —

“ And it will be seen that the lamentable stage to which his logic at present has brought him ” (Arthur Pendennis) “ is one of general scepticism and sneering acquiescence in the world as it is ; or if you like so to call it, a belief qualified with scorn in all things extant. . . . And to what does this easy and sceptical life lead a man ? Friend Arthur was a Sadducee, and the Baptist might be in the wilderness shouting to the poor, who were listening with all their might and faith to the preacher’s awful accents and denunciations of wrath or woe or salvation ; and our friend the Sadducee would turn his sleek mule with a shrug and a smile from the crowd, and go home to the shade of his terrace, and muse over preacher and audience, and turn to his roll of Plato, or his pleasant Greek song-book babbling of honey and Hybla, and nymphs and fountains and love. To what, we say, does this scepticism lead ? It leads a man to a shameful loneliness and selfishness, so to speak, — the more shameful, because it is so good-humored and conscienceless and serene. Conscience ! What is conscience ? Why accept remorse ? What is public or private faith ? Mythuses alike enveloped in enormous tradition.”

The delineation is not a pleasant one, but it is true. The feeling hardly deserves to be called scepticism ; it is rather a calm indifferentism, a putting aside of all things sacred. And as the Sadducees of Judæa were, on the whole, better men than the Pharisees, so this modern Sadducean feeling prevails not only among the cultivated classes, but among those conspicuously honorable and upright. These men, in fact, want spiritual guides and

teachers. The clergy do not supply this want ; most of them refuse to acknowledge its existence ; Mr. Thackeray, with his fearless truthfulness, sees it and tells it. To cure it is not within his province. As a lay-preacher, only the secondary principles of morality are at his command. "Be each, pray God, a gentleman," is his highest sanction. But though he cannot tell the afflicted whither to turn, it is no slight thing to have laid bare the disorder from which so many suffer, and which all, with culpable cowardice, study to conceal. And he does more than lay bare the disorder ; he convinces us how serious it is. He does this by showing us its evil effect on a good and kindly nature. No teaching can be more impressive than the contrast between Pendennis under the influence of this sceptical spirit, and Warrington, over whom, crushed as he is by hopeless misfortune, it has no power.

The minor vices of affectation and pretension he assails directly. To do this was his especial mission from the first. What success may have attended his efforts we cannot certainly tell. It is to be feared, however, that, despite his teaching, snobs, like poverty, will never cease out of the land. But all who feel guilty, — and every one of us is guilty more or less, — and who desire to amend, should use the means : the "Book of Snobs" should be read carefully at least once a year. His was not the hortatory method. He had no notion that much could be done by telling people to be good. He found it more telling to show that by being otherwise they were in danger of becoming unhappy, ridiculous, and contemptible. Yet he did not altogether neglect positive teaching. Many passages might be taken from his works — even from the remorseless "Book of Snobs" itself — which inculcate the beauty of goodness ; and the whole tendency

of his writings, from the first to the last line he penned during a long and active literary life, has invariably been to inspire reverence for manliness and purity and truth. And to sum up all, in representing after his measure the characteristics of the age, Mr. Thackeray has discharged one of the highest functions of a writer. His keen insight into modern life has enabled him to show his readers that life fully ; his honesty and high tone of mind has enabled him to do this truly. Hence he is the healthiest of writers. In his pages we find no false stimulus, no pernicious ideals, no vulgar aims. We are led to look at things as they really are, and to rest satisfied with our place among them. Each man learns that he can do much if he preserves moderation ; that if he goes beyond his proper sphere he is good for nothing. He teaches us to find a fitting field for action in our peculiar studies or business, to reap lasting happiness in the affections which are common to all. Our vague longings are quieted ; our foolish ambitions checked ; we are soothed into contentment with obscurity, — encouraged in an honest determination to do our duty.

A "Roundabout Paper" on the theme *Nil nisi bonum* concludes thus : —

"Here are two literary men gone to their account ; and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable, etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted : each pursuing his calling ; each speaking his truth as God bade him ; each honest in his life ; just and irreproachable in his dealings ; dear to his friends ; honored by his country ; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection.

It may not be our chance, brother-scribe, to be endowed with such merit or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to our service. We may not win the baton or epaulettes; but God give us strength to guard the honor of the flag!"

The prayer was granted: he had strength given him always to guard the honor of the flag; and now his name is worthy to be placed beside the names of Washington Irving and Lord Macaulay, as of one no whit less deserving the praise of these noble words.

We have seen no satisfactory portrait of Mr. Thackeray. We like the photographs better than the prints; and we have an old daguerreotype of him without his spectacles which is good; but no photograph can give more of a man than is in any one ordinary — often very ordinary — look of him; it is only Sir Joshua and his brethren who can paint a man liker than himself. Lawrence's first drawing has much of his thoroughbred look, but the head is too much tossed up and *vis*. The photograph from the later drawing by the same hand we like better: he is alone, and reading with his book close up to his eyes. This gives the prodigious size and solidity of his head, and the sweet mouth. We have not seen that by Mr. Watts, but, if it is as full of power and delicacy as his Tennyson, it will be a comfort.

Though in no sense a selfish man, he had a wonderful interest in himself as an object of study, and nothing could be more delightful and unlike anything else than to listen to him on himself. He often draws his own likeness in his books. In the "Fraserians," by Maclise, in *Fraser*, is a slight sketch of him in his unknown youth; and there is an excessively funny and not unlike extravaganza of him, by Doyle or Leech, in the *Month*, a little short-lived

periodical, edited by Albert Smith. He is represented lecturing, when certainly he looked his best. We give below what is like him in face as well as in more. The



tired, young, kindly wag is sitting and looking into space, his mask and his jester's rod lying idly on his knees.

The foregoing estimate of his genius must stand instead of any special portraiture of the man. Yet we would mention two leading traits of character traceable, to a large extent, in his works, though finding no appropriate place in a literary criticism of them. One was the deep steady melancholy of his nature. He was fond of telling how on one occasion, at Paris, he found himself in a great crowded *salon*; and looking from the one end across the sea of heads, being in Swift's place of calm in a crowd,* he saw at the other end a strange visage, staring at him with an expression of comical woebegoneness. After a little he found that this rueful being was himself in the mirror. He was not, indeed, morose. He was alive to and thankful for every-day blessings, great and small; for the happiness of home, for friendship, for wit and music, for beauty of all kinds, for the pleasures of the "faithful old gold pen"; now running into some felicitous expression, now playing itself into some droll initial letter; nay, even for the creature comforts. But his persistent

* "An inch or two above it."

state, especially for the later half of his life, was profoundly *morne*,—there is no other word for it. This arose in part from temperament, from a quick sense of the littleness and wretchedness of mankind. His keen perception of the meanness and vulgarity of the realities around him contrasted with the ideal present to his mind could produce no other effect. This feeling, embittered by disappointment, acting on a harsh and savage nature, ended in the *sæva indignatio* of Swift; acting on the kindly and too sensitive nature of Mr. Thackeray, it led only to compassionate sadness. In part, too, this melancholy was the result of private calamities. He alludes to these often in his writings, and a knowledge that his sorrows were great is necessary to the perfect appreciation of much of his deepest pathos. We allude to them here, painful as the subject is, mainly because they have given rise to stories,—some quite untrue, some even cruelly injurious. The loss of his second child in infancy was always an abiding sorrow,—described in the “Hoggarty Diamond,” in a passage of surpassing tenderness, too sacred to be severed from its context. A yet keener and more constantly present affliction was the illness of his wife. He married her in Paris when he was “mewing his mighty youth,” preparing for the great career which awaited him. One likes to think on these early days of happiness, when he could draw and write with that loved companion by his side: he has himself sketched the picture: “The humblest painter, be he ever so poor, may have a friend watching at his easel, or a gentle wife sitting by with her work in her lap, and with fond smiles or talk or silence, cheering his labors.” After some years of marriage, Mrs. Thackeray caught a fever, brought on by imprudent exposure at a time when the effects of such

ailments are more than usually lasting both on the system and the nerves. She never afterwards recovered so as to be able to be with her husband and children. But she has been from the first intrusted to the good offices of a kind family, tenderly cared for, surrounded with every comfort by his unwearied affection. The beautiful lines in the ballad of the "Bouillabaisse" are well known:—

"Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that 's gone,
When here I'd sit as now I'm sitting,
In this same place, — but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me,
— There 's no one now to share my cup."

In one of the latest Roundabouts we have this touching confession: "I own for my part that, in reading pages which this hand penned formerly, I often lose sight of the text under my eyes. It is not the words I see; but that past day; that by-gone page of life's history; that tragedy, comedy it may be, which our little home-company was enacting; that merry-making which we shared; that funeral which we followed; that bitter, bitter grief which we buried." But all who knew him know well, and love to recall, how these sorrows were soothed and his home made a place of happiness by his two daughters and his mother, who were his perpetual companions, delights, and blessings, and whose feeling of inestimable loss now will be best borne and comforted by remembering how they were everything to him, as he was to them.

His sense of a higher Power, his reverence and godly fear, is felt more than expressed — as indeed it mainly should always be — in everything he wrote. It comes out at times quite suddenly, and stops at once, in its full

strength. We could readily give many instances of this One we give, as it occurs very early, when he was probably little more than six-and-twenty; it is from the paper, "Madam Sand and the New Apocalypse." Referring to Henri Heine's frightful words, "*Dieu qui se meurt*," "*Dieu est mort*," and to the wild godlessness of *Spiridion*, he thus bursts out: "O awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! mystery unfathomable! vastness immeasurable! Who are these who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? O name that God's people of old did fear to utter! O light that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! who are these now so familiar with it?" In ordinary intercourse the same sudden "*Tu Deum*" would occur, always brief and intense, like lightning from a cloudless heaven; he seemed almost ashamed, — not of it, but of his giving it expression.

We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when he was walking with two friends along the Dean road, to the west of Edinburgh, — one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening, — such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip color, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The northwest end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up

against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, he gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what all were feeling, in the word "CALVARY!" The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things, — of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour.

There is a passage at the close of the "Roundabout Paper," No. XXIII., *De Finibus*, in which a sense of the ebb of life is very marked: the whole paper is like a soliloquy. It opens with a drawing of Mr. Punch, with unusually mild eye, retiring for the night; he is putting out his high-heeled shoes, and before disappearing gives a wistful look into the passage, as if bidding it and all else good-night. He will be in bed, his candle out, and in darkness, in five minutes, and his shoes found next morning at his door, the little potentate all the while in his final sleep. The whole paper is worth the most careful study; it reveals not a little of his real nature, and unfolds very curiously the secret of his work, the vitality, and abiding power of his own creations; how he "invented a certain *Costigan*, out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters," and met the original the other day, without surprise, in a tavern parlor. The following is beautiful: "Years ago I had a quarrel with a certain well-known person (I believed a statement regarding him which his friends imparted to me, and which turned out to be quite incorrect). To his dying day that quarrel was never quite made up. I said to his brother, 'Why is your brother's soul still dark against me? *It is I who ought to be angry and unforgiving, for I was in the wrong.*'" *Odisse quem laeris* was never better contra-

vened. But what we chiefly refer to now is the profound pensiveness of the following strain, as if written with a presentiment of what was not then very far off: "Another Finis written; another milestone on this journey from birth to the next world. Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Shall we continue this story-telling business, and be voluble to the end of our age?" "Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue?" And thus he ends:—

"Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages; oh, the cares, the ennui, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last; after which, behold Finis itself comes to an end, and the Infinite begins."

He sent the proof of this paper to his "dear neighbors," in Onslow Square, to whom he owed so much almost daily pleasure, with his corrections, the whole of the last paragraph in manuscript, and above a first sketch of it also in MS., which is fuller and more impassioned. His fear of "enthusiastic writing" had led him, we think, to sacrifice something of the sacred power of his first words, which we give with its interlineations:—

"Another Finis, another slice of life which *Tempus edax* has devoured! And I may have to write the word once or twice perhaps, and then an end of Ends. ~~Finite is over, and Infinite beginning.~~ Oh the troubles, the cares, the ennui, the ^{disputes,} ~~complications,~~ the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again, and here and there and oh the delightful passages, the dear, the brief, the forever remembered! ~~And then~~ A few chapters more, and then the last, and then behold Finis itself coming to an end and the Infinite beginning!"

How like music this, — like one trying the same air in different ways; as it were, searching out and sounding all its depths. "The dear, the brief, the forever remembered"; these are like a bar out of Beethoven, deep and melancholy as the sea! He had been suffering on Sunday from an old and cruel enemy. He fixed with his friend and surgeon to come again on Tuesday; but with that dread of anticipated pain, which is a common condition of sensibility and genius, he put him off with a note from "yours unfaithfully, W. M. T." He went out on Wednesday for a little, and came home at ten. He went to his room, suffering much, but declining his man's offer to sit with him. He hated to make others suffer. He was heard moving, as if in pain, about twelve, on the eve of

" That the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin-mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring."

Then all was quiet, and then he must have died — in a moment. Next morning his man went in, and opening the windows found his master dead, his arms behind his head, as if he had tried to take one more breath. We think of him as of our Chalmers; found dead in like manner; the same childlike, unspoiled open face; the same gentle mouth; the same spaciousness and softness of nature; the same look of power. What a thing to think of, — his lying there alone in the dark, in the midst of his own mighty London; his mother and his daughters asleep, and, it may be, dreaming of his goodness. God help them, and us all! What would become of us, stumbling along this our path of life, if we could not, at our utmost need, stay ourselves on Him?

Long years of sorrow, labor, and pain had killed him before his time. It was found after death how little life he had to live. He looked always fresh with that abounding, silvery hair, and his young, almost infantine face, but he was worn to a shadow, and his hands wasted as if by eighty years. With him it is the end of Ends ; finite is over, and infinite begun. What we all felt and feel can never be so well expressed as in his own words of sorrow for the early death of Charles Buller : —

“ Who knows the inscrutable design ?
Blest be He who took and gave !
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave ?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That 's free to give, or to recall.”



MORE OF "OUR DOGS."





MORE OF "OUR DOGS."

PETER.

PETER died young, — very quick and soon that bright thing came to confusion. He died of excess of life ; his vivacity slew him. Plucky and silent under punishment, or any pain from without, pain from within, in his own precious, brisk, enjoying body, was an insufferable offence, affront, and mystery, — an astonishment not to be borne, — he disdained to live under such conditions.

One day he came in howling with pain. There was no injury, no visible cause, but he was wildly ill, and in his eyes the end of all things had come. He put so many questions to us at each pang — what is this? — what the — can it be? — did you ever? As each paroxysm doubled him up, he gave a sharp cry, more of rage and utter exasperation than of suffering ; he got up to run away from it — why should he die? Why should he be shut up in darkness and obstruction at that hour of his opening morn, — his sweet hour of prime? And so raging, and utterly put out, the honest, dear little fellow went off in an ecstasy of fury at death, at its absurdity in his case.

We never could explain his death ; it was not poison or injury ; he actually expired when careering round the green at full speed, as if to outrun his enemy, or shake

him off. We have not yet got over his loss, and all the possibilities that lie buried in his grave, in the Park, beneath a young chestnut-tree where the ruddy-cheeked, fat, and cordial coachman, who of old, in the grand old Reform days, used to drive his master, Mr. Speaker Abercromby, down to "the House" with much stateliness and bouquet, and I dug it for him,—that park in which Peter had often disported himself, fluttering the cocks and hens, and putting to flight the squadron of Gleneagle's wedders.

DICK.

He too is dead,—he who, never having been born, we had hoped never would die; not that he did—like Rab—"exactly" die; he was slain. He was fourteen, and getting deaf and blind, and a big bully of a retriever fell on him one Sunday morning when the bells were ringing. Dick, who always fought at any odds, gave battle; a Sabbatarian cab turned the corner, the big dog fled, and Dick was run over,—there in his own street, as all his many friends were going to church. His back was broken, and he died on Monday night with us all about him; dear for his own sake, dearer for another's, whose name—Sine Quâ Non—is now more than ever true, now that she is gone.

I was greatly pleased when Dr. Cotting of Roxbury came in yesterday and introduced himself to me by asking, "Where is Dick?" To think of our Dick being known in Massachusetts!

BOB.

If Peter was the incarnation of vivacity, Bob was that of energy. He should have been called Thalaba the

Destroyer. He rejoiced in demolition,—not from ill temper, but from the sheer delight of energizing.

When I first knew him he was at Blinkbonny toll. The tollman and his wife were old and the house lonely, and Bob was too terrific for any burglar. He was as tall and heavy as a foxhound, but in every other respect a pure old-fashioned, wiry, short-haired Scotch terrier,—red as Rob Roy's beard,—having indeed other qualities of Rob's than his hair,—choleric, unscrupulous, affectionate, stanch,—not in the least magnanimous,—as ready to worry a little dog as a big one. Fighting was his "chief end," and he omitted no opportunity of accomplishing his end. Rab liked fighting for its own sake, too, but scorned to fight anything under his own weight; indeed, was long-suffering to public meanness with quarrelsome lesser dogs. Bob had no such weakness.

After much difficulty and change of masters, I bought him, I am ashamed to say, for five pounds, and brought him home. He had been chained for months, was in high health and spirits, and the surplus power and activity of this great creature, as he dragged me and my son along the road, giving battle to every dog he met, was something appalling.

I very soon found I could not keep him. He worried the pet dogs all around, and got me into much trouble. So I gave him as night-watchman to a goldsmith in Princess Street. This work he did famously. I once, in passing at midnight, stopped at the shop and peered in at the little slip of glass, and by the gas-light I saw where he lay. I made a noise, and out came he with a roar and a bang as of a sledge-hammer. I then called his name, and in an instant all was still except a quick tapping within that intimated the wagging of the tail. He is still

there, — has settled down into a reputable, pacific citizen, — a good deal owing, perhaps, to the disappearance in battle of sundry of his best teeth. As he lies in the sun before the shop door he looks somehow like the old Fighting Téméraire.

I never saw a dog of the same breed; he is a sort of rough *cob* of a dog, — a huge quantity of terrier in one skin; for he has all the fun and briskness and failings and ways of a small dog, begging and hopping as only it does. Once his master took him to North Berwick. His first day he spent in careering about the sands and rocks and in the sea, for he is a noble swimmer. His next he devoted to worrying all the dogs of the town, beginning, for convenience, with the biggest.

This aroused the citizens, and their fury was brought to a focus on the third day by its being reported alternately that he had torn a child's ear off, or torn and actually eaten it. Up rose the town as one man, and the women each as two, and, headed by Matthew Cathie, the one-eyed and excellent shoemaker, with a tall, raw divinity student, knock-kneed and six feet two, who was his lodger, and was of course called young Dominic Sampson. They bore down upon Bob and his master, who were walking calmly on the shore.

Bob was for making a stand, after the manner of Coriolanus, and banishing by instant assault the "common cry of curs"; but his master saw sundry guns and pistols, not to speak of an old harpoon, and took to his heels, as the only way of getting Bob to take to his. *Aurifer*, with much *nous*, made for the police station, and, with the assistance of the constables and half-crown, got Thalaba locked up for the night, safe and sulky.

Next morning, Sunday, when Cathie and his huge student lay uneasily asleep, dreaming of vengeance, and the early dawn was beautiful upon the Bass, with its snowy cloud of sea-birds "brooding on the charmed wave," Bob was hurried up to the station, locked into a horse-box, — him never shall that ancient Burgh forget or see.

I have a notion that dogs have humor, and are perceptive of a joke. In the North, a shepherd, having sold his sheep at a market, was asked by the buyer to lend him his dog to take them home. "By a' manner o' means tak Birkie, and when ye 'r dune wi' him just play so" (making a movement with his arm), "and he 'll be hame in a jiffy." Birkie was so clever and useful and gay that the borrower coveted him; and on getting to his farm shut him up, intending to keep him. Birkie escaped during the night, and took the entire hirsle (flock) back to his own master! Fancy him trotting across the moor with them, they as willing as he.



PLEA FOR A DOG HOME.





PLEA FOR A DOG HOME.

EDINBURGH, December 8, 1862.



SIR, — I am rejoiced to find Mr. William Chambers has taken up this matter. There is no fear of failure if Glenormiston sets himself to organize a home for our destitute four-footed fellow-creatures, from whom we get so much of the best enjoyment, affection, and help. It need not be an expensive institution, — if the value of the overplus of good eating that, from our silly over-indulgence, makes our town dogs short-lived, lazy, mangy, and on a rare and enlivening occasion *mad*, were represented by money, all the homeless, starving dogs of the city would be warmed and fed, and their dumb miseries turned into food and gladness. When we see our Peppers, and Dicks, and Muffs, and Nellys, and Dandies, and who knows how many other cordial little ruffians with the shortest and spiciest of names, on the rug, warm and cosy, — pursuing in their dreams that imaginary cat, — let us think of their wretched brethren or sisters without food, without shelter, without a master or a bone. It only needs a beginning, this new ragged school and home, where the religious element happily is absent, and Dr. Guthrie may go halves with me in paying for the keep of a rescued cur.

There is no town where there are so many thoroughbred house-dogs. I could produce from my own dog acquaintance no end of first-class Dandy Dinmonts and Skyes; and there is no town where there is more family enjoyment from dogs, — from Paterfamilias down to the baby whose fingers are poked with impunity into eyes as fierce and fell as Dirk Hatteraick's or Meg Merrelies's.

Many years ago, I got a proof of the unseen, and, therefore, unhelped miseries of the homeless dog. I was walking down Duke Street, when I felt myself gently nipped in the leg, — I turned, and there was a ragged little terrier crouching and abasing himself utterly, as if asking pardon for what he had done. He then stood up on end and begged as only these coaxing little ruffians can. Being in a hurry, I curtly praised his performance with "Good dog!" clapped his dirty sides, and, turning round, made down the hill; when presently the same nip, perhaps a little nippier, — the same scene, only more intense, the same begging and urgent motioning of his short, shaggy paws. "There's meaning in this," said I to myself, and looked at him keenly and differently. He seemed to twig at once, and, with a shrill cry, was off much faster than I could. He stopped every now and then to see that I followed, and, by way of putting off the time and urging me, got up on the aforesaid portion of his body, and, when I came up, was off again. This continued till, after going through sundry streets and by-lanes, we came to a gate, under which my short-legged friend disappeared. Of course I could n't follow him. This astonished him greatly. He came out to me, and as much as said, "Why the —— don't you come in?" I tried to open it, but in vain. My friend vanished and was silent. I was leaving in despair and disgust, when I

heard his muffled, ecstatic yelp far off round the end of the wall, and there he was, wild with excitement. I followed and came to a place where, with a somewhat burglarious ingenuity, I got myself squeezed into a deserted coachyard, lying all rude and waste. My peremptory small friend went under a shed, and disappeared in a twinkling through the window of an old coach-body, which had long ago parted from its wheels and become sedentary. I remember the arms of the Fife family were on its panel; and, I dare say, this chariot, with its C springs, had figured in 1822 at the King's visit, when all Scotland was somewhat Fifeish. I looked in, and there was a pointer bitch with a litter of five pups; the mother, like a ghost, wild with maternity and hunger; her raging, yelling brood tearing away at her dry dugs. I never saw a more affecting or more miserable scene than that family inside the coach. The poor bewildered mother, I found, had been lost by some sportsman returning South, and must have slunk away there into that deserted place, when her pangs (for she has her pangs as well as a duchess) came, and there, in that forlorn retreat, had she been with them, rushing out to grab any chance garbage, running back fiercely to them, — this going on day after day, night after night. What the relief was when we got her well fed and cared for, — and her children filled and silent, all cuddling about her asleep, and she asleep too, — awaking up to assure herself that this was all true, and that there they were, all the five, each as plump as a plum, —

“ All too happy in the treasure,
Of her own exceeding pleasure,” —

what this is in kind, and all the greater in amount as many outnumber one, may be the relief, the happiness,

the charity experienced and exercised in a homely, well-regulated *Dog Home*. *Nipper* — for he was a waif — I took home that night, and gave him his name. He lived a merry life with me, showed much pluck and zeal in the killing of rats, and incontinently slew a cat which had — unnatural brute, unlike his friend — deserted her kittens, and was howling offensively inside his kennel. He died, aged sixteen, healthy, lean, and happy to the last. As for *Perdita* and her pups, they brought large prices, the late Andrew Buchanan, of Coltbridge, an excellent authority and man — the honestest dog-dealer I ever knew — having discovered that their blood and her culture were of the best.



“BIBLIOMANIA.”





“BIBLIOMANIA.”*

NOTHING, we suspect, is less intelligible to the uninitiated than the sort of pleasure which the inveterate book-collector derives from his peculiar pursuit, or than the intense eagerness which he often displays in it. One of the fraternity—a man of vast knowledge, and of great power as a thinker and a writer,—after having followed the “business,” as he calls it, from early youth to wellnigh fourscore, lately declared that it “had never palled upon him for a single moment.”† Yet, to most persons, this amassing of literary treasures is simply a “mania”; even Mr. Burton, who ought to know better, has thought proper, in his very pleasant and witty *Book-Hunter*, to affect the satirical and depreciatory strain; and whether he intended it or not, the impression left on the minds of his readers is, that a collector is a poor lost creature who greatly needs to be taken care of by his friends; an office, by the way, which these same friends

* This paper is from the same exquisite pen as “St. Paul’s Thorn in the Flesh,” printed in the first series of “Spare Hours.” Both essays were written by my cousin and friend, John Taylor Brown. — J. B.

† Preface to Catalogue of Books, the Property of a Political Economist [J. R. M’Culloch, Esq.], with Critical and Bibliographical Notices. London (privately printed), 1862.

(particularly if they happen to belong to the female order) are always very ready to perform. The great Lord Bacon, too, once threatened Sir Thomas Bodley (the founder of the Bodleian) whom he found slow to appreciate his new philosophy, with "a Cogitation against Libraries," to be added to the *Cogitata et Visa*. And we all remember Sir Walter's quiet quizzing of the book-collecting race in the mock heroics which he puts into the mouth of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck: "Happy, thrice happy, Snuffy Davie; and blessed were the times when thy industry could be so rewarded!"

But notwithstanding our having such high authorities against us, we are about to venture a word or two in defence of this much misunderstood and much calumniated class. And we shall attempt to show that even what are commonly regarded as the oddest and most fantastic of their proceedings, often possess a foundation of intelligent interest which the very dullest must comprehend as soon as it is pointed out to them. To most persons, for instance, the fastidiousness of a genuine book-lover about the editions which he admits into his library; his frequent preference of an old and dingy copy, to the finest modern reprint; and, above all, his anxiety to have two or three different editions of the same work in his possession, are quite unaccountable. A great part of what are called the reading public have no sense of the difference between a Baskerville and a Bungay edition, and the only idea they have as to the superior intrinsic value of one edition over another is, that it should be "the latest." Hence, in buying a copy of Jeremy Taylor's Sermons, for example, they would probably turn with contempt from the finest old folio of 1668 or 1678, and select, with unhesitating preference, the smug octavo edition of Mr. Thomas Tegg,

in which we lately noticed one of the noblest passages of the great preacher disfigured and rendered unintelligible by having "spritefulness of the morning," converted (no doubt after grave consultation among the collective wisdom of the printing-office, and much turning over of Johnson) into "spitefulness."

Charles Lamb declares that he could never read Beaumont and Fletcher but in folio, and that he did not know a more heartless sight than the octavo reprints of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. And, as generally happens with a saying of Lamb's, his remark, though given as mere matter of sentiment, has an excellent basis of common sense in it. What do our readers think of the fact that, since Milton's own time, there has not been a single edition of the *Paradise Lost*, in which the text is given strictly as the author left it, and in which the language has not been tampered with in a way that would have given Milton himself (could he have become cognizant of it) the greatest annoyance and vexation? The author of *Paradise Lost*, let it be remembered, besides being a man of the loftiest genius, was also one of the most accomplished scholars of his day. From his earliest youth he had "applied himself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art he could unite to the adorning of his native tongue."* And although he disavows, as "a toylsome vanity," making "verbal curiosities his end," it is evident that not only in the formation of his vocabulary, but even in the most minute points of orthography, he was singularly careful and solicitous. The minute lists of errata at the end of some of the original editions of his prose tracts furnish curious illustrations of this. And in several copies of the *Dor*

* *The Reason of Church Government*, Book Second.

trine and Discipline of Divorce (the edition of 1644), which lately came under our eye, we noticed that a number of mistakes in the printing had been carefully corrected with a pen. The corrections were the same in each copy, and the handwriting was also the same; so that there could hardly be any doubt that they were made under the immediate superintendence of the author himself: a striking instance, as it seemed to us, of his close and anxious attention to typographical exactness. We should be sorry to believe the reports of Milton's cruelty to his daughters, but we have a strong suspicion that he was a terrible torment to his printers.*

It is well known to all who have examined the early editions of the *Paradise Lost*, that Milton had made the attempt, altogether singular in his day, to introduce regularity and system into English orthography. He was the first Englishman, so far as we know, who did so. Many of his words and modes of spelling, too, are peculiar to himself, and many of them also not only indicated

* Perhaps, however, this may be a failing common to the whole of the "irritable race." We have now before us a copy of the *Sibylline Leaves*, which formerly belonged to Mr. Evans, its printer. It is entitled "Waste Office Copy," and has a marginal note, rather strongly indicative of a row in the printing-office. On the poem called "The Nightingale," at the line "And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all," the insulted and indignant printer has written, "See the proof returned by Mr. Coleridge, for the justice of his charge of 'gratuitous emendation' on my part." "Gra-tu-i-tous e-men-da-tion" what a fine, big, many-jointed missile (a sort of verbal chain-shot, discharged at the head of a printer. Mr. Coleridge had evidently been a practised hand at this sort of work, and we do not wonder that Mr. Evans held his breath, and had to content himself with confiding his wrongs in silence to his "Waste Office Copy." The line complained of will be found altered in the later editions. In addition to the above, the volume before us contains several various readings, none of them, however of any great importance.

cholar-like knowledge and precision of view on etymological questions, but were adopted by him with a curious attention to musical effect, and with a felicitous recognition of the close relation between sound and sense. Yet, strange as it may seem, every trace of this phase of Milton's mind has been obliterated from his works. In every modern edition all specialty in his language has disappeared. The orthography is carefully toned down to the tameness of present usage; and, from no edition published since his own time, is it possible to discover what were Milton's ideas on the subject referred to, or even that he had any ideas upon it at all.* As an instance of the manner in which the language of the *Paradise Lost* has occasionally been emasculated by the liberties taken with it by later editors and printers, take the touching passage in the beginning of the third book, in which the author, alluding to his blindness, says:—

" But thou
Revisit'st not these eyes that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn."

* We are afraid that no exception can be made in favor of the beautiful edition of the whole works of Milton, published by the late Mr. Pickering in 1851, 8 vols. 8vo. and since reprinted by an American house. The editor, indeed, professes to have followed the author's own editions, and he has no doubt taken considerable care to preserve the original orthography, but as he does not seem to have been fully acquainted with the principles of spelling which Milton had adopted, even a slight examination of the book has discovered to us repeated aberrations from his author's standard. We may add that our general experience of the late Mr. Pickering's editions has bred in us a great distrust of their accuracy, and on this ground also we must hesitate to guarantee his Milton. A beautiful duodecimo edition of the *Paradise Lost* was published by the Foulises of Glasgow, in 1750 (reprinted in a smaller size, 1761), which bore on the title-page to be "According to the Author's last edition in the year 1672 (1674?)." But, though probably the best edition of the text of *Paradise Lost* printed in last century we regret to say that neither can it be relied on for absolute accuracy

Now can any one inform us what possible reason there could be for diluting the full, rich, passionate resonance of *rowle* into the thin prosaic feebleness of *roll*, as has been done by Newton, Todd, and all the rest of the tuneless rout of Milton's editors?

As to the great majority of Milton's orthographical peculiarities, it may or may not be of any very great consequence that he chose to write *sovrán* instead of sovereign, *perfet* instead of perfect, *thir* instead of their, *voutsaft* for vouchsafed, *fluts* instead of flutes, *intrans't*, *glimps*, *hight*, *maistring*, *anow*, for enough, etc., etc. But it is, at any rate, worth knowing that he did so. Even the crotchets of such a mind are of interest to us, — a mind so widely informed with learning and subtile thought, — and possess a value very different to that which belongs to those of the shallow and fantastic word-monger. The question, too, as to preserving the orthography of Milton's works, is one altogether distinct from that which is sometimes canvassed among mere antiquaries, of following the old spelling of other writers either of the same period or of an earlier time. For in their case no uniform rules of orthography were observed, and they thought nothing of spelling the same word in half a dozen different ways in the same number of consecutive lines; while he, on the contrary, practised a regular unvarying system deliberately formed by himself, and adopted upon choice and aforethought. Besides, it is evident that, to some at least, if not to all of his peculiarities of language and orthography, he himself, with all his indifference to "verbal curiosities," attached considerable importance. At the end of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*, for example, we meet with the following singular item among the errata "Lib. ii. v. 414. For *we* read *wee*." Even a tolerably

attentive student of the early editions of Milton might be at a loss what to make of this. It is certain that *we* is to be met with in the *Paradise Lost* quite as often, or rather much oftener, with a single than with a double *e*. It occurs as *we* in the very next line to that here referred to. What then could be Milton's object in desiring its correction in v. 414, while he leaves it unaltered elsewhere? The explanation is simply this, that, although in ordinary cases he is accustomed to spell the pronouns *we*, *me*, *he*, *ye*, with a single *e*, wherever special emphasis is intended to be put upon them he makes a point of writing *wee*, *mee*, *hee*, *ye*. At the end of Book IX., for example, we find the following passage thus given in the early editions:—

" Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman ever trusting
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook,
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Again, Book X., line 1:—

" Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
Hee in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband, *Shee*," etc.

In the same Book, line 137:—

" This woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfet gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did whatever in itself,
Her doing seemed to justifie the deed;
Shee gave me of the tree, and I did eate.
To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied:—
Was *shee* thy God that her thou did'st obey
Before his voice, or was *shee* made thy guide
Superior,' etc.

Now, all this may not be very important, but it is at least worth knowing as one of the characteristics of Milton's mind, that he was thus curiously ingenious and solicitous about orthographical minutiae. Yet no one could discover the fact without having the original editions of his works before him. And it would almost appear that, whether an author was, like Shakespeare, utterly careless about the accurate printing of his works, or, like Milton, painfully and laboriously attentive to the correction of the press, in either case he was equally sure of having his text depraved and mutilated by his ignorant and presumptuous commentators and editors.

Take another great author of the seventeenth century, — Jeremy Taylor. There is no reason to think that the question of fixing English orthography had engaged his attention, and the later editions of his works, which modernize his antique spelling, have therefore done him no wrong thereby. But any one who wishes to read the pure text of Taylor will find just as little reason to trust to the "latest edition" of any of his works, as we have shown he can do to the modern copies of Milton. If we wish to obtain any certainty as to what he really wrote, we must, quite as much as in Milton's case, have recourse to editions published in the author's lifetime. His singular phraseology (as odd often as that of Thomas Carlyle in the present day), the unexpectedness of his turns of thought, and the not unfrequent obscurity of his language, are constantly apt to throw out the printers, and a fine muddle they occasionally make of him. In any ordinary copy of the *Holy Dying*, for example, on turning to chap. i., sect. 3, § 2, 3, we meet with the following passage:—

"And let us a while suppose what Dives would have done if he had been loosed from the pains of hell, and permitted to

live on earth one year. Would all the pleasures of the world have kept him one hour from the temple? Would he not perpetually have been under the hands of priests, or at the feet of the Doctors, or by Moses' chair, or attending as near the altar as he could, or relieving poor *Lazarus*," etc.

Now, it might surely have occurred to any one that, as *Lazarus* is represented in the Gospel narrative as having died *before* Dives, and as Taylor's supposition does not include his coming to life again along with the latter, there is something like absurdity in the idea of one of the engagements of his renewed life being that of "relieving poor *Lazarus*." But if we refer to the edition of 1652, we shall find that the absurdity in question does not belong to Taylor, and we shall also have the satisfaction of lighting on one of those quaint felicities of thought which are so characteristic of this divine, and which in all probability would never have occurred to any other writer but himself. The true reading is *Lazars*, not *Lazarus*. And yet in every edition we have happened to look into, ranging from about 1670 downwards to the present time, the absurd and non-ensical reading *Lazarus* occurs. Thus it is given in an exquisitely printed edition published some years ago by Parker of Oxford; thus also the late Mr. Pickering has given it in all his beautiful editions; and even in the copy of Taylor's whole works, published by the Longmans a few years ago, with lofty pretensions of being founded on a careful collation of the early editions, the same stupid blunder is repeated. As a specimen of the careless way in which Taylor has been reproduced for modern readers, we may give the following results of a comparison of a few pages taken quite at random, between the second edition of 1652, and Mr. Pickering's elegant reprint of 1840, which most of its possessors prob-

ably regard as all but immaculate. In chap. i. sect. iii § 5, line 4, *casuality* is printed for *causality*; sect. iv. § 3, third last line, *infinities* for *infinites*; sect. v. § 1, a whole line left out; § 2, line 6, *nor* for *not*; *ib.*, ten lines from the end, *unable to eat* for *enabled to eat*; same place, *mariners* instead of *many mariners*. Chap. ii. sect. i. § 2, line 20, *resolved* for *revolved*; § 3, *Bonadventur* for *Bonaventure*; sect. ii. § 1, *signs and tangents* for *sines and tangents*. Now some of these may be mere trifles, others of them, however, seriously affect the sense of the passages in which they occur, and the whole of them together are more than enough to destroy all confidence in the accuracy of an edition in which they are to be found.

Lord Bacon is a third great author whose fate it has been to suffer somewhat severely in the reprinting of his works. What are we to think of such an editor as Mr. Basil Montagu, and such a publisher as Mr. Pickering, setting forth a magnificent edition of his works, and in printing many of his letters, never taking the trouble to examine the only reliable copies of them, viz. those published in the *Resuscitatio* by his chaplain and literary executor, Dr. Rawley, but indolently contenting themselves with the inaccurate and worthless transcripts contained in the *Cabala*, in which not only many passages have been left out, but in which Bacon's memory has been insulted, by having attributed to his pen a rude and brutal letter to the illustrious Sir Edward Coke, upon the occasion of his falling into disgrace at Court, although it had been pointed out, years before Montagu's edition appeared, that the author of the *Novum Organon* had nothing whatever to do with its composition? Again, it is surely rather hard upon Bacon's fame, that though separate editions of his *Advancement of Learning* have been reprinted,

times without number, during the last two hundred years, it has only once occurred to any publisher that it would be desirable to incorporate the large additions which Lord Bacon made to the work shortly before his death. With this single exception, every edition published during that time contains nothing more than the two books published in 1605, and no one would discover from the common modern copies, that the work was afterwards extended to more than double its original size, and issued in the form of nine books in 1623.* It is true that Lord Bacon, in this final recast of the work, thought proper to adopt the Latin instead of the English tongue, but that need have been no obstacle in the way, as a fair enough translation by G. Wats had been published in 1640 (2d edition, 1674). Nothing was more easy than to have incorporated the additional matter with Bacon's own original English. But for what reason no one can tell, the *Advancement of Learning* in its perfect state has been as carefully kept out of the hands of the English public as if, instead of containing some of the finest philosophical thought to be

* We are here, of course, speaking only of editions of the *Advancement of Learning*, apart from the collected works of Bacon, and the particular edition referred to is one published by Bohn in 1853. It ought, however, to be stated that an English version of the *Instauratio*, which had been introduced in the Philosophical Works of Bacon (3 vols. 4to) published by Dr. Shaw, was also, we believe, issued separately in two small volumes in 1803, but the value of this edition is entirely destroyed by the absurd alterations which have been made in Bacon's arrangement, and by the entire exclusion of many important portions of the book. The admirable edition of Bacon's whole works, still in course of publication under the editorship of Mr. Spedding, contains a translation of the *De Augmentis* (no doubt incomparably superior to any other that has appeared), and it is greatly to be desired that this version should be printed in a volume by itself. That published by Bohn cannot be spoken of with any commendation. We greatly prefer to it the old translation by Gilbert Wats.

found in all literature; it had been filled with matter as perilous to the health of souls as David Hume's long suppressed *Essay on Suicide*, and *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion*.

So much, then, for the necessity of having recourse to editions published during an author's lifetime, if we wish to ascertain with absolute certainty what he really wrote.

In addition to this there is often great interest in ascertaining the gradual stages by which a great work has been brought to its ultimate form of perfection; and a good deal is often to be learned on this point by comparing the earlier with the later editions issued by the author. Hence the eagerness with which intelligent book collectors seek to assemble these in their libraries. The later editions, for example, of Jeremy Taylor's *Life of Christ* differ most extensively from the first, and show the most minute and careful correction both of the thought and language. The various editions of Hume's *Essays* also vary most materially from each other. Large retrenchments have often been made from the earlier copies, curious changes of opinion, particularly on political questions, are manifested,* and the utmost

* In the later editions of Mr. Hume's *Essays*, for example, there is a short disquisition on the question, "How it happens that Great Britain alone enjoys that liberty of the press which is not allowed in any other government, either republican or monarchical, — in Holland or Venice more than in France or Spain?" And the *Essay* concludes rather abruptly with the following sentence: "It must, however, be allowed that the unbounded liberty of the press, though it be difficult, perhaps impossible, to propose a suitable remedy for it, is one of the evils attending mixed forms of government."

But if we turn to the edition of the little volume of "*Essays, Moral and Political*," published at Edinburgh in 1741, we find the author, instead of this harsh conclusion, going on in the following strain: "But I would fain go a step further, and assert, that such a liberty is attended with so few inconveniences, that it may be claimed as the

diligence has been expended in the removal of careless or awkward expression, and in the modification of strong

common right of mankind, and ought to be indulged them almost in every government; *except the ecclesiastical, to which indeed it would be fatal.* We need not dread from this liberty any such ill consequences as followed from the harangues of the popular demagogues of Athens and tribunes of Rome. A man reads a book or pamphlet alone and coolly; there is none present from whom he can catch the passion by contagion. He is not hurried away by the force and energy of action. And should he be wrought up to never so seditious a humor, there is no violent resolution presented to him, by which he can immediately vent his passion. The liberty of the press, therefore, however abused, can scarce ever excite popular tumults or rebellion. And as to those murmurs or secret discontents it may occasion, 't is better they should get vent in words, that they may come to the knowledge of the magistrate before it be too late, in order to his providing a remedy against them. Mankind, 't is true, have always a greater propension to believe what is said to the disadvantage of their governors than the contrary; but this inclination is inseparable from them, whether they have liberty or not. A whisper may fly as quick, and be as pernicious, as a pamphlet. Nay, it will be more pernicious, where men are not accustomed to think freely, or distinguish betwixt truth and falsehood.

"It has also been found, as the experience of mankind increases, that the people are no such dangerous monster as they have been represented, and that 't is in every respect better to guide them like rational creatures, than to lead or drive them like brute beasts. Before the United Provinces set the example, toleration was deemed incompatible with good government, and 't was thought impossible that a number of religious sects could live together in harmony and peace, and have all of them an equal affection to their common country and to each other. England has set a like example of civil liberty; and though this liberty seems to occasion some small ferment at present, it has not as yet produced any pernicious effects, and it is to be hoped that men, being every day more accustomed to the free discussion of public affairs, will improve in their judgment of them, and be with greater difficulty seduced by every idle rumor and popular clamor.

"'T is a very comfortable reflection to the lovers of liberty, that this peculiar privilege of Britain is of a kind that cannot easily be wrested from us, and must last as long as our government remains in any degree free and independent. 'T is seldom that liberty of any

or exaggerated sentiment. In Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* the number of verbal changes made by the author, when

kind is lost all at once. Slavery has so frightful an aspect to men accustomed to freedom, that it must steal in upon them by degrees, and must disguise itself in a thousand shapes in order to be received. But if the liberty of the press ever be lost, it must be lost at once. The general laws against sedition and libelling are at present as strong as they possibly can be made. Nothing can impose a further restraint, but either the clapping an *Imprimatur* upon the press, or the giving very large discretionary powers to the court to punish whatever displeases them. But these concessions would be such a barefaced violation of liberty, that they will probably be the last efforts of a despotic government. We may conclude that the liberty of Britain is gone forever when these attempts shall succeed."

Such, then, were Hume's sentiments at and before the age of thirty. It would be difficult to find anything more just and felicitous on the subject, — rather a contrast to the utterance of his later days. The whole passage is a fine illustration of the fact that the generous fervor of youth is sometimes more akin to wisdom than the so-called experience of age. The characteristic irony of the clause we have marked in *Italics* must not be overlooked.

Another curious, and perhaps less known, instance of deteriorated feeling and belief in an author may be quoted from the *Christianæ Religionis Institutio* of John Calvin. This book, as is well known, was composed before Calvin quitted France, at the time when he lived the uneasy, insecure life of a persecuted fugitive at Angoulême; and in the earlier editions of it we find the following paragraph on the manner in which it becomes Christians to act towards sinners and heretics:—

"Familiarius versari aut interiorem consuetudinem habere non licet: debemus tamen contendere sive exhortatione, sive doctrina, sive clementia ac mansuetudine, sive nostris ad Deum precibus, ut ad meliorem frugem conversi in societatem ac unitatem ecclesiæ se recipiant. Neque ii modo sic tractandi sunt sed Turcæ quoque, ac Sarraceni, cæterique religionis hostes."

Beautiful words! But consistency, we suppose, is also in its way beautiful. So at least Calvin seems to have thought. It was unfitting that the man who burned Servetus should continue to talk in such a strain. And so, we are told, in all the editions of the *Institutio* published after the horrid atrocious act of 27th October, 1553, the above and every other passage of a similar tendency were carefully expunged.

he collected the separate papers into volumes, is said to have been not less than six thousand. Bacon's *Essays*,* Thomson's *Seasons*, Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*, Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, and Burnet's *Own Times* (the curious suppressions in the earlier editions of the two last of which were brought to light a good many years ago by Dr. Bandinel and Dr. Routh), are works which will probably occur to every one as exhibiting the most remarkable variations between the earlier and later editions. It is difficult to conceive any exercise of greater practical utility to the student who aims at making himself a master of correct thought or of English style, than the minute study of the process, as exhibited in these variations, by which great authors have brought their works to their most finished and perfect state.

Another source of interest in books is that which frequently arises from their association with those in whose possession they have previously been. Some of our readers may perhaps recollect a fine passage in one of the late John Foster's *Essays*,† in which a train of reflection, founded upon associations of this kind, is pursued with that sort of gloomy intensity and earnestness which characterized this great master of meditative thought. The kind of interest, however, to which we are now referring, is generally founded upon indications of former possession considerably more special and overt than those which Foster had in his eye,—indications which not merely impart a fanciful interest, but often

* See the valuable little edition, edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright (Macmillan, 1863), in which the variations of all the early copies are exhibited with great care and minute accuracy.

† Prefixed to an edition of Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*

add a palpable value to the volumes which contain them. Let us give a few examples of what we mean from a small pile of relics now lying before us.

The first is a copy of *The Battaile of Agincourt, and some other Poems. By Michael Drayton, Esq.* London. 1627. Small folio. On the top of the fifth page we meet with the autograph "W^m. Wordsworth. Rydal Mount" at page 117, where the poem "Nimphidia, the Court of Fayrie," begins, another poet, "Leigh Hunt," has written his name. And on one of the fly-leaves is a memorial of what must surely have been some pleasant social gathering. First, "Leigh Hunt" has inscribed his clear business-like autograph, and then follows, not immediately below his brother-poet, but apart by himself, as if he disdained to concede precedence, "W^m. Wordsworth," who is succeeded by "R. H. Horne," "T. N. Talfourd," and "Southwood Smith." The volume has been carefully read, as the frequent pencil-marks on the margin indicate, and, oddly enough, the mode of notation adopted is precisely that described in *The Doctor* as having been practised by Dr. Daniel Dove of Doncaster. "My friend," says Southey, "has noted in it, as was his custom, every passage that seemed worthy of observation, with the initial of his own name [D]. Such of his books as I have been able to collect are full of these marks. These notations have been of much use to me in my perusal," etc. Whether this was really "the Doctor's" copy or not we don't know, but here at least is the "D" occurring over and over again.

Our second example is of somewhat higher interest. It is a copy of the first edition (in 4to) of "*Joan of Arc, an Epic Poem. By Robert Southey.* Bristol, 1796." It had formerly belonged to S. T. Coleridge, and is, in

fact, the identical copy mentioned in a note to the last edition of the *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 31. No notice, however, is there taken of the most material and curious part of its contents. It is, in fact, one of those volumes of which Lamb speaks, "enriched with S. T. C.'s annotations, tripling their value." Coleridge, like most men of genius, had caught the trick of speaking out exactly what he thought, without much regard to conventional proprieties, and he has here set down some rather hard truths about Southey's early poem, with a degree of plain-speaking which had evidently greatly shocked his own family, who have made an amiable attempt (though happily not a perfectly successful one) to obliterate his just, though unsparing criticisms on their uncle Southey. We shall give some extracts.

In the preface to the poem, Southey, speaking of Statius and Lucan, mentions that "the French court honored the poet of liberty by excluding him from the edition *in usum Delphini*"; adding, "I do not scruple to prefer Statius to Virgil; his images are strongly conceived and clearly painted, and the force of his language, while it makes the reader feel, proves that the author felt himself." Against this Coleridge has written: "The proper petulance of levelism in a youth of two-and-twenty. I will venture to assert Southey had never read, or more than merely looked through, Statius, or Virgil either, except in school lessons."

Again, "The lawless magic of Ariosto," says Southey, "and the singular theme as well as the singular excellence of Milton, render all rules of epic poetry inapplicable to these authors." On this Coleridge remarks: "*N. B.* — It is an original discovery of Southey's that the excellence of an epic poem should render the rules

of epic poetry inapplicable to it. The Yorkshire pudding [has] been made with consummate culinary art; the art culinary is therefore inapplicable to the making thereof. There is just the same difference between a poet, the most thinking of human beings, and a mock poet, as between cooks in egg skill."

"So likewise," continues Southey, "with Spenser, the favorite of my childhood, from whose frequent perusal I have always found increased delight." "The marvellous egotism," subjoins Coleridge, "in the curt *ipse dixit* of this Epician!"

Coming to the poem itself, Coleridge sets down the following list of abbreviations, which he proposes to use in his marginal notes:—

N. B.—S. E. means Southey's English, i. e. no English at all.

N. means nonsense.

J. means discordant jingle of sound, — one word rhyming or half-rhyming to another, proving either utter want of ear, or else very long ones.

L. M. ludicrous metaphor.

I. M. incongruous metaphor.

S. = pseudo-poetic slang, generally, too, not English.

Following this notation, Coleridge proceeds with his criticism on Book First. We print Southey's lines in the first column, and Coleridge's marginal notes in the second. The words in *italics* have been underlined by Coleridge:—

Line 5. Or slept in death, or <i>lingered</i> _A life in chains.	S. E. _A out
L. 6. I sing: nor wilt thou, Freedom, scorn the song.	I really can't promise that tho', quoth Freedom.
L. 7. Sunk was the Sun: o'er <i>all the ex-</i> <i>pense of air</i>	N.
The mists of Evening deepening as they rose	

Chilled the still scene; when thro' the J.*
forest gloom
Rapt on with lightning speed, in vain S.*E.
Dunois
New checked with weaker force the un- S. E.
headed reia.

Mercy on us, if I go on thus
 I shall make the book what
 I suppose it never was be-
 fore, *red* † *all thro'.*

N. B. — Puns are for the
 ear. Punning by spelling are
 (*sic*) natural enemies.

* Any jingle of this kind seems always to have struck offensively on Coleridge's quick ear. In a copy of Whistlecraft's (Hookham Frere's) "Prospectus and specimen of an intended national work," which formerly belonged to Mr. Gillman, we find a curious note, in Coleridge's handwriting, on the tenth stanza of the second canto.

"He found a valley closed on every side,
 Resembling that which Rasselas describes;
 Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
 Where the descendants of the giant tribes
 Lived in their ancient fortress undescried:
 (Invaders tread upon each other's kibes)," etc.

Over against this Coleridge has written, "I have over found an unpleasant effect where the consonances A, C, and E are assonant to the consonances B, D, and F." And the remark having probably long afterwards caught his eye, he then wrote below it in pencil, "What can I have meant by this?" The reader will perhaps be inclined at first to sympathize with his perplexity. Nevertheless, his words are both perfectly intelligible and perfectly well founded. The letters A, B, C, D, E, F are evidently intended to indicate the lines in their order as they stand in the verse. A, C, E and B, D, F severally rhyme together, and are therefore called by Coleridge "consonances." But they are also said to be "assonant" to each other, because the vowels in both series of rhymes are the same, as side, describes, wide, tribes, etc. And any one who attends to the effect of the final words upon the ear, in reading the stanza, will at once be sensible of some confusion in the harmony, and will understand the nature of the "unpleasant effect" of which Coleridge complains.

† Coleridge writes his remarks with a *red* pencil.

- L. 22. The new-born Sun Why refulgent? A polished mirror, if put in the sun, is refulgent. The sun is fulgent, if there be such a word.
- Refulgent* smiles around.
- L. 24. In dubious life Dunols *unseals* his eyes,
 And views a form with *mildly melting* gaze. L. M.
- L. 27. And on *her* rubied cheek S.
- Hung Pity's crystal gem.*
- L. 30. Silent he gazed, Gaze *versus* gaze.
 And gazing wondered.

Then follows a passage from line 34, "When soft as breeze," etc., to line 51, including also line 59, against which Coleridge has pencilled his own initials, indicating that its authorship belonged to him. It, however, did not reappear among the fragments contributed to the "Joan of Arc," which he afterwards printed in the collected edition of his poems, under the title of *The Destiny of Nations*. On this passage, at line 37, "His eye not slept," is corrected into "slept not"; line 39, "Volleys *red* thunder," is pronounced to be S. (pseudo-poetic slang); and line 46, "*Firm* thy young heart," is declared to be "not English."

- Line 84. As down the steep descent *with many a step* No doubt — unless they rolled down.
- They urge their way.
- L. 89. Softened her eye, and *all the woman* reigned. S.
- L. 92. — and the rising smoke
 Slow o'er the copse * that floated on the breeze.

* A striking instance of the utter unsuitness for the English language, which has no *cases*, of this dislocation of words. Who would not suppose it was the copse that floated; but that it would be nonsense?

- L. 94 She *dried* the tear. S. E., to dry a cloth, to dry *up* the moisture on it.
- L. 95. — Where rolls the Seine An important epithet, Full to the sea his *congregated* waves. proving that the Seine rolling seaward showed no partiality to any particular wave.
- L. 118. The mother's *anguished* shriek. Not English. A participle presupposes a verb. Now there is no such verb as "to anguish," *ergo*, there can be no such participle as "anguished." To guard with jealous care the purity of his native tongue, the sublime Dante declares to be the first duty of a poet. It is this conviction more than any other which actuates my severity towards Southey, W. Scott, etc., — all miserable offenders.
- L. 124. For scarce four summers o'er my head had *beamed their radiance*. S.
- L. 127. Too fondly *wished*, too fondly deemed secure. Wished for.
- L. 129. Heedless of death that *rode the iron storm*, S. E., N., L. M.
Firebrands, and darts, and stones, and javelins. Verse!
- L. 133. — have not *effaced* the scene From *bleeding* memory. L. M.
- L. 148. behold thine orphan child, S. E.
She goes to *fill* her destiny.

The following words, at line 221,

"The groves of Paradise
Gave their mild echoes to the choral song
Of new-born beings,"

are marked with the initials S. T. C. So also are the passages from l. 269, beginning "Dispeopled hamlets," to

l. 280 ; and from l. 455, "From a dark lowering cloud," to l. 460. And against l. 485 to 496, on p. 33, beginning, "Down in the dingle's depth," Coleridge has written, "Suggested and in part worded by S. T. C."

The greater part of Book Second was written by Coleridge himself, and is marked on the margin as his composition. A long note on l. 34 has not been reprinted in *The Destiny of Nations*. At the long passage beginning, "Maid beloved of Heaven," he has written: "These are very fine lines, tho' I say it that should not: but hang me if I know or ever did know the meaning of them, tho' my own composition."

At the passage beginning l. 398,

" Guiding its course Oppression sat within,
With terror pale and rage, yet laughed at times,
Musing on Vengeance," etc.,

he has written: "These images imageless, — these small capitals constituting personifications I despised even at that time; but was forced to introduce them to preserve the connection with the machinery of the poem previously adopted by Southey. S. T. C." The passage, we may mention, is left out in *The Destiny of Nations*.

At line 420,

" Shrieked Ambition's ghastly throng,
And with them those, the Locust Fiends that crawled
And glittered in Corruption's slimy track,"

he writes: "If locusts, how could they *shriek*! I must have caught the contagion of *unthinkingness*." The lines are accordingly altered in *The Destiny of Nations*.

On the words *σπυδοῖς ὑποζευχθεῖν*, in the quotation, in the notes, from the Greek Prize Ode on the Slave Trade, he remarks: "ο before ζ ought to have been made long,

—δῶς ἑπὶ is an Amphimacer, not (as the metre here requires) a dactyle. S. T. C."

To the following lines in the concluding paragraph of his contribution,

• Nature's vast ever acting **ENERGY**!
In will, in deed, **IMPULSE** of All to all,"

he appends the following curious note: "Tho' these lines may bear a sane sense, yet they are easily, and more naturally interpretable into a very false and dangerous one. But I was at that time one of the *mongrels* — the Josephedites [Josephides = the son of Joseph, a proper name of distinction from those who believe *in*, as well as believe, Christ, the only begotten Son of the living God. before all time]." The lines were allowed to stand as originally written, in *The Destiny of Nations*, the only change made being, that "Energy" and "Impulse" were not printed in capitals. In the line which immediately follows, "Whether thy *Law*," was changed to "*Love*."

In Book Third only two marginal remarks by Coleridge occur. On the following lines, at p. 107,

"So have I seen the simple snowdrop rise
Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth
In early spring, so seen its gentle bend
Of modest loveliness amid the waste
Of desolation,"

Coleridge writes: "Borrowed from the *Sacotala*, a Drama translated from the Sanscrit by Sir Wm. Jones."

And a little further on, at p. 110, in the maiden's speech, beginning,

"Father,
In forest shade my infant years trained up,
Knew not devotion's forms," etc.,

Coleridge remarks, "How grossly unnatural an anachronism thus to transmogrify the fanatic votary of the Virgin into a Tom Paine in petticoats, a novel-palming (?) proselyte of the Age of Reason."

Looking at the severity of these criticisms, it is a little amusing to find Coleridge noting at the end of Book Fourth, "All the preceding I gave my best advice in correcting. From this time Southey and I parted. — S. T. C." Here, then, we suppose, he got weary of his work of annotation. Enough, however, has been done by him to show the remarkable soundness of his critical judgment, and his singularly quick insight into whatever was false in thought or impure in English diction. The slight appearance of petulance or ill-nature in some of the remarks, no one who really comprehends Coleridge's character will for a moment misunderstand. It was simply, we believe, the almost unconscious outcome of a perfectly natural person, not caring to put any restraint on the full and distinct utterance of the idea or impulse of the moment, — a characteristic not by any means peculiar to Coleridge, — but common to him along with almost all men who think clearly, feel strongly, and are perfectly in earnest in the opinions or principles which they hold. A nature of this sort is almost always deficient in tact, and in stating what it regards as truth is ever apt to be betrayed into forgetfulness of how extraneous persons or things may be affected thereby. But all the while no law of kindness is violated, simply because all personal considerations are absolutely and entirely out of view. Coleridge's remarks on Southey's early work form, we think, a very good supplement to the first chapter of the *Biographia Literaria*, and are throughout illustrative of the principles of composition there laid down. We do not think there-

fore that we overrate their value when we venture to commend them to the attentive study of any one who wishes to acquire good habits of thinking, or a sound and correct English style.

No. 3 is a copy of the *Scriptores de Re Rustica*. Paris, *ex officina Roberti Stephani*, 1543. In 2 vols. small 8vo. On the fly-leaf is the autograph "Wm. Wordsworth," and the volumes throughout are extensively marked and annotated by his venerable hand. At first, one wonders a little what there could have been attractive to Wordsworth in these old writers on agriculture. Books of any kind were not exactly his specialty. Practical, matter-of-fact books, probably least so.

"A poet, one who loved the brooks
Far better than the sages' books."

And yet, from the traces which have been left by his pencil on these pages, there is reason to think that he had read every word of Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius, and did not even omit the "Ennarrationes prisicarum vocum per Georgium Alexandrinum," or the "Philippi Beroaldi Annotationes in libros xiii. Columellæ." On second thoughts, however, it is easy to see that the fresh glimpses of ancient out-of-door life, and of the simple scenes, "tasting of Flora and the country green," which these volumes bring before us, could not but have had a powerful interest for the author of "The Excursion." His notes, as might be expected, are totally different in character from those of his friend Coleridge on the "Joan of Arc." They show no critical acuteness,—scarcely any attempt at criticism at all,—no flashes of shrewd, biting, sarcastic wit. Taken individually and apart from the thought of who wrote them, they hardly, at first, give the

impression of possessing interest or value of any kind. And it is only when, ceasing to expect anything marked or special in them, we are content to follow Wordsworth in his perusal of the book, "pausing where he had paused, observing what he had noted, and considering what to him seemed worthy of consideration," that we begin to see the kind of interest which they possess. We then find that we have got completely upon the track of Wordsworth's thoughts, as he read these singular old treatises, and upon the vein of feeling which they awakened within him. And in turning over the pages of this old book, we discover everywhere the characteristic tendencies of his taste and genius with as much distinctness as we do in perusing his poetry. The points which he has chiefly noted are, — anything peculiar, uncommon, or specially felicitous in word or phrase, — anything beautiful, simple, tender, or poetical in thought or expression, — strange or fantastic beliefs, — curious out-of-the-way notions or observations of nature, — or anything else, in fact, that helps to indicate the ways, customs, or modes of thinking prevalent in the ancient world. When Cato, for example, uses the expression *naves ambulantes*, Wordsworth notes the oddness of the phrase, and remarks that "*hujus vocabuli*" (his annotations are chiefly written in Latin) "*usum notavit Gellius*." When the same writer tells us that, in removing dung, it is of great importance that the work should be done *silenti luna* (when the moon is not shining), Wordsworth not only underlines the exquisite words, but carefully writes them out on the margin; such a pearl was too precious to be left upon the dunghill. When you are informed that if your wine contains too much water you should put the liquid into a vessel made of ivy wood, and that then the wine will flow away while the water will

remain, *nam non continet vinum vas ederaeum*, the singular fact is noted with a cross. When you are told, in selecting your pigeons for slaughter, to drive those you wish to kill out of the dovecot into the *seclutorium*, and there put them to death secretly out of sight of the others, lest the latter, *si videant, despondeant animum*, the whole passage is underlined, and the delicious recognition of the capacity of doves for grief and sad foreboding, in the words *despondeant animum*, is written out on the margin. When Varro gives the remarkable reason for the greater longevity of those who live in the country than of people bred in towns, *quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes*, the singular felicity of the thought you may be sure does not escape him, and he quotes Cowper's version of the sentiment, "God made the country, but man made the town," at the foot of the page. When Columella tells us that if a mouse or a serpent falls into the wine-vat, we must, in order to prevent it from affecting the flavor of the wine, burn the dead body, pour the ashes when cool into the wine, and stir the liquid well with a rake or ladle, and that *ea res erit remedio*, Wordsworth gravely remarks, that it is "*remedium Catone dignum*"; meaning, we suppose, that he expected something better from the more advanced intelligence of Columella, but that his *remedium* is no better than some of the absurdities to be found in the earlier treatise of Cato. When Varro tells us of his going to visit Appius Claudius, the augur, at his country place, and finding him seated at table along with Cornelius *Merula*, a man of good consular family, and Fircellius *Pavo* on his left hand; and Munitius *Pica* and Marcus Petronius *Passer* on his right; and how Axius Appius (who accompanied Varro) smiled (*subridens*), and said, "Why, you receive us in your

aviary where you sit among the birds," — Wordsworth, no doubt, thought how English-like the whole scene was, — the company the very same you might meet anywhere, — Mr. Merle, Mr. Peacock, Mr. Pye, and Mr. Sparrow ; and the thin jest, exactly the sort of thing that tells so well and goes so far in kindly English country-houses ; and so he fondly underlines all the points of the story. We might go on for pages noticing Wordsworth's curiously characteristic markings, but our rapidly decreasing space warns us to forbear. The condition of the volumes is also characteristic of Wordsworth, at least it confirms Mr. De Quincey's account of his utter indifference about the misusage of books which came into his hands. The binding of both volumes is loose and broken, the body of the book separated from the back, many of the leaves torn out and lost, the whole of the pages pervaded by a deep yellow stain, and a large portion of the work so utterly rotten, that it can hardly be moved without scattering about mealy flakes, of what once was paper. Horace speaks of the infamy of him *qui in patrios cineres minx-erit* ; we wonder what is to be thought of a poet who performed the same office upon one of his favorite books.

No. 4 is a copy of Gilbert Wakefield's edition of Virgil, containing the autograph "Byron," and the following strange note in the same handwriting, on the fly-leaves. It is evidently an unpublished scrap from the grim, bitter diary given in Moore's *Life* : —

"Past midnight: invited to Lady Davy's; sent word '*could not come*'; went after all for half an hour; home again; *hate society*: man has been designated a '*selfish*' animal; now, what in the name of comfort should bring any *selfish* man here? Unless *self* prompt us to do nothing but what is agree-

able to it, I do not see why it should have an *ish* tied to its tail. People going to a '*swarie*' are not selfish ; they sacrifice comfort, and *virtue*, if they possess that article. At Lady D.'s squeeze, I was condemned to listen to an old dowager and Lord C——, the old noodle. Swift says, ' Every man knows that he understands religion and politics, though he never learned them, but many people are conscious they do not understand many other sciences, from having never learned them. . . . Took up Virgilius Maro. His is one of the books which give spring to the mind, — especially if you call the assistance of a tumbler of gin and water : there is *genius in gin*."

No. 5 is a copy of Dr. Carlyle's translation of the Divine Comedy (out of sight, by the way, the best introduction to the knowledge of Dante in the language. Why has it never been completed?) The former possessor has carefully destroyed all trace of his identity. But the volume contains a note which we think ought to excite some curiosity as to its authorship, because it suggests, we believe, a perfectly original, and, we are persuaded, a perfectly correct explanation of a very obscure passage in the *Inferno*, on which no commentator hitherto has been able to throw any satisfactory light.

In the third canto, Dante, speaking of those who lived without either blame or praise (*senza infamia e senza lodo*), says, " And I saw the shade of him who from cowardice made the great refusal " :

" E vidi l' ombra di colui
Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto."

The common interpretation is, that Celestine the Fifth, who abdicated the Papacy in 1294, is the person indicated. But we may safely conclude that Dante knew better than to consign a man to eternal pain for having declined the path of ambition. Our MS. annotator has written on the

margin: "The reference is probably to Matt. xix. 22." And there cannot be the slightest doubt of it. A young man came asking our Lord, "What good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." It is the only instance recorded in the Gospels in which Jesus "looking on a man and loving him," asked him to become his friend and companion, but the glorious invitation was declined. Certainly nothing that ever happened in this world could so justly be called "the great refusal." And it is touchingly characteristic of the deep purity and spirituality of Dante's mind that he so regarded it.

No. 6 is the *Biographia Literaria* of S. T. Coleridge, 2 vols., 1847, with the autograph of "Sara Coleridge," on each of the volumes. It contains a considerable number of corrections for a new edition, and also several MS notes by that admirable and accomplished woman; one or two of them to us of much interest. If our readers turn to pp. 135, 136 of the second volume of the *Biographia*, they will find a printed note, by Mrs. Coleridge, in reference to Wordsworth's *Blind Highland Boy*, in which she expresses — what many besides herself have felt — considerable regret that Wordsworth should have destroyed the simplicity of the original incident, by substituting the foreign shell for the "household tub" as the vessel in which the Highland boy sailed away. The chief objection, she thinks, to the first form of the poem was, that Wordsworth had introduced the tub in a way so awk

ward as almost inevitably to suggest a feeling of the ridiculous, —

"A household tub like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes."

And in her MS. note, she suggests that this should be altered into

"A tub of common form and size,
Such as each rustic home supplies."

adding, "Mr. W. might recast the whole stanza, so as to avoid the sudden jerk downwards into the mean and trivial, still keeping the original incident. The nine new stanzas might be preserved in an appendix. This I ventured to suggest to the venerable author at Bath, March, 1847. He did not reject the notion altogether. S. C." Another note also refers to a poem of Mr. Wordsworth, "The Gipsies." It occurs at p. 154 of the same volume. In a printed note here, Mrs. Coleridge says: "I hope it is not mere *poetic* partiality, regardless of morality, that makes so many readers neglect the sublime conciseness of the original conclusion: —

"Oh better wrong and strife,
Better vain deeds or evil than such life."

And at the foot of the page she has written as follows: "Mr. Wordsworth promised me that this should be restored, at Bath, March, 1847. He said that he had made the alteration against his own judgment, in deference to an objection of Charles Lamb's. S. C." Both of these are interesting little bits of literary history. The other notes are principally mere verbal corrections of the text, and could scarcely be of much interest to the reader. They ought all, however, to be used in the event of a new edition of the book being called for.

No. 7 is a copy of Southey's *Doctor*, in 7 vols. 8vo, 1834-1847. Such of our readers as are old enough to remember the original publication of this book will recollect the mystery which for some time hung over its authorship. It would seem, however, that the writer of a note at p. 17 of vol. i. of this copy had penetrated that mystery, and had found out a secret mark which determined beyond the possibility of doubt that the writer of the book could be no other than Dr. Southey. In chapter iv. A. I., the author describes the effect of his announcement that he intended to compose "the History of Dr. Daniel Dove of Doncaster, and his horse Nobs," upon the members of his own family, concluding his account as follows:—

"‘Why, he is not in earnest,’ said my wife’s youngest sister. ‘He never can be,’ replied my wife. And yet, beginning to think that peradventure I was, she looked at me with a quick turn of the eye. ‘A pretty subject indeed for you to employ your time upon! You,—veina whehaha yoku almad otenba twandri athancod!’ I have thought proper to translate this part of my commandante’s speech into the Garamna tongue.”

Now, our MS. annotator points out that "Garamna" is simply the word Anagram anagrammatized; and taking this as the key to the interpretation of the queer gibberish given above, his wife’s speech is found, on a transposition of the letters, to read thus: "A pretty subject indeed for you to employ your time upon! you—you who have written *Thalaba*, and *Kehama*, and *Madoc*!"*

No. 8 is a copy of the poems of the Rev. John Logan,

* This curious little discovery was communicated by the present writer to the *Examiner* newspaper more than twenty years ago. But as it will probably be new to most of the readers of these pages, it may be excusable to reprint it here.

which formerly belonged to John Miller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. Over against the "Ode to the Cuckoo," Mr. Miller has inserted a slip of paper containing the following curious piece of information: "The following note relative to the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' was found among the papers of Dr. Grant, one of Logan's executors:—

"Alas, sweet bird! not so my fate:
Dark scowling skies I see,
Fast gathering round and fraught with woe
And wintry years to me."

"I find that after the stanza 'sweet bird!' he had written the above, but as he did not express a wish to have it inserted, I have omitted it. And it is perhaps too solemn for the tone of the rest of the poem, but it is expressive of that predictive melancholy which was with him constitutional."

Now, of course, Dr. Grant must have been much better qualified to judge than we are as to Logan's disposition to "predictive melancholy." But it is at least remarkable that the "Ode to the Cuckoo" should thus be ascertained to have included a stanza so strikingly characteristic of Michael Bruce, who is, on other grounds, strongly suspected to have been the real author of the poem. The singularly close parallelism of the above with the well-known lines, —

"Now spring returns, but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known," etc.,

must necessarily strike every one. The stanza we have now given has never, so far as we know, been printed before, and it is a little unaccountable that it should not have reached the hands of Dr. Mackelvie, who published a carefully edited edition of Bruce's poems about thirty years ago, and who, as we remember, mentions that he

had applied to Mr. Miller of Lincoln's Inn, for any information that might be in his possession, bearing upon the question as to the authorship of the several poems which have been variously attributed both to Bruce and Logan.*

No. 9 is "Letters written by the late Right Honorable Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq. London, 1775." It has the book-plate of "Mr. Horatio Walpole,"

* In this and the previous instance (of the *Biographia Literaria*) we have examples of new and interesting information being sometimes obtainable from the MS. *notanda* of previous possessors of a volume. Another curious case of the same kind is given by Dr. John Brown in his letter to Dr. Cairns, published as a supplement to the life of his father. A copy of Richard Baxter's *Life and Times*, belonging to the late Rev. Dr. Brown, contained the autograph of Anne Countess of Argyll, the widow of Archibald Earl of Argyll, who died on the scaffold in 1685, together with a most affecting note by her, on that passage in Baxter (p. 220), where he brings a charge of want of veracity against her eldest daughter, who had unfortunately been perverted to Popery, and carried off to a convent in France by her spiritual advisers. The note, according to Dr. Brown, is written "in a hand tremulous with age and feeling." It is as follows: "I can say w^t truth I neuer in all my lyff did hear her ly, and what she said, if it was not trew, it was by others suggested to hir, as y^t she wold embak on Wednesday. She believed she wold, bot thy took hir, alles! from me who never did sie her mor. The minester of Cuper, Mr. John Magill, did sie hir at Paris in the convent. Said she was a knowing and vertuous person, and hed retined the living principls of our relidgon, which made him say it was good to grund young persons weel in ther relidgon, as she was one it apired weel grunded." On the volume being shown to Lord Lindsay (whose ancestrix Lady Argyll was, by her previous marriage with the Earl of Balcarres), he wrote to say, that the information it contained was unknown to him at the time when he wrote the *Lives of the Lindsays*. "I had always been under the impression," he remarked, "that the daughter had died very shortly after her removal to France, but the contrary appears from Lady Argyll's memorandum. That memorandum throws also a pleasing light on the later life of Lady Anna, and forcibly illustrates the undying love and tenderness of the aged mother, who must have been very old when she penned it, the book having been printed as late as 1696."

and is full of notes in his handwriting, indicating the most curiously minute acquaintance with all the small gossip of high society, during the whole period over which the letters extend. We have scarcely room, nor would it be worth while, to give the whole of these odd annotations. One or two will be enough to give an idea of the sort of matter they contain. The handwriting, by the way, has a great resemblance to that of the late Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe; and in the following, which is written on the back of the title-page, you can almost fancy that you are listening to the shrieky treble of that confirmed old scandal-monger:—

"Henrietta St. John, daughter of Henry Viscount St. John, by his second wife (a Frenchwoman) and half-sister of the famous Lord Bolinbroke, was wife of Robert Knight (son of the cashier of the South Sea Company), by whom she had a son, who died, without issue, before his father, and a daughter, Henrietta, mentioned in these letters. Robert Knight was created Lord Luxborough, and after his wife's death, Earl of Catherlogh. They had been parted many years, on her having an intrigue with Parson Dalton, the reviver of Comus, and tutor of Lord Beauchamp, only son of the Duchess of Somerset, mentioned in these letters."

At p. 27 Lady Luxborough writes as follows: "The late King George [the First] was fond of peaches stewed in brandy in a particular manner, which he had tasted at my father's; and ever after, till his death, my mamma furnished him with a sufficient quantity to last the year round (*he* eating two every night). This little present he took kindly; but one season proved fatal to fruit-trees, and she could present his Majesty with but half the usual quantity, desiring him to use economy, for they would barely serve him the year at *one* each night. Being thus

forced by necessity to retrench, he said he would then eat *two* every other night, and valued himself on having mortified himself less than if he had yielded to their regulation of one each night; which, I suppose, may be called a compromise between economy and epicurism." To the words, "my mamma" in this paragraph, Horace Walpole appends the following information: "Angelica Magdalen, daughter of George Pillesary, Treas. Gen. of the Marine to Louis XIV. Besides Lady Luxborough, she had a son, Hollis St. John, a famous mimic and buffoon. He once dressed himself in his mother's cloaths, in London, and went into a balcony over the street, pretending to be drunk, and danced with a punch-bowl on his head, the mob taking him for Lady St. John."

At p. 217, on an allusion to "Mr. Meredith," Walpole writes: "This Mr. Meredith, afterwards Sir William, was originally a Jacobite, then a great Whig, and patron of the Presbyterians; and then grew a courtier, and was made Comptroller of the House by the Tory Ministry in 1775."

At p. 325, Lady Luxborough speaks of her spirits being depressed by her "daughter's imprudence (to call it by no worse a name)." Walpole explains that this refers to her daughter Henrietta; adding, "She was divorced from Mr. Wymondesell for an intrigue with Josiah Child, brother of the Earl of Tilney, and married him after her divorce."

At p. 334, Lady Luxborough says: "I find your beauty, Lady Diana Egerton, is married, but not to the lover that I saw her with the last season that I was at Bath"; upon which Walpole notes that Lady Diana was

"youngest daughter of Scrope, Duke of Bridgewater; that she married Frederick Calvert, Lord Baltimore; and that 'the lover' was Henry Seymour;" etc., etc.

One other example of the curious value and interest often attachable to books, in consequence of their association with some previous possessor, we must give from the *Memoires d'un Bibliophile*, par M. Tenant de Latour, Paris, 1861. One day M. de Latour picked up at a stall in Paris a copy of Thomas A'Kempis's *De Imitatione Christi*, with the autograph of Jean Jacques Rousseau on the title-page. It contained only two marginal notes, neither of them of much interest. But it had evidently been read with extraordinary care, and more than half the book was underlined with a pencil. It bore marks too of having been the constant pocket-companion of the unhappy misanthrope. It had been read in the evenings, for there were drops of grease from the candle upon its pages, and it had accompanied him in his country walks, for there were dried flowers stuck here and there between the leaves. It became of interest to ascertain at what period of Rousseau's life he had thus given himself up to the study of the *Imitatio*; and M. de Latour, after much unsuccessful inquiry, was at last able to get some light on the point. In a letter of Rousseau's to a Paris bookseller, written from Motiers de Travers, in January, 1763, the following sentence was found: "Voici des articles que je vous prie de joindre à votre premier envoi: *Pensées de Pascal, Œuvres de La Bruyère, Imitation de Jésus Christ*, latin." The fact then was plain, that he had begun to make his acquaintance with A'Kempis shortly after he had finished his principal works, about the time he had received, through the kindness of Marshall Keith, a sort

of temporary asylum in the Val de Travers in Neuchatel, and when those outcries and persecutions against him had commenced, which by and by seem to have driven him into a state of mind little removed from insanity.

It is surely most curious and interesting thus to find (and this little volume is the sole record of the fact) that at such a time poor Rousseau sought such pure and elevated consolation from his sorrows as that which is to be found in the pages of Pascal and of A'Kempis, and that the latter of these authors at least he had studied with the most devoted attention. It throws a new and tender light on the character of Jean Jacques, and revives a feeling of sympathy and kindness towards him, which his own follies and perversities had nearly destroyed in all our minds. All this was enough to give the greatest interest to the volume, but another curious mark of its old possessor was still to be discovered. In his "Confessions," Rousseau mentions the vivid delight which the finding of a flower of the periwinkle once gave him when ascending a hill near Crossier, in consequence of its recalling to him some interesting circumstance in his connection with Mad. de Warrens thirty years before, not having seen the plant during all that intervening period. His sentimental transport on the occasion forms the subject of a well-known passage in the "Confessions," and on turning over the leaves of the *Imitatio*, M. de Latour found a dried specimen of the periwinkle among the other flowers which, as we have mentioned, the volume contained. Well, the finding of the little flower at Crossier is stated in the "Confessions" to have been in 1764, while the purchase of the *Imitatio* is proved to have been in 1763, and as it had evidently been carried about in his pocket for a long time afterwards, there was no small

probability that it was still his companion when at Crossier, and that this was the identical periwinkle which so powerfully affected him, and of which he makes so much.

But there is a limit to this sort of thing, and we must now have done. We submit, however, that though we have thus touched on but a very small corner of the subject, we have sufficiently made out our case,—that book-collecting really has some solid basis of intelligent interest, that it may legitimately call forth some degree of fervor and enthusiasm, that it cannot altogether be regarded as the pursuit of a mind verging on fanaticism or insanity, and that it must be classed in a totally different category from the taste for old china, old snuff-boxes, old oak chairs, or old swords and daggers. Without such knowledge as the true book-collector generally possesses, and such care and solicitude as he is accustomed to exercise, it is evident from what we have shown, that we shall be pretty certain to miss something that is best in the works of great authors of past times. And so also, the most curious information, the most solid instruction, and the most unexpected and interesting insight both into the character, habits, and tastes of men of genius, and into other matters not less important, will often be the reward of that quick scent and tact which the zealous book-collector seldom fails to acquire in the exercise of his pursuit.

Before concluding, we may refer to one great difficulty in the way of the book-collector in Scotland, which seems to us too remarkable and characteristic of her people to be passed over. All our best old books have been read nearly out of existence. Printing was not introduced into Scotland till so recently as about 1507 or 1508, but the productions of the Scottish press are infinitely more

rare than books printed at a much earlier period in England by Caxton or Wynkyn de Worde. One of the earliest books published in this country was a collection of the poems of some of the Scottish "Makars" of the time. But only one copy* has survived the tear and wear of ceaseless turning over of the leaves by entranced readers. During the later years of the same century, the numerous works of the reformer Knox and his coadjutors, the dramas and satires of Sir David Lyndsay, the grand old national epics of "The Bruce" and "The Wallace," and others, must have been circulated by thousands through the country. But the bibliomaniac is fortunate above his fellows who can light on any chance trace of them. In the succeeding century it is little better. Calderwood, Robert Bailie, Cowper, the Bishop of Galloway, Hugh Binning, Rutherford, Guthrie of Fenwick, Durham, Dickson, Brown of Wamphray, the authors of "Naphtali" and the "Hind let Loose," with Leighton, Henry Scougal, and many others, all published more or less extensively. But the form in which their works now generally present themselves to us is that of stained, worn, dirty, decayed fragments, one half of the book having frequently disappeared, and often only a few disconnected leaves remaining. Even of the popular theological and other publications of the last century, nothing is more difficult than to obtain passably good copies. Thomas Boston's chief works, Willison of Dundee's, Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine's, Hallyburton's of St. Andrews, John Brown of Haddington's, and the

* Even this is very imperfect. It is now in the Advocates' Library which can boast of a noble collection of specimens of early Scottish typography, many of them beautifully executed, and in singularly fine preservation.

thousand and one reprints of earlier authors which the Edinburgh and Glasgow presses poured forth, have been read and reread, thumbed, leant on, dog's-eared, and wept over, till the paper has been fretted almost to wool by black and horny hands, and till the original shape, binding, and color of the volumes have almost entirely dissappeared. Whatever may be the value of Scottish thought as expressed in its popular literature and theology, assuredly it cannot be said that the people of Scotland have not made the most of it. All this is in marked contrast to the state of things in England where works even of the seventeenth century, intended for popular instruction or entertainment, and thoroughly well adapted to their purpose, may easily be met with in perfect order, and with the leaves, to all appearance, never separated since they passed out of the hands of the old binder. Perhaps in nothing that we could adduce does the dissimilarity between the two nations more remarkably appear: the one having a peculiarly ignorant, untrained, and unprogressive peasantry; the other a singularly well-educated, thoughtful, and religious one: the one with the mass of the people extremely indifferept to literature of any kind, and with a strong and ready spirit of empirical practicality characterizing almost all classes; the other with a devotion to and belief in books rising sometimes very nearly to superstition.



**“IN CLEAR DREAM AND SOLEMN
VISION.”**





“IN CLEAR DREAM AND SOLEMN VISION.”

HAD a friend, — and, though he is now elsewhere, why should n't I say I have him still? He was a man of great powers and of greater gifts. He might have made himself almost anything a man may be; but he died unfulfilled, “deprived of the residue of his years”; and this owing much, among other things, to an imperfect and damaged organism and an intermittent will. He was an advocate and judge, and had in him the making of a great lawyer, — good sense, vast and exact memory, a logical, vigorous understanding, and readiness, fulness, and felicity of speech. He had in him, as Jonathan Edwards would have said, more than the average *quantity* of being; and, now that he is gone, I feel what a large space he filled in my mind. His was a large, multilocular brain, with room for all sorts of customers. But it is to his “study of imagination” I now refer in what follows.

He was a mighty dreamer, especially in the *diluculum*, or “edge o' dark,” before full awakening; and he used to relate to his cronies these Kubla Khan-like visions with amazing particularity. Many of us would have it that he made up his dreams, but I had the following proof of the opposite.

Many years ago, when we were at college, I had gone

up to his lodgings to breakfast with him. I found him sound asleep, his eyes open and fixed as in a mesmeric trance; he was plainly rapt in some internal vision. I stood by him for some seconds, during which his color and his breathing came and went as if under some deep feeling, first of interest and wonder, finally of horror, from which he awoke into full consciousness, scared and excited, asking me instantly to write. He then, in an anxious, eager voice, began thus:—

"'T is noon, but desolate and dun
 Thé — landscape lies,
 For 'twixt it and the mounting sun
 A cloud came crawling up the skies;
 From the sea it rose all slowly,
 Thin and gray and melancholy,
 And gathered darkness as it went
 Up into the — firmament."

Here he stopped, and, with a shrug of regret, said, "It's gone!" The blanks were two words I could not make out, and which he never could recall. It would be curious if those who may read these lines were to try what adjectives of two syllables they liked best, and send them on to Mr. Macmillan: it would form an odd poetico-statistical inquiry.

He then gave the following fragments of his vision, which he said was complete, and in verse:—

He found himself in the midst of a vast marshy plain, in utter solitude, nothing around him but the dull, stagnant waters, overrun with dry reeds, through which by fits there stirred a miserable *sough*, leaving the plain oppressed with silence, and the dead, heavy air. On the small bit of ground where he stood was a hut, such as the hunters of water-fowl might frequent in the season; it was in ruins, everything rude and waste, and through its

half-shut, broken door, he was aware of the presence and of the occasional movements of a man, at times as if fiercely struggling in the darkness with some one else. Opposite the door sat and brooded a large white dove, — its lustrous dark eyes fixed on the door, — all its feathers as if "stirred with prayer," and uttering a low croodlin sound as in an ecstasy of compassion and entreaty, leaning gently towards its object.

Suddenly, and without noise, an ugly bird, long-legged, lean, mangy, and foul, came poking with measured steps round the end of the hut. It was like the adjutant crane of Eastern cities, and had an evil eye, small and cruel. It walked jauntily past the dove, who took no heed, and stood like a fisher on the edge of the dead and oozy water, his head to one side, and his long sharp beak ready to strike. He stood motionless for an instant; then, with a jerk, brought up a large, plump, wriggling worm, shining, and of the color of jasper.

He advanced to the dove, who was yearning more and more towards the door. She became agitated, and more earnest than ever, never lifting her eyes from their object, and quivering all over with intensity. The evil bird was now straight in front, and bent over her with the worm. She shut her eyes, shuddered all through; he put his dirty black foot on her snowy back and pressed her down so that she opened her mouth wide, into which the worm was instantly dropped. She reeled over dead, towards the hut, as if the last act of life was to get nearer it.

Up to this moment the struggle inside the hut had gone on, lulling and coming again in gusts, like the wind among the reeds, and the arms of more than one might be seen across the dark ragged doorway, as if in fell agony of strife.

The instant the dove died, all sound and motion ceased within, and the whole region, as my friend said, "shook throughout." He was aware that within Judas, "the son of perdition," lay alone and dead.

Such was this "clear dream," and these are many of the words my friend used. It has always seemed to me full of poetry in *posse*, amorphous and uncrystallized, but the germ there, to which the author of *The Devil's Dream*, Mr. Aird, might have given, or if he likes may yet give, "the accomplishment of verse."

That lonely and dismal place and day, desolate and overshadowed as in eclipse at noon, — the wretch within and his demon, — the holy, unfailing dove,

"White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,"

in such a place, — the tall, stealthy fellow, with the small cruel eye, — the end, — what was going on elsewhere on that same day, — "the hour and the power of darkness," — the eternity and the omnipotence of light and love, — "the exceeding bitter cry," — "the loud voice," and "It is finished," — was there not here something for the highest fantasy, some glimpse of "the throne and equipage of God's almightiness"?

The above dreamer was the well-known (on his own side of the Tweed) A. S. Logan, sheriff of Forfarshire. He was the successor, but in no wise the ape, in the true Yorick line, — "infinite jest, most excellent fancy," — of the still famous Peter Robertson, who served himself heir to that grotesque, sardonic wit, John Clerk of Eldin.

Logan differed from each as one wine or one quaint or wild — those flower-jesters which seem always making faces and fun at us and all nature — from another. He

had not the merciless and too often unspeakable Swiftian humor of Lord Eldin, nor the sustained, wild burlesque and jocosity of Lord Robertson ; but he had more imagination and thought, was more kindly affectioned than either, and his wit was more humorous, his humor more witty. Robertson was a wonderful being : it is not easy to exaggerate his comic powers. A natural son of Falstaff, he had his father's body as well as soul, such a mass of man, such an expanse of countenance, — probably the largest face known among men, — such eyes gleaming and rolling behind his spectacles, from out their huge rotundity, chubby-cheeked, and by way of innocent, like a *Megalopis Garagantua* unweaned, — no more need of stuffing for his father's part than had Stephen Kemble ; while within was no end of the same rich, glorious, over-topping humor ; not so much an occasional *spate* of it, much less a tap, or a pump ; not even a perennial spring ; rather say an artesian well, gushing out forever by hog-heads, as if glad to escape from its load of superincumbent clay ; or like those fountains of the great oil deep which are astonishing us all. To set Peter a-going was like tapping the Haggis in that *Nox Ambrosiana*, when Tickler fled to the mantel-piece, and "The Shepherd" began stripping himself to swim ; the imperial Christopher warding off the tide with his crutch in the manner and with the success of Mrs. Partington, — so rich, so all-encompassing, so "finely confused" was his flood of Rabelaisian fun. I dare say most of us know the trick played him by his old chum, John Lockhart (what a contrast in mind and body, in eye and voice !) when reviewing his friend's trashy "Gleams of Thought" in the *Quarterly*, how he made the printer put into the copy for the poet this epitaph, —

"Here lies that peerless paper-lord, Lord Peter,
Who broke the laws of God and man and metre."

There were eight or ten more lines, but Peter destroyed them in his wrath.

In the region of wild burlesque, where the ridiculous, by its intensity and mass, becomes the sublime, I never met any one to approach "Peter," except our amazing Medea-Robson. He could also abate a tiresome prig as effectually as Sydney Smith or Harry Cockburn, though in a different and ruder way. He had *face* for anything; and this is by half (the latter half) the secret of success in joking, as it is in more things. Many of us — glum, mute, and inglorious as we are — have jokes, which, if we could but do them justice, and fire them off with a steady hand and eye, would make great havoc; but, like the speeches we all make to ourselves when returning from our Debating Society, — those annihilating replies, those crushing sarcasms, — they are only too late, and a day after the fair. But Lord Peter had no misgivings. When quite a lad, though even then having that spacious expanse of visage, that endless amount of face, capable of any amplitude of stare, like a hillside, and a look of intentional idiocy and innocence, at once appalling and touching, — at a dinner-party, the mirth of which was being killed by some Oxford swell, who was forever talking Greek and quoting his authorities, — Peter who was opposite him, said, with a solemnity amounting to awe: "Not to interrupt you, sir! but it strikes me that *Diomyisius of Halicarnassus* is against you," keeping his eyes upon his victim with the deepest seriousness, — eyes like ordinary eyes seen close to the big end of an opera-glass of great magnifying power, opalescent, with fluctuating blinks, as if seen through water, the lamps as of some

huge sea moon-calf on the gambol through its deep. The prig reeled, but recovered, and said: "If I mistake not, sir, Dionysius of Halicarnassus was dead ninety or so years before my date." "To be sure, he was. I very much beg your pardon, sir; I always do make that mistake; I meant *Thaddeus of Warsaw!*"

But, indeed, there was the sad thing, — that which is so touchingly referred to by Sydney Smith in his lecture on Wit and Humor, — he became the slave of his own gifts. He gravitated downwards; and life and law, friends and everything, existed chiefly to be joked on. Still, he was a mighty genius in his own line, and more, as I have said, like Falstaff than any man out of Shakespeare. There is not much said or done by that worthy — "that irregular humorist," "that damned *Epicurean* rascal," "a goodly, portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble presence" — which Peter might not have said and done, from the wildest, grossest joke up to "babbling of green fields"; for "Peter" had a gentle, sweet, though feebleness, and too often falsetto, strain of poetic feeling and fancy.

In active or receptive imagination, Logan was infinitely above him; he had far too much of the true stuff and sense of poetry ever to have written the "Gleams of Thought" which their author, and, of course, no one else, thought not only poetry, but that of the purest water.

Can an unpoetical man have poetic dreams? I doubt if he can. Your ordinary man may dream the oddest, wildest, laughablest, funniest nonsense. He will not likely dream such a dream as the one I have recorded. Shakespeare might have dull dreams, but I question if Mr. Tupper could have dreamt of a Midsummer Night's Dream, any more than a man will speak a language in his sleep he never learned or heard.

If the master of the house is asleep, and some imp of darkness and misrule sets to playing all sorts of tricks, turning everything topsy-turvy, ransacking all manner of hidden places, making every kind of grotesque conjunction, and running riot in utter incongruity and drollness, he still must be limited to what he finds in the house, — to his master's goods and chattels. So I believe is it with dreams; the stuff they are made of lies ready made, is all found on the premises to the imp's hand; it is for him to weave it into what fantastic and goblin tapestry he may. The kaleidoscope can make nothing of anything that is not first put in at the end of the tube, though no mortal can predict what the next shift may be. Charles Lamb was uneasy all the time he was at Keswick visiting Southey; and he escaped to London and "the sweet security of streets" as fast as the mail could carry him, confessing afterwards that he slept ill "down there," and was sure "those big fellows," who were always lying all about, Skiddaw and Helvellyn, "*came down much nearer him at night and looked at him!*" So we often feel as if in the night of the body and the soul, when the many-eyed daylight of the pure reason is gone, heights and depths, and many unspeakable things, come into view, looming vaster, and deeper, and nearer in that *camera-obscura*, when the shutters are shut and the inner lights lit, and

" When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
We summon up remembrance of things past,"

and often play such fantastic tricks. But the dreamer is the same *ens rationis*, the same *unus quis*, as the waking man who tells the dream. Philip who was drunk, and Philip who is sober and remembers his lapse, is one Philip. So it is only an imaginative man who can have

imaginative dreams. You must first put in before you can take out. As Samson long ago put it to the Philistines, "Out of the eater comes forth meat; out of the strong comes forth the sweetness." No food like lion's marrow; no tenderness like the tenderness of a strong nature. Or as old Fuller, with a noticeable forecasting of the modern doctrine of foods, as delivered by Prout and all the doctors, has it, "*Omne par nutrit suum par*; the vitals of the body are most strengthened by feeding on such foods as are likest unto them,"—a word this of warning as well as good cheer. He that sows to the flesh, and he who sows to the spirit, need not doubt what they are severally to reap. We all, more or less, sow to both; it is the *plus* that makes the difference between others and ourselves, and between our former and present selves.

I might give instances of my friend's wit and humor; but I could not, in trying to do so, do him anything but injustice. His jokes were all warm and at once. He did not load his revolver before going to dinner, and discharge all its barrels at his friends. His fun arose out of the sociality of the hour, and was an integral part of it; and he never repeated his jokes. He did not pick up his bullet and pocket it and fire it off again. But I remember well his first shot at me,—it was not bad for nineteen. He and I were coming down the Bridges from college, and I saw an unkempt, bareheaded Cowgate boy, fluttering along in full-blown laughter and rags. He had a skull like Sir Walter's, round and high. I said, "Logan, look at that boy's head,—did you ever see the like of it? it's like a tower." "Yes, at any rate a fortalice."

You know the odd shock of a real joke going off like a pistol or a squib at your ear. It goes through you

That same week another quite as good squib went off in church. A cousin, now long dead, was listening with me to a young preacher-puppy, whose sermon was one tissue of unacknowledged plagiarisms of the most barefaced kind. We were doing little else than nudge each other as one amazing crib succeeded another,—for this ass did know his masters' crib. William whispered to me, "Look at him! I declare his very whiskers are curving into inverted commas"; and it was true, such was the shape of his whiskers, that his face, and especially his grinning and complacent mouth, which they embraced, looked one entire quotation.

Lord Brougham and many others think that dreaming occurs only between sleeping and waking,—the stepping of the soul into or out of the land of forgetfulness,—and that it is momentary in its essence and action, though often ranging over a lifetime or more,—

"Brief as the lightning in the bellied night
That in a spleen reveals both earth and heaven."

There is much in favor of this. One hopes the soul—*animula, blandula, vagula*—may sometimes sleep the dreamless sleep of health, as well as its tired drudge. Dreaming may be a sort of dislocation of our train of ideas, a sort of jumble as it is shunted off the main line into its own siding at the station for the night. The train may stop there and then, for anything we know; but it may not, for the like reason the telegraph-office is not open during night. Ideality, imagination, that sense of the merely beautiful and odd which delights to marry all sorts of queer couples,—which entertains the rest of the powers, when they are tired, or at their meals, telling them and making them stories, out of its own head,—this

family poet, and minstrel, and mime, whom we all keep, has assuredly its wildest, richest splendors at the breaking up of the company for the night, or when it arouses them on the morrow, when it puts out or lets in the lights; for many a dream awakes us, "scattering the rear of darkness thin."

In optics, if you make a hole in the shutter at noon, or stick a square bit of blackness on the pane, and make the rays from the hole or around the square to pass through a prism, then we have, if we let them fall on whiteness and catch them right, those colors we all know and rejoice in, that Divine *spectrum*, —

"Still young and fine,"

as

"When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with attentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower."

The white light of heaven — *lumen siccum* — opens itself out as it were, tells its secret, and lies like a glorious border on the Edge o' Dark (as imaginative Lancashire calls the twilight, as we Scotchmen call it the Gloamin'), making the boundaries between light and darkness a border of flowers, made out by each. Is there not something to think of in "the Father of lights" thus beautifying the limits of His light, and of His darkness, which to Him alone is light, so that here burns a sort of "dim religious light," — a sacred glory, — where we may take off our shoes and rest and worship? Is not our light rounded with darkness, as our life is with a dream? and, the greater the area of our light, of our truth, won from the vast and formless Infinite, the ampler, too, is the outer ring, — the iridescent edge lying upon the Unknown.

—making a rainbow round the central throne of the Eternal. And is not the light of knowledge, after all, the more lovely, the more full of color, and the more pleasant to the eye, when lying on and indicating what is beyond, and past all finding out, making glorious the skirts of "the majesty of darkness"? It is at his rising out of, and his returning into "old night," that the sun is in the full flush of his plighted clouds, and swims in the depths of his "daffodil sky," making the outgoings of the evening and of the morning to rejoice before Him and us.

But, thus talking of dreams, I am off into a dream! A simile is not always even an illustration, much less an analogy, and more less an argument or proof. As you see, every one likes to tell his own dreams, — so long as he has them by the tail, which soon slips, — and few care to listen to them, not even one's wife, as Sir Walter found to his cost. And so, good-natured reader, let me end by asking you to take down the fourth volume of Crabbe's Works, and turning to page 116, read his "World of Dreams." It is the fashion now-a-days, when he is read at all, — which, I fear, is seldom, — to call Crabbe coarse, even dull, a mere sturdy and adroit versifier of prose as level as his native marshes, without one glimpse of the vision, one act of the faculty divine. Read these verses again, and ask yourself, Is this a daguerreotypy of the Boeotian crimes and virtues, the sorrows and the humors, of his dull, rich Essex and its coast? I wish we had more of this manly imagination; we have almost too much now of mere wing and color, mere flights, mere foliage, and, it may be, blossoms, — little fruit and timber. The imagination, like a gorgeous sunset, or a butterfly's wing, tells no story, has no backbone, is forever among the clouds and flowers, or down deep in denial and despair.

The imagination should inform, and quicken, and flush, and compact, and clarify the entire soul; and it should come home from circling in the azure depths of air, and have its "seat in reason, and be judicious," and be a bird rather than a butterfly, or firefly, or huge moth of night.

Many months after this little notice appeared, Mrs. Logan gave me the following fragment found in her husband's desk, — from which it appears he had begun to put his dream into form: —

JUDAS THE BETRAYER, — HIS ENDING.

'T is noon, — yet desolate and dim
 The lonely landscape lies;
 For shortly after day begun,
 Betwixt it and the mounting sun,
 A cloud went crawling up the skies.
 From the sea it rose all slowly, —
 Thin, and gray, and melancholy, —
 But gathered blackness as it went;
 Till, when at noon the stately sun
 Paused on his steep descent,
 This ghastly cloud had coiled itself
 Before his beamy tent:
 Where like a conscious thing it lay,
 To shut from men the living day.
 And yet all vainly as it seemed;
 For on each side, beyond its shade,
 The sweet, triumphant sunbeams gleamed,
 Rejoicing in the light they made.
 On all they shone except that dell,
 On which the shadow darkly fell.
 "O bear me to yon mountain brow
 That I may look below;
 All that is in that unblest dell
 Full fainly would I know.
 Why is the sun to it denied?
 O bear me to yon mountain side."
 We cleave the air, now we are there,
 And what is it you see?

"A little marsh, whence, low and harsh,
 A strange sound comes to me.
 I marvel what that sound may be,
 For strange it lights upon mine ear;
 My heart it fills with more than fear,
 With something of despair.
 This well I know, 't is not the sound
 Of any beast that walks the ground,
 Of any bird that skims the air."
 Right well you guess, for 't is the wail
 Of a lost soul in endless bale, —
 The reward of mortal sinning, —
 Endless bale, but now beginning;
 Nay, do not turn away your eyes,
 For long before the sun now shining
 Shall be towards yonder world declining,
 In that low dell the LORD'S BETRAYER dies.

With fearful horror and surprise
 On that low dell I fixed mine eyes.
 The hills came down on every side,
 Leaving a little space between,
 The ground of which, scarce five roods wide,
 Was of a cold rank green;
 And where it sloped down to the fen,
 Built part of reeds and part of wood,
 A low half-ruined hut there stood, —
 For man no home, for beast no den, —
 Yet through the openings might be seen
 The moving of a form within.

By this the sound had passed away,
 And silence like a garment lay
 A moment on the little lake.
 * * * * whose surface spake
 No tale of wakening breeze or sun,
 But choked with reeds all rank and dun;
 Which seemed to me as if they stirred
 And shivered, though no wind was heard;
 They gave a shrill and mournful sound, —
 'T was like, and yet unlike, the sighing
 You hear in woods when the year is dying,
 And leaves lie thickly on the ground.

As creepingly my ear it sought,
It might be fancy, yet methought
That, of all sounds that live in air,
This sounded likest to despair.

All the while,
Close by the hut a great white dove,
(O sight of wonder and of love!)
Sits with a quiet and brooding air, —
White, and of none other hue.
By its deep yearning eyes of blue,
And by no sign beside, I knew
It was a guardian spirit of air.

What doth the lonely creature there?
(To each man by pitying Heaven
One of these at birth is given;
And such their love and constancy,
That through all depths of sin and sadness,
Tempting hope and baffling madness,
They ever, ever with us be.
Nor, till proud despair we cherish,
Will they leave our souls to perish.)

What doth the lonely creature there?
"Yon spirit quitteth not *his* side
To whom he hath been given,
Whilst yet his heart has not defied
The wrath and grace of Heaven,
Nor can his guardian watch be broken
Till this defiance shall be spoken
By Judas the Betrayer."

Hold on thy watch, thou blessed Bird!
One moment leave it not:
A heart of faith even might be stirred
To doubt in such a spot.
Of him — the wretched traitor — friend,
Thou long-forbearing dove!
Let no despairing words offend
Thy faithfulness and love;
For in the dark extremes of ill
The tongue will disobey the will,
And words of sin the lips will part,
Whilst holy feelings fill the heart!

It is another bird, — and lo!
 Rounding the corner of the hut,
 It cometh silently and slow
 With outstretched head and eyes half shut.
 The feathers do not hide its skin;
 Long is its neck, its legs are thin, —
 'T is plain there is no health within.
 It is the bird whose song so harsh,
 But lately sore dismayed me:
 Upward it walketh from the marsh,
 It treadeth cunningly.
 Too foul it is and melancholy
 To live on the upper ground;
 And I know it for a thing unholy,
 On some bad errand bound.

It rounds the corner of the hut,
 It stops and peers upon the dove:
 The unconscious creature sees it not,
 So full are its two eyes with love.
 On the dove it peers, and its head the while
 It pusheth out and it draweth in;
 And it smileth, if that a bird may smile,
 At the thought and hope of a joyous sin.
 In a moment it thrusts its grisly neck
 With a silent jerk into the lake;
 In a moment it lifteth itself erect,
 And, in its bill, a snake.
 The snake is round, and small, and cold,
 And as full of venom as it can hold.

With three long steps, all without noise,
 Close to the dove it cometh:
 That dreams no ill, for the while its voice
 A sweet, low music hummeth.
 To the dove's fair neck with a gentle peck
 His long bill he applies:
 At the touch and the sound the dove turns round
 With a look of meek surprise, —
 'T is but one look, for swift as thought
 That snaky neck is round its throat.

* * * * *

A JACOBITE FAMILY.





A JACOBITE FAMILY.

DID you ever, when journeying along a road at night, look in curiously at some cottage window, and, like a happier Enoch Arden, watch unseen the bright life within, and all the *naïve* ongoing of the household?

Such a glimpse of the inner life of a Jacobite family, in the latter half of last century, we have had the privilege of enjoying, and we wish we could tell our readers half as vividly what it has told to us. We shall try.

On the river Don, in Aberdeenshire, best known to the world by its Auld Brig, which Lord Byron, photography, and its own exceeding beauty have made famous, is the house of Stonewood, four miles from the sea. It was for many generations the property of the Lords Frazer of Muchals, now Castle Frazer, one of the noblest of the many noble castles in that region, where some now nameless architect has left so many memorials of the stately life of their strong-brained masters, and of his own quite singular genius for design.

Stonewood was purchased near the close of the sixteenth century, from the Lord Frazer of that time, by John Moir of Ellon, who had sold his own estate, as tradition tells, in the following way:—Bailie Gordon, a wealthy Edinburgh merchant, made a bargain with the

Laird of Ellon, when in his cups, to sell his estate at a price greatly under its value. Gordon, the son of a farmer in Bourtie, was progenitor of the Gordons of Haddo, afterwards Earls of Aberdeen. The country folk, who lamented the passing away of the old family, and resented the trick of the bailie, relieved themselves by pronouncing their heaviest malediction, and prophesying some near and terrible judgment. Strangely enough, the curse, in the *post hoc* sense, was not causeless. A short time after the purchase an awful calamity befell Mr. Gordon's family.

Its story has been told by a master pen, that which gave us *Matthew Wald* and *Adam Blair*, and the murderer *M'Kean*. We give it for the benefit of the young generation, which, we fear, is neglecting the great writers of the past in the wild relish and exuberance of the too copious present. It will be an evil day when the world only reads what was written yesterday and will be forgotten to-morrow.

"Gabriel was a preacher or licentiate of the Kirk, employed as domestic tutor in a gentleman's family in Edinburgh, where he had for pupils two fine boys of eight or ten years of age. The tutor entertained, it seems, some partiality for the Abigail of the children's mother; and it so happened that one of his pupils observed him kiss the girl one day in passing through an anteroom, where she was sitting. The little fellow carried this interesting piece of intelligence to his brother, and both of them mentioned it, by way of a good joke, to their mother the same evening. Whether the lady had dropped some hint of what she had heard to her maid, or whether she had done so to the preacher himself, I have not learned; but so it was, that he found he had been discovered, and by what means also. The idea of having been detected in such a trivial trespass was enough to poison forever the spirit of this juvenile Presbyterian. His whole soul became filled with the blackest demons of rage, and he resolved to sacrifice to his in-

dignation the instruments of what he conceived to be so deadly a disgrace. It was Sunday, and after going to church as usual with his pupils, he led them out to walk in the country, — for the ground on which the New Town of Edinburgh now stands was then considered as *the country* by the people of Edinburgh. After passing calmly, to all appearance, through several of the green fields which have now become streets and squares, he came to a place more lonely than the rest, and there, drawing a large clasp-knife from his pocket, he at once stabbed the elder of his pupils to the heart. The younger boy gazed on him for a moment, and then fled with shrieks of terror; but the murderer pursued with the bloody knife in his hand, and slew him also as soon as he was overtaken. The whole of this shocking scene was observed distinctly from the Old Town by innumerable crowds of people, who were near enough to see every motion of the murderer, and hear the cries of the infants, although the deep ravine between them and the place of blood was far more than sufficient to prevent any possibility of rescue. The tutor sat down upon the spot, immediately after having concluded his butchery, as if in a stupor of despair and madness, and was only roused to his recollection by the touch of the hands that seized him.

“It so happened that the magistrates of the city were assembled together in their council-room, waiting till it should be time for them to walk to church in procession (as is their custom), when the crowd drew near with their captive. The horror of the multitude was communicated to them, along with their intelligence, and they ordered the wretch to be brought at once into their presence. It is an old law in Scotland, that when a murderer is caught in the very act of guilt (or, as they call it, *red-hand*), he may be immediately executed, without any formality or delay. Never surely could a more fitting occasion be found for carrying this old law into effect. Gabriel was hanged within an hour after the deed was done, the red knife being suspended from his neck, and the blood of the innocents scarcely dry upon his fingers.” *

• Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk, Vol. II.

The boys were the sons of the new Laird of Ellon. It adds something to the dreadfulness of the story that it was the woman who urged the wretched youth to the deed. We remember well this *Gabriel's Road*, the lane leading up past "Ambrose's," the scene of the famous *Noctes*. It is now covered by the new Register Office buildings.

But to return to the ex-Laird of Ellon. Mr. Moir, having lost one estate, forthwith set about acquiring another, and purchased Castle Frazer, its lord having got into difficulties. The lady of the Castle, loath, we doubt not, to leave her "bonnie house," persuaded Mr. Moir to take instead the properties of Stoneywood, Watterton, Clinterty, and Greenburn, on Don side, which were afterwards conjoined under the name of the barony of Stoneywood. The grateful Lady of Frazer sent along with the title-deeds a five-guinea gold-piece, — a talisman which was religiously preserved for many generations.

The family of Stoneywood seem, from the earliest record down to their close, to have been devotedly attached to the house of Stuart. In the old house there long hung a portrait of Bishop Juxon, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold, and through this prelate must have come a still more precious relic, long preserved in the family, and which is now before us, — the Bible which the doomed King put into the hands of the Bishop on the scaffold, with the word "Remember," having beforehand taken off his cloak and presented it and the insignia of the Garter to the same faithful minister and friend; this is one of our glimpses. We have the sacred and royal book before us now, — a quarto, printed in 1637, bound in blue velvet, and richly embroidered and embossed with gold and silver lace. There is the crown and the Prince of Wales's

feathers, showing it had belonged to Charles II. when prince. He must have given it to his hapless father, as the C. P. is changed into C. R. Though faded, it looks princely still.

One of its blank leaves, on which was written "Charles Stuart an. dom. 1649," was, along with the gold-piece, pilfered as follows : —

"Miss Moir, who was rather of an unaccommodating temper, remained alone at Stoneywood for a year longer, and in fact until the sale had been completed, and it became necessary to quit. The retired and solitary life she led during this last period was taken advantage of by a woman in her service, of the name of Margaret Grant, to commit various thefts, with the assistance of a paramour, who happened unfortunately to be a blacksmith. By his means they got the charter-chest opened, and abstracted thence the prophetic gold-piece, gifted by Lady Fraser two hundred years before, and also Bishop Juxon's valuable legacy of King Charles's Bible, presented to him on the scaffold. The gold-piece was readily made available, and was, of course, never recovered ; but the Bible proved to be a more difficult treasure to deal with, it being generally known in the county to be an heirloom of the Stoneywood family, and accordingly, when she offered it for sale in Aberdeen, she became aware that she was about to be detected. She took the precaution to abscond, and suspecting that mischief might come of so sacrilegious a theft, she came by night to Stoneywood, and deposited the Bible at the foot of a large chestnut-tree which overshadowed the entrance of the front court of the house, where it was found next morning. However, it did not return altogether unscathed by its excursion, for a bookseller in Aberdeen, to whom it had been offered for sale, had the cunning, or rather the rascality, to abstract the blank leaf on which the royal martyr's autograph was inscribed, which he managed to paste upon another old Bible so dexterously as not to be easily discovered, and actually profited

by his fraud, in disposing of his counterfeit Bible to the Ear. of Fife for a large sum of money, and in whose library it now figures as King Charles's Bible, while the original still remains in the possession of the representative of the family to whom it descended by inheritance, and in its appearance bears ample testimony to its authenticity."

To go back to Stoneywood. The Laird is now there; his eldest son, James, has married Jane, eldest daughter of Erskine of Pittoderie, and the young bride has got from her mother a green silk purse with a thousand merks in it, and the injunction never to borrow from the purse except in some great extremity, and never to forget to put in from time to time what she could spare, however small, ending with the wish, "May its sides never meet." The daughter was worthy of the mother, and became a "*fendy* wife," as appears by the following picturesque anecdote. Young Moir was going to the neighboring village of Greenburn to the fair to buy cattle; the green purse was in requisition, and his wife, then nursing her first child, went with him. While he was making his market, she remained outside, and observing a tidy young woman sitting by the roadside, suckling her child, she made up to her and sat down by her side. Waiting, she soon got as hungry for her own baby as doubtless it was for her, so proposed to comfort herself by taking the woman's child. This was done, the young mother considering it a great honor to have a leddy's milk for her baby. Mrs. Moir, not wishing to be disturbed or recognized, had the woman's cloak thrown over her head, she setting off into the fair to see what her husband was about. She was hardly gone, when a man came suddenly behind Mrs. Moir, and hastily lifting up the corner of the plaid, threw something into her lap, saying, "Tak' tent

o' that!" and was off before Mrs. Moir could see his face. In her lap was the green purse with all its gear untouched!

Embarrassed with her extempore nursling and cloak, she could not go to her husband, but the young woman returning, she went at once in search; and found him concluding a bargain for some cows. He asked her to wait outside the tent till he settled with the dealer; in they went; presently a cry of consternation; in goes the purse-bearer, counts out the money, tables it, and taking her amazed "man" by the arm, commanded him to go home.

What a pleasant little tale Boccaccio, or Chaucer, or our own Dunbar would have made of this!

From it you may divine much of the character of this *siccar* wife. Ever afterwards when the Stoneywood couple left home they confided the purse to their body servant, John Gunn; for in those days no gentleman travelled without his purse of gold; and although we have a shrewd guess that this same John was in the secret of the theft and the recovery of the purse on the fair day, he was as incorruptible ever afterwards as is Mr. Gladstone with our larger purse.

This John Gunn was one of those now extinct functionaries who, like the piper, were the lifelong servants of the house, claiming often some kindred with the chief, and with entire fidelity and indeed abject submission, mingling a familiarity, many amusing instances of which are given in Dean Ramsay's book, and by Miss Stirling Graham. John, though poor, had come of gentle blood, the Gunns of Ross-shire; he went into the army, from which, his Highland pride being wounded by some affront, he deserted, and joined a band of roving gypsies called

Cairds.* His great strength and courage soon made John captain of his band, which for years levied blackmail over the county of Aberdeen.

* We all remember Sir Walter's song; doubtless our John Gunn was "a superior person," but there must have been much of the same fierce, perilous stuff in him, and the same fine incoherence in his transactions:—

"Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the Highland fling;
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglan, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

"Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin;
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift:
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith, or reward,
Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

"Donald Caird can drink a gill,
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor,
Kens how Donald bends a bicker:
When he's fou he's stout and saucy
Keeps the cantle o' the causey;
Highland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gie way to Donald Caird.

"Steek the awmrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear will sune be mist;
Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings:
Dunts o' kebbuck, taits o' woo,
Whiles a hen and whiles a soo;
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!"

John got tired of his gypsy life, and entered Stonewood's service, retaining, however, his secret headship of the Cairds, and using this often in Robin Hood fashion, generously, for his friends. So little was this shady side of his life known in the countryside, that his skill in detecting theft and restoring lost property was looked upon as not "canny," and due to "the second sight."

On one occasion Mr. Grant, younger of Ballindalloch, was dining at Stonewood. He was an officer in the Dutch Brigade, and had come home to raise men for a company, which only wanted twelve of its complement. He was lamenting this to Mr. Moir, who jocularly remarked, that "if John Gunn," who was standing behind his chair, "canna help ye, deil kens wha can." Upon which John asked Mr. Grant when he could have his men ready to ship to Holland. "Immediately," was the reply. "Weel a weel, Ballindalloch, tak' yer road at aince for Aberdeen, tak' out a passage for them and twelve mair, and send me word when ye sail, and, if ye keep it to yoursell, ye'll find your ither men a' ready." Mr. Grant knew his man, and made his arrangements. The twelve men made their appearance with John at their head. When they found what was their destination they grumbled, but John, between fleecing and flyting, praised them as a set of strapping fellows; told them they would soon come back again with their pockets full of gold. They went and never returned, finding better quarters abroad, and thus John got rid of some of his secret confederates that were getting troublesome.

Another of John's exploits was in a different line. Mr. Moir had occasion to go to London, taking John with him of course. He visited his friend the Earl of Wintoun, then under sentence of death in the Tower for his

concern in the rebellion of 1715. The Earl was arranging his affairs, and the family books and papers had been allowed to be carried into his cell in a large hamper, which went and came as occasion needed. John, who was a man of immense size and strength, undertook, if the Earl put himself, instead of his charters, into the hamper, to take it under his arm as usual, and so he did, walking lightly out. Lord Wintoun retired to Rome, where he died in 1749.

On "the rising" in the '45 John joined young Stoneywood, his master's son, but before telling his adventures in that unhappy time, we must go back a bit.

The grandson of old Stoneywood, James, born in 1710, was now a handsome young man, six feet two in height, and of a great spirit. As his grandfather and father were still alive, he entered into foreign trade; his mother, our keen friend of the green purse, meantime looking out for a rich marriage for her son, fixed on Lady Christian, daughter of the Earl of Buchan, and widow of Fraser of Fraser; but our young *Tertius* liked not the widow, nor his cousin of Pittoderie, though her father offered to settle his estate on him; Lord Forbes's daughter, with a tocher of forty thousand merks, was also scorned. And all for the same and the best reason. He was in love with his cousin, Margaret Mackenzie of Ardross. It was the old story, — *liebend und geliebt*. But their "bright thing," though it did not in the end "come to confusion," did not for a time "run smooth." Thomas, his brother, a sailor, was likewise bewitched by the lovely cousin. He was refused, found out the reason, and in his rage and jealousy intercepted the letters between the lovers for three long miserable years, James living all the time at Stoneywood, and she far away in Ross-shire. The un-

worthy sailor made his way to Ardross, asked Margaret and her sister why they did n't ask for James, and then told them he was just going to be married to Miss Erskine of Pittoderie, and to have the estate. Margaret, thus cruelly struck, said, "Thomas, ye know my bindin', I have been aye true ; I have angered my father, and refused a rich and a good man, and I'll be true till James himsel' is fause" ; and like a frozen lily, erect on its stem, she left them — to pass her night in tears.

James was as true as his Margaret ; and his grandfather and father agreed to his marriage, under a singular condition : the bulk of the rents were settled in annuity on the two seniors, and the estate made over to the young laird in fee-simple. The seniors did not long cumber him or the land ; they both died within the year. Straightway James was off to Ardross to claim his Margaret. He came late at night, and "rispit at the ring." Roderick, the young laird, rose and let him in, sending a message to his sister to get a bedroom ready for his cousin Stoneywood. Miss Erskine, of Pittoderie, was in the house as it so happened, and old Lady Ardross, in her ignorance, thinking young Moir was after her, wrathfully sent word to him that he must not disturb the family, but might share Roderick's bed. Poor Margaret said little and slept less, and coming down before the rest in the early morning to make ready the breakfast, she found her cousin there alone : they made good use of their time, we may be sure, and the cruel mystery about the letters was all cleared up.

James and Thomas never met till they were both on the verge of the grave ; the old men embraced, forgiving and forgiven.

The lovers were married at Ardross in September.

1740, and they came to Stoneywood, where our stern old lady gloomed upon them in her displeasure, and soon left them to live in Aberdeen, speaking to her son at church, but never once noticing his lovely bride. For all this he made far more than up by the tenderest love and service. We quote the touching words of their descendant : " With the only recollection I have of my grandfather and grandmother in extreme old age, their sedate and primitive appearance, and my veneration for them, makes the perusal of the very playful and affectionate letters which passed betwixt them at this early period of their lives to me most amusing and comic." But between these times there intervened long years of war, and separation, perils of all kinds, exile, and the deaths of seven lusty sons in their prime.

We have seen a portrait of Mrs. Moir in her prime, in the possession of her great-grandson ; it shows her comely, plump, well-conditioned, restful, debonair, — just the woman for the strenuous, big Stoneywood's heart to safely trust in.

Soon after his marriage, young Stoneywood had a violent fever ; the mother and the cold sister came to his bedside, never once letting on that they saw his wife ; and Annie Caw, an old servant, many years after, used to say that " her heart was like to break to see the sweet young leddy stannin' the hale day in silence, pretendin' to look out at the garden, when the big saut draps were rinnin' doon her bonnie cheeks." The old dame returned to Aberdeen at night without one word or look of sympathy. They had a daughter, — still the old lady was unmitigated, but a son made all sweet.

Then came the stirring, fatal '45. Stoneywood, when laid up with a severe burn of the leg, received an express

from the Countess of Errol, desiring his immediate attendance at Slains Castle. Lame as he was, he mounted his horse and rode to Slains, where the Prince gave him a commission as lieutenant-colonel; he found Gordon of Glenbucket there, having come from France, where he had lived in exile since the '15, his son with him, and though he was blind he joined the cause, so that there were then three generations of John Gordons under the Prince's banner, as sings the Jacobite doggrel:—

“Nor, good Glenbucket, loyal throughout thy life,
Wert thou ungracious in the manly fight,
Thy chief degenerate, thou his terror stood,
To vindicate the loyal Gordon's blood.
The loyal Gordons, they obey the call,
Resolved with their Prince to fight or fall.”

Stoneywood, from his great strength and courage, and his entire devotedness to the cause, was a man of mark. Walking down the Broad Street of Aberdeen, he was fired at from a window by one Rigg, a barber. Mr. Moir called up to him to “come down, and he'd have fair play afore the townsmen,” an invitation *il Barbriere* declined. Before joining the Prince, Stoneywood, with characteristic good sense and forethought, took a step which, if others had done, the forfeiture and ruin of many families would have been spared: he executed a formal Commission of Factory over his whole lands in favor of his wife. On the utter collapse of the enterprise at Culloden, he made his way from Ruthven, near Kingussie, through the wilds of Braemar, and reached his own house—then filled with English troops—at midnight. Leaping over the garden-wall, he tapped at his wife's window, the only room left to her, and in which slept the children, and her faithful maid Anne Caw. She was lying awake,—“a the lave were sleeping,”—heard the tap, and, thought in

strange disguise, she at once knew the voice and the build to be her husband's. He had been without sleep for four nights; she got him quietly to bed without waking any one in the room. Think of the faithful young pair, not daring even to speak; for Janet Grant the wet-nurse, was not to be trusted, — a price was on his head!

Stoneywood left late the next evening, intending to cross the Don in his own salmon-boat, but found it drawn up on the other side, by order of Paton of Grandholm, a keen Hanoverian. Stoneywood called to the miller's man to cross with the boat. "And wha' are ye?" "I'm James Jamieson o' Little Mill," one of his own farmers. "Jamieson" was a ready joke on his father's name.

Stoneywood made for Buchan, where he lay for months, being hunted day and night. Here he was joined by our redoubtable friend John Gunn, who, having left his father's service some time before, had gone into his old line, and had been tried before the Circuit Court at Aberdeen, and would have fared ill had Stoneywood not got an acquittal. This made John more attached than ever. He said he would stick to his Colonel, and so he and his gypsy wife did. She continued to carry letters and money between Stoneywood and his wife, by concealing them under the braiding of her abundant black hair. So hot was the pursuit, that Stoneywood had to be conveyed over night to the house of a solitary cobbler, in the remote muirland. His name was Clarke. Even here he had to make a hole behind the old man's bed, where he hid himself when any one came to the door. It shows the energy of Stoneywood's character, and his light-heartedness, that he set to work under the old cobbler to learn his craft, and to such good purpose, that his master said, — "Jeems, my man, what for did ye no tell me ye

had been bred a sutor?" "And so I was, freend, but to tell ye God's truth, I was an idle loon, gey weel-faured, and ower fond o' the lassies, so I joined the Prince's boys, and ye see what's come o't!" This greatly pleased old Clarke, and they cobbled and cracked away cheerily for many any hour. So much for brains and will. On one occasion, when hard pressed by their pursuers, Mr. Moir turned his cobbling to good account, by reversing his brother Charles's brogues, turning the heel to the toe, a joke requiring dexterity in the walker as well as in the artist. After many months of this risky life, to which that of a partridge with a poaching weaver from West Linton on the prowl, was a species of tranquillity, our gallant, strong-hearted friend, hearing that the Prince had escaped, left for Norway in a small sloop from the coast of Buchan, along with Glenbucket and Sir Alexander Bannerman.

It was when living in these wilds that a practical joke of John Gunn's was played off, as follows:—

"After the battle of Culloden, James Moir lurked about in the wildest parts of Aberdeenshire to escape imprisonment. One day the Laird of Stoneywood, with a small party of friends and servants, was on the hill of Benochie engaged boiling a haggis for their dinner, when they were suddenly aware of a party of soldiers coming up the hill directly towards them. Flight was their only resource, but before leaving the fire John Gunn upset the pot, that their dinner might not be available to their enemies. Instead of bursting on the ground, the haggis rolled unbroken down the hill, towards the English soldiers, one of whom, not knowing what it was, caught it on his bayonet, thereby showering its contents over himself and his comrades; on seeing which termination to the adventure, John Gunn exclaimed, 'See there! even the haggis, God bless her, can charge down hill.'"

Sir Walter Scott must have heard the story from the same source as ours, and has used it in *Waverley* as follows, missing of necessity the point of the bayonet and of the joke:—

“The Highlanders displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack, Evan Dhu urging to Fergus, by way of argument, that ‘the *sidier roy* was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a’ the vantage of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down hill.’”

The Duke of Cumberland, on his way north, quartered his men on the Jacobite chiefs. A troop of dragoons was billeted on Stoneywood, where their young English captain fell ill, and was attended during a dangerous illness by the desolate and lovely wife. As soon as he was able, he left with his men for Inverness-shire, expressing his grateful assurance to Mrs. Moir, that to her he owed his life, and that he would never forget her. Some time after, when she was alone, one evening in April, not knowing what to fear or hope about her husband and her prince, a stone, wrapt in white paper, was flung into the darkening room. It was from the young Englishman, and told briefly the final disaster at Culloden, adding, “Stoneywood is safe.” He was then passing south with his men. She never saw him or heard of him again, but we dare say he kept his word: that face was not likely to be forgotten.

Stoneywood, before leaving his native country, thanked, and as he could, rewarded, his faithful and humble shelterers, saying he would not forget them. And neither he did. Five-and-twenty years afterwards he visited Bartlett’s house, where he lay before he took to the cobbler’s. He found he had died. He took the widow and five children to Stoneywood, where they were fed and

bred, the boys put to trades, and the girls given away when married, by the noble old Jacobite as a father.

As for John Gunn, his master having gone, he took to his ancient courses, was tried, found guilty this time, and closed his life in Virginia. So ends his lesson. A wild fellow with wild blood, a warm heart, and a shrewd head, such a man as Sir Walter would have made an immortal, as good a match and contrast with the princely Stonewood, as Richie Moniplies with Nigel Oliphant, Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, Sancho and the Don, and those other wonderful complementary pairs, who still, and will forever, to human nature's delectation, walk the earth.

We need not follow our Ulysses through his life in Denmark and Norway. He carried thither, as Mr. James Jamieson, as into the cobbler's hut, his energy and uprightness, his cheery and unforgetting heart, his strong senses and his strong body. He prospered at Gothenburg, and within a year sent for his Penelope; he went at the King's request to Sweden, was naturalized, and had conferred on him a patent of nobility.

Meantime he was arraigned in his own country before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, and though he was known by all the country, and had been in most of the actions fought, only two witnesses appeared against him, and their testimony went to prove his having always kept his men from violence and plunder, which drew down from Lord Justice Miller the remark, that this was more to the honor of the accused than of the witnesses.

In 1759, Mrs. Moir, out of fifteen children, had only two sons and two daughters surviving. She came across to Scotland, and settled in Edinburgh for their education. Her husband, broken in health and longing for home, after some difficulty obtained royal permission to return

to Stoneywood, which he did in 1762. He died in 1782, aged seventy-two years, leaving his dear Margaret with her two daughters, all his seven sons having gone before him.

Our beautiful old lady lived into this century, dying in 1805, at the age of ninety-six, having retained her cheerfulness and good health, and a most remarkable degree of comeliness, to the last. Her teeth were still fresh and white, and all there, her lips ruddy, her cheeks suffused with as delicate a tint as when she was the rose and the lily of Ardross, gentle in her address, and with the same contented evenness of mind that had accompanied her through all her trials. We cannot picture her better than in her kinsman's loving, skilful words:—

“Accustomed as I was to pass a few hours of every day of my frequent visits to Aberdeen during a good many of the latter years of the worthy old lady's life, the impression can never become obliterated from my recollection, of the neat, orderly chamber in which, at whatever hour I might come, I was sure to see her countenance brighten up with affection, and welcome me with the never-failing invitation to come and kiss her cheek. And there she sat in her arm-chair by the fire, deliberately knitting a white-thread stocking, which, so far as appeared to me, made wondrous slow progress in its manufacture. Her ancient maid, Miss Anne Caw, who had been seventy years in her service, and shared all the ups and downs, and toils and dangers, of her eventful life, sat in a chair on the opposite side, knitting the counterpart to my grandmother's stocking, and with equal deliberation. Every now and then the maid was summoned from the kitchen to take up the loops which these purblind old ladies were ever and anon letting down. A cat (how much their junior I do not know) lay curled up on an old footstool, and various little rickety fly-tables, with mahogany trellis-work around their edge, supporting

a world of bizarre-looking china-ornaments, stood in different corners of the room. Every article of furniture had its appointed position, as well as the old ladies themselves, who sat knitting away till the arrival of two o'clock, their dinner-hour. The only thing which seemed at all to disturb the habitual placidity of my grandmother, was on being occasionally startled by the noise Miss Caw unwittingly made; for the latter, being as deaf as a post, was quite unconscious of the disturbance she at times occasioned, when, in her vain attempts to rectify some mishap in her knitting, she so thoroughly entangled her work as to be far beyond the power of her paralytic fingers to extricate, she would touch the bell, as she conceived, with a respectful gentleness, but in fact so as to produce a clatter as if the house had caught fire. My grandmother, too blind to perceive the cause of this startling alarm, would gently remonstrate, 'O Annie, Annie, you make such a noise!' to which the ancient virgin, who was somewhat short in temper, seldom hearing what was addressed to her, generally answered quite at cross purposes, and that with a most amusing mixture of respect and testiness, 'Yes, meddam, dis yer leddieship never let down a steek!' My grandmother's memory, although rather confused as to the later events of her life, was quite prompt and tenacious in all the details of her early history, particularly the agitating period of 1745, the circumstances of their long exile, and in fact everything seemed clear and distinct down to her husband's death, which was singularly marked as the precise point beyond which she herself even seemed to have no confidence in the accuracy of her recollection. But as the early portion was far the most interesting, it became the unfailing theme on which she seemed to have as much pleasure in dilating as I had in listening to her tales.

"I found it necessary, however, to be cautious of alluding to the present reigning family, which always discomposed her, as to the last she vehemently protested against their title to the throne. I was in the habit, when dining out, of occasionally paying an afternoon visit to her on my way to dinner, which

was after tea with her, when she had entered upon the second chapter of her day's employment. For, as regularly as the hour of five came round, the card-table was set out, with all its Japan boxes of cards, counters, and Japan saucers for holding the pool, etc., and my grandmother and her old maid sat down to encounter each other at piquette, and so deliberate was the game as to occupy a considerable portion of the afternoon, as the war was not carried on without frequent interlocutory skirmishes, which much prolonged the contest. The one combatant being so blind as to be incapable of ever distinguishing diamonds from hearts, or clubs from spades, while her opponent, who saw sharply enough through a pair of spectacles, so balanced on the tip of her nose, as to be a matter of never-ending wonder to me how they kept their place, was so deaf as to have to guess at the purport of whatever was addressed to her, and as they both blundered, each in their own way, it gave rise to contretemps of never-ending recurrence, as the property of each trick was disputed. 'O Annie, Annie, ye are so deaf and so stupid.' 'Yes, meddam, it's a sair pity ye are so blind.' 'Well, well, Annie, I would rather be blind as deaf.' 'Yes, meddam, it's my trick.' But with all her testiness, there never was a more devoted creature to her mistress, and to the Stonewood family, than that worthy old woman, Miss Caw. She was a meagre, ill-favored looking little personage, much bent with old age, dressed in a rusty black silk gown, marvellously short in the skirt, but compensated by a lanky, weasel-shaped waist of disproportionate length, from which was suspended my grandfather's watch, of uncommonly large size, which had been left to her by legacy, and was highly valued, and on the other side her scissors and bunch of keys. These garments were usually surmounted by a small black bonnet, and, trotting about with her high-heeled shoes, which threw the centre of gravity so far forward, her resemblance to a crow, or some curious bird of that class, was irresistibly striking, but having been once considered handsome, she was too jealous of her appearance ever to suffer me to use my pencil on so tempting a subject! She was the sister of a

person of some note, Lady Jane Douglas's maid, whose evidence was so influential in the great Douglas Cause, and I think she informed me that her father had once been Provost of Perth, but that their family had after his death got reduced in circumstances. She had passed almost the whole of her life, which was not a short one, in the service of the Stoneywood family. As to my grandmother, she was a perfect picture of an old lady of the last century. Her fair comely countenance was encircled in a pure white close cap with a quilled border, over which was a rich black lace cap in the form in which several of Queen Mary's pictures represent her to have worn; a gray satin gown with a laced stomacher, and deeply frilled hanging sleeves that reached the elbow; and over her arms black lace gloves without fingers, or rather which left the fingers free for the ornament of rings; about her shoulders a small black lace tippet, with high-leeled shoes, and small square silver buckles; there were also buckles in the stomacher. From her waistband also was suspended a portly watch in a shagreen case, and on the opposite side was a wire-sheath for her knitting. Such was old Lady Stoneywood. Her portrait, as well as that of her husband, having been accidentally destroyed, I am tempted to substitute in words some idea of her appearance."

And now we must leave our window and our bright glimpse into the family within, and go our ways. We might have tarried and seen much else, very different, but full of interest; we might have seen by and by the entrance of that noble, homely figure, the greatest, the largest nature in Scottish literature, whose head and face, stoop and smile and *burr* we all know, and who has filled, and will continue to fill, with innocent sunshine the young (ay, and the old) life of mankind. Sir Walter would have soon come in, with that manly, honest limp;—and his earliest and oldest friend would be there with him, he whose words have just painted for us these two old companions

in their cordial strife, and whose own evening was as tranquil, as beautiful, and nearly as prolonged, as that of the dear and comely lady of Stoneywood.

As we said before, what material is here for a story ! There is the crafty Bailie and the "ower canty" Laird of Ellon ; the Sunday tragedy ; the young loves and sorrows of James and Margaret ; the green purse and its gold-pieces shining through, and its "fendy" keeper ; the gallant Stoneywood, six foot two, bending in Slains before his Prince ; John Gunn with his Cairds, and his dark-eyed, rich-haired wife ; the wild havoc of Culloden ; the wandering from Speyside to his own Don ; the tap at the midnight window, heard by the one unsleeping heart ; the brief rapture ; the hunted life in Buchan ; the cobbler with his 'prentice and their cracks ; "*Mons. Jacques Jamieson*," the honored merchant and Swedish nobleman ; the vanishing away of his seven sons into the land o' the leal ; Penelope, her Ulysses gone, living on with Anne Caw, waiting sweetly till her time of departure and of reunion came. We are the better of stirring ourselves about these, the unknown and long time dead ; it quickens the capacity of receptive, realizing imagination, which all of us have more or less, and this waxes into something like an immediate and primary power, just as all good poetry makes the reader in a certain sense himself a poet, finding him one in little, and leaving him one in much.

So does any such glimpse into our common life, in its truth and depth and power, quicken us throughout, and make us tell living stories to ourselves ; leaves us stronger, sweeter, swifter in mind, readier for all the many things in heaven and on earth we have to do ; for we all have wings, though they are often but in bud, or blighted.

Bad is it for a man and for a nation when they are all unused, and therefore shrivel and dwine and die, or leave some sadly ludicrous remembrancer of their absence, as "of one that once had wings."

If we grovel and pick up all our daily food at our feet, and never soar, we may grow fat and huge like the Dodo,* which was once a true dove, beautiful, hot-blooded, and strong of wing, as becomes Aphrodité's own, but got itself developed into a big goose of a pigeon, waddling as it went, and proving itself worthy of its extinction and of its name, — the only hint of its ancestry being in its bill.

But even the best wings can't act *in vacuo*; they must have something to energize upon, and all imagination worth the name must act upon some objective truth, must achieve for itself, or through others, a realized ideal

* This is a real bit of natural history, from the Mauritius. The first pigeons there, having plenty on the ground to eat, and no need to fly, and waxing fat like Jeshurun, did not "plume their feathers, and let grow their wings," but grovelled on, got monstrous, so that their wings, taking the huff, dwarfed into a fluttering stump. Sir T. Herbert thus quaintly describes this embarrassed creature: — "The Dodo, a bird the Dutch call Walghvogel, or Dod Eerson; her body is round and fat, which occasions the slow pace, so that her corpulence is so great as few of them weigh less than fifty pounds. It is of a melancholy visage, as though sensible of nature's injury, in framing so massive a body to be directed by complimentary wings, such, indeed, as are unable to hoise her from the ground, serving only to rank her among birds; her train three small plumes, short and unproportionable; her legs suiting her body; her pounce sharp; her appetite strong and greedy; stones and iron are digested." — 1625. We have in our time seen an occasional human Dodo, with its "complimentary wings," — a pure and advanced Darwinian bird, — its earthly appetites strong and greedy; "an ill-favored head"; "great black eyes"; "its gape huge and wide"; "slow-paced and stupid"; its visage absurd and melancholy — very.

or an idealized reality. Beauty and truth must embrace each other, and goodness bless them both ;

“For Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other, — friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never to be sundered without tears.”



