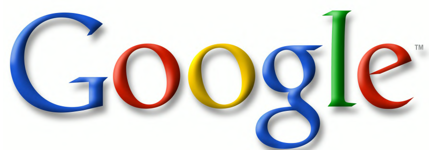

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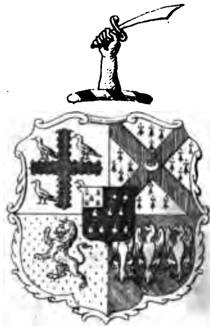
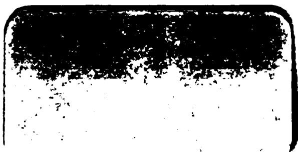


*R. Richards.*

*Caer Ynwch.*



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# ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

# HUMAN LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TREMAINE" AND "DE VERE."

[Ward (Robert Plumer)]

"I can truly say, that of all the papers I have blotted, which have been a good deal in my time, I have never written any thing for the public without the intention of some public good. Whether I have succeeded or not, is not my part to judge."—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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ATTICUS.

ST. LAWRENCE.

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LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MDCCCXXXVII.

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LONDON:
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS,
Stamford Street.

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# PREFACE.

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My publisher tells me I ought to write a Preface to these Sketches. Why, I know not; for I have no particular account to give of them, further than this, that although they are the genuine observations that occurred to my mind—in my passage through the world—upon men and things in general, the character of individuality does not belong to them. In this, the moral painter may be compared to the painter of nature. The hills and valleys, the trees, the water, the flowers, and the cottages, in a landscape, may all belong to known genera, yet the specific landscapè itself may never have been seen.



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These sketches, however, are no more than what any man who has lived long, and not shut his eyes, must have marked as well as myself. But as it is not everybody that has lived long, or that takes the trouble of opening his eyes—or, if he does, of committing to memory what he has seen—the endeavour to do this may be thought not unuseful to those who would rather read, than observe. How this has been executed, is a very different, and, to me, a very fearful question. In fact, it is with apprehension that I again encounter the world's eye. The success of 'Tremaine' and 'De Vere,' (for, without disputing the various criticisms that were made upon them, I may venture to say, they were successful,) has made any new attempt at public notice, on my part, hazardous, and perhaps impolitic.

I ought to have set before me the just sentiments (by the by, not the practice) of the charming author of a most charming Romance:—" Je résolus en effet de me tenir là, et ne pas risquer,

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par une seconde publication, de détruire l'espèce de prestige qui sembloit attaché à la première. *Il ne faut pas fatiguer le bonheur, il échappe si facilement!**"

Why, then, I have not yielded to this prudent advice, is a question which I do not feel it very comfortable to answer; for I was not even "obliged by hunger," or "request of friends." It is, indeed, true that abundant leisure after a busy life, and the necessity of seeking a diversion of thought from reflections prompted by long and severe illness, and still more severe domestic calamities, may be deemed a fair excuse for committing these ebullitions to paper; but the excuse stops here, and will not justify the sending them into the world. Let me then fairly confess (whatever may be said of the vanity of the confession,) that the hope that the experience and observation of *a long life* might afford something useful, if not amusing, to those who may come after me, has been the deciding cause of the present publication.

* Mad. de Montolieu, Preface to Caroline.

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It will be seen that I have again chosen the didactic style of composition—more purely didactic than before. I have not here even *attempted* a story, as I did in my two former productions. The characters introduced are merely instruments to convey the sentiments and opinions which form the subject of the work. They cannot therefore pretend to inspire more interest than what the investigations themselves may create. I am sensible of the disadvantage of such a plan; for though I have been laughed at for saying I was no novelist in writing Tremaine, it is but true that my original design in that work, was solely and drily the Treatise on Natural Religion which almost fills the third volume. I chose the dialogistic form merely as most convenient to the argument; and so confined to it was the plan, that there was not even a name to the speakers, who were originally and literally A. and B. This, however, looked so meagre, that I gave them two names, Evelyn and Tremaine, but still left them without characters or story. This was very little less bald; so I added a sort of charac-

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ter, and by degrees a sort of story, which again, in creating something like interest, I enlarged by the addition of a heroine, and of course a love-tale. Nevertheless the primary scope and intention of the work was nowhere departed from; I continued, all through, a mere moralist, and never either intended or pretended to be more. My heroine herself, whom I have the melancholy delight of thinking the world has been pleased with, was close at my elbow; so that I have not a claim to the gift of imagination, even in that.

It was almost the same in De Vere. I wished indeed to paint a Constance, but more to portray a Mowbray, a Cleveland, a Wentworth, and a Flowerdale. De Vere himself was secondary to these; the diseases of ambition were my chief, and at first my only, objects. Nowhere, therefore, have I claim to the distinction (in the present day, a considerable one,) of being thought a novelist, much less a popular one. Whatever the lore I have presented, it is didactic; and, in the present

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publication, even the form of romance is laid aside. With this meagre but true account of my work, I send it into the world.

*Felix faustaque sit!*

R. P. W.

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# ATTICUS,

OR

# THE RETIRED STATESMAN.



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TO

# WILLIAM EARL OF LONSDALE,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, &c. &c. &c.

My Lord,

The age of Dedications is over, and with reason: for if a work is bad, no name, however great, can make it good; and on the other hand, if it have merit, the want of such a name will never disparage it. I must therefore look for other motives for begging to inscribe this work, such as it may be thought, to your Lordship. They may be easily known, at least by those who know what reason I have had, and for how long a time, to esteem you beyond all men now alive. The friendship you have allowed me to cultivate with you, and the distinctions you have condescended to shew me, while they have done me nothing but honour, make me hope that most of the opinions entertained in the following narration, as well as the scenes and topics described, will not be disapproved by your Lordship. If so, it will be



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a pleasure to me to think that the advance of our years has not, as it has with many, created any difference between us in regard to those public or private principles which we entertained when both were much younger. To have been allowed to share with you in those principles, and to have acted upon them with you for years, has always been regarded by me as one of my truest sources of pride and gratification. In other respects, you are now the only person left in the world, to whom I may say,

"Quod spiro et placeo (si placeo) tuum est."

Vale et vivè, is the sincere wish of your obliged and affectionate humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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# PREFACE.

The following letters depict, I will not say, "a great man struggling with the storms of fate," but a rational being, who having acted a fair and important part in the State, quits it before he is worn out, or in other words, before it quits him. To think of a better world, and in doing so to take leave of his former pursuits, and cultivate his quieter tastes, and the natural, philosophic, and independent disposition of his mind, are his praiseworthy objects.

He has honourably filled very honourable employments, and might have obtained riches as well as power, but for this his darling and characteristic moderation. His resolution, however, being doubted by his contemporaries, and great and quick changes having occasioned much disorganization in the political parties of the time, it was

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thought that his abilities and experience would make him a valuable acquisition to any party that could obtain him.

This, and perhaps a wish to put his philosophy to the trial, produce the discussions in the following narrative. His actual retirement, and even his professed resolution to live for himself after having so long lived for the State, are not thought any bar to the attempt to bring him back to business. It was believed he would not be proof against the usual temptations of power and interest, which have so often seduced other statesmen back to a world which they have professed, and almost sworn, to abandon.

The following letters are addressed to one of the old colleagues of Atticus, by the gentleman who was commissioned to make the trial above referred to.

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## LETTER I.

To the Viscount L——

My dear Lord,

Though I have been silent, I have not forgotten the task I undertook, as a consequence of the very interesting conversation that passed at your Lordship's table the other day; and though perhaps disappointed in my own notions of the event, I must in all truth lay before you, and our other friends, the result of my visit to Atticus.

I was not, as you know, among your supporters, when you held that he would act up to his resolution of retiring for ever, and would never repent it. We, on our side, said that the experiment, though of two years standing, had not been sufficiently tried; that, old as he was in the world, he was not sufficiently so to feel satisfied at having abandoned it; and that if one went to see him, one would find him like the Distressed Anchorite, in that clever tale of Columella, by the now long forgotten Jago. You bade me in jest go and

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try; and I have done so in earnest. As you wish to know the result, *le voici.*

To be sure it argued very little to do in the world myself, to take so long a journey merely to examine a man as to his sincerity in a matter of so very little consequence as his living in or out of public life. But as I had plenty of leisure, and am fond, as you know, of observing character and ascertaining motives; and as, to confess the truth, I was a little tired of the same round of company and avocations, whether of business or amusement, which I had lately been in; I set off one fine May morning, full of courage and spirits, resolved to probe Atticus to the bottom.

Let me at once say that I find you were right.

He is no dupe, whether of himself, or of circumstances. His tranquillity is sincere; and he affords an example of a most useful truth,—that a man of a certain caste of mind may live in, and even be fitted for, a tumultuous life, and yet when all seems to prosper, can throw all behind him, for higher and better objects.

But to come to a little method.—It was in the afternoon that, after several hours' drive over hill and dale, and through the beautiful forest which anticipates the scenery about his rural mansion, I arrived at what you know he was always interested in calling his Llirias. It appeared at first less mo-

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derate, or rather more striking, than it really was. This was owing to what so fixed honest Scipio, when his master, Gil Blas, first pointed out the real Llirias to his view. I mean the four *petits pavillons* which gave it that "air de noblesse," which charmed the ambitious secretary into an exclamation, "Comment Diable, c'est un bijou que cette maison, outre l'air de noblesse que donnent ces quatre pavillons."

In truth, when I looked at a little river at the bottom of the hill on which the house was situated, I fancied myself on the banks of the Guadalquiver, and that the spires of a town which I saw in the distance were those of Valentia, instead of St. Mary's. Its situation, indeed, on an eminence, though not very lofty; its picturesque cupolas, which were covered with lead, and decorated with gilt vanes; imposed greatly on the eye, and created more expectation than was afterwards realized. But I knew that Atticus, though he abounded in comfort, was not rich, and that his motto was moderation; the parent, as he often said, of independence and of happiness; and though a Privy Counsellor, I should have, perhaps, been disappointed to have found him in a *chateau de grand seigneur*.

His retreat was certainly beautiful, particularly in driving over a stone bridge of several arches,



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through which rattled the river, tolerably rapid, which ended in that emblem of rural and busy cheerfulness, a water-mill. Over this the road began suddenly but gently to climb, and wound between rows of umbrageous timber. We were soon up the hill, and suddenly at the door; which, without any lodge, was like a convent door in the middle of a village on the continent. This resemblance was increased not a little by a group of country girls, some on a long bench, and some on the ground.

All were busy, plying with nimble fingers, which the eye could not follow, a number of lace pillows and plaits of straw, which gave an air of almost elegance to the occupation. It certainly made a cheerful scene, for which I had in some measure been prepared a few yards off, by songs and gay laughs which reached the ear. "At least," said I to myself, "Atticus is no *melancholy* anchorite."

Having pulled a ponderous bell, which answered in sounds that still kept up the notion of a convent, I asked the young lace makers if they generally chose that place, so close to a gentleman's door, for their employment? "Oh!" said they, "he gives us leave, and says he likes to see us busy; and he keeps the money we get for us; and the place is so nice and shady, we do twice as much this

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hot weather as at home." I again thought to myself, that Atticus had not left the world from sourness.

The gate was now opened, and by our friend himself, who had seen the carriage winding up the hill, and as ceremony had long been banished from this retreat, he was his own porter on the occasion.

What struck me was, first his ruddy health; next, the familiarity of the children, who, far from running away from the lord of the manor, as the 'little tyrant of the fields,' were all eager to attract his notice, and thronged about him so as to impede his progress to greet me at the carriage door.

"How different this," said I to him, as we shook hands, "to Whitehall!"

"From which," returned he, "I suppose you come? But with your eagerness in party and state affairs, what could possess you to leave it, to visit a mere gardener like me?"

"You forget," said I, "that you are still a Privy Counsellor, and can talk high matter if you will. You forget too, that a gardener was once compelled to quit his garden and become a king."

"But I am not Abdolonymus," returned he, "nor are you in want of one. You are not, I trust, in want of a king?—though you now change

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your kings, so often, or at least your governors, that it would not surprise me if you were."

Here was a sort of opening to politics; but as we were now scarcely in the house, I thought it best to delay my communication; and I gave way to the pleasure of again seeing our friend, and seeing him so well.

We entered a handsome library, rather large for a hermit, and furnished with all appliances for its purpose; and from its old fashioned windows we beheld a gay and variegated garden, or court of flowers, whose perfume scented the whole air without, and regaled all within. This, with a fountain murmuring in the middle, and freshening all with its foam, made me fancy myself in the Temple of Flora. I willingly complimented him upon this, and indeed upon the whole appearance of his house, and of himself; and could not help saying, when he observed that I smiled, "why, if I was not a man of the town, and still a politician, I should like to be an ex-official, and like you."

"You do my retreat great honour," said he; "but it would not do for you, nor you for it."

"Why?"

"You are yet too young and too unquiet to be content with it. Nature has not yet 'done with her resentments in you.'"

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"Resentments!"

"Yes! You have still much to do, and to change, or, as you will say, to *reform;* which, meaning, as I take it, to alter for the better, you are still upon your trial, and could not, if you would, quit your post. But neither would you if you could. You have still many victims to sacrifice; much to *revenge.*"

"How so?"

"You have not yet forgiven, and perhaps never will forgive, the King and the Tories, for keeping you or your fathers so long out of power. Do you think then, because your romance a little revives in the country after a six month's imprisonment in London, that a few pinks and roses would compensate for excitements like those you would abandon? Forbid it Heaven! forbid it all energy of mind, or as you no doubt call it, public virtue."

He said this in a bantering tone; so that I began to be afraid he meant to laugh at me, and that my mission would soon miscarry, even if I entered upon it.

But here a couple of servants interrupted us, by announcing dinner.

"Come," continued he, "you have had a long journey, to see an old man who has left the world; and if you can bear with an old man's hours, you

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will perhaps dine with him, although the sun has not yet set."

He then led the way into the dining-room, where we found a small but elegant repast, the truest exemplification of the *simplex munditiis*; and whether from the excellence of the cookery, from curiosity, the novelty of the scene, and perhaps a little hunger, I certainly thought that starving was by no means one of the necessary accompaniments of retreat.

Our dinner conversation need not be repeated; but after we had banqueted, and crowned the whole with a glass of the finest Hermitage I ever tasted, I accepted our friend's proposal to visit his garden and grounds, where, when the weather was genial, he said he passed the greater part of his time. I perhaps should have preferred a political conversation, at an opportunity so meet for it as an after dinner *tête à tête*. But my temperate host having satisfied, not satiated, nature, and seeing him anxious that the fine evening should not be lost, I gladly sallied forth with him into this fairy land of sweets and colours.

Nor was I surprised at his eagerness to be among them, or that this sort of visit was as regular as the evening itself. The ground immediately under the windows of the library was a

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perfect paradise of sweets, arising indeed from very simple flowers, but set off too with ornament; partaking more of the Italian style than perhaps would have been approved by Kent or Repton, though by no means of the school of Le Nôtre; between which two schools it puzzled the amiable author of "Les Jardins" to decide.* There were here some classical urns, statues, marble balustrades, and fountains, giving richness, but without destroying nature; and some, but very few, expensive exotics. In fact, my friend was simple (perhaps too simple) and even frugal in his tastes. To say nothing of the rose, the queen of the garden, he found pleasure in the humble, though gay polyanthus; the still more humble daisy; the ranunculus, auricula, anemony; the glowing violet "infant of the spring;" and even primroses and marigolds dotted and adorned his many-coloured beds.

"Those gems are gay enough for me," said he, pointing to them; "and not the less valuable because common, and in almost every body's power. Some of my poorest cottagers rival me even in tulips."

* "Je ne décide pas entre Kent et Le Nôtre." See the exquisite little poem "Les Jardins" of Delille. If the reader wish to examine the taste of Le Nôtre, let him refresh himself with the plates of "Les belles maisons de la France."

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"And yet," said I, "you need not have come so far for such pleasures as these."

"You say true," he replied, "for a great courtier, soldier, senator, and man of the world, but also a bit of a philosopher, Sheffield, found them in St. James's Park. I cannot forget what he says of the power of the simplest nature, compared with the sublimest art, in exciting devotion. 'I confess,' he says, 'Westminster Abbey yonder has a less share in it than the commonest flower in my garden.' Hence the motto on his house, '*Hic siti lætantur lares.*' But moderation you know is my motto, and hence I believe the even temper (if it be even) on which you complimented me just now. In truth, this little parterre, though of but a few rods, is the only spot in which I have indulged in any thing of art."

"Yet art," said I, "when elegant, is not a thing to be neglected."

"It is not," he replied, "when not carried too far, in what I call the *pedantry* of gardening, as in France and Italy. A piping Fawn, or dancing Satyr, is at least a classical appendage to woods and gardens. They remind one of Horace and Virgil; so there they are. But I have, you see, avoided the massive Treillages, the Neptunes and the Amphitrites, the Tritons and the conches, that disfigure (because wholly unnatural) such

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spots as these, where never Neptune could drive his horses, nor Triton blow his shell."

I entirely agreed with him in this pure taste, and we criticised Versailles and Le Nôtre pretty severely.

"Do not, however, let us be unjust," said Atticus. "Le Nôtre was a considerable man, and only complied with the taste of the day, and of his master, who was the most pompous of the Bourbons, but by no means a man of genius."

"I remember," said I, "that De Lille says what he can for Le Nôtre, in his beautiful poem."

"And that was not a little," said Atticus. "I have the passages by heart. After a charming description of the two styles, he says of one,

> 'Son air est moins riant, et plus majestueux,
> L'autre de la nature amant respectueux;
> L'un, content d'un verger, d'un bocage, d'un bois,
> Dessine pour le sage, et l'autre pour les rois.' "

All this brought Louis XIV. on the scene, and I was not without the hope that the public character and conduct of that monster of pride, by exciting the public virtue and patriotism of Atticus, might come in aid of my object. At least, I thought it had a better chance of doing so than philosophy and gardening, which now seemed so much to absorb him. I had indeed resolved to

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examine him shrewdly, and search whether something of old ambition, and the raciness of power and party, might not still remain, a lurking ember in his heart, to be blown hereafter into flame.

But in vain. All I could get from him was, that Louis was like his prototype Nebuchadnezzar, an image of selfishness, ostentation and cruelty, allowed by Providence, for inscrutable purposes, to be a pest to mankind.

"He was the Assyrian," exclaimed Atticus, "of Holy Writ; like him the "rod of anger" of the Almighty, and like him, perhaps, greeted on his arrival in hell by all other preceding 'rods,'—who, we are told, rose from their thrones to receive him, and expressed wonder that one so great should be condemned like them."

Seeing me moved with curiosity at this not obvious but forcible allusion, Atticus asked if I did not recollect the sublime imagery of Isaiah, when he recounts the arrival of this Assyrian in Hades.

"Hell from beneath is moved for to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth: it has raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations."

"Art thou also become as weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?"

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"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" *

Our friend repeated these stirring verses in a tone so glowing, and a manner so fervid, that I really felt myself almost as enthusiastic as he; and I thought no more about Louis XIV. except to ponder how he and all other heroes of the world, kings, ministers, partizans, or fine ladies, must sink into nothing under such considerations. It also had another effect; as, when I observed how earnest our friend was in this burst, I began to think in despair of the event of my mission.

"Lord ——," thought I, "in his opinion of the unalterable effects of ambition, has not measured his character rightly."

The solemnity with which Atticus concluded the subject we had so unexpectedly fallen upon, communicated itself to us both, and we paced up and down the parterre for some minutes in silence. It was, therefore, by way of introducing farther conversation, that I observed upon what really struck me, the little space that Atticus had al-

* These sublime passages are what excite the admiration of Lowth, himself a poet and a judge of poetry; who says (and truly) they were the boldest figures that ever were attempted. (See his beautiful comment upon Isaiah.) Who can read them without feeling the nothingness of the most successful worldly career; or who wonder if Atticus, when full of them, and at his age, should resist the temptation to return?

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lowed himself for his parterre, sweet and gay as it was. It was in fact scarcely larger than that retired and narrow slip called the Prior's garden, at Strawberry Hill, and was shut up by a wall, low indeed, but so topped by trees and shrubs that no part of a very fine champaign country could be let in. This I thought a fault, and told him so.

"I am quite aware of it," said he, "and you will perhaps wonder to be told, that I even designed it for the express purpose of confining the view."

"And what could be your object?" said I.

"To assist meditation," he returned, "which as you know seeks retirement, and shuts out the world,

> 'As all too wanton and too full of gauds,
> To give it audience.' "

"Yet so beautiful a prospect as you might have by cutting down those trees!"

"Had I no prospects elsewhere," he replied, "you might be right. But you will find I abound in them; and as for cutting down those lovely trees, name it not, for they all are inhabited by Hamadryads; but if by dæmons, I would not be the Rinaldo to destroy them. You will please to recollect the wise Bacon (wise in the minutest particular) banishes prospect from libraries, and even proscribes side windows, on account of the

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interruptions they give to meditation. Our other philosopher and stateman, Temple, seconds this too, prettily enough; when he says, 'leisure and solitude are the best effect of riches, because the mother of thought.' You see therefore that there is no ingress or egress for this little plot, except through the library."

"Your garden then is your library?" said I.

"It is a part of it," he replied, "for my flowers and shrubs are close to my windows, which, if open, they certainly would enter, and encircle me in my chair. In truth, I am so fond of the soothing freshness of plants, that I cannot have them too near, and seem as if I should like to dwell among their leaves like a bird. They are the green shrouds that Milton talks of, and they realize the visions which

> 'as poetic eyes avow,
> Hang on each leaf, and cling to every bough.'

In short, nothing is more true than that

> 'The spleen was never felt where Flora reigns.'"

"Good," said I. "Rousseau himself could not feel, or even affect to feel, more pleasure in the *security* of his solitude, than you do in yours."

"Certainly not," he replied; "especially when, pursuing some favourite train of thought, I refresh myself by changing in doors for out, and breathe

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a reviving air, without interrupting the course of my ideas. Besides, flowers, delightful every where, are still more so from being unmixed with more extensive views; they call every thing home, and promote the calm so soothing and so necessary to old age."

"You should have been the Head of a College, and walked the cloister," said I, "instead of a statesman."

"And who so happy," he returned, "if he pleases?"

"But your flowers, though sweet are few, and this surprises me."

"I have a feeling about it," said he, "which perhaps may surprise you more."

"Pray let me know it."

"Why you know my maxims as to the necessity for moderation, even to make innocent pleasures more enjoyable."

"And what then?"

"Why then I would not have my garden too extended. Not because flowers are not the most delicious things on earth, speaking to the sentiment as well as the senses, but on account of the intrinsic and superior value of moderation. When interests are divided, they are not so strong. Three acres of flowers and a regiment of gardeners, bring no more pleasure than a sufficiency. Besides which,

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in the smaller possession, there is more room for the mental pleasure to step in, and refine all that which is sensual. We become acquainted, as it were, and even form friendships, with individual flowers. We bestow more care upon their bringing up and progress. They seem sensible of our favour, absolutely to enjoy it, and make pleasing returns by their beauty, health, and sweetness. In this respect a hundred thousand roses, which we look at *en masse*, do not identify themselves with us in the same manner as even a very small border; and hence, if the cottager's mind is properly attuned, the little cottage garden may give him more real delight than belongs to the owner of a thousand acres. All this is so entirely nature, that give me a garden well kept, however small, two or three spreading trees, and a mind at rest, and I would defy the world."

"Good," I observed; "and as you found all your theories upon practical knowledge, you have, no doubt, made the experiment yourself, or seen it in others."

"I think I have," said he. "At least, a rich neighbour of mine has one whole acre of roses, another of rhododendrons, a third of geraniums, and thirty gardeners; yet has he not the same pleasure as I have. In fact, he is *surfeited*, and walks his garden by way of duty more than love; while I,

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who have few labourers, and work myself, know every leaf and flower and tree about me, with the intimacy of a friend. I may think a single rose-bush my mistress. But too many flowers are like the seraglio of a sultan: much splendour, little kindness, no love. It was this personal feeling for individual plants, which no doubt principally occasioned that burst of grief in Eve, which so affects us upon her being forced from Paradise:

> 'Oh! flowers,
> That never will in other climates grow,
> My early visitation, and my last
> At even! which I bred up with tender hand
> From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
> Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
> Your tribes, or water from the ambrosial fount?' "

I own, my Lord, this warm rhapsody, which seemed to come from the heart, communicated itself, and I felt for a moment a little of the same enthusiasm as my friend; though so lately from Whitehall.

You will recollect, however, that I was now a hundred miles off, amid bowers Arcadian, and my fear began to be, that instead of converting Atticus, he would convert me; so, to open some allusion at least to greater objects, I observed to him that I rather wondered at his fondness for "trim gardens," when the forest with all its grandeur might court him.

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"Surely," said I, "you must also love the nobleness of Nature? The oaks and elms, the monarchs of the woods, high towering over, and far more valuable than these humbler beauties!"

"I do," he replied; "they always elevate me by their magnificence. I can walk the forest with the most enthusiastic, and worship with the most pious the wonders of the Creator. But a garden, you will recollect, is to a philosopher (which you say I am) only what we have called it, another library. Be assured that the time may come (and I wish it may come soon), when you may think it the most rational and independent, as well as the most soothing and innocent, of all pleasures. The florist, the botanist, the philosopher, the religious man, the statesman, the invalid, all find delight in it. Perhaps the cultivator with a view to mere profit, is least enchanted; but he too is pleased. Even the proud man, though he may be disappointed every where else, is soothed here. Nobody competes with, or refuses him tribute; his flowers, and fruits, and walks, are all obsequious, and court him to love them. All this is Nature, and natural tastes being so superior to artificial, can you wonder if I would not exchange what I have called these 'my green shrouds,' that scent and ornament my win-



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dows, and make my room a bower, for all the golden magnificence of Versailles?"

I had no more to say, but muttered, I believe, something about Addison intending to be a Bishop, after having been Secretary of State.

"He would have become his lawn well," said Atticus.

"And are you like him in this too," said I, "as you certainly are in many other things?"

I said this hesitatingly, and rather hoping to produce from his answer something like an opening to my object.

"I am not so worthy of it," replied he; "but if I were, even at my age, I know little that would please me more."

"You would then, though Lord Chancellor, exchange the mace for the mitre!"

"It would be better for many a Lord Chancellor, if he had that disposition," returned our friend.

"Or a Prime Minister!"

"Best of all," observed he, "if he could possibly have sufficient materials, as Addison had; and above all, could discipline himself to forget the exciting storms in which he had past his life. But this no Prime Minister can do."

"Not even in such a place as this?"

"He must first have these materials in his own

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mind," replied he, "before place can make any difference. For, be assured, had I not for years of my public life before it ended, been preparing myself, I am not such an enthusiast as to suppose walks or gardens could have ever been the boundary of my wishes."

"You, who so admire

'The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields.'

"Yes; for had I not had something else to feed my mind as well as my eyes, I believe I should starve on ennui, or, like Gil Blas, abandon Llirias, and return to court."

Here seemed to be a little opening, and it was not without a sort of hope that I said, "Have two years then done nothing to satiate you? Two years of absolute monotony, while all the world are stirring in these most stirring times! Forgive me if I say you have no right to be so useless."

"Useless!" cried he, with emphasis. "Was Temple useless, though no man was more devoted to retreat, as well as distinguished in business?"

"Your model, then, is Sir William Temple," said I; "a celebrated and philosophic minister certainly."

"And could I have a better?" he answered. "But though if I followed him, it would be like the



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little Julus, *non passibus æquis.* I would gladly at Llirias be like "him at Sheen."

"I trust, then, replied I, "if you are like him in pursuits, that you will benefit the world as he did, by pouring out your mind in literary labours."

"They were charming labours," said Atticus, "and worth to mankind a thousand times more than his political exertions,—which, however splendid, were only beneficial to his employers. In short, he was a real philosopher; and as he did not bury his talents with himself, he was any thing but what you said just now—useless."

He said this with a sort of determined if not reproachful air, that made me think I was farther off my object than ever. To sound him, however, I could not help observing, in allusion to Sir William Temple's labours, that I supposed, as I hoped, that Atticus would at least continue to help the world he had so long served, by giving them, like his hero, the benefit of his experience in print.

"Print," said he, smiling, "is too adventurous; but if you mean that I may be occupied with recording my own thoughts as they arise, I know not the employment more sweet, whatever their worth."

My curiosity was greatly excited, and I fairly

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asked if a history of his own time would not be a good thing? He shook his head, and said,

"No. I have been too near to some, and too far off from others. Many impostors, who yet have a sort of character, which their own hypocrisy and other people's ignorance have enabled them to obtain, I could dissect, and have dissected. But, like Coriolanus with his own, I would show their wounds in private. Pompous pretensions, violated promises, and a total failure in professed principles, might be fairly and reasonably exposed, and not the worse, because by a man who had seen and understood their trickery. But to raise personal enemies would disturb my tranquillity; the only treasure (a great one indeed) that is now left me. Nevertheless, I do not disguise that I have often before me that attracting passage of Sallust, which has kindled many a statesman, ere now, with a wish to become an historian,—'Igitur ubi animus ex multis miseriis atque periculis requievit, et mihi reliquam ætatem à Republicâ procul habendam decrevi; non fuit consilium socordiâ atque desidiâ bonum otium conterere: neque verò agrum colendo, aut venando, servilibus officiis intentum, ætatem agere. Sed à quo incepto studioque me ambitio mala detinuerat, eodem regressus, statui res gestas Populi Romani carptim, ut quæque memoria digna videbantur perscribere,

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eò màgis, quòd mihi à spe, metu, partibus Reipublicæ, animus liber erat.'

"But, come," continued Atticus, "we have paced this walk long enough, and you must be tired of being so bound in by Art and Le Nôtre. Let us go to Claremont, where Kent and Nature vie for our love."*

Then pulling out a key, he opened a small gate to which his gardener only had access, and which showed a path winding through hornbeams and beeches.

This led us to a declivity, till we came to a terrace, not so extensive indeed as Lowther, but as smooth, as velvety, and soft to the feet, and letting in all that the eye could desire for loveliness of prospect. It looked precipitously upon the rattling stream I had passed in the way to the house, and though aloft, we could distinctly see the foam, and hear the gurgling of its waters as they leaped from rock to rock, or rather from stone to stone. For though wild, it was on a small scale, and partook, as I observed to him, of it master's moderation.

"It has little of magnificence," said he, "and certainly is not a Niagara; but it has a great deal of beauty, and those mountain ash and wild roses which start from every fissure in the rock, with

* "Where Kent and Nature vied for Pelham's love."

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the help of a little imagination, remind me of that quaint account of Guy's cliff, in old Leland,—'Nemusculum ibidem opacum, fontes liquidi et gemmii, prata florida; antra muscosa; rivi levis et per saxa decursus; nec non solitudo, et quies, musis amicissima.'" *

"The description," said I, "is almost as interesting as the place. But you have not told me the name of your river, dashing from stone to stone, your 'rivi levis per saxa decursus.'"

"Digentia," said he.

"Digentia!"

"Yes! the Digentia of Horace, where he made so many philosophical prayers,—

> 'Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
> Quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari?
> Sit mihi quod nunc est; etiam minus; ut mihi vivam
> Quod superest ævi; si quid superesse volunt Di.'†

"Upon its banks also," continued Atticus, "Horace probably raised those other questions, so important to true philosophy, which so charm us in retreat, but are so difficult to answer in London."

"I fear I have forgot them," said I.

"No wonder," he replied. "I forgot them

* Thus translated by Leland himself: "It is a place meet for the Muses; there is sylence; a praty wood; antra in vivo saxo, and the river rolling over the stones with a praty noise."—Leland's Itin. 4. 66.

† Hor. Epist. i. 18.

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myself many a year in Downing-street, at St. Stephens', and at Boodle's. But here, where there is no distraction from party or politics, they rush vividly into one's mind. They are these:—whether to glide gently down to old age, without being vexed by poverty or avarice? whether virtue is acquired by study, or the gift of nature? what will reconcile you to yourself? what produce tranquillity? whether honours, or fortune, or the retired private path in which life imperceptibly steals away?—These are the questions which Horace* proposes to discuss when on the banks of the Digentia, but never at Rome. This then is my Digentia."

"It ought to be consecrated like its classical original," I remarked, "if it promote such valuable inquiries. But would you pursue even those, at the price of forgetting all your fellow-labourers for the good of the State, who are now slaving to secure to you the very stream which you seem so to enjoy."

"I have done enough," he replied, "to have earned the meed to which all public men aspire (or pretend to aspire), the

'Ut mihi vivam quod superest ævi.'

This was both Temple's and Bolingbroke's motto, to say nothing of old Montaigne—Temple, who retired to Sheen and philosophy,

* Ibid.

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'Oh, content d'un bocage,
L'Ambassadeur des rois se plait à vivre en sage.'

And Bolingbroke?

Why he was like the Queen in Hamlet's play,—

'Methinks the lady doth profess too much.'

However, he pleased himself with *thinking* he was made for retirement, and that for a time did as well."

"And you?"

"Why really I can only ask you to answer yourself. If you have wished to probe me, you have at least found me, without notice or preparation, in 'Arcady the blest;' which you want me to exchange for Whitehall. You, perhaps, think me a self-deceiver, like Cowley. But I have not yet broken my ribs; nor even caught a cold; so that I am not yet disgusted.* Old as I am, I have still fire enough left to be romantic; at least if to admire and love nature, to revel in a glorious morning, or sooth my whole heart with the placidity of evening, be romantic. In those happy moments far indeed am I from thinking myself 'Right Honourable.' I rather liken myself 'within these brakes and trees,' to the genius of the wood, in the charming but almost forgotten Arcadia.

* See, in Johnson's life of Cowley, the curious finish to all his romance, ending in all the miseries of disappointment to high-formed expectations: a most useful lesson.



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'For know, by lot from Jove, I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
And early, e're the od'rous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn
Shake the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout.'

I will not say with Rousseau, 'If I am dying, lay me under an oak, and I shall revive;'* but this I am sure of, that a man who loves a tree, and possesses one, possesses a lasting fund of happiness."

This was said with so much earnestness, that I began to think it scarcely worth while to proceed with my design; but secretly suspecting there might be a little enthusiasm in all these professions, which might give way to less vivid, but more reasonable considerations, and thinking also that I should never have a better opportunity, I resolved boldly to enter on my subject. Prefatory to this, however, having been at the drawing room but three days before, I began the praises of the Court, which I knew he once admired.

"Well," said I, "but the Court is a fine thing, even compared with nature, and I know not whether the awfulness of majesty, with all its associa-

* It is remarkable that he shewed this in his last moments; for having got up more ill than usual, he desired to be carried to a seat under a tree, to enjoy the face of nature, which had looked peculiarly cheerful, he said, from his window. That day he died."

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tions, and set off with magnificence, beauty, elegance, and the exquisite works of art, may not (I speak it with humility to you priests of nature) emulate, nay perhaps equal, the 'pomp of groves and garniture of fields.' Certain it is, when I have seen the court guise of the mincing Dryads of St. James's, in nodding plumes, sparkling jewels, and dazzling silks, all only giving greater excellence to fine eyes, Hebe smiles, and graceful manners, I have thought little of the Dryads of the wood; and as to tulips, and even roses, I have questioned if the tulips and roses of animated flesh and blood, breathing sentiment, and looking sweetness equal to the flowers themselves, were not more inspiring than the still life of nature, however beautiful."

"Will you mention any of your breathing roses?" said Atticus.

"That might be invidious," answered I; "but there are Lady R., and Lady M., and Lady ——? and Miss B."

"And your associations"—said Atticus—"what are they?"

"Why, of rank and grandeur, and, as I said, of majesty."

"Would it not be better to say, of goodness, virtue, and wisdom?"

"Yes, if we were all philosophers, and always lecturing in the Schools; but the world is not so:

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'Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ.'"

"And yet a garden, or a wood, the chaunt of the birds, which at this moment so delights us—"

"I know what you would say," replied I, "that these prompt us to silent and deep observation, tending to develope goodness and wisdom. But, if you will be philosophic wherever you go, I see no reason why you should not carry philosophy to a royal drawing-room, where you will find as much study of nature (only more difficult perhaps to be discovered) as in the wildest scenes that ever were painted. Even, therefore, as a philosopher you ought to return to court."

He again shook his head, and I went on—

"That return, I can tell you, would be hailed by many whom you respect, who are now in power, and are, I know, willing that you should share it with them. Excuse me too," I added, seeing him pause, "if, after all, I think there must, or will be a monotony in this way of life, which is not fitted for a mind so active. We cannot be always poring over a torrent, or smelling at a rose. I know not whether you have neighbours; but if they are confined to those bits of lacemakers who flocked about me on my arrival, I think they will not satisfy your known social qualities. Perhaps, indeed, you may have

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a farming parson, or a Doctor Slop in the village, who may condescend to dine with you, and play at backgammon now and then; but is this to be your lot, while others, not your superiors in mind, are obtaining power and influence, and even dukedoms, by mingling in the state?"

To this he only answered (with his usual fondness for Shakespeare),

"My library, a dukedom large enough!"

"True," said I; "large enough if science or amusement are the only objects in life. But I mistake if even science will suffice to a person who has so tasted of the world; and with a view to your favourite pursuit, the investigation of character, I should think you would rather, with Johnson, walk Fleet-street. But I will give you Shakespeare for Shakespeare—

'And rather would intreat thy company
To view the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully sluggardised at home,
Wear yourself out in shapeless idleness.'

Let me then be your Valentine, and intreat your company 'to view the world abroad.'"

"You come close," said he, after an evident pause of consideration at this explicit proposal of mine; "but you would make a better Valentine, and I perhaps a more obsequious Proteus, had I not already seen those wonders, and felt how

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little they can do, for old age at least, in producing that which every year's advance makes of more and more importance to it. Hence the justness of the sentiment,

'Le sage à son jardin destine ses vieux ans.'

'Of what consequence to me,' said an octogenarian friend of mine, who was childless, and offered a peerage, 'to have a coronet on my coffin!'"

At this I could not help asking whether he really thought there ought to be no ambition in the world?

"Far from it," said he; "nay, I think it may often be a duty to engage in its strifes for the sake of some noble end. But then what may be a duty in youth or middle age, would be inconsistent when past the meridian. Even to the veteran, I would not say that all worldly uses were flat and unprofitable. But it is inconceivable how poor and shapeless the objects most dazzling to the glittering throng, appear to him who is going to where he knows they will all sink to nothing, or worse than nothing. Could men carry their pomp and power with them, or women their beauty, when they quit the world, it would be different; but as pomp and power, and beauty too, are doomed irrevocably to be "food for worms" 'to lie in cold obstruction, and to rot'—I

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often think, when I see them in their very zenith, how soon they must be stript of all that they pride themselves upon here, and how soon the millions they have despised may be more than their equals elsewhere."

Our friend here paused again for some minutes; and, as I was sure he was sincere, I esteemed him more than ever. I felt even almost as grave as himself, and waited for him to go on. He therefore rather surprised me by a change of tone when he laughingly wound up by saying,

"No! no! There are no orators, aristocrats, or exclusives in Heaven, whatever they may think of it."

"All this is incontestible," said I; "but do you mean that, because all must quit the world, we are not to attend to its interests while in it?"

"Clearly not," he replied; "but the difficulty is to distinguish between the world's interests and our own. A grandiloquent minister, finding his grandeur in a little danger, cries out, 'Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you!' He assures his audience that he took office against his will, knowing he was too old for it; *but he must not abandon the king.* He therefore remains a little longer; that is, as long as he can. Another grandee has also a *duty* to perform (of course to the country), and cannot refuse to save that country

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by refusing to coalesce with *the party that is uppermost.* A third suddenly discovers that he has been in error all his life, *but has become open to conviction;* that is, he sacrifices all the principles for which he had fought for years when his friends were in power, but, in consequence of this conviction, sides against them now they are out! These are admirable examples; but, my good friend, would you have me one of these?"

"By no means," I said; "but when have I endeavoured to make you change your principles or your friends?"

"I must do so," he replied, "if, having been patrician all my life, I join men who ally themselves with persons whose known, and indeed undenied, object is the destruction of the constitution. These are the *servilities,* not the *honours* of ambition; but were they not so, for the graver reason which I gave you, of attending to my own quiet after doing some duty in the world, I have little virtue in refusing to return to it."

"Can study and retirement then make up for all that you renounce?"

"I speak advisedly," returned he, "and probably, with more knowledge of myself than a very considerable bishop and scholar, who said, he never would be tempted by the sweets of prefer-

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ment to sacrifice his philosophical freedom.* This at any time; but in the present day, and in the total dearth of that real patriotism which once I witnessed and was proud to support, my exclamation is,

'Ill-weaved ambition how much art thou shrunk!'"

I own I felt the force of these representations, and began to wish that Lord —— had sent a better messenger to woo our hermit back to the world. I, however, said something of his still evident vigour, and hinted again the danger of monotony and want of object in his solitude. "You have no right," I added, "yet to hide yourself, and

'Under the shade of melancholy boughs
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time.'"

"Believe me," said he, "you are wrong. As to solitude, it is a vulgar error into which you at least will not fall, to suppose it a total retreat from mankind. This would be as unnatural as misanthropic. It has been better defined. that intellectual state into which the mind voluntarily surrenders itself to its own reflections; † and this may obviously be the case, if he pleases, of a man who lives in crowds, as well as of the hermit of the desert. A more eloquent philosopher than I, contrasting mere worldly pursuits with those

* See Bishop Watson's Memoirs of himself.

† Zimmermann.

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of mind, observes that, 'in retreat, a more refined and enlarged mind leaves the world behind it, feels a call for higher pleasures, and seeks them in retirement. The man of public spirit has recourse to it in order to form plans for general good; the man of genius to dwell on his favourite themes; the philosopher to pursue his discoveries; and the saint to improve himself in grace.' Blair, however, nowhere says, but implies the contrary, that this is either to neglect or despise the interests of the world. Solitude may even have its frivolities, as well as a metropolis; and an honest minister, of which there are bright examples even now, may be, and usually is, of far greater use to mankind than the most virtuous hermit. I am not therefore, with all my love of retirement (or rather *necessary tranquillity*), so foolish an enthusiast about it as perhaps you think me. Assure yourself, that though I am content to be out of power, and may refuse to return to it, I

> 'Cease not to wander where the Muses haunt,
> Near stream, or shady grove, or sunny hill;'

My boughs are not 'melancholy,' nor under them do I

> 'Lose or neglect the creeping hours of time.'"

"Bravo!" said I, but, I fear, rather in bravado; for I had nothing very cogent to urge in reply.

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"What," he continued, "says old Montaigne, who lived a varied life, and was a shrewd observer? 'The solitude which I love and recommend, is that which enables me to withdraw my affections and thoughts into myself. Local solitude rather sets me at large, and I can even more willingly embark in the business of the world when I am alone. Even at the Louvre, the throng makes me retire into myself. I am no enemy to courts, and have spent part of my life in great companies; but then it must be at my own time.' So far Montaigne; and let Montaigne speak for me."

"I am sorry for it," said I, "considering how much you are wanted, and how much you might still achieve of honours and power; and as you are not rich, forgive me if I add, of fortune."

He shewed his dissent, and, after a pause, said, "This might have weighed some years ago; but I thank Heaven, I have at length completely reached that great desideratum in the pursuit of happiness, the being able to concentrate, not only all my feelings, but all my ideas, and certainly all my wishes, within the pale of this domain. I scarcely ask myself how goes time, and still less the world; not because I am indifferent to my species (to all of whom I wish well), but because, from the simplicity of my pleasures and of my wants, the satiety of former objects (having fully enjoyed them),

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and above all perhaps, the loss of many dear and excellent friends who encouraged and shared in those objects, I have wisely, I think, reduced every thing to my own circle of pursuits, and look not abroad for better. As to the loss of friends, I feel again with Sir William Temple, who you say is my model: 'When I consider how many noble and estimable men—how many lovely and agreeable women—I have outlived among my acquaintance, methinks it looks impertinent to be alive.'"

Here he became a little affected, but resuming cheerfulness, he went on:—"As to fortune, you say well; I am not rich, except that I have enough, and richer therefore cannot be. I will not fall into the cant of pseudo-philosophy, and rail against the Court because I have left it; for it treated me better than I deserved. But having left it (I think for better things at my age) I call to mind the good yeoman of Kent, just before he slew Jack Cade:—

> 'Lord! who would live turmoiled in the Court,
> And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
> This small inheritance my father left me
> Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.
> I seek not to wax great by other's waning,
> Or gather wealth I care not with what envy;
> Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
> And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.'"

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"Of a truth," said I, "these lines are powerful in support of your principle, and I only hope that you will not, like him who uttered them, cut off my head for 'breaking into your garden;' but even the philosopher Iden, you may remember, was ambitious to get knighted, and followed the Court which he had affected to despite."

"However this may be," he replied, "with the help of such philosophy, or, as I would rather say, resignation, as belongs to me, I feel that I have all really wanting to my desires or my tastes. I have, thank God (if I may venture in all humility to risk such a supposition), no very heinous transgressions on my conscience; I have no pain of body, nor discontent of mind; and I wish all men well, though I converse with few. Those few are at least honest; and if I want higher communications they are at hand every hour of the day, and every watch of the night, with a benignant, and I trust merciful though just Being, who watches all my actions, and before whom I know I am soon to appear."

I will own to you, my Lord, these solemn words, set off by a still greater solemnity of voice and manner, left me for a moment without reply.

I felt pushed, and was not sorry at his proposal to vary the scene by walking to a summer-house

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at a little distance, where, he said, he had ordered tea.

We did so, and from its windows beheld all the glories of the setting sun. We made a quiet and rather thoughtful repast; after which, bending our way through a mazy path in the wood, we returned to the house, under the guidance of the meek-eyed twilight, who now before us,

> "Slowly sail'd, and wav'd her banners gray."

And so ends my first day at Llirias.

> "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

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## LETTER II.

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My dear Lord,

I am glad you liked my last, though you were disappointed. I fear I cannot give you more hope from the second day past with Atticus, than the first; but as you wish me to proceed I will.

Our evening was agreeable enough. The real beauty of his place, and his unequivocal happiness in it, made me abstain from all doubt of its lasting, or at least from being so rude as to tell him that I had any. We therefore became literary, and, of course, philosophical. Politics were banished for agriculture; of gardening we had had enongh; and my expectations were a good deal shaken, when I found that Atticus had a farm of 500 acres in his own hands, of which he was himself the bailiff.

A man, thought I, with such a responsibility, and out almost all day in such an interesting occupation, even were he not a votary of the Muses, or fond of the buskined Nymphs, can never complain of ennui, or a monotonous life.

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I retired for the night with these impressions, and they certainly were not diminished by any thing I saw the next day.

I did not rise late, but found our friend had been up two hours before me. He had read prayers to his servants, who one and all had attended, and he had already done business with his farmer and head gardener, (who was also his woodman), before I came down. We breakfasted at the garden door of the room where we had dined the preceding day; which the cheerful warmth of the morning, and the delicious scent of the May, made charming.

It did not open upon the parterre, being on another side of the house, but it led the eye at once to the end of a very long and well-kept walk, lined on each side with horse-chesnuts, now in their full blossom. There was here no garden, but rather a ferme ornée; for an open rail fenced it from the greenest meadow I ever saw. From this arose a stream of rich perfume, such as I had seldom met with, which Atticus informed me was occasioned by the peculiar seeds with which he had formed the meadow, (for it was his own creation) and which, with some pedantry as I told him, he said, was the *Anthexanthum Odoratum*, which in fact occasions the perfume of our hay stacks. We must suppose that he was

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too proud of his new character, not to cultivate Linnæus; but he might as well have called his favourite grass at once the *Sweet-scented* Vernal, which I afterward found from his farmer was its English, or, as he called it, its *real* name.

Breakfast over, we strolled down the walk, and quaffed its sweet air with a delight unknown in London. There was a stillness in it, not only gratifying to the senses, but which seemed to sooth the heart; so that I almost wondered there could be any tumult any where in the world, much less any of our own creating, as if in very wantonness and discontent at the lot awarded us by the Creator. It was one of those mornings which seem the personification of calm. Some beautiful cows were couchant, on the distant side of the meadow, chewing the cud. Not another sound, but now and then a chirp from the hedges, varied the quiet; which was rather made more pleasant than otherwise, by a soft mist or dew, which had exhaled from the earth, but was now dissipating at the approach of the sun. The whole was what the painters call a Repose, and it was worthy the beautiful pencil of Cuyp in his sweetest and happiest hour.

The feelings both of Atticus and myself partook of the surrounding tranquillity, and each I believe was afraid of destroying its effect by speaking.

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But having reached the bottom of the walk, I found myself in a rustic building which I took at first for a mere tool house, but which, in fact, was one of the prettiest hermitages one could see. It was built of trunks and boughs of trees, with the bark on; the roof covered with reeds, the sides and windows shrowded with sweet briars, and all "o'er canopied with luscious woodbine."

"What a place!" I observed, "and what a morning! your evening retreat, with all its sober but delightful sedatives, I admired enough yesterday, and thought I had done when I had seen Digentia. But this seems as preferable in point of enjoyment, as it surely is in the domestic scenes it presents. There was retirement there, amounting almost to sadness; but here all is joy and hope, and such elasticity of spirit as I have seldom felt, and cannot describe."

"Why," replied he; "none but those who have enjoyed them, can know, or even understand, the pleasures of the early morning. What delightful poetry have we not read, of Aurora, and her rosy steps and rosy fingers—what paintings not seen of the Hours preceding or accompanying the Chariot of Day. But no need of poetry, or painting, when we have such realities as we are now breathing. It is not the difference of the place, but of the hour, that causes your surprise. The *sweetness* of the morning, however, is perhaps its least charm.

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It is the renewed vigour it implants in all around, that affects us—men, animals, birds, vegetation, plants, flowers. These last palpably shew its vivifying effect, by opening their buds and blossoms, (which had closed during night,) as if on purpose to greet and be thankful for the return of day. There is the same feeling in man. Refreshed and soothed with sleep, his heart opens; he is alive to nature, and nature's God, and his mind is more intelligent, because more fresh. He seems to drink of the dew like the flowers, and feels the same reviving effect.

"Here the heart swells, as you say, with hope and joy; and here the understanding is any thing but stagnant, though alone: nor am I surprised that Booth, (the Booth of Amelia), when asked by a town dame to describe what was so seductive in the country, should enumerate the morning air, though so cheap and common, among its chief attractions. Here then the country has evidently the advantage, for the town can never know or feel this. The very hours preclude it, even had we any other landscape than the streets."

"Yet I have seen the sun rise, and even the twilight of morning," replied I, "but without these feelings."

"You forget," answered Atticus, "your own situation at the time; for it must have been in



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returning jaded from an all night's debate, or an all night's dissipation, with far other children than those of nature. I blame not those who prefer this as a pleasure. In my youth, I too have preferred it, or thought I did so. I have even quizzed the country as much as Lady Townly herself,* while in a ball room. I have sat at some Lady Mary's feet, played with her fan, and thought her eyes more dazzling than her diamonds. But all this goes; nature ever resumes her empire when the excitement of youth has subsided, and the mind feels still greater (because more refined) delight in other objects of a higher cast."

"I listen to you with pleasure," said I, seeing Atticus pause; "you have described all without doors well, but it is chiefly the interior I wish to come to. You cannot always have these sights and sounds; you cannot always have this weather."

"The interior," replied he, "yields in nothing to what I have described. To be sure, we may be a little more joyous, or more sensual, from what passes without, and it applies itself more to every one's feeling. Thus, the carol of the lark, that has

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* "As for walking, it is a country diversion, and I hate it."—*Provoked Husband.*

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so well been called 'the light-enamoured bird;' the hum of the bees; the verdure and gorgeous blossoms of the woods;—these are sources of pleasure common to all. So also the perfume of the air; though merely from thorns, and lilacs, and limes; to say nothing of grain, or tedded grass, or kine. But all these are nothing to what a contemplative man can make them by association. We ourselves partake vividly of the freshness. Every thing is new, or renewed; the heart, the body, the intellect itself. Then come those moments, "sweeter than honey, or the honey comb," when the mind revolves its own powers, in self conversation and self examination; which is always best in the sweet cool of the morning, before excitement or passion can be roused, and we are alive only to gratitude to the All Giver, for the goodness he has bestowed.

"This makes the whole soul run over, and what was a sense immediately becomes a sentiment, only heightened and refined, in a tenfold degree, by grateful piety. The zest which this mixture of mind communicates, can only be understood by those who have felt it."

"This is but too true," said I, "and accounts in some measure for my present impressions."

"You are right," said he, "for the morning seems, in consequence, to be set off in tints a

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thousand times more brilliant to the eye; a finer feeling breathes through the frame; a sweeter freshness exhilarates the heart; and then it is that truth, undisturbed by extraneous matter, darts deeper into our thoughts, and renders them clearer by divesting them of partiality. The composure and mental pleasure which this produces, are worth a diadem, and no retired man would seek to change them, except for Heaven."

Here Atticus stopt, and I could not help complimenting him upon the deep consideration he seemed to have given to the whole subject, as well as the sincerity which glowed in his description.

"I see," said I, "you do not here, any more than elsewhere, do things by halves; and I am afraid, if the College in Downing Street cannot understand or appreciate your resolution, it is because they are not yet worthy of it."

"It would perhaps have been better," said he, "for the reputations of some of them, if they also had retired in time.

"And why not now?

"Because the time is gone, *never* to return; and if posterity deny them hereafter what they seem themselves to have been infatuated in destroying—I mean their characters as statesmen—it is their own fault."

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"I cannot permit this," said I, interrupting him. "Has Lord ——— destroyed his character as a statesman?"

These allusions to some of those whom I considered as my friends, I own somewhat piqued me, and I could not help taxing him with something like spleen, till I became splenetic myself. For I began to question the sincerity of his romance, and all the fine things which had so lately charmed me. I even, (and I now feel ashamed of it), imputed his obstinacy in retiring, to a petulant fear that he would (to use his own often repeated expression) be pushed from his stool by younger competitors.

In this, he told me, (and I now believe him) that I treated him with injustice; and he bade me call to mind how minutely cautious he had been in guarding himself from the most distant appearance of having *quarrelled* with the world, like Cowley, Rousseau, or Lord Chesterfield.

"Believe me," said he, "I am any thing but

> 'the man to books confined,
> Who from his study rails at human kind.'

I repeat, the world is, upon the whole, a *good*, though perhaps not, as Pangloss called it, the best of all possible worlds."

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"I agree," said I; "but pray how came Chesterfield to make one of the illustrious trio you mentioned just now? If ever there was a man who lived to the last moment of his life, lived in the world, and loved it, it was surely this gartered wit, this spoilt child of the aristocracy, favoured alike by fortune and nature, and enjoying a reputation as *wide* as Europe."

"And yet with all this, you will be surprised to find he was a growler," said Atticus; "not like me, for I do not growl, and by no means think of mankind, even the politicians among them, as he did."

"Your proof," I asked, rather amazed. "I know he thought ill of mankind; but he never quitted the world on that account."

"*Ecce signum*," replied he, taking up a manuscript book of extracts which lay on a rustic table, and reading a letter of Chesterfield's which he had copied with his own hand.

"I have run," said he, "the silly rounds of business and of pleasure, and I have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is truly very low; whereas those who have not experienced, always over-rate

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them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare. But I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the *coarse pullies* and *dirty ropes*, which exhibit and move the gaudy machine. I have seen and smelt the *tallow candles* which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant multitude. When I reflect back upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself, that all that frivolous hurry, and bustle, and pleasure of the world, had any reality; but I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams, which opium commonly occasions; aud I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it. I bear it because I must, whether I will or no; and I think of nothing but killing time, now he is become mine enemy. It is my resolution to sleep in the carriage, the remainder of the journey."

"Thus you see, continued Atticus, "Chesterfield considered time his enemy, as much as Cowley."

"The railing of Cowley at courts, for the busi-



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ness only of which, not their *agrémens*, he seemed formed, and when, in fact, he began to be laughed at, was far," I replied, "from partaking of that dignified and philosophic superiority to them, which he would have you believe that he possessed."

"I agree," observed Atticus; "and, as for me,—far, very far from undervaluing a noble ambition, or even the splendour of a court which I may be thought no longer able to enjoy; on the contrary, giving the fullest meed of praise to many honourable and energetic men, who are, and will continue to be, the benefactors of their country,—I have yet seen, among all parties, so many fools fill the public eye as if they really had sense, and so many hypocrites obtain honours as if they were honest men; and I have also seen so many of what they call *well meaning* people, run headlong into the jaws opened for them by scoundrels; that I am content to be out of the world, not from indifference to what may happen in it, but because I feel, with a real patriot, a real poet, and a real lover of mankind, that,

> 'When vice prevails and impious men bear sway,
> The post of honour is a private station.'

By this I do not mean to allude to those who now nominally govern,—who are neither more

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vicious, nor more impious, than others, though their ambition is of a more dangerous character than what we have formerly known; but I do allude to the mob, whom (alas for them!) they have made their masters, and whom they will find, before they are aware of it, the children of both Impiety and Vice. In this predicament I feel more than ever the propriety of retreat, and more than ever, with the great Bard, exclaim that,

> 'Often to our comfort shall we find
> The stranded beetle in a safer hold,
> Than is the full-wing'd eagle.'"

He said this so emphatically, and as if he had given the matter such deep consideration, that I despaired of moving him with any reply I could make; and I was therefore not sorry to be interrupted by a servant announcing luncheon; for we had so beguiled the hours, that we had not seen how far advanced was the day. As we followed to the repast, Atticus proposed riding afterwards, to which I gladly agreed; and he wound up by saying that, after so many vicissitudes as he had witnessed, he was resolved, if he could, to seek refuge in oblivion, or at least to think, with Hazlitt, that 'all that is worth remembering in life! is the poetry of it.'

The luncheon was served in the library, which

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we had visited on the day of my arrival. It was *in statu quo*, with this difference, that two very beautiful busts of the finest statuary marble, which were generally, or often, covered up to secure them from dust, were, now there was "company," produced by the house-keeper in all their glory. They were of Horace and Virgil, and seemingly much valued by our host, to whose father they had been presented by a Grand Duke of Tuscany, when he concluded a mission he had filled, with great credit, at Florence. Each had appropriate inscriptions, which had been engraved in letters of gold, upon black marble pedestals, forming a striking and elegant contrast to the pure Parian of the busts themselves. I read them with some eagerness, being still anxious to get at the real mind of Atticus as to the resolutions he had adopted. That of Virgil consisted of the famous passages,

> "Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes;
> Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
> Flexit, &c."

This I read, but our friend went on with the rest, and with peculiar warmth when he came to

> "Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna; neque ille
> Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habenti.
> Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura

> Sponte tulere suâ, carpsit; nec ferrea jura,
> Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit." *

The Virgil inscription was perhaps more to Atticus's taste; the Horatian more to his philosophy. It was as follows:

> "Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
> Semper urgendo; neque, dum procellas
> Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
> Litus iniquum.
>
> "Auream quisquis mediocritatem
> Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
> Sordibus recti, caret invidendâ
> Sobrius aulâ." †

Both inscriptions seemed the very epitome of my friend's philosophy. Observing, however that I rather smiled on reading them, though the smile was anything but of disapprobation, he said, "you perhaps think, as I once did myself, that these inscriptions are coxcombical, affected, *precieuses*, and denoting anything but sincerity. But you will recollect that I live much alone, though not averse to company, and that these reminiscences from the writers that charmed us in our youth, are like the conversations of old friends. Besides, whatever the frame of mind at

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* Georg. ii. 498. † Lib. ii. Od. x.

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the moment—whether of joy, or sorrow—philosophical, or poetic, or devout,—if our authors are well chosen, there is scarcely a sentiment that cannot be found congenial to our humour, only set off with more elegance and force than our own thoughts or language can supply. Homer, Horace, and Virgil, among the ancients, and Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Boileau, among the moderns, are admirable specimens of this."

I acknowledged the truth of these remarks, and we both agreed that after we had been reading the book of Nature, either in the struggling characters of the world, the aphorisms of philophers, or the silent, but thought-inspiring landscapes of such a place as this, nothing could be sweeter than to meet with our feelings pourtrayed in the divine language 'of Old or Modern Bard, in hall or bower.'

"Still," I observed, returning to my old wishes to convert him to our opinions if possible, "still, there must be different tastes and objects, and therefore different species of exertion and conduct:"—and I broke out with that fine swelling passage of Akenside,

"Different minds
Incline to different objects; one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;

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Another sighs for harmony and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence, when lightning fires
The arch of Heav'n, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And Ocean groaning from his lowest bed
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky,
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble—Shakespeare looks abroad
From some high cliff superior, and *enjoys*
The elemental war; while Waller longs
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To lay his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plaintain shades." *

Our friend seemed struck, not only with the force of the passage, but the energy with which I recited it, and smilingly said, "Thou almost persuadest me to return to the High Cliff, and enjoy the elemental war. But it is for you to be Shakespeare. After I have had so much of the uproar, I should wish, if you please, to be Waller; for though it may seem a little ludicrous at my time of life, I can still lie by a flowing river, and be happy.

'Stratus nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.'

How romantic did not that line make me when first I construed it as a boy! and how little have I forgot it, even now!"

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* Pleasures of Imagination, iii. 550. O! si sic omnia!—for it is worthy of Shakespeare himself.

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"I am afraid," said I, affecting to scold, "after all your former exertions, and all the country still hopes from you, you are, in reality, a mere self-indulgent, idle Epicurean."

"And why not," replied he, "as far as Epicurus's notion of happiness is concerned? I can have no quarrel with him there."

"What! Pleasure the *summum bonum?*"

"There is ambiguity in that word," said Atticus. "If by pleasure you mean mere sensuality, as is generally supposed, and enjoyed even at the expense of guilt, you are wrong. For take his definition of happiness in the abstract, and nothing can be more innocent, or less warrant the conclusion that has been drawn from it."

"Your definition," said I.

"Ease of body, and content of mind. This, said he, it is to be happy; and I agree to it, whether in a Stoic, a Christian, or an Epicurean. So far the philosophers, to which I accede; only adding that it is in the different modes which men allow or forbid themselves to pursue, for the accomplishment of this end, that the difference in their philosophy consists. The Stoic says, pain does not interrupt pleasure. The Christian makes Heaven a *sine qua non.* The Epicurean abhors pain, and makes no account

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of Heaven. Yet the difference does not break in upon the definition.

"I certainly am no Stoic; and I trust I am a Christian; yet whether one or the other, if I have ease of body and content of mind I am happy. The pleasure therefore consequent to this is happiness; and well-regulated pleasure, and happiness, are the same things."

"And do you agree with Epicurus," said I, in all the rest of his doctrines?"

"Certainly not; no more than I do with Aristippus in the licence he gives in the pursuit of pleasure; or with Epicurus himself in his total negation of God and Providence."

"Granting all this," said I, "let us come to the modes of acquiring this pleasure. Should there not be activity, exertion, object, and therefore struggle? Should we not grow rusty, and even benumbed, by merely vegetating in the silent caves of retirement?"

"Certainly we might," he replied, "if we knew not how to manage ourselves; and hence the disappointments and miseries of a Tremaine. If you are are happier, therefore, in the strifes, or even the pomps and vanities, of the world—if such are your wishes, and your nature—you have a right to *try* what they will do for you. But

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have a care that your pleasure does not turn to poison, as sweet things often do.

"Thank Heaven, however, there are different sorts of wishes, and even changes in natures, as events ordain, and years roll on. It is for you to ride on the whirlwind if you please; for me, *now*, to rest motionless in this chair, at this window, enjoying the prospect, content with calm, and the absence of all hankering after other things—in short with the charms of bewitching rêverie."

"What these charms are, I wish I knew," said I, (I fear rather pettishly); "for I could never understand the pleasure which, according to you, consists in merely opening or shutting one's eyes."

"That depends," he replied, "upon what you see with them."

"Whether shut or open, can you describe them?" said I.

"A Frenchman," he replied, "but then a sentimental one, and a poet, shall do it for me. I mean the lover of gardens, whom we yesterday quoted so much:—

> 'N'avez vous souvent, aux lieux infrequentés,
> Rencontré tout à coup ces aspects enchantés,
> Qui suspendent vos pas, dont l'image chérie
> Vous jette en une douce et longue rêverie?'"*

"Beautiful," I exclaimed, recovering my good

* De Lille.

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humour, "but I am afraid too quiet to last, or be often repeated; especially if, meanwhile, the trumpet of the world sound a charge."

"That," said he, "depends upon the humour, cast of mind, and power of thought of the rêveur."

"Yet I have often," I observed, "watched this automaton of a rêveur, both male and female, and never could discover what particular humour they were in, except of sleepiness; their eyes like Hamlet's, seeming fixed upon vacancy:—the last thing I should choose for mine."

Atticus smiled at this dishonouring description of what he had said was almost his favourite pleasure. "You will please to recollect," answered he, "that *my* rêverie, at least, is *thoughtfulness;* and, to *you,* I need not say that thoughtfulness is not sleepiness. The mind may be active, though the body may not move."

"Agreed," said I, "but the very word is derived from a dream; and to dream I suppose implies that we are asleep."

"Have you never, then, heard of waking dreams? *Chateaux en Espagne?* Or, if really sleeping dreams, how sweet may they not sometimes be! and how often have we not been happier in those delightful delusions, than in homespun realities; so that, like Caliban, on waking we have cried to sleep again."

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"You then," I replied, "require imagination, with all its attendant flights, its visions, and enthusiasm, such as made Luther think the Devil came to him in his cell. We have no such things at the Treasury, whatever there may be on the banks of the Digentia. At any rate you are a favoured dreamer, and think only of angels; others are not so fortunate, and dream only of devils."

"That again," said he, "depends upon the character and circumstances of the dreamer. My rêverie being, as I said, always happy, must be innocent, and thus implies a well-regulated mind; or at least a conscience undisturbed by the devil."

"Good," said I, "but should you not add the imagination of a poet?"

"No objection, and indeed all the better for it. Even I, who am no poet, and, when in business, am most matter-of-fact, have sometimes, in that very chair, thought of Queen Mab, and all the frolicks of Puck; which have danced before my eyes, especially in the dusk, till I was almost ready to exclaim, like Horace, when he thought he heard Calliope,

'Auditis? an me ludit amabilis insania?'" *

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* Do you hear her? or does the sweet illusion play with my senses?—*Hor*, Lib. 3, Od. 4.

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"Admirable!" said I; "who would ever have supposed you had been a Secretary? and how simple in Lord —— to send me to bring you back to matter of fact? But you ought to consider that all have not this imagination of yours."

"Nor is it necessary," said he; "for I confine not this charming because most innocent, as well as most vivid pleasure, to the favoured of the Muses. It is not necessary that all rêveurs should be again like Horace,

> 'Audire, et videor pios
> Errare per lucos, amœnæ
> Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.'

Nor, like Gray in his evening walks, see Parnassus in every hill, and Aganippe in every fountain.

> 'Et pedes quo me rapiunt, in omni
> Colle Parnassum videor videre,
> Fertilem sylvam, gelidamque in omni
> Fonte Aganippen.'

It is the calm produced by this mere transit, (even the indolent transit) of thought through the brain, (provided all is at peace both within and without), that constitutes the happiness I am describing. But why attempt to describe what has already been done so beautifully? for surely nothing can more exactly depict the reverie, than the well-known stanzas, where the poet is the

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very personification of my dreamer. He stretches his *listless* length at noon tide, at the foot of a nodding beech, and *pores* (perhaps without much consciousness) on the brook that babbles by. He mutters wayward fancies; and though I do not like that our Rêveur should look 'drooping, woe-ful, wan,' or be 'crazed with care,' I have no objection to his being a little in love.

"The picture," said I, rather amused, "is certainly exact, and all may understand it, whether poets or not."

"And all may enjoy it," said Atticus, "whether they understand it or not. Locke calls it mere *irregular* musing; and Addison seems to think that a fool may possess it as well as a wise man. I allow this is not much to the credit of my pet pleasure; but you will observe, it is the *tranquillity* occasioned by the indulgence of it that I am upholding."

"All very good," replied I, "if to be found; but give me leave to ask if you ever *really* knew a *real* instance of such enthusiastic happiness as you have been describing."

"I have," answered Atticus, "and would he were still alive to answer for himself!"

"Did I know him?"

"No! he died too young. He was my dearest and earliest friend, and so fond of indulging

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this pleasure, or, as perhaps you call it, this fool's paradise, that he was thought by some to be dullest when his mind was most alive. Of an evening he would sit long and late at his window, seemingly unemployed, or only employed in watching the twilight after the sun had ceased to streak the west. The mere tops of trees appeared to afford room for interminable observation, and he would shape out every twig and every leaf, as set off in minute and beautiful relief by the light behind. These were perpetually changing their forms and colours, with the sinking day, which charmed his painter's eye, till all was lost in indistinguishable darkness. During the whole time some thought or another was revolved; though exactly what, he owned he could not tell. Yet so sweet was it, that could he have bought it for money, no price would have been too dear for it."

"Your picture," said I, "is really charming, though I am not one of the favoured few who understand and enjoy it. What I thought dullness, is with *you* tranquillity; and though, Heaven knows! there is dullness enough, there is little tranquillity, in the House of Commons."

"Here then," he answered, "you allow retirement to have the advantage. But I mean not by this to confine it to the country; for though my

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rêverie requires solitude, (as it is killed by interruption) solitude may be enjoyed, if we please to command it, in town, as well as on 'sands and shores, and desert wildernesses.'"

"You think then a farmer or a shopkeeper may enjoy this rêverie of yours, as well as a man of imagination, or a philosopher."

"Not so well," he replied, "because a man of imagination, though shut up within four walls, may conjure up to his pleased fancy ten thousand images, which he probably never saw before; or he may in one moment contemplate the whole world, and take possession of it too, without ever stirring from his seat.

"Such was Raleigh, drawn in that beautiful Kenilworth, as a contrast to Blunt. The first saw the whole Indies between him and the wall which he looked upon; the last, nothing *but* the wall. But this is not necessary to the pleasure I am talking of;—which, after all, is, I believe, more mechanical than spiritual, though certainly intellectual."

"Pray come to illustrations and examples," said I, "for I am curious to apply your theory. It may one day serve me in good stead, when the king shall have 'no longer occasion for my services.'"

"You will, I fear, laugh at me still more,"

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replied Atticus, "should I come to minute particulars; for they are generally too simple, and some of them too solemn for a politician or man of the world to comprehend, much more to appreciate."

"Come to them, however, by all means; for I am impatient to begin. I trust the ingredients are not of a melancholy cast."

"Judge for yourself.

"In the first place there must be entire solitude. Not even a servant on the most trivial domestic business must enter your temple of silence:—for though rêverie is any thing but spleen, it resembles it in this—

"Throw but a stone, the giant dies."

Obey, therefore, the sacred and most useful of all commands, 'commune with thine own heart in thy chamber, and be still.' No one ever did this without benefit, whether self approbation or disapprobation were the result.

"In the next place, there must be no agitating passion, no guilt of heart or self-reproach, no remorse of conscience, no envy, hatred, or malice; but all must be harmony, peace, and composure, towards yourself and all God's creatures."

"You surely," said I, "require too much of your disciples, rich as may be the reward. But go on."



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"There must also," continued he, "be another *sine qua non*, quite as important as the rest:—health, or at least, freedom from pain."

"Why I suppose," said I, smiling, "that a fit of the gout would be fatal to our Rêveur."

"Undoubtedly," he answered; "there must even be that perfect feeling of ease in the body, that merely to sit and breathe, whether the mind is at work or not, is in itself happiness enough. This is the happiness of

> —'the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds'
>
> 'To BE, contents his natural desire;
> He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire.'

This too, as the wise Paley has remarked, is a happiness independent of any particular *outward* gratification, and of which we can give no account. It probably, therefore, he says, constitutes in a great measure the happiness of infants and brutes, and especially of the lower order of sedentary animals, as of oysters, periwinkles, and the like; for which, adds the doctor quaintly, I have sometimes been at a loss to find out amusement."

"Your most obedient," I answered; "I did not know that I must reduce myself to an oyster or periwinkle, to be qualified for a rêverie."

"It is but one, you know, of many ingredients; but perhaps, after all, as efficacious as any. For,

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with this feeling of freedom from corporal suffering, and the mind at rest, we realize at once the definition of Epicurus; and then the most absolute trifles may give the composure; which, mechanical as it may seem to men of excited feelings, is, be it observed, the happiness we are discussing."

"Mechanical happiness!" exclaimed I. "Is this, after all, your philosophy? and have you retired from the world to discover that we are mere machines?"

"Far from it," he rejoined; "but in one sense we are perhaps nearer to the thing, and better for being so than probably you imagine."

"I am eager to know how," said I.

"In order that you should do so," replied he, "I cannot do better than refer you to the same shrewd head I have just quoted, for the happiness of periwinkles. He says, that if any positive signification, *distinct* from what we mean by *pleasure*, can be affixed to the term *happiness*, he should take it to denote a certain state of the nervous system, in that part of the human frame in which we feel joy and grief, passion and affection. Wherever this may be, he adds—whether in the heart, as most imagine, or the diaphragm, or the orifice of the stomach, or elsewhere,—pain in those parts, however produced,



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will derange the nervous system, and occasion unhappiness." "Contra, a succession of pleasurable sensations (of course also, *however* produced) will restore us to that harmonious condition which gives to the mind its sense of complacency and satisfaction. This state is happiness; and it is so far distinct from mere pleasure, that it does not refer to any *particular* object of enjoyment." *

"You mean then," said I, "that if the nerves are at rest, no matter how they become so, a man is happy."

"I do; and so far I prove what I said, that happiness in this light may be held to be mechanical. What are the good spirits we so much admire and envy in children? what the carelessness of danger of many, though they live in a powder mill? what the whistling ploughman, 'whistling for want of thought?' but, best of all, the song of the servant at his work? what are all these but this complacent state of the nerves—in other words, this *mechanical* happiness?"

"What then," I asked, "becomes of mind? of virtuous struggles, and heroic exertions? Are these to go for nothing?"

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* Mor. Phil. I. 22. The substance only, not the exact words, is here given.

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"God forbid! but they are all intended for, and embarked in, the production of that final state which I have characterized as happiness.

"Even King Pyrrhus thought this, when in answer to his minister, who had asked him what was to be the end of all his campaigns, he said, they would sit down and make merry. And why not now, said Cineus? A question, which if that was really the end of Pyrrhus's exertions, was not easily answered."

"Might not Pyrrhus, however," I replied, "have said, that we were all *born* for exertion, and had no right to reward till *after* the toil. 'Refreshment *after* toil, ease after pain?'"

"That is true," said Atticus; "but it is not the real question,—which is merely whether, if a man *can* be happy by being quiet, he has not a right to be so. To be sure, if all were thus, we should have few histories; which would rather be like the citizen's journal in the Spectator, where the mending the tongue of a buckle was an event. But if the citizen was happy, what could Pyrrhus have been more? In short, the pursuit of happiness, though stirring, is not the thing itself. We follow it through struggle, through care, excitement, pain, and all the energies 'that make ambition virtue;' and while we do this we may be kindled, and perhaps gratified for the time; but we may also be

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disappointed, mortified, humbled; perhaps hated, and finally crushed. This may interest us too, and prevent us from going to sleep; but it is not happiness."

"And yet," said I, "I thought the pursuit was every thing, possession nothing.

'Man never is, but always *to be* bless'd.'

Recollect La Rochefoucault; 'La Moderation est le langueur et la paresse de l'ame, comme l'ambition en est l'activité et l'ardeur.'"

"I admit the last," said Atticus, "but not the first. For *paresse* and *langueur*, I would read *la tranquillité*. But if I mistake not, the same Rochefaucault has this maxim also:—'Les Ambitieux se trompent, quand ils se proposent des fins à leur ambition. Ces fins deviennent les moyens quand ils sont arrivés.' But for what purpose at last is this activity and ardour? Why, to obtain the very tranquillity, composure, and quiet nerves—in short the happiness—of my machine, purchased or not by all those struggles, contests, and exhibitions of virtue and vice, which so elevate or disgust us in the history of man. If then this state can be acquired, or is born with us, without any exertion, he who has it has *happiness*,"

Quid erat demonstrandum.

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What think you, my Lord, of this? or what chance have I of operating upon the supposed views and wishes of one so independent of the world. For curiosity's sake, however, I returned to our subject, and asked for more elucidation of the Rêverie.

"I have told you," said he, "it may assume all shapes; it is as various as nature herself, and the most perfect Proteus that can be fancied. Like the cameleon, it changes hue a thousand times an hour. It is different in different men, and often in the same man. There is no holding it, or if we do, its nature is changed, and it is gone."

"Yet I should wish to learn what it is that chiefly so delights *you* in these dreams."

Trifles often. "Trifles light as air;" Counting the clouds, as Cicero, when he had nothing else to interest him, counted the waves. Enjoying mere sights, sounds, and scents, provided they are agreeable. Watching the moonlight, if in the night, or the lark, if in the morning. Even tracing a turk's head in the fire, if winter; or the outline of a landscape, if summer. You will scarcely believe how this alone can occupy the mute observing eye,—which, though fixed, is any thing but lack lustre.

"You think that in these moments we dreamers



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gaze upon vacancy, because we look upon what is common. True! a leaf is common; but so is the sky, and the sky leads us to Heaven.

"Will you laugh when I tell you I have often, like the friend I mentioned, dwelt for half an hour together of an evening, upon mere foliage. I have often done this, and felt every moment precious for the tranquillity it bestowed. But if the battlement of a castle or old monastery, or the spire of a village church, arrest the eye, and in the midst of this, a bell toll the hour, or to prayers, the felicity is perfect. But all this is in the mind; nor can we leave out that which gives the peculiar zest and crowning value to all—gratitude and admiration to the beneficent and powerful Being who made in us this happy disposition to be pleased with simple enjoyments."

One would suppose that Atticus spoke with prescience; for at the moment, a most monastic clock in one of the turrets struck, and was echoed along the little vale that undulated beneath us. We listened in silence till it had finished, when our friend went on.

"Sounds are great promoters of rêverie. The sheep bell on the hills, the waterfall in the valley, the distant watchdog, the cawing of the rookery. Associations are more powerful still. The clock

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we heard just now, and that neighbouring spire we see from this window bosomed in wood, bring all Oxford before my eyes—Oxford, and those dear days of study and promise, which give to my youth its peculiar charm. Then was the golden time; then the unfolding of knowledge; then the foundation of friendships, so sweet to the young heart; and then, sweeter still, the seeds of Romance, and of classical taste, which last our lives. How often at Oxford have I floated down the Isis, in the middle of the stream, and in the stillness of the evening, thinking of the mysterious labyrinth and mouldering arches of Godstow, which I had left, but was still absorbed by Rosamond! How have I enjoyed, without knowing why, the mere rhythm of the oars, while the dream went on, till the towers of Christ Church beckoned me home, and Tom, the mightiest of curfews, told me I was tardy. I have still, after the lapse of half a century, that ponderous sound in my charmed ears;—for charmed they were, and charmed they still are, even in recollection.

"These were mental pleasures. But at Oxford was also the revelry of the spirits; the heart buoyant with vigour, unrepressed by care, and gilding every scene with mirth. And shall we not thank rêverie for thus, in old age, renovating

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our youth? True, time may have blunted many memories; thank God! not mine. But if in this sort of enchantment, half sleeping, half waking, I see all those images again, and feel their impulses almost as fresh as ever, who shall say I ought to break the spell because *this* is phantasy, or return to the world because *that* is reality?"

Here he paused, and I was too much struck with the feeling and warmth with which he spoke, to interrupt him.

After a brief turn or two, he renewed the subject.

"But of all the causes of a rêverie," continued he—"that is, of ideas floating at large through the mind—what are we not to say, if the scene of it is,—as it often, nay generally, is with me,—in a library. I said yesterday, after Shakespeare, 'a *Dukedom* large enough:' and Shakespeare is never wrong. I question much if the Dukedoms to which you alluded, were, or are, able to give to those who obtained them a tithe of the varied gratifications which the mere sight of a well chosen collection of books affords. The whole range of what concerns man is before you. The memory leaps at once from subject to subject, as humour prompts, or taste suggests. Science, philosophy, history, mankind; sweet poetry, and

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sweeter truth; piety, and religious reverence; all these rush upon the heart as if by magic. The sages of antiquity, its heroes, its virtues, and its crimes, challenge the most delightful meditation, and we gaze till fancy has her fill. Then the contrast with modern times, and modern discoveries. In short the history of ever-varying man, through all the vicissitudes of the thousands of years that have past, by one stroke of imagination fills the pleased spirit with all that can be deemed interesting to the soul. Yet all this arises in a few minutes of time, and within a very few yards of space. In fine, a library is like a select conversazione, to which none but serviceable, agreeable, and well-bred people are admitted, and from which everything vulgar or wanting in education is excluded. It is the salon of Mrs. Montague, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, and Horace Walpole; the garden of Academus, and the bower of Twickenham; with this difference in its favour, that your company is confined to no age or country, but is chosen from the very best of all that live, or have lived. Hence, to men of vivid imaginations, the mere perusal of the backs of books, containing their titles, has, by the help of association, proved a source of active pleasure by the promises held out. Hence too, a beautiful passage in my master Addison (would that the

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scholar were at all like him, even *longo intervallo*) that applies most exactly to my purpose.

'A man of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures, that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in everything he sees, and makes the most rude, uncultivated parts of nature, administer to his pleasures; so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.'

"Shall we ever therefore again say that a rêverie, if of this description, is drowsiness, or the rêveur a dreamer?"

"I cry you mercy," exclaimed I, "and humble myself before you, as Caliban did before Prospero. Never will I offend again, against the majesty of solitude, or the magic of rêverie."

"If you do," replied he, "I will cure you at once, by making you take a walk in an apartment you have not yet seen. I mean a gallery (the only considerable expense I have incurred since

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my retreat), and which I have filled with all the gothic lore I could find. Genealogies, armour, and the portraits of many of the departed great,—great in arts or arms—deliverers, or enslavers of their country; statesmen, philosophers, and poets, who have enlarged her power by their knowledge, or her reputation by their genius."

"An interesting and never failing resource," said I, "and I long to visit them."

"It is one of my best lions," he answered, "and I mistake if even you do not feel something like elation at the sight, and repent you of all the affronts you have offered to my rêverie."

We proceeded to this interesting gallery, which was built in the form of a wing to the house. It was not so large, or so rich, as that which occupied Walpole so long at Strawberry-hill; neither was there the florid fretwork, nor the gilding, so incongruous with the lath and plaister, which lowers the consequence of that otherwise tasteful seat.

There was, however, a substantial oak wainscot, the panels of which breathed of Elizabeth, and were rendered still more striking by the portraits, the tapestry, and the armour of that and the times immediately preceding, or succeeding. Herself and her rival Mary, Essex, Leicester, Raleigh, and the Howards, Philip II. and many of the chivalry of France, as well as England, seemed

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starting from their canvas, and made me fancy myself in the courts of the Tudors, the Stewarts, and the early Bourbons. On the portrait of Elizabeth, in panel, was the well-known and quaint epitaph on her, preserved by Camden, in all the false wit of the times.

> "The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall,
> At every stroke the oars tears let fall;
> More clung about the barge; fish under water,
> Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swam blind arter.
> One would have said the men with easier thighs,
> Had row'd her hither in her people's eyes;
> For howsoe'er my thoughts have ever scann'd,
> She'd come by water had she come by land."

I was both interested and amused with this, and everything else; for whichever way you turned, helm, hauberk and twisted mail, spear and rapier, frowned upon you as you moved along. Some of these had been actually dug up in the battle-fields of the time; Flodden, Pinkney, Edgehill; and of an earlier age, one sword from St. Albans bore witness to York and Lancaster, by the inscription on its blade, "God defend the right." Everything seemed hallowed, and we fell naturally into musing and silence, which lasted some time.

At length I observed, that in such a place we read history without book, and that, though in solitude, I felt as if in the world.

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"And with this difference," said Atticus, "that we get the knowledge of it without the trouble. But though living men may be wanting, there is no solitude here."

"Here then," I remarked, "is your sanctum; the holy of holies of your rêverie; which I suppose you visit with all proper reverence for the dead, and all proper indifference to the living."

He smiled, but could not help saying, that he wondered how it came into the heads of those who sent me, to suppose him so light and insincere in his resolutions, as to think he could return at a beckon.

"We trusted much," I answered, "to your supposed want of occupation, which has often converted very active persons from similar resolutions. Even here," I added, "forgive me if I ask whether you are particularly constant in your devoirs? Does not even the romance of the place wear out, and are you not sometimes many days without visiting your gallery?"

"Not a day," he replied; "nor will you perhaps wonder. Here, for instance, is the standard of Scotland, taken in battle, and brought here by one of my predecessors in this estate. Here the armour of the virtuous and heroic Sully! Do you think when I look at them, that the

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whole romance of Scottish history, and the vivid pictures of Henri Quatre in Davial, Sully, and De Thou, do not immediately rise to my view. They take possession of my very soul. Aye, though almost exhausted yesterday, they are fresh to-day, and again to-morrow; in short, *non decies, sed centies repetita placebit*."*

Observing a number of pennons which were waving among helmets, and back and breast pieces, and inquiring what they were, he told me they were the banners of all the former possessors of the place (many of them ancestors), who had been sheriffs of the county from the Conquest upwards.

"Here again," he went on, "is that beautiful but wicked Countess, the most beautiful and wicked of her time, in whom beauty and infamy seem joined, in order to prove how little intrinsically is the value of personal charms in producing happiness. Look, and admire both her and the artist, and think how little Janson could have imagined he was painting a murderess, when painting her. Think, too, of the miserable end of both her and Somerset; for, in both, life seemed prolonged only to enhance the punishment of their

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* Not ten, but a hundred times repeated it will please.

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crimes.* Is not this a true and inexhaustible specimen of what history has been called—'philosophy teaching by example?' What, therefore, can it not do for a thinking man, though in solitude?"

"I now see," said I, "why almost all your pictures are historical, and why portraits, though some may have little merit as paintings, may yet excite the deepest interest as records. Here, for example, are two great men whose respective lives and characters, though so totally different, I could revolve by the hour."

"And you would do well," replied Atticus, "if you did. I know no two portraits which, in contemplating their lots and characters, prompt more philosophical reflection than those of King William and Dryden. They were placed here by my father, who though a public man and absorbed in business, ever found time to court the Muses. Hence these two heads, chiefs of their respective classes which delighted him, became never-failing subjects of his contemplation and comment. I shall never forget the impression which one of his dissertations upon them made on me when quite a lad."

"I wish you would remember it now?" said I.

* After living several years together in the same house, loathing one another, she died of a lingering and most loathsome disease.

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"He was shewing this gallery," continued Atticus, "to an enlightened friend, as I may now be doing to you. The pictures, as was natural, prompted many remarks; they were both favorites with my father's friend, as well as himself. The interest about them seemed pretty equal, or if there was any difference, it was in favour of Dryden. Yet one was a king and a hero, the other a poet and almost a beggar; both, however, from their works, equally immortal, if indeed, added my father, Dryden was not the superior in estimation.—How is this?—Why, sooth to say, because the grave levels all distinction in the lot of living beings; and after the grave, the intrinsic man is alone considered by posterity. William was certainly *great*, and a benefactor to this country. Dryden was so too; each in different ways. The benefactions of William were felt more when alive, and chiefly among those who led in public life;—those of Dryden, among all classes, in the closet of the philosopher, of the man of imagination, or of the observer of life and manners. William triumphed among statesmen and heroes, but among them only. Dryden was cherished by all mankind, from the scholar of the cloister to the citizen of the world. Which then is the best to imitate, or whose lot the best to wish for?"

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*Ignoro.* It is only a fresh proof of the little real superiority of the *great* (great in worldly estimation) over the little in the same estimation. Hence, Dryden is here at least upon a level with a king. But, from this, concluded my father, laughingly, do not let all the Tom Fools who tag a rhyme and think themselves poets, also think they are equal to Dryden, and on a level with King William."

So far the narrative of Atticus; who added, that in speculating upon the apparent inequality in the lots of mankind, he had often recurred to this little sermon of his father's; which was sure, if there were any doubts or difficulties about them, to bring them all immediately to a level.

"If so," said I, "and these pictures read you such lessons, you have as much philosophy in-doors as you have without; and ambition, I see, is thrown away upon you."

"Rather," he replied, "I am thrown away upon it."

But we were now at the end of the gallery of which we had been examining the interesting lore; and the horses we had ordered coming to the door, we mounted;—I, more than ever struck with all that I had seen and heard, and hoped still to see and hear. For, as to my mission,—though success seemed farther off than ever, I would not

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yet resolve to give it entirely up, but wished to probe our friend still deeper.

What passed upon it afterwards, shall be the subject of another letter.

Meantime, I have the honour to be,

&c. &c. &c.

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## LETTER III.

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My dear Lord,

I left you I think yesterday, just as we had got on horseback. Our ride was pregnant with observation on my part. It lay through an open glade in the forest, which stretches in great variety from Atticus's mansion to his post town. It is to him full of interests; of which I had soon speaking proofs. It had been the scene of his infancy, his childhood, and his youth, and now of his retired age. Here it was that he was nursed, here his first school, here the scene of his college vacations.

"You must not be surprised, said he, if our path should be devious. I only hope it will not annoy you."

He said this as we stopt at a very snug farm house, where dogs, an old horse, and even the pigs, seemed to know him.

A man about his own age ran (for he did run) from the house to greet him, and shewed pleasure in his countenance at doing so.

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"This is my foster-brother," said Atticus; "it is long since I have seen him."

"A whole week, your honour," observed the man, "and Dame and I have thought it long too."

This reciprocity of feeling, as well as the gladness of both parties on their meeting, rather surprised me, till Atticus informed me of what I either never knew, or had forgotten; that when he was born, it was by no means unusual for the child of a squire, if the mother was not strong enough, to be sent to be nursed by the wife of some neighbouriug tenant. This created a mutual regard between the families ever afterwards; and protection on one side, and attachment on the other, seemed to be interwoven in the feelings of each.

"How much better," said Atticus, "for the happiness of both, and indeed the aggregate happiness of all, than the present cold modes of existence, I am afraid to ask;—for it is fast wearing out, if not for ever gone. It is too certain that the heartlessness that belongs to the economists of this ill fated time, makes their philosophy as detestable, as it is absolutely false."

"False," I said;—smiling "what would Adam Smith, or Malthus, or Miss Martineau——"

"Or a thousand others," interrupted he, "say

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to my doubting what, according to them, is as clear as the sun, — the sun, when every bit of shade or shelter from its beam is cut down—every refreshing brook dried up, that cooled and mitigated its intenseness—and all this destruction, in order to have a cheaper loaf."

"But Miss Martineau," said I, "is at least a most able calculator."

"Hang her!" cried he, with more spleen than ever I saw in him. "I know nothing of her; but I heartily wish she had married her father's book-keeper, before she unsexed herself, as she has done:—though I trust with little effect upon such oldfashioned people as good Dobson here, and myself."

"Some'at has vexed his honour, I see," observed Dobson; "he used not to be so in former times—no, not even when the French beat us, and wheat were at sixty shillings. But I suppose you have been talking them politics together, that sets gentlemen so much by the ears. Ah! the good time when I used to go up to the hall, and feel proud that the same breast suckled both the squire and me, and was received all the kindlier for it, without being afeard of being taunted for want of spirit for doing it. But as for Lawyer Snake, who says this, I know he is a liar as well as a lawyer; for he says that all the rich have got belongs to the poor, and that is the reason they hate them.

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For my part, I don 't believe one nor t 'other; and as for hating the poor——"

"True, my good fellow," said Atticus, not perceiving where this would end, if Dobson were once set a going, "whoever says that both you and I are not very honest fellows, and love one another as foster brothers should, is as you say a liar. But as I want five minutes with you, and we have a good way to ride, we will go into your pretty garden, which I wish this gentleman to see. He is fond of these things, and will look at it while we have our talk."

The farmer bowed, and we dismounted. They had their talk, and I surveyed that prettiest emblem of comfort and independence, the garden of an English yeoman. We then, after a hearty shake of the hand between Atticus and his foster-brother, proceeded on our ride.

"Now this man," said Atticus, "is one of the right sort. My interest about him is certainly not a common one, and our lives have been made happier by the sort of connection between us. But this Snake has been these ten years endeavouring to put enmity between him and me. He tells him, that as to being a foster-brother, it is all a fudge of the rich, the better to enslave the poor; and as to landlord and tenant, it is a mere calculation of buying and selling—that is, who shall buy cheapest, or sell dearest. Thus they are like

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mere chandler-shop keepers and consumers; kindliness and protection, and mutual regard are out of the question; and as interest alone is concerned on either side, it matters not who or what sort of persons are the parties; strangers, who don't care a farthing for one another, being quite as good as old friends, if not a great deal better, as they will be more on the look-out to serve their mutual objects."

"These Economists, however," said I, "are shrewd fellows, and mean ultimately the good of the whole."

"And well they consult it!" replied Atticus," by destroying all ties of kindred, and all relations of charity; reducing every thing, heart, soul, and body, to pounds, shillings, and pence. It was but last week, that this man Dobson came to me with tears in his eyes, to complain of his son, a sturdy fellow of two and twenty, who, he said, headed a party in the vestry to turn him out of his place of churchwarden;—which the old man had administered for thirty years, and of which he was very proud. Now, as the young rascal was my godson, he thought I might influence him into more consideration for his worn-out father. I sent for him therefore, and set before him how much a son, and he in particular, owed to so good a father, and that even if for nothing else than to



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leave his last days in peace, he ought rather to support him in his office, than conspire against him. I found the gentleman however perfectly Spartan, or at least an Owenite. He had the impudence to tell me, that what I had said might have done very well fifty years ago, but that all was now reformed; the reign of humbug over; and the race of gentlemen would soon be extinguished;—that there was nothing in nature that distinguished gentlemen from the poor they trod upon; as they could only eat, drink, and sleep, and were subject to the same penalties as the lowest;—that, as to fathers and sons, after infancy was passed they were no more to one another than other men; and as to any obligation incurred by him to his father, his father had only done his duty by him, or at best had done it for his own pleasure;—that the public good was now the only rule to go by, and his father having grown old, ought to yield to younger and abler bodies.

"All this he offered to prove by various writings and speeches; and when, upon hearing some of the Authors named, I observed that most of them were corrupt scoundrels, and associates in crime, and some of them even convicted of the grossest offences against honesty and morals, the fellow sneeringly said, that was nothing to the purpose, and he had long believed that it was not at all

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necessary to be a good private character in order to shine as a public one. To all this reasoning I could not but defer, and complimenting him upon the progress he had made in Mr. Snake's school, and generally upon his uncommon *Amor Patriæ*, I told him our conference was at an end.

"Two days afterwards he came again, to say that his father either would not live long, or from age and infirmity, could not go on with the farm, and he hoped *my honour* would let him have it on the same terms; that is, about half its value, if let by competition; in which case, he said, he should be happy to oblige me by doing what he could for his father. I did not absolutely thrust the door in his face, but referring him to his own principles, that utility was every thing, favour nothing, I desired him to leave the house. He reddened, and twirling the lock of the door in his hand, as he went out, asked if that was to be the reward of his father's attachment to me. But, said he, I have been informed by lawyer Snake, that if you refused, as he feared you would, it would be a good ground for a petition to the House of Commons, or the Treasury, as a case of oppression.

'And can you get any one to present it?' said I, much amused.

'Aye! present it, and back it too,' he replied,



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'or we shall have got little by the Reform Bill.'"

"Admirable!" exclaimed I to Atticus, "and more pithy than all the arguments of all the rhetoricians that have set themselves in array against corruption."

"You being one of them," said Atticus.

"Aye! but only to a certain point. Be assured, all such cases as these must be stopt."

"It is too late," replied Atticus, mournfully; and he added, as he rode on, that upon just now asking the old man, if what his son had told him about quitting the farm was true, he found that the whole was a deliberate falsehood, cooked up between his virtuous reforming son, and his master in politics, Philosopher Snake.

In our rides through his beautiful country, he pointed out many spots which he said he almost considered sacred, because associated with hours which were either particularly happy, or marked by some perceptible acquisition at the time, of principles, opinions, or tastes, which coloured his life, and never afterwards left him.

Into this feeling I could easily enter, for I have often myself lived over again in recollections very interesting, though now less and less frequent, from the absorptions of the world. Atticus called these impressions epochs; and they cer-

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tainly with him had begun very early; some before he had left school, but most in his college vacations. His fondness for rooks was acquired as a boy, from having been accustomed to get his Virgil lesson, under the shade of an old rookery in the grounds of a neighbouring gentleman. It was here that, surrounded by the appropriate sights and sounds, he got by art, as an exercise, those beautiful passages of the Georgics, which he never afterwards forgot, and still so often repeats. We passed in our ride the old gable-ended house in question, darkened by high and well-clipt yew trees, at the end of which this identical rookery is still to be seen; and though a recollection of above fifty years, the rook description burst from him, as if only just remembered:

> "Tum liquidas corvi presso ter guttere voces,
> Aut quater, ingeminant: et sæpe cubilibus altis,
> Nescio qua præter solitum dulcedine læti,
> Inter se foliis strepitant; juvat imbribus actis
> Progeniem parvam, dulcesque revisere nidos."*

This rookery, however, was not the only thing in our ride whose locality recalled recollection, or was considered sacred for the effects upon the mind of Atticus which it had produced. We had fallen upon his favourite topic, of moderation, and humble security from the storms of life,—when I

* Georg. I., 410.

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asked if he had always been inclined to that philosophy, and whether in youth, as he had all his life been so active, he had not been much alive to the grandeurs of high situation.

At this moment, we were pursuing a sort of forest track, which led to a little paling inclosing a low cottage, picturesque enough, but scarcely even comfortable. In some places, indeed, it bent considerably out of the perpendicular, and it seemed only to have lasted as long as it had, in consequence of the old oak braces and purloins on which its weather-beaten brickwork had rested. The tiles also were evidently kept together by an ancient vine, which gadded luxuriantly all over the roof.

Yet Atticus eyed it with interest, and checking his horse, observed, "I never can pass this cottage without stopping to indulge the remembrance of the time when I first saw it. You asked when it was that I first became enamoured (as you say I am) of my doctrine of Moderation, and humble security. Know then it was here, where I escaped, I believe, both drowning and burning, for I felt in danger of both."

"And at what time?" I asked.

"Why, in the very heyday of the blood; and the useful lesson I got, has stood me in stead ever since."

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"I know," said I, "that you can find 'sermons in stones,' and get lessons from the commonest scene or event; so pray give me the particulars."

"You will be disappointed," he replied, "for there was neither incident nor interest for any one but myself. It was in riding through this wood, full fifty years ago, that I was overtaken by the most terrible thunder-storm I had ever known or read of. Perhaps there may be something like it in Virgil, or in a West India hurricane. A water-spout seemed to have burst in the sky. Lightning, such as I had never seen, rent the whole vault of Heaven, and thunder, such as I never heard, was above, about, and underneath, for it seemed to bury itself in the very ground. I was drenched through in a moment, and being afraid of taking refuge among the trees, pushed on my horse as fast as I could. But this was in vain; the lightning arrested him like the horses of Diomed; he trembled, reared, and snorted with terror. And surely with reason, for the Heavens themselves seemed to open, and on a sudden, a flash absolutely vertical, and a rattling explosion, more tremendous than any we had yet experienced, struck an immense oak from the top to the bottom, and rent it all to pieces.

"I confess I was appalled as much as my horse, and absolutely looked about for assistance, which

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I thought in such a place could only be by miracle. At that moment, and not before, I saw this cottage, covered with the splinters of the tree, and heard a voice from a casement calling out, 'Sir, come in here.' Though the appearance of the house gave me no great idea of protection, still I was cheered by hearing a fellow-creature offer me assistance. I dismounted, leaving my horse to such shelter as the wood could afford him, and shall not forget the joy with which I saw this identical low door open, and receive me within its protection; a shelter as unexpected as it was welcome. You see what the houseis now; and it no better then; but under the circumstances, I thought it a palace; nor could any inhabitant of such have been more zealous in assisting me than the good-natured peasant that owned it. It reminded me of Milton's Shepherd:

> 'I take thy word
> And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
> Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
> With smoky rafters, than in tap'stried halls,
> And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
> And yet is most pretended.'

"After all, hospitality is natural to man. Amid the ten thousand pamperings that attend upon wealth, it is forgotten, because we have not need for it; but it is only suspended, and the moment

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it is necessary, it revives. So I found it here. Mine host and his wife bestirred themselves to make me comfortable, by enabling me to exchange my soaking clothes for a dry shirt and great coat. A log was placed on the fire, which hastened the boiling of a savory mess of bacon, which, with beans, early for the season, soon smoked upon the board. This, and a good appetite, whetted by my late exertions, a clean trencher, as clean a cloth, and a hearty welcome, made all pressing unnecessary. In short, I fell to; thought my fare equal to the best, and my hosts excellent company; and the storm abating, my abandoned steed was caught and placed in a neighbouring hovel. I soon felt even comfortable, and found that the true value of things can only be known by contrast. I had probably past this cottage fifty times without looking at it; certainly without knowing that it could afford protection, much less comfort; yet I never, either before or since, felt, or more valued, both the one and the other; and often in the storms of life, I have looked back upon the shelter which this humble dwelling gave me, and, mean as it was, thought I could have been satisfied to be always sure of such an asylum."

"Your romance," said I, "seems to have be gun early."



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"Say rather," returned he, "my philosophy; for the ideas generated by this adventure, if so it can be called, never abandoned me. I saw how little relief the highest situation could command when in real distress, and how superior the most moderate lot might comparatively be, in warding off the adverse incidents of life."

"And pray," said I, "did this lesson also give you your good-temper? for we always envied you the equanimity with which you used to bear the violence, the affected contempt, and arrogant hostility, which you ministers so often encounter from your opponents, as a consolation for their being out of office."

"This power, if I have it," he returned, "must be constitutional, rather than derived from any lesson of the sort you mention. Nevertheless, I have sometimes thought, with pleasure, of another little scene, which accident threw in my way, just as I had entered the House of Commons, and which made me think temper in debate one of the very first qualifications for a member of that stirring assembly."

"And I hope you will add, for the House of Lords too?" cried I, with some jealousy.

"They are a little more dignified," said he; "which gives them a sort of artificial good temper which the Commons perhaps think it beneath them to study."

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"But your adventure, asked I?

"I miscalled it," replied he," when I gave it that name; but I have such vivid pleasure in tracing early impressions, that things appear of consequence which are of no consequence at all. However, it is only one other source of the pleasures of rêverie. The fact is, my preceptors on this occasion had neither station nor learning, but were of the merest bourgeoisie of a country town, where, in one of my peregrinations, I had put up for the night. The evening was peculiarly mild; and a mild evening is of itself luxury enough never to be forgotten. While supper, therefore, was preparing, I sallied out to view the marked outline, (there was not light for more) of a broad battlemented tower, forming part of the church of the little town I had stopped in. In the church yard, which was walled round, I explored one or two gates, one of which opened into a firm, trim, and verdant bowling-green, emitting all the freshness which night in England always calls forth from the sweet herbage, after a warm day. It was bordered all round, or rather it was squared, with a screen of dark trees, under which were flowers whose bells and petals night had shut up; but the sweet-briar told he was there, though I could not see him.

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"I was surprised to see a glimmering light, and hear voices, rather murmuring than loud, at the farther end. I made towards them, and found an arbour, with a few lingering bowlers, who had stayed long after their sport, round a tankard; with a lanthorn on the table to light them, or rather their pipes. They were civil, and shewed no surprise when I accosted them; and they entered with me into the praise of bowling. They said it was a pleasant game; a skilful game; a manly game; and finally, an old English game; but they added, that, like many other old English games, it was going out. One, who seemed a Hoyle at the laws of it, shaking his head, and dashing the ashes out of his pipe, informed us that 'forty or fifty years ago you could not travel into ne'er a market town in England, but there was a green, and good treatment. Now, there was only this and one at the Assize town, in the whole county.' One of the company said there was an excellent one at Bedford. 'Then that's the best thing I know of Bedford,' cried the man of authority; 'I did not think them Roundhead fellows had such good taste.'—'For all that,' cried the other, 'they are as good as you or me, Mr. Tomlins, and better mayhap than either of us; and this I'll maintain.'—He said this sharply, and as if nothing afraid;

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in short, prepared to combat, and looking defiance; so that I expected some food for my observation-hunting spirit. But I was disappointed, for Mr. Tomlins, in a tone of self possession and suavity mixed, which would have done honour to a man of far higher condition, replied, 'Neighbour Wiggens, I allow I was wrong to start the subject, when I knew we should never agree. Were we to dispute till Doomsday about Radical or not Radical Bedford, it would be a dispute about things and persons which neither of us at bottom care for; which sort of disputing never did good to no man, and would endanger the harmony with which we have past this true English evening, at this true English game; so here's your good health, and a good night to us all, and a merry game the next time we come to the green.'—'Aye! that's all right,' said several, 'there's no use quarrelling, which never puts a man in the right:' so the tankard went round till it was empty, and the company then broke up and dispersed, each paying a halfpenny to a boy who had waited their call during their retirement to the Arbour.

"Here then is an instance of a lesson which we may take from our inferiors, and bring to account if we please. I was then, as I have said, just

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warm in my seat in the House, where I had seen many a Mr. Wiggins, but no Mr. Tomlins; and I resolved, if I could, to take Mr. Tomlins for my model."

"You have brought yourself off better than I expected," said I, "for I own I did not know what this bowling-green scene was to lead to. However, it is as good in its way as your tumble-down cottage, which appeared to you so substantial, in contrast with the storm. From each, it seems, you got excellent lessons, and I wish I were like you. Yet, forgive me if I question if even you, now so much at your ease, and having profited so much by Mr. Tomlins's good temper, would find your philosopher's stone very availing in such a hovel as we have just left, or even on a velvet bowling-green, were fortune in her vagaries to strip you of Llirias."

"I hope," said he, "I shall not be tried; because, moderate as you say I am, I feel that I am spoiled by the world I have enjoyed. Sufficient, however, is the day to the evil; and it may be well for me that I can recollect so vividly the days of even my childhood, when to have gathered a salad of my own rearing, or collected eggs from nests of my own building, placed me at the height almost of mortal pleasure."

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To this I cried "Bravo!" with, I fear, a look of incredulity, something like a sneer.

He gave me a look quite as like a sneer in return, and said, "It perhaps would have been better for you, could you have shared, or at least appreciated, this taste of mine. After all," added he, "is not this the pursuit and pleasure of our very nature? Are we not all bound to provide for ourselves, by our own labours and exertions; is not this as natural to us, as it is to brutes to seek their sustenance, in whatever element they inhabit? What is it that makes Robinson Crusoe the delight of old and young, but this independence in consequence of personal exertions, forced upon him by the circumstances of his life. Had he remained under his father's wing, he might have been a very good, and possibly a very happy shopkeeper at York; but would his interests, and his vigour, and consequently his happiness, have been half as much developed, as when Nature was called upon to act so emphatically in him, when in his island?

"It is this natural feeling, and wish for independence, that equalizes, in my mind, every lot of man; and those who are farthest removed from it by theirs being cast too high, are, ten to one, inferior in real happiness to their inferiors in

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fortune, by whom, perhaps, they are envied. Hence rich people are generally dull people, and for one La Fleur, we have fifty Morosos among them."

"Then you make no difference," said I, "between my lord and his servant."

"As to happiness, none," replied he; "no more than between the king and yourself."

Now I felt quite as happy as a king, so held my peace.

"You see then," he went on, "the nearer we approach to nature, and the fewer our wants in our pursuits, not only are those pursuits simpler, and cheaper, and therefore more in every one's power, but the chances are, that the sum of our happiness is greater."

"A perfect Diogenes," said I, "whose chief utensil was a bowl to drink with, but which he threw away upon seeing a boy drink out of his hat!"

"Diogenes was a filthy fellow," observed Atticus, "and out of bravado might carry things too far. But see another of my youthful scenes."

Here he pointed to a large opening in the wood, full of tall trees, but where the copsewood had been cleared, and observed, that he had never been happier in his life than when, at fifteen, he

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had been allowed, with half a dozen companions, the use of a gun, to seek their fortunes for a day, among the hares and rabbits which they came to shoot, and dress, themselves, by a fire of their own kindling, and faggots of their own cutting. This was to them, he said, the very height of primitive independence, and therefore of interest, for it was the decree of nature.

"I do not mean by this," he added, "that men are to part with the delightful advantages which education, fortune, and the security of society afford us. But the more we study primitive pursuits, that is, the less we depend upon artificial life for happiness, the more likely we are to attain it. In a word, Nature is easily satisfied; Art insatiably covetous:—witness that group of healthy children dancing at yonder cottage door:" and he pointed to four or five brown urchins, half naked, and sunburnt, but every one with a smile, or rather grin on his countenance, denoting the most perfect quiescence of the interior, whether in the diaphragm, or the orifice of the stomach.*

"However," he continued, "we shall soon have to witness still stronger proofs of my theory, if

* See ante, p. 75.

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my neighbour Squire, and would-be Peer, be but at home."

At this, we approached a most splendid gate of iron, in massive architecture, and much besmirched with gilding. Through this we were admitted into a fine avenue, leading to a very fine house, much beniched with statues.

"Where are we going," said I?

"To my rhododendron and geranium neighbour we talked of yesterday, who certainly is no disciple of the 'Naturam sequi'."

"And what is the place called? it seems a vast domain."

"Its real and county name," said Atticus, "is St. Julian's Manor; but its present owner has christened it Futtigur, in allusion to the scene of his Indian life, where he amassed his million."

Upon this we came to the great door, which was painted in white panels with gilt mouldings; and being let in, we were shewn into an apartment magnificent in itself, but the furniture of it so costly that it seemed treason to use it. A crimson satin sofa invitingly tempted us; but boots, dirty with riding, forbade; and Atticus wished heartily for the cane settee which had served his Nabob neighbour many a year in India, but was now consigned to the servants' hall.

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"So much for the utility of grandeur!" said he, looking about for an ordinary chair; but he could find none under fifty guineas in value,—ebony, ivory, and burnished gold. We took them, however, though their hardness and straight backs gave any notion but that of comfort. At that moment, through the window, we beheld two of the labouring gardeners stretched fast asleep, on their coats, under the shade of a laurel. The day was hot, the shade cool, their work done, and sweetly did they rest.

I could not help saying to Atticus, "I suppose you envy the lot of those fellows!"

"I envy them the sleep they seem to enjoy, and the ease of their couch," said he; "for which we may look in vain in this fine room.*"

All farther converse was suspended by the approach of the owner himself, a thin, poor-looking person, very much like a Brahmin, with a mahogany visage, and a halt in his gait. To Atticus, as being Right Honourable, he was most condescending; and to me too, on being informed that I was related to the Minister. He welcomed us to

* Le Roi philosophe felt something like this when he said to D'Alembert in the gardens of Sans Souci, "Do you see that old woman, a poor weeder, asleep on that sunny bank? She is probably a more happy being than either of us."

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Futtygur, and attempted to set us chairs; but being feeble with gout, the gold and ebony were too heavy for him; and to relieve him we preferred standing to admire his pictures, his marbles, and his buhls. The pictures were all polygraphic: but though he would not have minded the expense, it saved him a good deal of trouble in looking for originals. Their broad and high-wrought frames, dazzling in gold, filled the eye with splendour, whatever might be wanting to the taste. My companion commented upon the expense to which this species of furniture had risen.

"Why yes," said he; "but of what use is a fortune if we may not spend it? For my part, I always like to encourage trade; and if I feel I have a taste for these things, why not?" And then he laughed, provoking us to join with him, as well as to approve his patriotic disposition. "I have at least," he continued, "spared no expense, in or out of doors, to make this purchase of mine, what I was told both by my architect and landscape gardener it might easily be,—the first thing in the county. Here," said he, opening the folding doors, which let in a room still more spacious and rich, "is my real drawing-room; this being only ante, as it is called. I see your surprise at the hangings, but I wanted something original. Pic-

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tures are too common, and what all may procure for money; so I gave Mr. Cartoon *carte blanche;* and he proposed what you see—this rich puckered gauze, tied with roses. Perhaps you will not guess how many yards are in the whole drapery, so I will tell you at once—full two thousand!!"

We expressed our astonishment.

"But pray," said I, "with submission, is not this, charming as it is, rather too much for the country? And is there a neighbourhood of nobles and ladies elegant and rich enough properly to appreciate this magnificence?"

"To speak the truth," he replied, "I never thought of that; and indeed I now recollect, at the ball I gave when I first came here, I could not assemble above a hundred people, and not one peer among them. There were, indeed, two Baronets, and three Earl's daughters, (about whom and myself some joking hints were given): but even *they* were not accompanied by the Countess their mother, who was taken ill the very day of the ball, so they were chaperoned by their governess;—but she was a clergyman's widow, and very accomplished."

"And did you see them no more?" asked I, much amused.

"Why, yes! they came over once again, and the eldest, who was the one the neighbours had given

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to me, seemed to take particular interest about my place, going over the whole house and park, and giving me several hints about the furniture. Indeed, it was she who suggested the gauze hangings, which I ordered of her mother's upholsterer, at the Countess's own recommendation. But somehow her Ladyship has not yet been here, nor the young ladies since."

"You must give another ball," I said.

"I should have no objection," he replied, "if every body would come; but to spend hundreds for Earls' daughters to be chaperoned by their governess, will never do, were I twice as rich as I am."

Here, our host looking a little embarrassed. Atticus, to change the theme, asked if he had not made some additions to his house since he had last been there?

"O! true," he answered, "and a great one too; no less than the library I talked to you of last year. It is now finished, and what do you think the mere fitting up cost me? A thousand pounds, I assure you!"

"It must be magnificent, indeed," said Atticus; "I hope we may see it."

"O certainly; and I want to consult you much about the books. I don't like your garden, you know; but your taste in books is unquestionable."

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"By all means let us see them," I cried; and he led the way to a great wing of the house, in which a room, some fifty feet long, was fitted up with a number of rosewood book-cases, with cornices of gold, and doors of broad gilt wire, lined with crimson damask like the chairs. From the ceiling hung several large or-molu lamps; and there was ample supply of reading-tables, reading-chairs, and desks of all sizes.

Both Atticus and myself were in raptures; which put him in high good humour; till Atticus, after saying that all was perfect, begged leave to open the cabinets to look at the books. At this he looked a little foolish, and pulling out his watch, said "Why, you would not now have time to look at them, if they were there; but, to tell you the truth, the books are not bought yet."

"I thought," said I, unable to repress a laugh, "you wished so much to consult our friend here about them."

"O no," he replied, "it was only about the cases and desks. I have, however, commissioned a friend at the India House to look out for any large library that may be to be disposed of; and I assure you I have not stinted him in price."

"This is admirable!" said I to Atticus, when we were again on horseback.

"On the use and abuse of riches, he is the best

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study in the world," answered my companion; "he is my amusement, and my illustration, whenever a fit of my moderation, as you call it, comes over me. He is the complete Lord Timon of Pope; for, though

> 'His building is a town,
> His pond an ocean, his parterre a down,
> Who but must laugh the master when he sees,
> A puny insect shivering in the breeze?'"

"His library reminds *me* also of Lord Timon," said I, "though he perhaps can hardly reach even to that eminence.

> 'In books, not authors, curious is my Lord:
> To all their dated backs he turns you round:
> These Aldus printed, these Du Sieil has bound.
> Lo! some are vellum, and the rest as good,
> For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.'"

"Quite right," said Atticus, "and you might have added this fool to the quartette of worthies adduced by the same Pope to prove that riches are no grace from Heaven, but

> 'Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
> To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.'

Yet, strange to say, if he is sincere, even Sir Futty, as I call him, yields sometimes to the force of nature; for he once confessed to me he was too rich to be happy. I asked why?

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and he told me, as well as he could, that the perpetual and too easy supply of his wants, as if he had Fortunatus's wishing cap, by preventing personal exertion, and placing him at the mercy of others who said he had not taste enough, made every thing flat. 'I was happier,' said he, with a sigh, 'when I was merely comfortable, and only *hoped* to be rich.'"

"I should pity him for this," I observed, "but for his miserable vanity."

"Let us not, however," continued Atticus, "forget the corollary drawn by the philosophic poet from these seeming caprices of fortune. The Lord of Futtygur has lavished thousands on magnificence, without, I believe, a feeling of charity, although he 'always likes to encourage trade;' but, again, as of Timon, we may say,

> 'Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
> Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
> The lab'rer bears; what his hard heart denies,
> This charitable vanity supplies.' *

* See Pope's Moral Essays, Epist. 3 and 4. These terse reflections on human character of the moral poet, are, I fear, beginning to be forgotten. We have fallen upon the age of lachrymose sentiment, instead of the manly sense and flowing numbers which mark the above quotations. Now, every man and every woman scribbler, "dies of a rose in aromatic pain!" Query, for "in *aromatic*," in "a *rheumatic*" pain? for many of our poets and poetesses seem to be writhing with throes of suffering, whe-



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These moral lessons concluded our ride, which the scenes we saw, and the good sense and good humour of Atticus, made one of the most charming I had ever taken.

But I must conclude; for if your Lordship is not tired, I am.

I have nearly, but not quite, abandoned my hope of re-producing our friend in the world; and I feel that all the little details I have related, render this hope weaker and weaker; but particularlyone other conversation, which, as you still command me to go on, I will report to-morrow.—

Meantime, &c. &c. &c.

ther corporal or mental. Would that the age would return to Pope, and leave Mr. ——, Mrs. ——; and Miss ——, to strain words, and weep by themselves!

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## LETTER IV.

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My dear Lord.

I will not trouble you with the rest of our day yesterday, after Atticus and myself returned from our ride. It passed pretty much as the day before. We dined alone, plainly, yet not so frugally perhaps as if my host had been by himself. There was even something like recherche in the cookery, and particularly in a second bottle of Johannisberg, so good as to shew that to please the palate was not at all incompatible with recluse philosophy. In the evening we again visited the Digentia, but through another road, more public; indeed, through the whole hamlet, where I observed cottagers at their doors, some dancing their children, some tying up honeysuckles, and all seeming to enjoy the refreshment of rest after labour.

As we passed, they all rose up and saluted Atticus, and me as his guest. I was much pleased with their natural civility, and the neatness and apparent comfort of their dwellings. They seemed to be built round a green, well nibbled by sheep,



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which gave it a fresh and velvety appearance; and in the midst of it was going on the old English game of quoits. Atticus approached it with me, and in an instant all the cottagers left their benches to come to us.

"His honour often plays with us," said one of them, "and when he brings company they play too: perhaps you would like to take a hand, Sir?" Atticus laughed; but as I had never handled a quoit in my life, I declined the honour, rather to the disappointment of the rustics. Two of them now came to Atticus, and doffing their hats, begged the use of the Hall bowling-green, for the hour that remained of light, to finish a match they had begun two days before.

"By all means," he said: "I like to see you at these exercises; but what is become of your cricket?"

"We were afraid of spoiling the grass," they said, "so we put it off till after the hay."

"Nonsense," replied the Squire, "you shall have an acre immediately mown for you."

At this they all saluted him, some with a scrape, some with hats, and some who had no hats tugging their forelocks; and we departed amid exclamations of "Much obliged to ye, and God bless your honour." All this created pleasant reflections; and the terms he was on with his vil-

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lagers, to all of whom he was landlord, caused me to be less and less surprised at his patience in retreat.

We had presently another occasion to observe his mode of treating his dependants, which I cannot help recording.

Crossing his very pretty park, the soft evening, and beautiful deer looking at us, as if with curiosity, through the brakes that sheltered them, shed a pleasure over the scene not easily described. It gave me indeed a picture of rural elegance which would have set Shenstone a singing, as it would me, had I had his pipe.* I told Atticus he wanted nothing but the *facilesque nymphæ* of

* See Shenstone's poem on Rural Elegance, if any body remembers there was such a person. He certainly had much taste, though too little money; as the Leasowes demonstrated. But his poetry is, I think, much undervalued. Witness his pastoral ballad, his School-mistress, and his Jessy, which few have come near, and none exceeded. See also, in Rural Elegance, this stanza:

> " While Charity at eve surveys the Swain
> Enabled by these toils to cheer
> A train of helpless infants dear,
> Speed whistling home across the plain;
> See vagrant Luxury, her hand-maid grown,
> For half her graceless deeds atone,
> And hails the beauteous work, and ranks it with her own."

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Gray* to make the whole scene classic. At that moment a train of some six or seven women and children, in garments coarse enough and tolerably worn, came through a glade in the plantations, each with a bag on her head, of faggots of short wood, which they had been picking up under the trees; where a few stragglers still loitered in the same pursuit. They did not seem in the least dismayed at meeting us, but curtesying to Atticus, passed on, little minding their patched attire, and upon the whole, most ordinary appearance. I own I felt annoyed at the contrast between them and all the embryo classical ideas I was encouraging.

"These certainly," said I, "are not the nymphæ I was quoting just now. For Heaven's sake, are these the beings you usually meet with in your park, or is it, as I hope, accidental?"

"It is certainly not the last," answered Atticus.

"Why then," returned I, "do you not drive them from you, and put an end to such filthy objects as surround you?"

"Do you call those deer filthy objects?" said he.

* See Gray's beautiful Latin Ode:
"Risit et verme, facilesque Nymphæ
Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
Mane quicquid de violis eundo
Surripit aura."

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"No! but I do those nauseating ragged petticoats and dirty cloaks, to say nothing of the little swarm of blackguards that seem so to revel in pilfering your wood. Talk of the dignity of man, or the softness of woman! compare these squaws with the real 'burghers of the forest,' which seem so justly in fear, and bound away from them as if to avoid contamination! I am absolutely astonished that you, who can so enjoy a Claude or a Poussin, can ever allow such Esquimaux to come so near you."

"Observe what they come for," said Atticus, "and that will be your answer. Claude or Poussin would not perhaps have put them into their landscapes, but Teniers would, and have brought them to good account. These savages," continued he, "are all of them, more or less, known to me, and depend upon my house for most of their comforts. Ought I therefore to drive them from me, because they cannot afford to be so spruce as the grisettes of London or Paris, in their occupation of picking up a few miserable windfalls, to me useless, and to them valuable? The comforts of their supper to-night will be increased, be warmer, and more salutary, for the disgrace which, in your eyes, I have suffered them to inflict upon my park."

"You *suffered!*" I exclaimed. "I thought it

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had proceeded from their own thievish disposition; or at best, from a bailiff who might want to increase his consequence among the poor of the parish."

"We have no thieves here," answered Atticus; "and as for my bailiff, though he certainly gave the permission, he knows I would not keep him if he refused that which, God wot! savours too little of generosity to be mentioned."

I own this did not satisfy my repugnance to ragged petticoats; but seeing how entirely it proceeded from benevolence, I held my peace; nor did I think of reviving any political discussion, or of even touching upon the old subject of the world and retreat; which I thought useless with a man whose principles as well as habits were, I now felt, so fixed. Incidentally, however, or rather accidentally, the subject was renewed; and though I had renounced all thought of continuing the argument with a view to victory, what I did say drew from Atticus so much pleasant descant, and in such a variety of ways, that I think it will at least amuse, perhaps gratify, your Lordship to give it in detail. I should premise, however, that this was prompted, not by any effort or intention of mine, but the mere accident of a particular letter by the post, which, at this distance from town, always arrives in the evening. The letter was

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to Atticus, and came from an old friend of his and mine, who is, I believe, also known to your Lordship, and esteemed by us all, notwithstanding a thousand vagaries.

You may remember the highly-gifted, but eccentric Mordaunt, and how his mind ran over with all sorts of acquired knowledge, supported by very original and strong natural powers! He was thoroughly made for the world, but was so great a philosopher *in his closet,* that he said the world was not made for him. He liked good and even fine company, and particularly ladies; but all this, he said, interrupted his studies, and consumed much valuable time. He had a work too in hand: —that is, he had thought about it, but could not find time to digest and arrange it; in short, he had not written a word. What to do amid clubs, and dinners, and political discussions, it was difficult if not impossible to devise. He began to think London an enemy to wisdom, and society unfavourable to the acquisition of knowledge; and he actually took a house at Cambridge, where he had been educated, by way of retreat. Far from succeeding, he found he had only changed what, he said, was an inconvenient sort of society, for a worse; for he had as many interruptions, only with less polish and more pedantry, in his companions. He fled again, but not to London.



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Smit with descriptions "that look green in song," and seduced by the poetry of sentimental travellers, he thought the Continent the only land of simplicity, and rational life. Madame de Staël tempted him to Germany; Schlegel to Bonn. The "fader land;" the abounding river; its legends, its castles, its ruins, and the German bonhommie; to say nothing of the seigneurial abodes of its nobility, which flattered his aristocratical prejudices;—all this made him abandon England, to search where he might set up his rest, in a manner more suitable to what he supposed his turn of mind. Again he was disappointed. He went to Bonn, and saw Schlegel; but Bonn was any thing but like his notions of a University; for he was full of Oxford and Cambridge, and the city was wretchedly provincial. There, and even in gayer and more polite districts, he sought in vain for ladies and gentlemen. All seemed Bourgeosie. The Rhine was for a long way flatter than the Thames; the scenery at best not so good as the English lakes; the châteaux barns; the gardens barren sands: and though the river was enlivened by its many fortified towns and garrisons, he hated whiskers and tobacco. He thought of Dresden, and Leipzig, and Wiemar; but after the Rhine, what could succeed? He came home.

London, however, with all its attractions, was

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still too overpowering for his purpose, and his travels had just given him elasticity enough to make him think that absolute seclusion would be a relief.

Having therefore a very romantic place in this neighbourhood, which he had seldom visited in his love for the world, he resolved to pitch his tent there, and like Gibbon, whom perhaps he affected to imitate, bade adieu to the "fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ," and with his library, fixed himself within twenty miles of Atticus, whom he consulted.

Atticus told him he was wrong; that he had not done with the world; and that his resolve was a mere fit of romance.

They at first corresponded, and Mordaunt seemed happy; but the correspondence flagged, and, after a letter or two, he wrote no more, not even in answer to a very friendly one of Atticus, who knowing him well, and being much his senior, had ventured to oppose him. Three months had elapsed since Atticus had written to him; and the following tardy but very honest letter was now brought him as an answer.

" One would have thought," said Atticus, laughing, and putting it into my hands, " that you had informed friend Mordaunt of all our discussions and bribed him to exhibit himself

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on your side. Pray read; for example is worth a thousand theories, and I give you all the benefit of such an ally."

This introduction made me eager to peruse the letter, which, after the usual preamble, when he came to the subject of his retirement, was as follows:

"The Rocks ——
"May ——

"Shall I tell you frankly I am afraid you are right, and that I have made a false step? I was misled by Gibbon and Zimmermann, not Cowley, as you suppose,—who seems but a prig, notwithstanding the court he has received from those courtly divines, Sprat and Hurd. Horace and Virgil, perhaps Pope, and a warm imagination, may have done much with me. Be that as it may, I feel my cheeks redden when I say, I believe you are right, and that I have made a false step.

"Gibbon retired, and Rousseau retired, but with different fates. Gibbon was followed into retirement, and enjoyed it; Rousseau was mad to be so, failed, and was miserable. Gibbon gloried in the most accomplished visitors in Europe; Rousseau could not stomach the abandoned mansion and antiquated housekeeper of Mr. Davenport.

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"You will say, 'What then are you? How does this bear upon the question?'

"I will tell you. I have here, as you know, one of the most beautiful retreats in England. How often have I admired it, and wondered that I have not resided there. Spencer must have had it in view when he wrote:

> "'It was a chosen spot of fertile land,
> Emongst wild hills set, like a little nest,
> As if it had by Nature's cunning hand,
> Been choycely picked out from all the rest,
> And layed forth for ensample for the best.'

"It is certain I have as fine a house and garden, as fine a country, and even almost as fine a lake, as Gibbon possessed at Lausanne, or Rousseau in his most elevated pitch could fancy. And were I but alone ——!

"But no matter. I have companions indeed, but worse than none, and being so far too numerous. There is a great deal of feasting, but not of reason; a great deal of flow, but not of soul. I do not dislike wine, or undervalue the excitements of the mind through the instrumentality of the body. I am perhaps too much for Lucretius, and think it little pleasure to dine on herbs, Archiacis recumbere lectis;* but I am not

* "Si potes Archiacis conviva recumbere lectis, &c."
HORACE EP. i. v.

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such a gourmand as not to care who may, or who may not, be my neighbours. Now who are these neighbours? Why those of every remote country gentleman who may find himself a little the worse for being a little more than that illustrious character. I can pore all the morning over Philosophy and rational Divinity, when I find it; I can lose myself in Horace and Shakespeare; can take a ride with pleasure through groves and fields; and even afford an hour to the planning a proper set-out for an embryo Sheriff;—which (God help me!) they have made me. But the hour of banquetting, so pleasant, (say what they will) to all philosophers, divines, and scholars,—brings no agrémens to me. It falsifies its promises, to him who has only retired to a country mob, to *relieve* himself from the mob of the town.

"You will ask, who are these falsifiers? and what right have I thus to criticize or undervalue them? I do neither one nor the other. They are all my equals; many, my superiors; but to sum up all in a word, they do not suit me, nor I them. I am not equal to their boisterous activity, nor they to my monotonous repose.

"Fox-hunters, indeed, I respect for their vigour; but I am no Fox-hunter. They despise me for it: and I do not like to be despised. But the neighhouring city is populous; populous,

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however, only in manufacturers—'money-loving villains,' who think I ought to be set in the stocks, as a drone in the hive. I believe they are right. If it were but a Cathedral town, I might have a chance of mental intercourse. But what did Cambridge itself do for me? or in what are a Dean and Prebendaries better than Fellows? Since your kind visit I have not met with a kindred mind. I could live in my study; but to have no relaxation is a want; and all out of it here is humdrum. Even Gibbon longed for rational and cheerful companions of an evening, and condescended to a game of cards as a change. Can you wonder then that I long again for my pretty town house, and the polite atmosphere which its neighbourhood seemed to breathe; where, by merely closing my door, I was as solitary and as meditative and as studious as I pleased, yet when I pleased, was in a moment in the best society, whether literary, political, or fashionable; old friends who talked to me of works of days past, or young ones who dreamt of nothing but 'morrow's return.' This was always brilliant, always busy, always on that sort of qui vive which never lets the mind stagnate, or the body languish for want of exercise. Scold, if you will, but answer me. Shall I *retire* from *retirement*,

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and return to the world to be laughed at; or sink deeper and deeper in the mire of oblivion, by fleeing to the Highlands of Scotland, the bogs of Ireland, or the back-settlements of America?"

So far our literary recluse.

"And what will be your advice?" said I, folding up the letter.

"To return instantly to Grosvenor Street, whence, as I told him, he never should have stirred."

"You see then," said I, (rather pleased with this forcible proof of my theory, and thinking I had a sort of triumph over Atticus) "that I was not so wrong in my opinions upon the impropriety, as well as inefficacy of seclusion, to enable us to live as nature and reason would require of us. Here is a pregnant instance of —— "

"I know what you would say," interrupted Atticus, begging pardon for stopping me; "but you will at least allow that I here foresaw the event, and warned him of it, as I would a person against riding a dangerous horse, which he knew not how to manage. But this ought not to prevent another, more skilful or firmer in the saddle, from mounting. In fact, I knew our friend better than he did himself."

"Yet with equal, perhaps more enthusiasm

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than you have, how came you to succeed, and he to fail?"

"He mistook himself," said Atticus, "and took a momentary feeling for settled habit. He forgot his real disposition, which is social, gay, and even brilliant; and from mere romance, as he himself seems to confess, came to a decision which could only be justified by long experience and habits of action. How unlike his was his model Gibbon, whose whole heart and soul were absorbed in an immense undertaking, which it required a freedom both from business and pleasure to accomplish. Besides, Mordaunt, like you, is still in the vigour of his life, and has many debts to the world to pay, before he can have a right to play the veteran in retirement."

"I believe you are right," said I; "but if vigour give a right to the world to expect exertion in its favorites, who is to say that you, even yet, may not obey the call that has been made upon you, and return to its arena as well as Mordaunt."

At this I turned to some books that lay upon the table, with a sort of significant air, which did not escape him. They were Thucydides, and Clarendon, and Cicero, and a volume of Parliamentary debates, all full of markers, and open, as if lately read.

"And what is your inference?" said he, smiling.

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"Why, that it is a little remarkable that a man who says he has entirely renounced the world, and has done with its parties, struggles, and ambition, should choose for his favourite study (as these marks and notes imply) the concentration of all that is exciting, passionate, and stirring in man's history. Such surely are the contents of these stirring volumes."

"That is certainly their character," said Atticus.

"Well then," I replied, "I should say I hope, without offence, that at your age, there can be little of novelty, and, I should say, less of enthusiasm, in historical reading. Most subjects must be worn out; and renouncing politics and office, and even the world itself; bent, as you are, upon higher contemplations; to say nothing of your having thumbed over all these pages before; it marvels me I own to see you still keen upon events and characters, the very scope and scene of whose exertions are the rivalries of that world from which you fly. What can now be the objects of history, to a man who has done with time? What to you, to enquire into the revolutions of Athens or Rome, or, I might almost add of England itself, when Athens, Rome, and England are no longer objects of hope, interest, or action?"

"I could easily answer," said he. "As for my age and enthusiasm, was Young's enthusiasm

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worn out, when at sixty he began the most poetic and enthusiastic of his works? To enthusiasm, however, I do not pretend, being now satisfied with quiet and common sense. Then, as to novelty in history, or in any other subjects, if you will consider, you will find that to read the same things often, is not to exhaust novelty. In some cases it will even add to it. We read with far different feelings, as well as different objects, according to our different ages, circumstances, or humours at the time. The youth is absorbed by the passion only, in a love story; the more mature man criticises its literary merits; the philosopher looks for knowledge of human nature. It is the same with history, as well as other studies.

"In my youth, when training for the world which I hoped to conquer and possess, I read Homer, and Shakespeare, Plutarch, and Thucydides, Clarendon and Davila, certainly in a great measure from taste, but in a much greater, to fit me for public life. With the same view also, I may have devoted myself even to the Muses, whose haunts are anything but public; but excellent in this, that in cultivating the taste by the delights of Belles Lettres, you improve those qualities which give a polish to talents for business, and therefore increase their value. This was then my chief object. But this is no more! I have been *satis spec-*

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*tatum, et rude donatum;* the business part of life is over; nor seek I to prolong it. Pleasure is now my business; but the pleasure that befits an old man, —the pleasure of mind. I have passed through the world, and but for your visit, might think myself forgotten in it: but not therefore are forgotten all that formerly softened or swelled the soul; not the less cease I to be interested in the character and nature of myself and fellow-men; and if history is, as it has been called, 'philosophy teaching by examples,' I as a philosopher, have a right still to read history. Its politics and its party rage are, thank God! done with; and a man who has lived his life can propose no good, nor even feel interest, in reviving them. But the power of genius, the inspirations of eloquence, and the stern judgment of impartial and enlightened historians, must still, and for ever, interest us, as promoting a more correct knowledge of men and things. This could not be so well done when under the influence of party bias, and when truth itself is, as it sometimes is, wrested from its straight line in order to serve a particular object. The object gone, our love of truth revives; our minds are purified; the judgment is no longer obscured; and we love and read history, as we love and read poetry, for its own sweet sake, independent of any interest but what itself inspires."

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"You have explained this matter," said I, "excellently well."

"Had I recollected in time," he answered, "I could have spared you much attention; for Bolingbroke has done it much better. He at least supports me; and his is a support which, when we do agree, I can never disdain."

As I looked inquiringly, he took down the volume. "It is here," he said, and read as follows:—

"Ought we not to live some years at least to ourselves, and for ourselves, in a state of freedom under the laws of reason, instead of passing our whole time in a state of vassalage, under those of authority and custom? Is it not worth our while to contemplate ourselves, and others, and all the things of this world, once before we leave them, through the medium of sense, and, if I may say so, of undefiled reason? Is it not worth our while to approve or condemn, on our own authority, what we receive in the beginning of life on the authority of other men, who were not then better able to judge for us than we are now to judge for ourselves?" *

"All this is clear," said I, "and history at least may be made for ever new. But is it the same with other studies? Books of science, for

* Study and Use of History.

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example, which, when once acquired, you lay up for practical use, but never study again. Who that has got Euclid by heart, ever thinks of finding novelty in his problems?"

"Lord Hardwicke," replied Atticus; "though perhaps it was their utility in exercising the reasoning faculties, rather than their novelty, that made him, as is said, read over the whole of Euclid at least once a year."

"But the Classics? Is it possible they can charm you now as they did at first, when you must know every sentiment and every phrase that is coming, long before you come to it?"

"Infinitely more, I assure you; if only because the judgment is more mature, and we are delivered from the glare and glitter of false thoughts, often so attractive to young imaginations. Time was when I could bear Cowley. Who now can read him without either laughing at his puerilities, or lamenting the bad taste of the times? Well may be applied to him what Quintilian says of another,

'Abundat dulcibus vitiis.'"

"They are not even sweet," said I, agreeing with him. "But pass we to purer ages, and more chastized judgments. Will not reiterated sweetness cloy even there? Will not the silver of Pope, and even

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the gold and diamonds of Shakespeare and Homer, grow dull by repetition, and require much furbishing in the mind, before, if ever, they can recover their original brightness? In short, if personal beauty loses its power to charm by being frequently seen, may not poetry and fiction deaden upon the mind by being frequently read? Under this impression, the most attractive and elevated of the Classics may become 'toujours perdrix;' or be taunted, as they were once by a worn-out schoolmaster, who coarsely, but emphatically said, he loved Virgil as a grocer did figs."

"Whimsically put," replied Atticus; "and perhaps difficult to answer without a little research. Were the mind never varying—did the same humour and the same circumstances always remain in the reader—your remark would be just. But what so varying, what so different even from itself, at different times, as the mind and situation of man? Hear old Chaucer:—

> 'What is the world? what asken mon to have,
> Now with his love, and now in his cold grave?'

Real classics have no sameness to real critics. Even your schoolmaster might discover new light in his very grammar, and leap for joy at ascertaining the real meaning of a supine; or lose his

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senses with his brother Le Sage, in endeavouring to find out the *paulo post futurum* of a Greek verb. But barring pedantry, what variety cannot one man of genius find in the works of another, ever changing with the feeling or humour of the reader! I will not say that the Æneid never cloys. I agree with you;—we grow tired of 'fidus Achates, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum;' and even the 'pious Æneas' is himself sometimes too tame for interest, certainly for novelty. But neither are we bound, with your sated pedagogue, always to begin at *arma virumque*. Take the more animated parts, his storms and his shipwrecks; his 'Fuimus Troyes,' after Troy burned and a nation ruined; go with him to the Court of Dido, or to her shade in Elysium; or meet his mother, 'O! Dia certe,' in the wood; but, above all, feast the mind with the rural reign of his polished, his lovely Georgics, painting nature to the life in all her delightful productions, her many-coloured dies, changing with the seasons; and the occupations, characters, and ways of life of her favourite sons! Do this, and then say whether Virgil can ever be opened without a feast to whatever humour we may be in? But what shall we say to thee, thou ever varying, yet ever sensible and practical Horace?—now poet, now philoso-

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pher; man of contemplation, man of pleasure; courtier, farmer, lover;

'Quocunque gaudes nomine?'"

"O!" cried I, "I will spare you the trouble of demonstrating his merits. He is the exception to all the treason I have uttered; and, as a proof, I am seldom without him myself. I am afraid it was of higher and graver works that I spoke, when I talked of cloying."

"I can scarcely understand," said he, "to whom you allude. Not to Homer, not to Milton, not to Gray, and ah! surely not to the great master of all?"

"I will not blaspheme so much," I answered, "as to do this; and yet, knowing your devotion to Shakespeare, I should be glad to hear what you would say, to repudiate the slander, could a man be found bold enough to hazard it."

"Slander, indeed," cried he, "if you think of coupling his name with sameness. For who so inexhaustible in his varieties? who so profound in his knowledge—his knowledge of all the hidden springs of the heart, and of the causes or effects of human events! What feeling is there undescribed? What motive unexplored? What passion not developed? What duty not enforced? Ambition, avarice, prodigality, revenge, patriot-



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ism, filial piety, conjugal love! All the romance and witcheries of imagination! All the homefelt realities of life! If we look for pathos, who so pathetic? for wit, who so witty? for humour, who so humorous? In epic, beyond all, heroic! In tenderness, beyond all, sweet! Indeed (to use his own words),

'Sweet as summer.'

In description, ever appropriate, he is gorgeous, and sublime, or gentle and soothing, as the subject requires; whether Cleopatra sail down the Cydnus, or 'towers topple on their warders' heads.' In short, in such immeasurable varieties of knowledge and imagery, who could ever find an end? or, closing the book, say he had finished? No! a thousand lives might pass, and the lessons not be terminated."

"Why, I own," said I, much pleased, "some new discovery, or new result from studies already accomplished by the reader, are, with him, ever at hand. The youth who loved to think himself Romeo, would soon perhaps become 'young Harry with his beaver on;' then either rise into a statesman with Wolsey, and lament the pomp, glory, and disappointments of ambition; or indignant, like Cassius, at being in awe of such a thing as he himself, 'meditate the destruction of tyranny and the death of tyrants.'"

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"You are quite right," said Atticus. "All this may have been got by heart in our earlier reading; yet novelty is not worn out, and every aspect is new to our last hour:—for even there, death-bed scenes, if we wish for them, are found at hand, impressing themselves with almost more effect than even reality ever did before."

"You have delighted me," said I, seeing he had ceased, "both with your theory as to study, and these forcible illustrations of it. I know not which pleases me the most. But this I know:—if these are the uses you make of your retirement, we will never wish to relieve you from it. For my part, I am ready to set off to-morrow, *re infecta*, and glad to be so."

"A great concession," said he; "but I fear you will not be believed by your chiefs, if you tell them that my life is not even monotonous, much less melancholy. And yet, after all, are we right in holding that monotony cannot be happy? Do we not see thousands passing through life occupied day after day with the self-same employments, only varied by the return of the self-same reliefs; consisting merely or chiefly in the gratification of natural wants; eating, drinking, and sleeping; perhaps the very same food every day of the year, treading the same round of exertion, and glad of the same rest. These form the bulk of mankind;



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yet so sweet is the calm of this monotony, that it is seldom we see happier people; and in my own person, I can answer for it, the time never appears so short."

"Why then," I asked, "do you take such pains to fortify yourself against monotony? Witness all these resources of learning, and elegant though solitary amusements."

"It is because of my former life and occupation," said he; "partly owing to education, greatly to artificial wants. Had I been brought up a farmer or manufacturer, it would not be so."

"Education is then a bad thing?"

"Not so, even to a farmer or manufacturer, when occupied. But I am far, very far from supposing that leisure in retirement, and solitude, which you call monotony, could suit the multitude, or any one who has passed his life in business, and feels suddenly deprived of it, without other resources to fill up his hours. It is not, therefore, the monotony of employment, but the want of it altogether, that occasions *ennui*. Hence, but for my management of myself, and the store I had laid in for resource and relief when alone, I should either have never left business, or long ago returned to it. As it is, the mere love of reading,—which Gibbon found out was a passion which derives fresh vigour from enjoyment, and supplies each day and

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each hour with perpetual pleasure,—gives to the student an empire over himself which no Emperor ever had. Recollect Pradt's account of Buonaparte in peace, 'Je m'ennuie ici jusqu' à périr. Il faut que je fasse la guerre. Je la ferai à la Prusse.'

It is the want of power to make privacy of importance, so as to be content with it, that is the curse of riches, and brings the poor man to a level with the highest, if he does not even out-top him in enjoyment;—as he certainly does if he have this content."

"All this," said I, "I can understand; but when you talk of reading as an *employment*, what would puzzle me, without a profession, would be to know how to make a selection interesting, or varied, or long enough to last. But I have profited so much, by illustrations from your own practice, that I should like to get at the history of your studies, and be made acquainted with your favorite subjects."

"If you do me the honour to inquire," he answered, "I have no scruple to say, that once it was history. But though I will not now say with Sir Robert Walpole, that I *know* history must be false, yet the greater part of it must be so clouded by passion and prejudice in the original writers, that is, the *actors*, that the caution which ought to accompany every step, derogates much from the

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pleasure of it. I now, therefore, turn to more pleasing because purer objects."

"And what are they?"

"Chiefly philosophical criticism. This gives not merely polish and elegance to the taste; it requires and improves all powers of the mind; all knowledge of nature; both philosophy and history; every science, and almost every art. All that Cicero ever said of an orator when before the public, may be said of the critic in his closet, when the public is forgotten. All our best faculties and most refined feelings; our genius, learning, judgment, powers of comparing, and finally deciding; all these animate and exercise the understanding with a delight and energy, and a self-importance too, that laughs all duller employments to scorn.

But chiefly at my age, in the evening, and before retiring,

> 'Let my due feet never fail
> To walk the studious cloisters' pale.'

By which I mean, what all cloisters so delightfully imply, 'religious contemplation.' Whatever the previous subject, whether we have been affected by pathos, or elevated to excitement, let our minds be always then attuned to their best susceptibilities—to the real value of things unadulterated by the world, and leading to Heaven. If we do this, the night closes in peace; and though

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we may be humbled, yet not mortified, a soft and soothing piety sends us to rest, with a grateful confidence in God, that is seldom disappointed."

I will own to you, my Lord, in the most arduous debate I never saw Atticus so animated on his subject, nor myself felt him so impressive, as I did in these concluding words. I may say, too, that I never esteemed him so much. I could not help grasping his hand with a pleasure that was most sincere; though I felt, also, that it denoted a most entire conviction on my part, that we were all wrong in supposing the empire of ambition could not in him be extinguished. It was plain that my hope of success in my mission, which had long been on the wane, was now gone; and I came to my final resolution, to give up further attempt to alter him.

This I fairly told him, after expressing to him the delight I had had in these conversations.

What I shall hereafter do, I know not; for he insists that I shall remain his guest in my private, though not in my ambassadorial capacity. Perhaps I may stay;—but meantime I have thought it right to commit all these details to paper, and to lose no time in conveying them to those they concern.

Believe me,
Your Lordship's ever faithful, &c.

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# ST. LAWRENCE.



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TO

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS

OF

BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, &c. &c.

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MADAM,

WHEN last I had the happiness of being in your society at Stowe, the conversation (worthy the season, for it was over a Christmas fire) turned upon the subjects treated of in the first part of the following pages; and both yourself and the Duke seemed to be struck with the Offley story, though the details of it, as now appended, were not then given.

It is certainly so far new, that even the chief fact, of the preternatural appearance, has never to my knowledge been in print. However that may be, your Grace did me the honour to wish me to let you present it to Sir Walter Scott, or put it into writing myself; which last I promised to do. But the many eventful scenes I was afterwards engaged in, chiefly and severely of domestic cala-

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mity, and ending in a distressing and lengthened illness, prevented the performance of my promise. I know not if I have even now succeeded. But if your Grace will accept the Narrative, (no doubt a little garnished in the details, but *in the main true*,) as an unfeigned tribute of esteem for virtues universally acknowledged, you will add greatly to the favours you have conferred upon

Your most obliged humble Servant.

THE AUTHOR.

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The above address had scarcely been sent from the Continent to England, to be printed, when by an unexpected and most lamented death, the amiable and illustrious person for whom it was intended was taken from the world which her presence may be said to have blessed as well as adorned.

This reminiscence may, in consequence, by some be thought to be out of place, and therefore perhaps better avoided. The Author hopes however to be forgiven, if to perpetuate the veneration which he ever entertained for the virtues of this admirable lady, gives him a melancholy pleasure which he does not wish to part with; and he therefore is unwilling to cancel the attempt.

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# ST. LAWRENCE.

## CHAPTER I.

"The air bites shrewdly;
It is a nipping and an eager air."

"What! has this thing
Appear'd again to night?

SHAKESPEARE.

It was as cold as it ought to be at Christmas, and moreover the rain and the hail and the snow, were blown with fearful violence against the walls of Castle Campbell, which stood beetling on a rock overhanging the sea, near the Mull of Cantyre, in Scotland.

The wind whistled shrilly through the crevices of doors and windows; and even the rolling of thunder, so uncommon at this time of year, was heard, at first in the distance, but approaching nearer and nearer, till it burst over the roof, part of which it destroyed.

A large party, though engaged in the conviviality of dinner, were so far affected, not to say alarmed, that the conversation often paused, and even the progress of the banquet was sometimes arrested, while, in silence, the guests contemplated

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one another's countenances, to read in them the various impressions made by the storm.

Mr. Campbell, the owner of the castle, entreated his friends not to be alarmed, for it had stood the buffeting of many worse attacks than the present. The howling of the wind however, and the banging of doors, continued till the dinner became almost a Quaker's meeting; and the excitement was not at all diminished, by the *Mâitre-d'Hotel* entering to beg his master's presence among the lower (he might have added the upper) servants, who, he said, could not be persuaded that Sawney Bean had not again come from over the sea, full five years before his time.

At this time some of the guests shuddered; but Mr. Campbell set up a laugh, which gave them (especially the ladies) some comfort; for their own alarm had been evidently by no means quieted, by the tidings brought by the *Mâitre-d'-Hotel;* although who Sawney Bean was, or what the allusion, no one could make out.

Mr. Campbell, apologizing for a few minutes absence, left the room to appease his domestics; though no mere reasoning could persuade them out of their fears of Sawney Bean. His return created a general inquiry as to this mysterious person; and all but two or three Scotch gen-

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tlemen, who knew the story, entreated Mr. Campbell to inform them.

"Why," said he, "there certainly was such a person, and a horrid fellow he was; so that if you have not a mind to have your blood run cold, you had better not inquire."

"Well! but," said several, "the meaning of coming from over the sea full five years before his time?"

"I had better tell you his history at once," said Mr. Campbell; upon which, the dinner being over, the company all huddled closer round the fire, while the hubbub from without did not decrease the interest within.

"Sawney Bean," said Mr. Campbell, "was a robber, and a murderer, (by many thought to be the devil himself,) who lived several years in a cave on the opposite coast of Ireland."

"When?" cried several voices.

"At the beginning of the sixteenth century," replied Mr. Campbell, "but in what year I have forgotten. Certain it is, he was a cannibal as well as a murderer, and lived, himself and his wife and children, upon the bodies and blood of the unfortunate people who fell into their hands."

"Heaven preserve us!" said all the company, while the rain beat louder and louder against the windows.

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"His cave," continued Mr. Campbell, "communicated with the sea, but was almost closed up with rocks, on one side; and opened on the other into the country, through a subterranean passage, covered entirely with furze and briars. People perpetually disappeared from the fields, and were searched for, but always in vain. The land seemed under a curse, and the inhabitants began to abandon it. However, this horrible family were at length discovered; for the fewness of their victims began to tempt them farther than usual from their stronghold. A farmer, with his wife behind him, on horseback, being attacked by three of Bean's sons, in the scuffle the wife fell off, and immediately not only her throat was cut, but her blood drunk by one of these fiends, while the other two endeavoured to do as much by her husband.

"The farmer, however, whose name was Campbell, wrought to madness by what he had seen, fought so stoutly with a loaded whip, that the wretches sought safety in flight; and the farmer pursuing them, saw the aperture through which they escaped under ground, and having marked it, immediately proceeded to the next town, where, being joined by a competent force, well armed, he returned to the spot he had marked, and heading his companions through the subterranean passage, they found this Modern Cacus, with his four sons and

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four daughters;—who it seemed, to fill up the measure of their wickedness, had married, as they came to suitable ages. They all endeavoured to make their escape through the opening towards the sea; but the previous night, probably such a one as this, had rolled shingle and loose fragments of rock into the nook, so as to close them up like a wall.

"They were all taken prisoners, bound hand and foot, and soon after hanged; but not till some of them made confession of their cannibalism; which was confirmed by the finding a number of hams strung round the cave, which had all the appearance of swine's flesh, but which they confessed to be human."

An exclamation from almost all the company here interrupted Mr. Campbell, whom they entreated not to proceed. "It was too horrible! it could not be! and in such a night too, to tell such a story!"

"But we are yet to learn," said one gentleman, "what is the meaning of this wretch's coming over the sea before his time."

"Scotland would not be Scotland," returned Mr. Campbell, "if some such appendage had not been added to the tale. In truth the whole neighbourhood believed that the storm which had closed the sea entrance had been the express

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work of Providence; for it never happened before. Sawney believed it too; and the farmer who took him, being a Campbell, who had emigrated to the north of Ireland from this place, he swore, as he was led to execution, that he would visit it every twenty years, and bring destruction upon all of the name."

"And did he?" said the gentleman who asked the former question.

"I do not find that in the history," answered Mr. Campbell; "but it is certain that there is a tradition of periodical storms of a frightful nature, which, perhaps, might measure this number of years. About fifteen years ago a hurricane more resembling those of the West Indies than of this coast, boisterous as it is, destroyed the whole village, with many Campbells in it; though the castle was too strong to be more than a little damaged. Hence, as the tradition had marked a twenty year periodical mischief, and the night is what we see and hear, no doubt my people think it is Sawney Bean that has raised this tremendous storm—that is, has come five years before his time."

"After all, this is but superstitious nonsense," said the gentleman, whose name was St. Lawrence. "I was in hopes not only the storm was preternatural, but that it had been called down by some particular wickedness of you Campbells; not to

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revenge the just fate of so vile a wretch. It is evident that Providence could never favour an interference in such a case; though it may have called forth this very storm for some other, to us, inscrutable purpose."

Here the ladies, and some of the gentlemen, became a little agitated; the rattling from without was deemed even portentous; and a sort of solemnity, which no one was willing to acknowledge, pervaded all. The words "Providence, for inscrutable purposes," were repeated, and its power of interposing (which no one denied) gradually turned into that graver question so often debated, but so little settled, whether it ever *did* interpose, through any but second, that is natural causes.

"I am inclined to believe it has," said Mr. St. Lawrence.

"There have certainly been tales to that effect," cried several.

"Can you mention one?" asked Mr. Campbell—"one, not upon hearsay, not bandied about through a thousand mouths, and with ten thousand exaggerations and alterations, so as that no one can know the same story when twice told?"

"Yet the belief in immediate interposition, by dreams, prophecies, and apparitions, has been universal," said Mr. St. Lawrence, "and still is the creed of many."

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"That is," replied Mr. Campbell, "because, as has been well said, all feeling is for it, though all reason is against it. With such uncertainties in human events, the direct proof of a providential interference is comfortable to man, at least to good men; and I myself would be the first to believe it, if the proof were well and irresistibly authenticated. Are you in possession of any such?"

"That remains to be seen," answered Mr. St. Lawrence, and fell into musing. "But meantime," added he, "there are many cases in which the evidence is so remarkable, and so sincerely believed by the parties concerned, that it almost comes up to what you require."

"You, perhaps," observed Mr. Campbell, "refer to the Bloomberg, the Lyttleton, the Percival, and other stories of the same kind;—to all which I reply, they have never been sufficiently examined to know what in them is true, what false; to say nothing of the object, which is generally *infra dig.* The discovery of a pot of money, or even the writings of the estate of a private individual, can surely not be of importance enough to require preternatural interference. What was there in Mr. Bloomberg, respectable as he was, to make it likely that a revelation was made in favour of his money concerns?"

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"A pot of money," answered Mr. Lawrence, "may be *infra dig*; but what think you of a murder, not otherwise discovered?—as in a case I could name; or still more, the proof of another world, allowed in mercy to unhappy doubters?—as in the case of Lord Lyttleton and Mr. Andrews, which you seem to despise."

"What you can tell of your own knowledge in any case, I must be bound to believe," said Mr. Campbell, "but then it *must* be *knowledge*, not belief. I would therefore ask if you have more proof of Lord Lyttleton's appearance to Mr. Miles Peter Andrews, than the mere reports we all of us heard?"

"I heard the story from Mr. Andrews's own mouth," said Mr. St. Lawrence.

All the company now joined Mr. Campbell in requesting to hear particulars so authenticated. The wind still howled, but was less and less regarded; and the fire being made brighter with some crackling logs, Mr. St. Lawrence had every advantage from attention which he could possibly desire; and he thus began.

"I had often heard much, and read much, of Lord Lyttleton's seeing a ghost before his death; and of himself, as a ghost, appearing to Mr. Andrews; and one evening, sitting next to that gentleman during a pause in the debates of the

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House of Commons, I ventured to ask him whether there was any, and what truth in the detailed story so confidently related. Mr. Andrews, as perhaps I ought to have expected, did not much like the conversation; he looked grave and uneasy, and I asked pardon for my impertinent curiosity. Upon this, he very good-naturedly said, it is not a subject I am fond of, and least of all in such a place as this; but if you will come and dine with me, I will tell you what is true, and what is false. I gladly accepted the proposal, and I think my recollection is perfect as to the following narrative:

"Mr. Andrews, in his youth, was the boon companion, not to say fellow rake, of Lord Lyttleton, —who, as is well known, was a man distinguished for abilities, but also for a profligacy of morals which few could equal. With all this he was remarkable for what may be called unusual cowardice, in one so determinedly wicked. He never repented, yet could never stifle his conscience. He never would allow, yet never could deny, a world to come; and he contemplated with unceasing terror, what would probably be his own state in such a world if there was one. He was always melancholy with fear, or mad in defiance; and probably his principal misery here, was, that with all his endeavours, he never could extinguish the dread of an hereafter.

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"He once came down to breakfast, pale with the agony he had suffered in a dream, which at first he would not reveal. It turned out that for his sins he thought he was inclosed in a globe of iron, of the dimensions of the earth, heated red hot. At that time all the world were execrating Mrs. Brownrigg, who was hanged for whipping one of her apprentices, a little girl, to death. Lord Lytleton had the greatest hatred to her very name; and to aggravate his punishment, he thought this wretch was enclosed with him in his globe of hot iron. An imagination so strong could not but be active, inquiring, restless; all which, added to his fears, made him harp incessantly upon the question of a future life. He used often to discuss it with his friend Andrews, to whom he at last said, 'Well! if I die first, and am allowed, I will come and inform you.' This was but a little before his death. That death was attended with so many mysterious reports of ghosts, warnings, and prophecies, most of them such entire inventions, that I shall not trouble the company with them, but hasten to Mr. Andrews's part of the story."

"But," said one of the ladies, "when you say *most of them*, do you mean that any one was well founded?"

"I can only tell, and indeed undertake no more," replied Mr. St. Lawrence, "what I learned

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from Mr. Andrews himself, who, I feel sure, is good authority. It *is* true that the night before Lord Lyttleton died, a fluttering of a bird was heard, and perhaps a bird seen on the window curtains. It is *not* true that Mrs. Humphreys, or any other departed lady whom he had seduced, appeared and warned him of his end. It *is* true that he himself thought he was to die at a given hour, and the clock was put on, in order to deceive him into comfort. It is also true that he was found dead with his watch in his hand, at but a few minutes after the time he mentioned as his last. But it is equally true, that upon any great agitation, he was subject to a swelling of the throat, which, without immediate assistance, might kill him by strangulation. However, the coincidence of event with prophecy was at any rate most remarkable."

"Agreed," said Mr. Campbell, "but no more than coincidence."

"I mention it only as such," observed Mr. St. Lawrence; "but come we now to Andrews. Andrews was at his house at Dartford, when Lord Lyttleton died at Pitt Place, Epsom, thirty miles off. Andrews's house was full of company, and he expected Lord Lyttleton, whom he had left in his usual state of health, to join them the next day, which was Sunday. Andrews himself feeling

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much indisposed on the Saturday evening, retired early to bed, and requested Mrs. Pigou, one of his guests, to do the honours of the supper table. He admitted that when in bed he fell into a feverish sleep, but was waked between eleven and twelve by somebody opening his curtains. It was Lord Lyttleton in a night-gown and cap, which Andrews recognised. He also plainly spoke to him, saying, he was come to tell him *all was over.*

"The world said, he informed him that there was another state, and bade him repent, &c. &c. That was not so, and I confine myself to the exact words of this relation."

"You are quite right," said Campbell.

"Now it seems," continued St. Lawrence, "that Lord Lyttleton was fond of horse-play, or what we should call *mauvaise plaisanterie;* and having often made Andrews the subject of it, the latter had threatened him with manual chastisement the next time it occurred. On the present occasion, thinking this annoyance renewed, he threw the first things he could find, which were his slippers, at Lord Lyttleton's head. The figure retreated towards a dressing-room, *which had no ingress or egress, except through the bedchamber;* and Andrews, very angry, leapt out of bed to follow it into the dressing-room. It was not there. Surprised, he returned to the bed-room, which he



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strictly searched. The door was locked on the *inside*, yet no Lord Lyttleton was to be found. He was astonished, but not alarmed, so convinced was he that it was some trick of Lord Lyttleton; who he supposed had arrived according to his engagement, but after he, Andrews, had retired. He therefore rang for his servant, and asked if Lord Lyttleton was not come. The man said no. 'You may depend upon it,' replied he, out of humour, 'he is somewhere in the house, for he was here just now, and is playing some trick.' But how he could have got into the bed-room, with the door locked, puzzled both master and man. Convinced, however, that he was somewhere in the house, Andrews, in his anger, ordered that no bed should be given him—saying he might go to an inn, or sleep in the stables. Be that as it may, he never appeared again, and Andrews went to sleep.

"It happened that Mrs. Pigou was to go to town early the next morning. What was her astonishment, having heard the disturbance of the night before, to hear on her arrival about nine o'clock, that Lord Lyttleton had died the very night he was supposed to have been seen. She immediately sent an express to Dartford with the news; upon the receipt of which, Andrews, quite well, and remembering accurately all that had passed, swooned away. He could not understand

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it, but it had a most serious effect upon him; so that, to use his own expression, he was not his own man again for three years.

"Such is this celebrated story, stript of its ornaments and exaggerations; and for one, I own, if not convinced that this was a real message from Heaven, which certainly I am not, I at least think the hand of Providence was seen in it; working upon the imagination, if you please, and therefore suspending no law of nature (though that, after all, is but an ambiguous term); but still Providence, in a character not to be mistaken."

"And for what purpose?" asked Mr. Campbell; "to reclaim a gunpowder merchant? If you measure the importance of the interference with the object, surely it refutes itself. Even heathen Horace is better than a Divine on this subject:—*nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.*"

"I feel all the force of that argument," said Mr. St. Lawrence, "if the object rested where you suppose it. But it is not so. Who is to calculate the immensity of the effect upon thousands of doubting minds, which only one authenticated account of an apparently very trifling interposition may create? Andrews might be little in himself; a speck, forming the centre of a small circle; but that circle might be the centre of



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others, and those again of many more; so that once establish the interference, however apparently humble the *immediate* object, the benefit to religion in the world at large would be beyond imagination. You say yourself, that one well proved revelation would make you a believer. Here, at least, is a coincidence that almost astounds us; nor, if true (as I believe it to be), does it affect the belief of its being a real interference, that Mr. Andrews was not of sufficient importance to justify it. No! not even if it could be proved that it had no effect upon his own conduct in life. You will say, perhaps, that Andrews allows he was in a feverish sleep when disturbed by the appearance of his friend, and that such an appearance is in the very nature of an unhealthy dream. But you will observe that he was perfectly awake when he threw his slippers at his head; when he saw him retreat to the dressing-room; and when he got out of bed to follow him. But even if all this were merely fancy, may not Providence work by the instrumentality of fancy, as well as reality? And if the object be of sufficient importance, as I think I have shewn it to be, and the event prove the character of the transaction, is it less Providence because set before the imagination instead of the senses?"

"This is at least ingenious," said Mr. Campbell.

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The company almost one and all said it was convincing, but particularly as to the argument drawn from the want of consequence in the immediate parties.

"We may allow, therefore," added Mr. St. Lawrence, "that provided the fact of the interposition be proved from the event, the difficulty of belief from circumstances, *and circumstances only*, is over. On what else but this coincidence of events, does the whole great miracle of prophecy stand in our Sacred Books? Yet many prophecies may not appear of sufficient importance, and the prophets themselves were often mean, and, what is more, wicked. I remember indeed a case which once much interested me, where the interference (if it was interference, of which I am by no means certain) was in favour of incontestible guilt."

Here St. Lawrence hesitated, and Mr. Campbell's visitors all started at this preamble, but entreated him to gratify, after having so much raised, their curiosity.

St. Lawrence went on.

"At the memorable dinner at Mr. Andrews's which I have mentioned, his story naturally recalled many others of the same kind; and one voluble gentleman, who had a greater range than accuracy of memory, asserted that Sir Evan Nepean, when Under Secretary of State, had been

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warned by a vision to save the lives of three or four persons, who, but for this appearance, would all of them have been hanged through Sir Evan's neglect.

"You may suppose we did not give much credence to this; but knowing Sir Evan Nepean very well, I informed him of what he was charged with, and begged him to tell me what the ghost said. 'The gentleman,' said he good humouredly, 'romances not a little; but what he alludes to is the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me.'

"He went on tell me that one night, several years before, he had the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined. He was in perfect health; had dined early and moderately; had no care, nothing to brood over, and was perfectly self-possessed. Still he could not sleep, and from eleven till two in the morning had never closed an eye. It was summer, and twilight was far advanced; and to dissipate the *ennui* of his wakefulness, he resolved to rise and breathe the morning air in the Park. There he saw nothing but sleepy sentinels, whom he rather envied. He passed the Home Office several times, and at last, without any particular object, resolved to let himself in with his pass key. The book of entries of the day before lay open upon the table, and in

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sheer listlessness, he began to read. The first thing appalled him—'A reprieve to be sent to York for the Coiners ordered for execution the next day.' It struck him that he had had no return to his order to send the reprieve; and he searched the minutes, but could not find it. In alarm he went to the house of the Chief Clerk, who lived in Downing Street; knocked him up (it was then long past three), and asked him if he knew anything of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm, the Chief Clerk could not remember. 'You are scarcely awake,' said Sir Evan; 'collect yourself; it must have been sent.'

"The Chief Clerk said he did now recollect he had sent it to the Clerk of the Crown, whose business it was to forward it to York."

"Good," said Sir E. "but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?"

"No!"

"Then come with me to his house; we mus find him, it is so early." It was now four, and the Clerk of the Crown lived in Chancery Lane. There was no hackney coach, and they almost ran. The Clerk of the Crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the Under-Secretary at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

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"My God!" cried the Clerk of the Crown, "the reprieve is locked up in my desk." It was brought; Sir Evan sent to the post office for the trustiest and fleetest express; and the reprieve reached York the next morning, at the moment the unhappy people were ascending the cart."

"Another excellent story," said Mr. Campbell, seeing St. Lawrence had finished; "but equally unconvincing. Here there is not a pretence of an *interference*, for everything is by second causes, and might have happened to any man."

"If interference," replied St. Lawrence, "mean the setting aside the laws of nature, (which phrase I again say is ambiguous talk,) this anecdote certainly does not bear that character. But not the less was it, according to my creed, providential; because all things are providential—that is, all second causes are planned by Providence for his own just ends, though we cannot fathom them. Perhaps, therefore, in order to avoid the ambiguity of the word *interference*, which alone seems to you to be *providential*, we ought to call cases of this sort *remarkable*. It is certain that if, as you seem to think, *providence* of *necessity* means *miracle*, there is no such thing; for miracles have ceased."

"I should like to hear this detailed," said Campbell, "for you seem to have studied it."

"It would take us too long," replied St. Law-

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rence; "and though the storm and Sawney Bean have made us all serious, we are not fit for so grave a dissertation."

"Upholding Providence in all things," observed Campbell, "I wonder you have not entered the region of dreams, those 'airy nothings,' yet so wonderful in story."

"The philosophy of dreams," observed Mr. St. Lawrence, "is one of the most puzzling in natural or ethical philosophy, and was one of the *desiderata* which Lord Bacon left as a legacy for posterity to unravel. For the most part, they are what you have called them, 'airy nothings.' The reason is, that for one instance of coincidence of events with a dream, there are millions of fancies which cannot even be recollected. A subject too which the dreamer has brooded over all day, may be, and frequently is, pursued even in sleep. Favourite sounds are repeated; favourite passages in authors; and even difficulties in composition which have baffled waking endeavours, as I have heard scholars say, have been suddenly set right in a dream. Of course a particular con duct long revolved when awake, may also seem to be recommended in sleep, and the event too may sometimes coincide with the fancy, so that the dream may appear prophetic. Of this there have been a few, a very few examples. There is one in



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those interesting memoirs of the Chevalier Johnstone, (of course known to all you Scotch gentlemen,) by which his life was saved after the battle of Culloden."

Some of the English guests of Mr. Campbell here begged to know particulars.

"He was much sought for after the battle," said St. Lawrence, "and, if taken, would inevitably have been shot. In a precarious concealment he dreamt, that if he would attempt to go to Endinburgh, to a particular lady there, he would not only succeed in reaching the city, but his life would be saved. He obeyed the dream, and its prophecy was accomplished.

"These coincidences however are so evidently the effect of chance, and the dreamer is so entirely at the mercy of his fancy, from being totally without power over his faculties, that no argument for a preternatural interference can be raised upon them. But this is not the case with waking appearances. One, and one only dream, so authenticated that it cannot be doubted, has moved me with something like a belief that it might have been sent from Heaven. A life was certainly forfeited by it. But I fear I have dwelt too long."

"No! no!" cried all the company, and their shrewd landlord at their head; "we will not let you off." And Mr. Campbell added, 'Scotchman

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as I am, you may prepare for a very severe criticism of anything preternatural.'

"I have already detailed my creed as to this," replied St. Lawrence, "by holding that 'providential' does not *necessarily* mean preternatural. But as to the fact of my dream, and its important consequences, I defy your criticism, since I cannot be said to know it from hearsay, but have examined into the truth of all its parts myself."

"This is charming," cried several voices.

"It happened," continued St. Lawrence, "some thirty or more years ago, when in my young days I used to attend as a grand juryman at Lancaster. There had been a sad murder committed upon a young person of the name of Horrocks, which, from his being very amiable, created more than ordinary interest and curiosity. He was found robbed, and his head beaten in with bludgeons, near the gate of a field belonging to a farmer of good repute, who was in the midst of his harvest. It was by no means late, being in fact a clear autumnal evening; which increased the sense of danger, as well as indignation, of the neighbourhood. Strict, long, and incessant search was made for the murderers; great rewards offered, without success; yet the interest and the search continued for months.

"Horrocks had a very particular friend, a

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weaver, and a Methodist like himself. The grief, as well as eagerness of this man to discover the murderer, seemed interminable; he brooded over it morning, noon, and night; but six months elapsed, and no discovery took place.

"At length one night he waked in great agitation, and told his wife that God had revealed to him in a dream, that Samuel Longwith, of Bolton, was the murderer of Horrocks. This Longwith, be it observed, was a man with whom he had no acquaintance, whom he had scarcely ever seen, and who lived twenty miles off.

"The wife, thinking this the mere wandering of a mind absorbed with one melancholy idea, begged him to be composed, and not indulge fancies so injurious to another. He listened to her, and fell again asleep, but again waked with greater horror, saying he had had the same dream, and was now so sure he was right, that he resolved to set out instantly for Bolton, and apply for a warrant against Longwith. He did so, and offered his deposition to a magistrate, who very properly refused it for want of proof.

"The weaver retired in mortification, but passing through the market, met Longwith, whom he immediately desired to go to a public house with him, for he had something particular to communicate. There, locking the door, he at once told

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him his errand. Longwith was seized with all the disorder of guilt—faintly denied the accusation—and in his confusion said he was innocent, FOR HE did not strike the blow.—'Then you know who did,' replied the weaver; and returning to the magistrate with this conversation, a warrant was granted, and the man taken up and examined. For near three days he denied, but with prevarication enough to prevent his discharge. At length, after many hours spent in prayer, he desired to make confession. He then stated that he had been seduced by three persons to join them on a robbing expedition—that they took the road to Lancaster, where meeting Horrocks, who made resistance, his companions, not himself, beat him with bludgeons till he died.

"This confession came out before the Grand Jury, and, upon it, Longwith was brought to trial. The dream, and every thing deemed supernatural, was of course not recorded, and indeed not offered in evidence; but the accuser, the wife, and the magistrate who committed the prisoners, all bore testimony to the truth of the preliminaries I have narrated. I was at the trial, and the man, who was doggedly silent after being found guilty, again confessed his guilt just before his execution; to the no small satisfaction of the Judge (Rook); who had no doubts, but many fears, arising from the

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paucity of the evidence, and the peculiar nature of the facts which led to the discovery."

"Your story is curious," said Mr. Campbell, "whatever inference you or others may draw from it; and I like it the better, because, from the want of acquaintance with Longwith, in the accuser, the accomplishment of the dream would by many be scarcely held to be the effect of *chance*. Yet at present I think it was."

"It seems quite convincing," observed several of the company.

"You, see, however," added Campbell, "that this is a mere insulated case, and the philosophy of dreams must be better settled before it can be made to tell."

"Who can say what secret associations of memory, or combinations of fancy, brought this man to the mind of the sleeping methodist. And is not that Providence?" answered St. Lawrence.

"At any rate," said Campbell, "give me 'something more than phantasy.' One real apparition, like Lord Lyttleton's, *supposing it real*, and not the creation of 'a feverish sleep,' and I will gladly yield the question.'"

"What you ask," returned St. Lawrence, "it is impossible, or hardly possible to comply with; because, according to my doctrine on this subject, an intervention does not necessarily mean a

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miracle, though a miracle is certainly an intervention."

"How is it Providence unless it is miracle?" asked Campbell.

"That would carry us too far—perhaps out of our depths," replied St. Lawrence; "yet I think the theory of a perpetual government of the Almighty, spite of the objections drawn from free will, not so difficult; and upon a fit occasion, I should have pleasure in discussing it, as clearing up much of the doubt and obscurity of our present subject. It is sufficient for that, if I can show that an *apparition* does not necessarily imply *reality*, but only an appearance, which being the offspring of *fancy*, brought about by second causes, and those second causes always foreseen, permitted, and approved by Providence at the creation of the world, all the object of such an appearance may be answered, and yet no law of nature be suspended."

"This is deep indeed," said Mr. Campbell, ruminating upon the words. "Another time I may tax your ingenuity to explain it. At present I want a case more tangible than a weaver's dream."

"Perhaps I could satisfy you even in this," replied St. Lawrence, "by a remarkable relation I once heard, and shall never forget; but the story,

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which I might rank as a *cause célèbre*, is really too long for an attention already fatigued. The evening is much advanced, and as the storm seems abated, I believe something more cheerful would be more welcome. What think you of music instead of ghosts?"

"Not so agreeable by half," exclaimed several of the company, "especially always keeping in view the great question of Providence, by which we hope to profit."

Mr. Campbell approving this proposal, and only moving to adjourn to the drawing room for coffee, as soon as that repast was over, St. Lawrence gave the following history.

It is now some years since I paid an interesting visit to one of my father's friends, a Mr. Offley of Derbyshire. He was then exceedingly old, and died soon after. His house had been built in different ages, and was of all kinds of architecture; but the gothic having been its original style, there were many remains of it, particularly in an immense kitchen, and a gallery of black oak, in which I was very fond of walking, when my friend was occupied elsewhere. Among other things, I was struck with a low, but exceedingly thick door, with most massive hinges of iron spreading in circles all over it, like our old church doors. It

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was also strongly barred and padlocked, so as very much to move my curiosity. In examining this relic of antiquity by myself (for my friend was from home), and indulging various conjectures, whether its low Saxon archway did not denote the age of Offa, King of Mercia, from whom I knew my friend descended; whether it had been the door of the dungeon, when the house was a castle; what scenes it had witnessed, what stories it had to tell; I felt quite at a loss, for I saw no one I could ask for information. A maid-servant indeed passed by, and I resolved to apply to her, to know at least whither it led, and what it guarded. But the girl was evidently hurrying away from it; and though I stopt her to ask my question, a sort of tremor came over her when she said she had heard it shut up a staircase that led to the top of a tower; but few knew, for it was always locked, and nobody ever had the key but her master.

"What," said I, "I suppose it is or has been haunted." I said this from mere thoughtlessness, when I observed the Abigail redden and look disconcerted, and, as I thought, seemed very glad to scud away from further questions.

"The place, observed I to myself, only wants this to make it perfect; and I wished for my friend to return, to explain what I began to think, and perhaps to hope, was a mystery. In this humour

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my friend's butler (a rather garrulous senex) passing through, I fairly asked him the same question, observing, that I thought the maid had looked a little frightened about it."

"Ah!" said my new Cicerone; "poor ignorant! she is of the village, and perhaps believes in ghosts, as many of them do: but Lord, Sir, there is no such thing in London, and why there should be here, no one alive can tell."

"Well reasoned," said I, "but pray can you satisfy my curiosity, and tell me any history that may belong to this tower; and as you don't seem to be a believer yourself, you perhaps may not be afraid of doing so, though so near to the scene of action."

"I would rather, Sir," he replied, "that you would ask master, who might perhaps think it disrespectful to talk of family secrets. Not that I know them exactly; though I have sometimes heard him hint at them, in company that he liked, when I have been waiting upon him at table."

"Family secrets!" cried I, "more and more curious. Where is your master?"

"Gone to Norton, to a Justice meeting; but he told me to tell you he would be back in two hours, and this was above an hour ago."

"It is a long time to wait," said I, laughing, "especially for a ghost."

"Lord, Sir," cried my new friend, "there is

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no such thing, and to be sure, such a gentleman as you don't believe a word about them; only there certainly is something very extraordinary which happened to master's father, or rather his mother, which is a history I have often tried, but never could tell clear. But his honour will soon be home, and will surely tell all to you, and no doubt take you up the stairs."

At this I asked my informant if ever he had been up them himself.

"No!" he said; "they were so steep and broken;" but seeing him too redden, and look rather embarrassed, I could not help observing, that of course it could be only that; "for you," I said, "who have lived so much in town, and have so little faith in ghosts, could have no fear on their account."

"O dear no!" he replied; "but pray, begging your honour's pardon for the liberty, may I ask if you think there *can be* such things? For though I think not, and am butler to his honour, I know I am no scholar beyond writing and reading, and keeping the cellar accounts."

"Very modest of you, Mr. Ambrose," said I; "but pray, did you ever ask the minister of the parish?"

"Yes! but he only laughed at me, and told me

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not to meddle with things I had no capacity for. He seemed, indeed, to think that nobody could tell to a certainty."

"And did that satisfy you?"

"I can't say it did, Sir; and I began to think there might be something in it, and wished to go up the tower, but, somehow or another, never did; and passing all the next winter in London, I never thought of it again.—But I hear my master's horses, and as it wants above an hour to dinner, no doubt he will soon tell you every thing about it."

At these words he disappeared, leaving me rather impatient to question my friend upon this apparent mystery respecting the barred door and forbidden tower. We soon came to an understanding about it, for I had only to tell him my conversation with the maid and his butler, to let in the whole subject.

"As to your maid," said I, "I have no doubt she thinks there has been a murder committed, and that either the victim or the murderer is to be found up stairs; but as to Mr. Ambrose, I find he is an *esprit fort,* and from a London education is an 'Ebrew Jew' as to ghosts."

"The fellow lies," said my friend, laughing; "and no more dare go up the tower than the 'poor ignorant' he so despised."

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"But what are the facts," said I, rather impatiently, "for this sort of thing is *de mon gibier*."

"Are you a believer?" asked he.

"No!"

"An unbeliever?"

"No!"

"Neither one nor the other?"

"No!"

"Both?"

"Yes!"

"Upon my word, a very good subject to work upon, and a most proper companion for Ambrose."

"But the facts—the facts," cried I; "for I really am impatient."

"Suppose we try the staircase ourselves," said Mr. Offley, ringing the bell.

"Willingly," answered I.

Here Mr. Ambrose came in, and was ordered to bring the keys of the tower door, and also of the padlock to the bar; a proceeding which brought the coachman and footman, and all the maid servants of the house, to the end of the gallery, where, trusting to their master's good nature, they stood peeping, to investigate what they seemed to think a very serious measure.

On ascending the stairs, I found them any thing but what Mr. Ambrose described; for in lieu of

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being steep and broken, they were easy and well laid, and I looked in vain for a dark chasm, which I had expected, similar to that dreadful one described by our lost wizard, as having caused the lamentable murder of poor Amy Robsart.

We were soon at the top, and while, what with the steps, and the hope of my story, I was breathless with expectation, my companion coldly observed, " how little this was a place for a ghost."

I was almost angry at his *insouciance*, and exclaimed, " Have you really dragged me up all this way for nothing but to see a pigeon house? The darkness of your stairs promised something; but here—not even a trap door, or a blood-stained piece of flooring, to recompense curiosity—it is downright bad usage."

" Are you really curious?" answered Mr. Offley, " and have you a *soupçon* of faith, enough to hear a story with a machinery, if not preternatural, so nearly so in some parts of it, and so critical to my fortune, that, even without faith, it might command your attention."

" For Heaven's love, let me hear!" said I, thinking of Hamlet and his father's ghost.

" Sit down awhile," returned he, " and let me assail your ears, I will not say 'that are so fortified against my story,'—for 'I do find thee apt;'—

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but guard against delusion, or you may be like Ambrose and the housemaid."

"I would I were," answered I, "but since you say your fortune was critically concerned, there must be something really, to recompense attention."

"There is," he returned; "and here it is. I am now seventy years old, and my father died at eighty, some thirty years ago. The event I am about to relate happened when he was under fifteen; so that I speak of a time at least a hundred years back. At that time this house and estate were possessed by the last male of the family of Offley, who descended lineally from Offa, King of Mercia. He was a sickly youth, and was sent to Edinburgh both for education and health; chiefly the last. But being an orphan, and his guardian much plunged in business of his own, he was placed *en pension* with a supposed respectable Scotch writer, highly recommended; and, as to tuition, he was under the best professors the University could afford. He had two sisters, one of them afterwards my honoured mother. You shall hear how they were implicated in my story; which I ought to tell you I found among my father's papers, choicely written. But you must go back with me for them to the library, where they are deposited under lock and key."

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You may suppose I assented. We descended the stairs of the tower, which we again closely barred up, and having shut the library door, Mr. Offley began to read from his father's notes, what I was afterwards permitted to copy, and which in fact I have got by heart.

"Sir John Offley, who had always been delicate, at Edinburgh grew worse; so that the greatest fear was felt for his life. Indeed, from the accounts, his dissolution was daily expected by his domestics, who were left in charge of the house, and by his sisters, who were abiding with an aunt at Norton in this neighbourhood.

"On a certain day, one of the domestics, the gardener, a man above all suspicion of being an enthusiast (having been in fact refused admission into the singer's gallery at church, because not sufficiently devout), related that he had been thus assailed:—whether it was reality or not, is a question nothing doubted among the vulgar; and perhaps not yet decided among their betters. Being careful in his charge, he was accustomed to shut the gates of Offley House every evening at dusk. He was about to proceed on this duty, when he found his hand suddenly stopt by a man who pushed through the gate, in all the appearance and likeness of his master. Indeed, all question was put an end to

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by the person, whoever he was, calling to him by name, asking him how he did, and how all things were going on at the Hall. You may suppose he was sufficiently surprised; but, nothing fearing, he followed his master, not to the principal entrance, but to the outer door of the old tower, at which he (the master) pulled out a key, let himself in, and proceeded deliberately up the stairs,—whither his amazed servant did not think it respectful to follow him, but remained at his post till he should think proper to descend. This, although the stairs led to no place but the leads, he never did; and his faithful domestic having in vain awaited his return till dark night, betook himself to his dame, whose ears he harrowed up by reciting what he had seen. They immediately commenced a search through the tower, and all the rooms which they ventured to visit; and, to render things sure, they invited two of the neighbours to join them. But all to no purpose. No master was to be seen—neither in the tower, nor out of it; and though their astonishment kept them on the watch the whole night, no trace of any master appeared.

"By this time the neighbourhood became alarmed, and it was the unanimous opinion that the two faithful domestics should shut up the house, and remainin it till they heard tidings of Sir John. To this, though a fearful proposition, they as



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sented the father, because all agreed that the hand of Heaven was upon the family, either for good or for evil.

"The three next days they remained in their fortress, conversing only through the windows with their honest neighbours, who came hourly to inquire what news, and departed in a sort of holy horror to find there was none.

"On the fourth day, they had visitors of another description. The house it seems was then a show-house, and four men now appeared in Scotch tartan plaids and bonnets, desiring to be allowed to see the premises.

"This was denied from an upper window by the jealous guardians, who were inexorable to all the threats and anger, as well as all the bribes, which were offered to make them comply. But they were astounded as well as afflicted when, having told their assailants that they never would open the house till they heard from their master, they were informed that he was dead, and that his death took place on the very evening when the gardener said he had seen him. This only made them the more obstinate; till after an hour's parley, the visitors retreated; first breaking a number of windows, in revenge for this disappointment."

Here Mr. Offley stopt for a while, and asked me what I thought of it.

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"I will tell you more, when I know more," replied I. "At present the prologue is good. I await the action, and the dénouement."

"Of course," renewed Mr. Offley, "all this was told to the neighbours, who of course also all assembled in Divan to decide what to do. What most moved their wonder was, that wishing to ascend the stairs of the tower where Sir John had disappeared, they found that the doors, whether outer or inner, could not be opened, even though the gardener brought the keys committed to his keeping. How Sir John had made his exit, nobody could tell. It was certain that no one else could, in the present state of the door, and as certain that, unless he had thrown himself from the leads, he never could have got out again, after getting in. In this dilemma it was mooted whether the door should not be broken open, and hatchets were brought for that purpose; when a wight, somewhat cooler than the rest, proposed that they should lay the whole case before Mr. Newton."

"And who was Mr. Newton," said I.

"A gentleman of high degree," returned Mr. Offley, "at that time residing, or rather buried in seclusion, in the village. I would have shown you his house in our rides, but it revived so many associations that I forbore. It is surrounded with high



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walls towards the road, so that you can hardly see it; and this, with a mere wicket for a gate, makes many a man pass it without curiosity, thinking it a common grange. But it is pretty, though gloomy within."

"I conclude Mr. Newton was a character," said I.

"He was, and as you will see, *comme il y en a peu*. He was a man of good estate, bred to the law, by which he hoped to make it better. But with even great abilities, and great acquired knowledge, particularly of human character, he contracted the strangest notions of the world."

"He was, perhaps," said I, "a misanthrope.

"Any thing but that; but he conceived so ill of our power or willingness to do well, that he thought it unavailing to live even according to our nature, among our fellows. He said all exertion was not only selfish, but of no consequence, and that if man had the will, he had not the power, to do good to other men. In fact, he had fallen into apathy, and wished to die. He knew the law, but this did not mendthe matter. He could not bear its fictions; said the King's Bench were rogues for bringing pleas before them not properly belonging to them, by supposing trespasses never committed; and at length he lost all practice by refusing to sign sham pleas.

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"However, he continued in Lincoln's Inn long enough to become a Bencher; when he took a final resolution to bury himself in this neighbourhood; where the only person he saw, certainly the only person he loved, was my grandfather, the father of Sir John. Losing him, he was more recluse than ever; though occasionally he used to visit the orphans of his friend, to inquire into their health and position. He opposed the sending my uncle to Edinburgh (especially without protection) both from his ill health, and the weakness, if I must confess it, of his intellect. But being only trustee, and not guardian, he had no legal power, and was overruled by those who had; and Sir John went, never to return.

"This was the person whom the bewildered rustics resolved to consult, before they took any measures in regard to the apparition, which they now as firmly as unanimously believed, had entered the Hall house a few days before, though he had never since been seen."

"This," said I, "is probably not the least wonderful part of your story:—but go on."

Mr. Offley proceeded:—"The wonder was that Mr. Newton knew nothing of what had passed. But it was accounted for by the strangeness of his life, locked sometimes for days in his bed-room, with unrazored lips, a nightcap, and his books,

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during which few ventured to interrupt or approach him. The news even of Sir John's death had not been yet told him; but another communication from Edinburgh to his sisters, which soon found its way to Mr. Newton, as their only friend, awakened him at once from his trance, and set the whole village in a flame.

"The letter was from Mr. McSweeney, the writer with whom my uncle lodged, and which, after stating many particulars of his illness and death by consumption, coolly announced that he had made a will properly attested, by which, after leaving his two sisters one hundred pounds apiece as a remembrance, he bequeathed the whole of his property, real and personal, out of pure affection and gratitude for his kindness to him in his illness, to the above named McSweeney, whom he called his landlord and friend.

"A thunderbolt at his feet, could not have aroused Mr. Newton more than this news; and being informed that the guardian of the two young ladies, who brought the letter, waited to consult him, he instantly admitted him; when, to his amazement, he also learned all I have related to you respecting the appearance of Sir John. This appearance, as I told you, was on the very evening of his death at Edinburgh; and I think you will be struck with the coincidence."

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"I am, indeed," said I, "and it gives birth to a thousand reflections; but, at present, pray go on."

"There was an additional circumstance or two," continued Offley, "too ridiculous to mention, but this ——"

"For Heaven's sake," cried I, "do not let me miss a single point, ridiculous or not. I am quite roused by this exciting story."

"I am sure," said Mr. Campbell, "so am I;" and the observation was echoed by all his company.

"Well then," replied my friend, "take it as I find it here, though marked in the margin by my father, 'Popular Superstition.'"

The tale was, in addition to the gardener's story, "That on the night of the visit of the Scotchmen, no less than three rustics, being in their separate cottages, saw from their windows a great light on the top of the tower, and the figure of Sir John, pale and ghastly, stretching his hands, as it were in the act of imploring help, towards Mr. Newton's house; and this was what chiefly impelled them to consult that gentleman."

"This is admirable nonsense;" cried Mr. Campbell. "The gardener, indeed, seems certainly to have been sincere; were these so too?"

"I know not," replied St. Lawrence, "but the whole affair so impressed itself on Mr. Newton,

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that he suddenly became a new man; his eyes flashed fire, and he who had scarcely been able to crawl for two years, walked now with agitation and firmness up and down his room, exclaiming, at intervals, 'Rascals! forgers! murderers! this must be the work of Providence! I will myself go and unravel it.' And this thought did more to bring him to a rational contemplation of the case than all that could be said to him. It was like the delightful resolve of Uncle Toby, to educate Le Fêvre's son; which as Trim said, 'whenever his master was most affected at Le Fêvre's death, always acted like a sleeping draught and calmed him to rest.'"

The determination of Mr. Newton was no temporary ebullition. He recovered the full possession of his mind; resumed all his energies, of which he had abundance in his youth; and, after a long conference with my mother's guardian, resolved to set out the next day for Edinburgh. The guardian shrugged his shoulders, not in dissent, but despair; and I myself am almost lost in wonder at this part of my narrative. That an old man, not only buried in a lone corner of the world for thirty years, but so completely so as to have lost all his friends, and his influence, whatever it was; and ignorant even of the thousand alterations which time had brought on in the laws, manners and customs, and characters of men,

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during that period;—that such a man, enfeebled in body, and, as it was thought, in intellect, should merely encounter such a journey, much more undertake such an adventure, always did, and always will, move my astonishment beyond all power to unravel it."

"Did he succeed?" said I, foolishly interrupting Mr. Offley.

"You shall hear," he said. "Mr. Newton ordered his horses."

"Horses! *his* horses! could he ride?"

"I am not surprised at your question; but such is the fact. And here I must indulge myself in recollecting the pleasure of my father, amounting almost to an expansion of heart, whenever he came to this part of the story, and described Mr. Newton's sally, as he called it;—as well he might, for it was like Don Quixote's, only more happy. Mr. Newton's chief passion had in fact all his life been the manège, and his breed of horses seemed to be the only thing that excited him in his retirement. My father caught this passion from him, and by his advice was sent for a whole year to the academy of Angers, then the most celebrated school of horsemanship in the world. My father was proud of himself, and still more of Mr. Newton, on horseback; and on this occasion his en-



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thusiasm for the old man made him particularize his whole air, dress, and appearance, when, at full sixty years, he thus set out in the cause of two helpless orphans, who seemed abandoned by all the world."

"*Chevalier preux*," cried Mr. Campbell, "and surely *sans reproche*:—but go on."

"Well then," said St. Lawrence, "as Mr. Offley describes it, he sat his horse, a full blood genet, most gracefully. His air was set off by his dress; which was a blue coat and red waistcoat, bordered with gold lace; a cocked hat, and light jack boots, a belted sword, pistols in the holsters. His groom was almost in the same costume. All this gave an interest, and, considering the object, as my father writes, of grandeur, to the set-out, which seemed of the very best augury. The rustics, by whom the Offley family were much beloved, and who were still in agitation at the seeming interference of Providence in their affairs, all crowded round, and saluted him as he set off, and implored, in their rough but sincere way, a blessing upon his expedition."

"We are as interested as they could be," said Mr. Campbell, "and long to get him to Edinburgh. I hope no accident?"

"None at all to man or horse," said St. Lawrence; "but he was eight days on the road; during

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which time he revolved his intended plan of operations; which in truth (hurried as he had been into his enterprise, by a strong burst of feeling,) he had no opportunity of doing before. In consequence of this, his first step on arriving at Edinburgh was to inquire after the most eminent counsel at the Scotch bar. As he knew nobody, he was forced to trust for this to the landlord of his inn, whom accordingly he asked for half a dozen names. 'I will myself,' he said, 'examine them as to their comparative merits.' The landlord, who was as intelligent as his countrymen generally are, stared a little at the intended examination, but furnished him with a list of learned persons which might have frightened a less clear head or less firm purpose than Mr. Newton's. That very day, the Courts being in full Session, he went to them as a spectator, and had the advantage of hearing almost all who had been named in his list. Upon one of them he fixed, waited upon him the same day, and giving in his name as a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, was instantly admitted. The Advocate was astonished at the tale he had to tell, particularly at the miraculous appearance of Sir John at his own home, at the very hour when he died near four hundred miles off.

"Had I never been in Edinburgh, and were now again in the Highlands," said the Advocate,

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"such evidence would be conclusive; but I grieve to say that ghosts are not now admitted to give evidence in a court of law. Your purpose is so benevolent that I would give up my whole time to accomplish it; but, as you well know, forgery or murder cannot be *implied* from circumstances, nor even, now-a-days, by a revelation from Heaven."

"I am not so foolish as to suppose they can," replied Mr. Newton; "but your good advice in a place to which I am so total a stranger, might enable me to commence and pursue inquiry; which is all I can at present pretend to. The end I leave to an offended God, who will not permit such villany to prosper."

"Supposing it to *be* villany," said McClintock, the Advocate, eyeing him with wonder; till observing the glow of his enthusiasm in his very expressive features, he began to suspect that all could not be quite right within. "We have not even seen the will," said the cautious advocate.

"No doubt it can be seen," returned Mr. Newton, "and perhaps your benevolence will take the trouble of perusing it."

"Weelingly," answered Mr. McClintock, who had taken no pains to correct his national pronunciation; "and if you will be here to-morrow at this time, we will consult farther."

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Newton thanked him, and prepared to put a paper in his hand, the character of which it wanted not McClintock's sagacity to discover.

"Hoot mon," said he, "ye dinna seem to ken that a bonny act may be done by a Scotch as weel as an English Coonsel. I will not touch your siller; if gude is to be done, I will share the satisfaction with you, and that sal be my reward."

With sincere gratitude Mr. Newton took his leave of this generous lawyer, not without regret that the morrow was so far off; for he promised great things from an examination of the will. That it was a forgery, he could not drive from his imagination; for though poor Sir John was weak, he had never been unkind or unjust, and had always shown great regard for his sisters.

How to pass the time till the meeting with Mr. McClintock the next day, was a question; but thoroughly possessed with the idea that McSweeny was a forger, or something worse, he inquired, and directed his steps towards his house; unconscious of any particular object in doing so, but in fact, because he could not help it.

"The Almighty Ruler," he said to himself, "is now looking down upon us all. If this man has played the villain, and ruined the two innocent orphans, the villany will never be suffered to go

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unpunished. If *I* am criminal in suspecting him, I trust I shall be forgiven."

The appearance at Norton, and the visit of the Scotchmen, were deep in his mind; and though he could not be said to be prone to believe in preternatural interposition, that such a thing *might* be, the whole history and character of his religion forbade him to doubt. Impressed with these feelings, he found the street where the prosperous and fortunate McSweeny was domiciled; and without precisely knowing why, he paced up and down before his door; casting many a wistful look at the windows, till he began to challenge notice; not at all the less for the distinguished costume which I have described. A hard shower of rain, however, disturbed his peregrination, and he was uncertain what to do, or where to go, when a good-natured shopkeeper, in the shape of a short little man, a chemist, who lived over against McSweeny, prompted a little by the said good-nature, and not a little by curiosity, requested him to take shelter till the rain was over.

They both entered the chemist's parlour. He was a busy little man; so much so, that though he had a fair portion of business himself, he was not easy without taking as full a share as they would allow him in the business of his neigh-

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bours. He was, besides, struck with the evident interest which his guest had displayed about Mc Sweeny's house. This, in a man of distinguished appearance, and evidently a stranger and an Englisher to boot, denoted mystery; and mystery was a thing which the chemist could never brook, unless he was permitted to unravel it. There were, besides, some other little motives which a deep searcher into nature might perhaps have ascertained; but into these it is not my present business to inquire.

The little chemist, whose name was Murdoch, opened his battery, by handing his best chair to Mr. Newton; but, as the latter merely thanked him, and then relapsed into thought, he strove to make him talk a little, by talking a good deal himself.

"Ye'll not be of this city, I doubt?"

"No."

"Nor of Scotland, perhaps?"

"No."

"England, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"Are ye much southron?"

"The county of Derby."

"It is a long way; but nae doubt ye have business, and business must be done."

"True."

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"But may one ask, without fashing ye, what business?"

"That is of little consequence; but if you must know, the law."

"Eh! then," rubbing his hands, "that accoonts for your sae often speering at neighbour McSweeny's hoose, right anent my shop; for he is a lawyer, God help him!"

Mr. Newton now began to eye his inquisitive host, and finding him in the very best disposition to talk and be talked to, conceived the design of making him subservient to his immediate object, which was to get all the information he could of McSweeny's character and habits.

"Do you know your neighbour well?" said Mr. Newton.

"Do I?" replied the chemist, "I who have been his friend—no, not his friend, his acquaintance—this twenty years; for awe he noo hauds his heed so high already, that he will scarce speak to one."

"Already! What has produced the change?" asked Mr. Newton.

"Nae, nae! ye need not be for telling us ye came from so far south; for ye must be strangely uninformed, not to say eegnerant, begging your pardon, not to ken what has happen'd."

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"Happened! to whom?"

"M'Sweeny, mon, who has gotten a fortune like Plutus, by a mere stroke of a pen; though I knew him once when he was not sure he could pay for his parritch breakfast. Oö, but he is a fortunate man!"

"I should like to know how?" said Mr. Newton.

"That ye sall directly," returned the chemist. "To think how different the lots of some folk be to other some!"

He then, as briefly as he could, told the history of Sir John Offley, who, he said, had lodged above twelvemonths with M' Sweeny, who had made a tolerable fortune out of him, let alone the will he afterwards made for him, by which he left him his whole estate, disinheriting his two sisters in his favour.

"Made the will for him!" cried Mr. Newton.

"Troth, yes," replied his host, "for de'il another mon had any hand in it, except Sandy Graham, and one or two more, who witnessed it; for which the cunning writer no doubt paid handsome."

"It was all regular, then?" said Mr. Newton, with anxiety.

"O, aye! reeglar enoof, quite enoof to throw

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out the puir young leddies, and so all Edinbro' says, puir things!"

"Then it is perfectly known?" observed Mr. Newton.

"Perfectly."

"And was no observation made? No inquiry, how Sir John came to act so unnatural a part? how he was attended? or how he died?"

"Plenty of every thing of that sort," answered Murdoch; "for we are no quiet hereaboots when sic a remarckable thing haypens to an upstart like McSweeny. But he noo rides in his coach, though its less than a little month sin the deeth of the puir weak body that made this foolish wull. Yet Sandy Graham and three other bodies, who were sent to get possession of the hoose, came back empty-handed, and were hooted at for their pains."

"You don't seem to like this McSweeny?" said Mr. Newton.

"De'il a bit do I, nor ought I," returned Murdoch. "How should I, when he gives himself such airs to one who was always quite his equal, to say nothing of the business of taking advantage of that puir Sir John, when he had brought him into such a state of childishness?"

"Brought him into such a state!" exclaimed

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Mr. Newton, whose heart beat high within him; "do you say that of your neighbour?"

"Deed do I," returned Murdoch, "and the whole street kens it as weel as me. But, eh, Sir, what ails ye? for ye seem far from canny. Shall I get ye any thing from the shop? I have every thing that—"

"Nothing, my good friend, nothing; only I find your story too interesting, especially as it relates to a countryman."

"Aye, now," rejoined the chemist, "to see how a whole people may be scandaleezed! I have hear tell that ye Sassonochs care nothing for one another, especially in a strange land; not like us Scots, who hang together like bees in a swarm."

Mr. Newton smiled, but begged him to explain what he meant by saying Mc Sweeny *had brought* Sir John into a state of childishness.

"Why, you see, Sir," returned the prudent chemist, (rising to see that the door was close shut, and lowering his voice,) "I will no positeevely say I was exact when I made use of that expression, forasmuch that the puir chiel was himsel no very robust in mind or body, when he first cam to board at Duncan McSweeny's; but it was observit that the longer he staid the worse he got, and the mair physic he took, the mair cheeldish

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he grew; so that his preceptors all left him, and he was no the better for the doctors and pothecaries (God forgive me! for I rank as one of them,) that succeeded. In fine, the lad took to his bed, and often complained to me (for I then prepared all the prescreeptions), that he was poisoned."

"Poisoned!" exclaimed Mr. Newton, in great agitation.

"Aye! that is, with the quaintity of medecine he was forced to take, when he felt that good beef and mutton was what he most wanted. McSweeny too (I must call him *Mr.* McSweeny noo) was very harsh with him to make him take this load of medecine,—against which, though against the interest of my shop, I remonstrated poorfully—particularly as to the immensity of hebenon—which ye ken, is another but more learned word for henbane,—and which, though quieting in small doses, would destroy the intellect and bodies too of the whole Court of Session, were their Lordships drenched with it, as was this unfortunate lade."

"Unfortunate, indeed!" said Mr. Newton; "but did you continue to supply this hellish drug after your remonstrance?"

"Indeed, no! for I washed my hands of it, and positeevely refused; for which McSweeny, (that is *Mr.* McSweeny, or, as he soon will be, Laird of

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Mac Sweenton,) said I was the greatest fule he knew, and left my shop for Toby McClaishlin's in the Grass Market."

"And was there no good physician," said Mr. Newton, "called in to see that all was right that was administered to this unhappy youth?"

"De'il a one," answered Murdoch, "though it is weell ken'd that Edinbro' aboonds wi' em. I was the only medical that saw him, and when I was dismissed, he was left solely to the care of Mc Sweeny and a nurse."

"Is that nurse to be found?" said Mr. Newton, carelessly.

"Troth, she was his wife," answered Murdoch, "and of course did aw she was bid by her husband. There was also a maid servant, called Katie McFarlan, who, though a two-handed wench for work, was a soft-hearted lassie for pety, and often came to my shop to tell me how things were going on; and it was she who telled me all aboot the wull."

Here Mr. Newton started from his chair, but recovering himself, observed, that he thought Murdoch's conduct had been very commendable, but that he ought also to have communicated with some eminent physician, or even the Magistracy of the town, to prevent such mischief in the tyrant McSweeny.

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"Then," in a careless tone, he added, "No doubt your soft-hearted lassie thinks as you do about it!"

"Troth does she," replied Murdoch, "and I could make her tell you the whole story at ony time ye pleased."

"It is no business of mine," observed Mr. Newton, preserving his indifference. "Is she still in her place?"

"Deed is she," said Murdoch, "nor would they venture, I suppose, to part with her."

"Why?"

"Knows too much," continued the chemist, putting his finger on his mouth, "particularly aboot the wull."

"What can she know, if all was regular, but that it was so?"

"The manner of preparing it," said Murdoch, lowering his voice still more. "She was in and oot of the room twinty times while McSweeny was writing it by Sir John's bed-side, who only answered 'Yes,' to every thing that was asked; for he was stupefied with the henbane; so McSweeny wrote down what he pleased. She was also one of the subscribing witnesses, and no doubt could say a great deal."

"Was the will read over to Sir John before he signed it?" asked Mr. Newton.

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"That I dinna ken, and therefore can no tak upon me to say," replied the cautious Murdoch.

"And have you never talked of all this to others?"

"O! yes, often; so that it is known aboot the neighbourhood, and McSweeny with all his riches, leads but a puir life of it."

"But why have you not revealed this to the public authorities, or at least to the family in England? You would only have done your duty, and would certainly be well rewarded."

"To tell you the truth," replied Murdoch, after much hesitation, "my conscience has smote me aboot this. But I am a backward man. What I have said is true; but I know not how the law might tak it up, and McSweeny is a lawyer. He has already indeed threatened me as having caused the talk among the neighbours. He is also now rich, and I poor; and as to the faymily, not only they are too far off, and might not regard so obscure a chirl as myself; but I suppose, as the wull is all right, I could do them nae gude, though I might expose a rogue. In truth, I wonder at mysel for this communication to a perfect stranger as you are; but there is not a day passes without speaking of it to some one or other. You seemed unco' curious aboot McSweeny's hoose, which set my wits

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a wandering; and, besides, you were a Sassonach, and might, I thought, have something to do with the faymily; which none of us neighbours have:—and this in troth is the reason why I have been so open. I expect, whoever you are, you will not make me repent it."

"You never shall," said Mr. Newton, and then asked Murdoch if he knew Mr. McClintock?

"By repute only."

"And that repute—"

"Is good," continued the chemist. "Had I had such a friend as him—"

"You would not have let this matter sleep!"

"Troth, no! but it little boots it now. It is too late."

"Not so," said Mr. Newton, rising, "and I will put your conscience to rest, if you have courage enough to declare all you have now told me in a Court of Justice."

"That may be a sair thing," answered Murdoch, "and ruin a poor though honest man; nor should I be the first that has been ruined by yon."

"By yon! do you mean McSweeny?"

"Troth, I do."

"Never fear then, for I will protect you; and if ruined here, you shall recover yourself in Derbyshire, where I have both power and wealth.

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Moreover, I will now let you know that, being the nearest friend of the orphan ladies you so much pity, I have come here on purpose to inquire into the case."

"I almost thought as much," returned Murdoch, rubbing his eyes as if awakened from a dream. "And what shall I do?"

"Meet me at four to-morrow at Mr. McClintock's house, and ask for Mr. Newton."

"I will not fail," said the chemist; and the good Newton, with a heart beating high with hope, betook himself to his inn, where his late activity and present enterprise gave a spur to his mind, such as it had not known for years. He was rewarded with a night's rest, such as benevolence like his alone could enjoy.

"Here," said St. Lawrence, "Mr. Offley paused, saying, his story was at an end."

"I have led you to the palpable finale," said he; "and that being in view, the interest ceases—like that of a novel after the marriage of the hero and heroine."

"De'il a bit," cried I, catching a little of the Murdoch dialect; "you have not got us even to the church door; and, besides, I have a thousand reflections to make and to hear, upon almost the only well-authenticated story of an interference of Providence that I ever met with. But this *cause*



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*célèbre* itself is not by any means finished; for you have not brought the parties into court, without which of course their fate cannot be decided. Mc Sweeny, I trust, was at least brought to the gallows."

"'Deed no," said Mr. Offley, also adopting a Murdoch phrase; but to my great disappointment; —for I felt like the inimitable Uncle Black in Miss Ferrer's inimitable "Inheritance," who said he would never enjoy his life again, unless the rascal Glossing was hanged.

"There was, however," said Mr. Offley, "a fresh instance of Mr. Newton's decision, which ought to be told, especially by me, who have profited so much by it."

"I am all ear," said I; and Offley continued.

"You may be sure that the whole of Murdoch's information was faithfully related to the Advocate McClintock, who could not help admiring the sagacity and acumen of Mr. Newton, as he commented upon its different bearings in regard to the criminality of McSweeny. Murdoch was again examined, and it was agreed, if it could be done with sufficient secrecy, that his douce lassie, the servant maid, should also be interrogated, if she would consent to it."

"Ye need nae gae far for her," said Murdoch, "for I speered her fornent the door as we came in."

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"Sure," cried Mr. Newton, "she does not suspect."

"Never fear," said Murdoch, "for it was by my advice and orders that she came."

"Orders! We did not know that she was under your orders."

"That's nothing to ony body," answered the chemist; "it's enoof she is here, and a weeling witness."

"Certainly," said Mr. McClintock, and Katie McFarlane was called in.

"You must na stick at it," said Murdoch, "but oot with the truth, like an honest woman."

"I mean sae to do," replied Lucky.

The result was critical for McSweeny; for it seems that worthy person had been any thing but upon his guard before the girl. He had often been closeted with Tobias McLaishlin, consulting with him on the effects of various drugs upon the brain, and was heard in one of these conferences to say, "You are right, henbane will do the business, provided we give enough of it; but the difficulty is with that fule Murdoch, who is constantly remonstrating against it. We must rid ourselves of him."

This was but the day before he left Murdoch's shop; and though the Grass Market was



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an hour's distance farther from McSweeny's, he thenceforward employed Tobias McLaishlin, instead of him. Katie, too, between whom and the chemist there seemed a considerable intimacy, brought every packet and bottle she was sent for to Tobias's, to be first inspected by Murdoch, who was prompted to this at first by jealousy, and then out of that curiosity about other people's doings which I have described.

Soon, however, he became alarmed; for he said, "there was enough to have deadened the wits of an elephant, let alone a weak puir child;" and he accordingly desired the girl to disobey her master when ordered to administer it. The disobedience, however, was detected, after which the doses were always given by McSweeny himself, or by his wife. The consequence was, a frequent rambling of mind, as well as wasting of body; and it was in this state that the poor victim was advised to make his will. For this purpose, it seems that Sandy Graham, a lower writer than McSweeny himself, but of the two much the shrewdest and most skilful in the law, was called in; and they two were at work upon the parchments for three whole days, during which McSweeny went frequently to Sir John's bed-side; but what passed Katie could not say, except that now and then

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she plainly could distinguish the patient's voice in a querulous tone, and the words, "Yes! yes! have it your own way—I will sign any thing—but for God's sake leave me in peace."

A very few hours afterwards, the will was taken to Sir John, who signed without reading or hearing it read. This she knew, because there was need, they said, of three witnesses, and Sandy Graham, and another only, being on the spot, she was called in when the deed was presented.

After this, Sir John never spoke more, and in two days died, and here all evidence closed.

"I think," said Mr. McClintock, as he finished taking it down, (for he wrote every word of it) "that your business bids as fair to be accomplished, as any case which appeared at first so hopeless, that ever came before me."

"I hope, however," said Murdoch, approaching Mr. McClintock, and wringing his hands, "that McSweeny, tho' he desarves it weel, may not be haynged. I should be sorry to have the bluid of a fellow creature on my heed, especially as I live opposite to him in the same street; and should fear his warlock every neecht."

At this, Katie broke out into loud lamentation, and almost repented the full testimony she had given. To relieve them, Mr. McClintock ordered them into another room, and then, turning to Mr.

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Newton, who impatiently waited his opinion, observed, "even without your ghost, I think we have case enough to obtain all that your benevolence wishes; and heartily must I congratulate you on the energy and perseverance, as well as sagacity, you have shown."

"We have not yet arrived at the goal," said Mr. Newton, thoughtfully. "I should not mind hanging this murderer—for murderer he is; but I fear the uncertainties of a trial; and even were he convicted, I do not see my way to the recovery of the estate for my friend's children;—the chief, if not the only object I had in coming here."

"You say the will, as to form, is perfect."

"I do."

"Then the gibbet itself would do no good?"

"None, without something more."

"Were he hanged for murder, would that set aside the will?"

"No."

Mr. Newton rubbed his forehead in thoughtful anxiety, while McClintock pored over the case again. "The moral guilt," pursued the latter, "is clear, but even the legal connection might be difficult; and yet I think you may succeed as to your real purpose."

"How?"

"We may set aside the will, as produced by

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fraud, and the plea of *non compos* when executed."

"That however is also uncertain, and the process long!"

"Very long. The Chancery, the Ecclesiastical Court, and an appeal to the Lords."

"Whole years! possible; perhaps probable."

"It will never do," said Mr. Newton, and relapsed into thought.

Mc. Clintock again busied himself with the papers, but gave no farther opinion.

At length Mr. Newton breaking silence, said, "Will you let me try my own way, as to this matter."

"By all means," answered the Advocate,

'Nil desperandum, te duce.' "

"You are clear," continued Mr. Newton, "that there is evidence for a jury, both as to the murder and the fraud?"

"Most certainly; but I will not answer for the event of either, and least of all for the time."

"Enough, enough," said Mr. Newton, taking his hat and cane. "You shall hear from me to-morrow."

Murdoch and Katie McFarlane were now released, and all three walked together to the chemist's shop, where Mr. Newton and his host found themselves once more alone.

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"I like your lassie much," said Mr. Newton, "she is clear, and I believe honest."

"Vary," observed Murdoch, "clear as the chrystal spring, and troth almost as fresh."

"You seem to know her?"

"So I ought, for we have much eentimacy."

"Perhaps of a particular kind?"

"Vary parteecular."

"May I not know what? I think you may now trust me!"

"Aye, weel, I believe I may, and ye will be gude to us if we get into trouble for you?"

"Certainly."

"Weel then, I confess we are just man and wife. We have no been to the kirk, and have no livit together yet; but the acknowlegement has past, and we just wait the deeth of a relation, for her to come and preseed here as my consort."

"I give you joy," said Mr. Newton, "and the more as I may now depend upon her not swerving in favour of McSweeny."

"I'll answer for it with my life," said Murdoch.

"Then I may make what use I please of her's and your testimony with the villain McSweeny."

"In gude troth you may," answered the chemist; on which Mr. Newton, after shaking him by the hand, and commending his honest feelings, left the shop.

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That evening was given to deliberation, the next morning to action. Mr Newton, having digested his plan, resolved abruptly to break in upon Mc Sweeny's security, in order to prevent him from profiting by time to meet the charge he meant at once to make. He wished also, if he could, to find him alone, in order to open proposals he had contemplated, without driving him, by exposure, to resistance. His benevolent object was the restoration of the estate, rather than punishment; and this he felt depended much upon quiet remonstrance in the first instance, accompanied indeed by resolute hostility in the second, but only in case of necessity. He therefore presented himself at McSweeny's door, who suspecting nothing, admitted him. His presence won much observation on the part of the writer, not unmingled with fear when he heard he was a Southran, and came from the county of Derby.

"And wha and what may you be? and what your buzziness with me?" said McSweeny.

"We are not alone," observed Mr. Newton, pointing to a woman in the room, who also exhibited some signs of alarm.

"The wuman's my wife," said the writer, "but an ye come on ony buzziness of your ain, as I guess ye do, she shall withdraw."

"My business," returned Mr. Newton, "is



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more yours than mine, and if the lady is your wife, she may remain if she pleases."

"Go your ways," said McSweeny, turning however a little pale at the dignified manner of Mr. Newton; "and noo, Sir, to the point, for what buzziness ye can have wi' me, I canna possibly ken."

"You will not be long in learning it," said Newton, "since it relates to your late lodger Sir John Offley."

"Ah! puir child; him that's deed, and for whom I bear this mournfu' habit."

"Yet you were no relation!" continued Newton.

"Weel, and what of that? He was o'er kind to me and mine, and I ween I may weel mourn for him."

"All very right," replied Mr. Newton; "but better perhaps for you both, had he not been so kind; better for your conscience and his existence."

At this, McSweeney, assuming an air of high indignation, and in wrath (for he was very choleric), replied, "I see now that you have come to insult, instead of consult me; you have been leestening to some of the fules of the neighbourhood, perhaps that blockhead Murdoch; ye are not the first he has sent here on a fule's errand; but I desire you will leave my house—troop,—or I'll gar ye."

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"Murdoch," answered Mr. Newton, with great coolness, "is no fool, neither did he send me."

"Ye ken him then?"

"I do."

"And do ye ken other folkes in Edinbro'?"

"I have consulted Mr. McClintock."

"What the Advocate!" said McSweeny, (losing much of his *fierté*). "And what may have been your buzziness with him?"

"The same as with you, which I will now open to you."

McSweeny's features now assumed a livid hue, while he listened to an exordium which he thought boded him no good. For though violent sometimes even to ferocity, where he thought himself safe, or undetected, he had all the cowardice of little villains when they think their crimes are known, and in danger of punishment. He became therefore even civil to Mr. Newton, when he told him that he came to him in the name of two unprotected orphans, whom, he must be conscious, he had much injured.

"If you mean by the wull of Sir John Offley," returned McSweeny, "it was his ain doing, and I should be parfectly demented if I suffered sic a fortin to escape me, when absolutely in my hands. Have ye any doubts about the wull, which

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is noo before the whole warld if they chuse to be troubled with it. Ye will no deny that the wull is binding in law!"

"I neither deny nor admit," said Mr. Newton.

"Ho! then ye do not deny," answered the cunning writer, taking courage; "and perhaps ye gat that from McClintock?—The chiel is too well versed in aw those matters to tell you ony thing else; and if so, ye have had but a fule's errand to have come aw the way from Derby, at sic an expense as nae doubt it was, to invade an honest man's legal rights."

This idea of the writer, that Mr. McClintock had given an opinion in his favour, and thinking there was no question but as to the technicality of the will, called up all his honest courage. He now declared he "would nae be bullied out of his rights, and that his visitor might go back the way he came." Nor was this feeling abated, when Mr. Newton went on calmly, and without any thing like reproach, to make a proposal which he said he thought he ought to accept.

"And what may it be?" said McSweeny, disdainfully. "Nae honest man would offer what nae innocent man ought no' to accept. But I mind me to ask what may be your right to mak' any proposal at aw? Ye have not yet told me

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your calling. You have no the air of a writer, English or Scotch, nor even of a man of buzziness of ony kind. Ye much more resemble one of the sodger-men who I remember under McCallummore, up at the castle yonder, in the Fifteen. However, I'll just hear what ye have to say."

"Well then," said Mr. Newton, in a tone of solemnity which McSweeny did not like, "in the first place I am the trustee for Sir John Offley's estate, and for his sisters, now co-heiresses: and supposing the will correct as to form, which I by no means admit, you know best how it was brought about that Sir John should sign it, as well as the immediate cause of his death so soon after the work was done.—We know what we are about, and upon what grounds we may appeal to the law; but meaning you no ill, we think a proposal reasonable, which, upon surrendering this deed of darkness, shall secure to yourself and wife an annuity of three hundred a-year for life."

Here Mr. Newton paused, and fixed his steady and searching eye upon the villain, to ascertain, if he could, the effect of this touchstone. The result it was not easy to discover. All the bad passions seemed to take possession by turns of the cheek, eyes, and eyebrows of the agitated writer:—anger, fear, avarice, pride, curiosity—but no

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signs of remorse, or resentful, calumniated innocence. One thing was, however, soon clear. It occurred to the sagacity and cunning of the man, that the proposal was made to try him, in consequence of the dearth of proof as to what had actually happened; and in that dearth the writer resolved to put on the hero, and act accordingly. "And so, Mr. What's-your-name," said he, throwing himself back in his chair with an air of calm contempt, "ye really think that Duncan McSweeny, thirty years Writer to the Signet at Edinburgh, is to be such a tike as to be bit by a Southron, and to exchange for three hundred a year, twice as many thousands. My answer is, ye may just go back to the English fules that sent ye, and tell them when they have got Duncan McSweeny bound hand and foot for forging a hand-writing to which there are three honest and true witnesses, he will then deliberate whether to accept your offer or not."

Mr. Newton checked the quick pulse which this piece of audacity occasioned, then rising calmly said, "McSweeny, before I go, let me implore you to be aware of your real position, your real danger. Your life, as well as your hoped-for estate, is in our hands; and do not flatter yourself that, because what you call a will may be correct in form, it is a matter of indifference how

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it was brought about. You may perhaps have heard that the hand of Providence itself was extended to ward off the blow;—which it would have been, if your emissary Graham had got possession of the house you coveted. You may have heard that though hebanon could put a man out of the world, his spirit might be allowed to range it till justice was done upon all. The eye of the same Providence is still at watch over this transaction, and is at this moment upon you and upon me; neglect not its warning, which I am allowed to give you. I go, to return to-morrow, but with a *far less offer*. Think of it, lest it should be still more diminished. Meantime, confess yourself to Heaven, and ask the pardon you so dreadfully need, and which, if not too late to be granted, can only be so on the fullest retribution to those you have so cruelly injured."

The solemnity of this speech had a powerful effect upon the obdurate heart, and even upon the rugged visage, of McSweeny. The latter did not soften or relax from its accustomed savageness, but it had a suffusion of fear and sense of danger little before known to its possessor. He pondered all the ominous words and the warning voice of Newton, until, like Felix, he trembled; yet so hardened is sometimes even a timid villain, that though he dreaded what he had heard, and his heart failed

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him when he thought of discovery, nothing could bend him from his purpose, of defying threats which, though appalling, he thought and hoped might only be assumed for the moment. He therefore made no answer, and Newton, hoping he had made some impression, quietly left the room, but turning round at the door, with great solemnity of voice uttered the word "To-MORROW."

McSweeny was rather aghast, but recovering himself, exclaimed as Newton withdrew, "De'il tak the Sassonach loon! I can no mak' him out. He taalks big words, and nae doubt taks me for a fule to think I would listen to sic a proposal, and aw his gallimalfry aboot Providence. Not but what I'll no deny that sic a poower may interfere with a man if he pleases; but he never does please; and if he did, what would he geet by worrying sic a body as me with wraiths and bogles? After aw, I guess he is but one of them vagabond Methodists we have lately heard of among the Southrons, for all his laced coat. Three hundred a-year! I'll think no more on't. Yet hoo the chiel could have found oot about the hebanon makes me stick at it a bit. I'll away to Toby McLashlin's to spear if he kent ony thing aboot the brute; and if he has not peached, I'll snap my fingers at his dimeenished proposal."

At this the writer snatched up his hat, and with

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uneasy and tottering steps paced through the alleys to the Grass Market; for he feared to meet Newton's large and dignified figure at every turn of the greater streets.

When arrived at Mr. McLaishlin's, he immediately closeted himself with that worthy, and told some, but not all of his conversation with Mr. Newton—of whom he was delighted to find Tobias knew nothing. As to hebanon, he said he had never opened his lips to any person alive on the subject; and as to the dead, there was no need to fear anything from them.

"I knaw not that to a sartainty," replied McSweeny, shaking his head. "However, if ye have no spoken of the hebanon to ony one, your thoosand poonds may yet be safe."

At this McSweeny took his leave, and returned to his house in better spirits than he came. "D—n the Southron," said he, "I am muckle minded to have him clapt up for scandalizing me in my profession. The wull by his ain account is a gude wull, and what for should I give it up?"

'Twas thus the self-love implanted in our nature for good purposes, could be abused for bad. The self-deception of this miscreant prevented him not only from owning himself what he was—a murderer in cold blood—but also from seeing that, were his case known, the murder would be

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the prominent feature of it. His fear, in fact, was confined to the question of the validity of the will. That appeased, and the estate "the be-all and the end-all here," McSweeny, like Macbeth, "jumpt the life to come." With these consolations he condescended to consult Mrs. McSweeny —a compliment he very seldom paid her; and she, equally with himself, spurning the offer of three hundred pounds a-year, it was determined to await the next day's visit from Mr. Newton with courage, and even to throw defiance in his teeth.

Meantime that gentleman held fresh conferences with Mr. McClintock and Murdoch, to the former of whom he opened what he had done, and what he meant to do. "I am certain," he said, "the wretch is a coward as well as a villain, and that it is only his ignorance of the extent of our knowledge that has arrayed him in this false bravery."

The advocate approved of all. "Only take care," he observed, "that you do not incur danger to yourself, by compounding a felony;" a caution not thrown away upon the sagacious Newton.

The next day, true to his appointment, this benevolent man again searched out McSweeny, whom he found supported by his wife and Sandy Graham, whom he had summoned to his assistance. The looks of the wife were sour, but much

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alarmed, and very different from the day before; Graham was dogged and thoughtful, but seemingly hostile.

This tool, like his principal, believed the struggle to be as to the validity of the will, and both denounced vengeance upon Newton for thus slandering them in their calling. In fine, the writer Graham loudly advised the writer McSweeny to treat the offer he had received with scorn; an advice which the writer McSweeny adopted, and in no soft tone desired the unwelcome Newton to depart the house.

"That I shall do," said Mr. Newton, "but for the love of yourself, if not for the love of God, consider well before you drive on your ruin. Yesterday, I offered you three hundred a year, which you refused; to day I offer you but two; if you refuse that on my visit to-morrow, you will have the option but of one. Have a care of a third refusal, for if this last offer is also unsuccessful, I warn you there will be no alternative between that and the Grass Market."

At these words the wretch turned pale, and looked at his assistant for help; for the Grass Market and the chemist Toby McLaishlin, were now so associated together, that one could not be mentioned without all three starting up together. He did not perceive that by the Grass Market,

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Mr. Newton meant the gallows. In visible alarm, therefore, he asked him "if he was acquainted with M'Laishlin?"

"I am fully aware," answered Mr. Newton, sternly, "of all your transactions with him; the drugs he supplied after you left Mr. Murdoch; and, alas! I know the effects they produced in the chamber of death."

At these words M'Sweeny turned deadly pale; Graham too was affected to agitation, especially when Mr. Newton continued, "I told you Providence was upon us. See to it. More I will not say till I return to-morrow, when one hundred pounds, and no more, will be offered you. Adieu."

"Was there ever sic a bully," said M'Sweeny, turning to Graham, when Mr. Newton left the room. "He seems one of the Deevil's own clique for finding oot things; yet, would ye believe it? he has na been in Edinbro' aboove three days. Eh! Sandy, what would you advise doing?"

"Stand up anent him like a man," answered Graham, though he was evidently labouring under some secret feeling, perhaps unknown to himself, and notwithstanding his confidence in the validity of the will remained unaltered. The truth is, Graham had notions of a world of spirits, and in his visit to Offley House, from which he had been

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repulsed, he had learned things which had made the deepest impressions upon him.

But Mrs. M[c]Sweeny was now appealed to, and gave a different opinion. "Ah! Duncan," said she, "I always thought the matter too poorful for ye to manage. Sax thoosand a year is not so easily got, notwithstanding the deeth; and though innocent, I trust, who knaws that oor ain necks may not be in danger; seeing that I learnt from Katie M[c]Farlane, who had it from Murdo, who had it from his flunky, that this Sassonach that calls himself Newton is one of the Judges of London, and may have both power and wull to judge us; and what will he care, Sassonach as he is, when other Sassonachs are the people consarned? But let alone this, oh Duncan! it is proven, I hear, that Sir John appeared at his ain hoose the vary niecht he died in oors!"

Here M[c]Sweeny told her to hold her peace. "The woman," said he, "is parfectly demented to talk sich nonsense. Do not I, a writer of thirty years, know what an English Judge is?—and that no sic a body can judge a cause in Scotland?—and as for bogles and apparitions—but what ails Sandy there, sulking as if the Evil One himself had appeared."

"I knaw not what ye mean by the Evil One," interrupted Mrs. M[c]Sweeny, "but ye ken noo,

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though ye did na till yesternight, when Katie tell'd it you, that some one did appear when least expected, even just the wraith of puir Sir John, when we thought him dead in his bed. Oh! Duncan, just think of what you are aboot, and tak the Sassonach's money, that is, barring that he is not the De'il himself."

"The woman seems to give good advice," said Graham, who had shrewdness enough to see that there were things in the case that had been kept from him; besides which, he was, as has been stated, struck with what had been hinted about the appearance of Sir John. The tale was therefore told again, as it had been related by Katie, on the authority of Murdo, on the authority of Mr. Newton's groom, who had *almost* seen Sir John himself; and it must be owned it had a very visible and weighty effect upon the wight Graham,—who now desired a word in private with his principal, which was instantly granted him.

"Ye see," said Graham, "ye are at best on ticklish ground, and it may turn out to be a quicksand that may swallow us all up. I was as bold as you, when this Newton first came in with his paltry offer of two hundred pound a-year. In truth, I took him for what ye tell'd me he was, some pettifogger of the faymily that was trying his hand upon us to get back the estate. But no

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sic a thing; from his person and dress, and awfu' presence, to say nothing of his awfu' words, he might weel pass for King Jamie himsel.* Before I seed him, therefore, I expected that rather than fall, he would rise and rise, till he came to ten times as much. But De'il a bit! insteed of that, he lowers and lowers till you will have nothing—nae siller at aw—but possibly a halter in the Grass Market for your pains."

Here McSweeny became violently agitated. "Oo, Sandy Graham," said he, "this from you! You who gave such muckle assistance in making the wull!"

"I obeyed your orders," returned Sandy, "and will maintain in any Court that the will is a good will. But how you got him to consent to, or sign it, being, as I remember, half asleep when you put the pen in his hand, I am innocent; and if really his wraith appeared at his ain hoose at the moment he departed, there must be something more a-brewing than we are aware of. For ye'll no deny, scoff as ye may, that sic a thing is possible with God. Therefore Duncan McSweeny, consider weel before ye continue obstinate, and perhaps run into the hangman's and the Evil One's hands both together. Ye know best what they can mak' against ye, and what means the allu-

* By this we may suppose that Mr. Graham was a Jacobite.

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sion to Toby McLaishlin and his drugs; but I mun tell ye, that what Donald Murdoch whispers aboot henbane, is very awfu', and if this Newton body has been to McClintock's about it, as he says he has, you may depend upon it things may go crosser than ye think for."

All this made deep impression on the nerves of Mr. McSweeny, the writer of thirty years. His veins began to swell with emotion, occasioned by a contest between fears for his safety, and regret to throw away fortune. But Graham telling him "that he might have none to throw away, as, if put to his oath, he (Graham) mun depose as to the condition of Sir John when he signed, and that the deed was carried to him wet from their hands, and never read over to him," McSweeny became suddenly alive, not to the most dreadful part of his crime, but to the probability of the will being set aside.

"Oh! Sandy," at last he exclaimed, "what na fule was I not to tak the three hundred pounds a-year!"

Sandy quite agreed with him, but to humour his sinking hopes, fell in with his wish, to endeavour, upon Mr. Newton's next visit, to make him revive that original offer, and then to accept it. Accordingly, on Mr. Newton's arrival the next day, he found his reception more peaceable, and

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his host more pliant, than he had hitherto seen him. He rose to receive him, and even handed him a chair.

"Well, sir!" said Mr. Newton, sternly.

"I wish it were weel, sir," answered the writer, "for then I should know hoo to turn myself. At present I am thinking the ups and downs of this life, and aw its awfu uncertainties, mak it painful for a body to know how to decide."

"Do you then reject my offer?" asked Mr. Newton.

"I canna preceesely say that I reject it," returned McSweeny. "To be sure, three hundred pounds a-year for life—"

"Remember, sir," said Newton, still more sternly, "that offer is not now before you."

"O! aye," replied McSweeny, "I remember me noo; I rejacted it, and it is noo but twa."

Mr. Newton could have almost been amused at this piece of impudence, but the solemnity and importance of his errand checked him.

"McSweeny," said he, gathering up his lofty person, "I thought, and still think, you one of the greatest villains upon earth; but I did not know you were a little one. Your attempt to entrap more than I agreed for, will be as abortive as your attempt upon the whole property, and it is



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even ridiculous, considering what I am, and what I know you to be."

"That is an injured man," said McSweeny. with unabashed effrontery; "and in gude faith it is you who are the deluder; you will not stand to your bargain, by which (I dinna ken how I cam to be sich a blockhead), I forewent a noble fortin, for twa paltry hundreds a-year."

"One word more of this kind, or one mnute more of hesitation," cried Mr. Newton, "and my offer, even of one hundred, is withdrawn. Consent or not consent, is the question." At which words Mr. Newton pulled out his watch, and laid it upon the table.

The defeated writer, beaten out of his fence, bit his lips almost through with rage, his chest heaved, his teeth chatteved, and his whole physiognomy denoted a sullen ferocity from which any wickedness might have been apprehended.

"The minute is out," said Mr. Newton, with a calm determination, which forced McSweeny to speak.

And what do you expect me to do," said he, "gin I comply?"

"Give up the will," seturned Mr. Newton "and sign a release of the estate upon receiving the annuity deed, which can be prepared at th same time."

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"I'll think on't," said McSweeny, "and give ye an answer to-morrow."

"Not an hour more," cried Mr. Newton. "In fact the deeds are already prepared under the direction of Mr. McClintock, whose clerk is with them at the door, but who also has my orders to prepare other documents, in the shape of warrants, against you Duncan McSweeny, and Tobias McLaishlin, as principals, and Winnefred Mc Sweeny and Alexander Graham as accessories, in a transaction which you wot of, and which needs no description from *me*."

"Oh! Chraist!" exclaimed McSweeny, "my wife and aw. Was there ever sich a misfortunate person!"

"Say rather, such a wicked one!" said Mr. Newton.

"Ye mun have your wull," returned McSweeny, "for I am bound hand and foot. The will is in that scrutoir, you may tak it oot if you please."

"You must deliver it yourself," replied Mr. Newton. McSweeny sighed, and then, with sullen step and slow, took the fatal deed from his desk, and threw it on the table to Mr. Newton, whose face lightened almost to glory, as he grasped and unfolded the parchment; then passing to the street door, where Mr. McClintock's clerk was waiting with his bag, he ushered him into his



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presence of the discomfited M[c]Sweeny. With him came one other;—no less than the honest chemist, the author, or at least the instrument, of all these wonders. The deeds were read over, signed, sealed, and mutually delivered; the release, in the presence of the three witnesses above-mentioned; the annuity (which to save time was granted by Mr. Newton himself), in that of the clerk and Murdoch.

Thus, this excellent Newton had now achieved all he wished:—he had restored to their inheritance two helpless orphans, who, but for him, must have been abandoned to poverty and distress. Yet he denied all merit in himself; saying, he was but an humble instrument of that Providence which had appeared palpable throughout every scene of this miraculous affair.

On his return home, he was met by his whole village, the two orphans at their head. One of those orphans was my mother,—through whose marriage with my father I now own this mysterious tower.

As their trustee, Newton deposited the will and the release of it in his own chest, till they should be of age. At that period my mother gave herself to my father, who took the name of Offley; and when Mr. Newton drew out these eventful documents to provide for the marriage settlement, he

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observed with elation, to them both, "These are dear papers to me, for they made me discard all my former opinions, of the inefficacy of worldly interests to make man wish for life.—*There is something worth living for.*"

St. Lawrence had now finished his story, which had a visible effect upon his auditors, who all crowded round him with thanks and pleasure. They were charmed with the whole relation; charmed with the ghost, charmed with the event; and, above all, charmed with Mr. Newton.

"He was a canny chiel that," said Mr. Campbell, affecting his native language. "I trust he was happy, and did not relapse."

"So far from it," observed St. Lawrence, "that his whole life and character seemed changed, and he resumed all his energies, which never afterwards failed. Neither was the vision of Sir John to the gardener ever forgotten, though the remembrance of it, as Mr. Offley observed, was of course mixed up with many inaccuracies and exaggerations; so that his tower became, and even now remains, a source of terror to the servants of the house, as well as the good wives of the neighbourhood.

"Hence the bolts and bars which first challenged my attention; and if they were left open, I have little doubt that poor Sir John would be

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seen coming down stairs every night, and Mr. Offley would scarcely have had a domestic, not even Mr. Ambrose, to live with him.

"No doubt, no doubt," said Campbell, and fell into a long fit of musing. "It is certainly what you have called it, a *cause célèbre*, and thus authenticated, might convert many an unbeliever. Yet after all, if there was to be a miraculous interposition, why was it not more forcible and distinct at once The appearance, supposed or real, was no more than the figure of Sir John. He spoke, indeed, to his gardener, but told him nothing, not even of his death, much less of the villains that caused it. The interposition therefore was, I will not say for an object unworthy of it, but altogether defective as a mean to its end."

"If you consider," returned St. Lawrence, "I do not think you will retain that opinion. As for the inadequacy, how can that be inadequate to its end, which, in point of fact, *did* accomplish it."

All the company said that was unanswerable.

"Now to apply this," continued St. Lawrence, "you must admit, that had not Sir John appeared to the gardener (whether really to his eyes, or only to his fancy, is of no consequence) the subsequent events would not have taken place. It was the appearance only that operated upon the ardener to keep out the Scotch messengers, who, once in, would have kept so by virtue of the will,

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and made it harder to have disposseed them. It was this appearance that kindled the zeal of the neighbonrhood, and probably the zeal. or at least, the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Newton himself. It is at any rate clear that success attended the exertions that were made; and the inference is but fair, that the success was achieved by the belief that Heaven had inteposed. You think, perhaps, that if it had been a mere mortal transaction, you could have orderdd it better. It may be so; but when a thing apparently so difficult was done, I rm content, without inquiry, to believe it was well done.

"Perhaps," continued St. Lawrence, "you would have had this murder revealed as in the opening of Hamlet,—possibly the richest effusion of the genius of our great Bard, or of any other since time began. The consummateness of the art with which the appearance of King Hamlet is introduced, can only be equalled by the pathos in the conduct of the story afterwards. Yet I have heard even that criticized, as too complicated to be the work of Providence; and a question has been made, as to the necessity of the revelation to the friend of Hamlet, and even to that friend's friends, before it got round to Hamlet himself."

"He was the only party concerned," said Campbell.

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"I know what that would infer," replied St. Lawrence; "but the inference, I think is hasty, and, with submission, not sufficiently considered. Supposing the fact of the ghost, as given by Saxo Grammaticus, *we* say the intent of his coming was best supported by the mode in which he came. Had Hamlet alone seen his departed father, he might have been thought, as he even thought himself, a visionary who had lost his senses from grief. He almost says as much in one of the most beautiful passages in the play:

> 'The spirit I have seen
> May be the devil, and the devil hath power
> T' assume a pleasing shape; yea and perhaps
> Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
> As he is very potent with such spirits,
> Abuses me to damn me.'

"Hence, though Horatio might also have been allowed to have seen the apparition, yet, being Hamlet's friend, a conspiracy against the King might have been suspected. Whereas other friends, but not so near to Hamlet, and mere partners of the watch, being first assailed by the vision, and being more familiar with Horatio than the Prince, they communicate it to him, in the first instance, in order that the account may be better accredited where most necessary. Thus two ends were answered;—the conviction in Ham-

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let that he had really seen his father; and the proof to the world, on the testimony of *other* most unbiassed witnesses, that the murdered King was still permitted to walk."

"And what use do you make of all this," said Mr. Campbell, "as bearing on the present case? For I do not suppose you believe that king Hamlet did really appear, and that the relation of Saxo Grammaticus, and the embroidered additions of Shakspeare, are true."

"I do not," returned St. Lawrence. "I only usc them as illustrations of what I had said in regard to Providence, in the case I have related. For if the facts be admitted, it is not for us to criticize the manner in which Providence chose to bring them about. What other objects were to be answered, what hidden merits, interests, or energies (of which there are many in this tale) were to be developed, cannot at once appear. But had the whole story of McSweeny been proclaimed by Sir John from the top of the tower, there would have been no difficultv, and therefore no virtue; Newton need not have stirred, and second causes (the beauty of this tale) would have been at an end."

All Mr. Campbell's company acceded to this reasoning of St. Lawrence, who was thanked again and again for this singular, because so wel attested narrative of a divine interposition; and



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Campbell being left in a minority of one (teller included), for the present gave up the point.

What afterwards passed between these two friends, both shrewd reasoners, and both studious of truth upon the great subject of Providence at large, might be easily arranged from the notes made of it by St. Lawrence himself. But I am uncertain of the disposition of the world to attend to the lucubrations of a hermit, when they would *willingly* perhaps only listen to the excitements of a politician. I dare scarcely therefore undertake it. Yet the subject is of the last importance to the mind, heart, and well-being of man. Can it, ought it, to be neglected? No!

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## CHAPTER II.

### PROVIDENCE.

To the Honourable and Reverend Augustus Phipps, Rector of Halesworth, County of Suffolk.

To a Clergyman like yourself, seriously and sincerely attached to the sacred profession you have embraced, I need scarcely give reasons for desiring to present to you a composition which has for its aim the developement of the mysteries of Providence. Indeed, were you not clothed with the clerical character, and likely, I verily believe, to be a credit to it, from the earnestness which I have perceived in you, I should still be glad to mark my sense of the pleasure which, from your birth upward, our connection has given me. But my main inducement is what I have glanced at above—the serious attention of your heart to holy subjects; among which none surely can be more in

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teresting than that which I have attempted to treat.

I am aware that for a layman, who has passed a long life in the turmoil of worldly affairs, to meddle with what so intensely concerns our notions of God, may have an air of presumption, which, however, I trust will not justly be imputed to me. If the inquiry were not of all others the most interesting to every man that lives, be his class or occupation what it may; if heart and soul were not in it, and if I had not all my life long been anxious to understand the mysteries I have treated, and to endeavour to vindicate the ways of God to man; I would not have presumed to attempt the grasp of such a subject. And as to my lay pursuits in the business of the world, as it is that business upon which the Great Power I have dared to contemplate is emphatically employed, it probably the less unfits me for the task I have ventured upon.

The hermit who so wished to understand the mazes of Providence, which puzzled him in his cell, was forced, you know, to sally into the world, the better to study them. And it was there, though he beheld very shocking things, that he could alone accomplish their explanation.*

* The allusion is to Parnell's beautiful tale.

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But some one may say, "Are there not, and have there not been, enough and to spare, of treatises upon Providence?"

There certainly have been many, full of piety, and full of learning, and written by great authorities of the Church, men whom, in abilities, I could never pretend to reach. But, from I know not what fatality, none of their works have seemed to me to have fairly encountered the true difficulties of the question, and in the labyrinth of the opposing arguments in respect to "fixt fate, free-will, foreknowledge infinite," have still "found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

Of the two divisions of Providence, moral and physical, the latter has been well, successfully, and beautifully treated; and by none more so than by the latest authorities; among which Paley's Natural Theology (deservedly in every body's hand) is an absolute jewel. It were to be wished that that clearest and shrewdest of heads (notwithstanding some hasty speculations) had completed his benefactions to mankind, by treating also of moral, or particular Providence; that which governs the actions of men, as well as the wonders of nature. We might then not have to lament that no divine, however able, seems to have been inclined fairly to grapple with the true difficulties that are insisted upon by the sceptics.

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Whatever has been done, as far as I have been able to judge, has rather eluded than combated those giants, Predestination and Free-will, which are always brought forward, to frighten us from the endeavour to reconcile them with an all-disposing Providence. Nor do any of them distinguish (at least not satisfactorily) the immense difference between an *interposing* Providence, and one that has provided, silently, and quietly, for all events from the beginning of time. This, in fact, is the true question. Yet, for the most part, when we look into the usual commentators, we find nothing but direct *interposition*, expounded as it may be, but with what success against the assertors of free-will, may be problematical.

Thus Sherlock, one of the most respectable of the authorities, in his very pious and learned work expressly on the subject, upholds interposition every where upon the authority of Holy Writ. Quite enough to support the doctrine, if that were merely the question. But he no where (satisfactorily at least) answers the objection, that if that authority is to beat down all objection, free-will must be at an end. His salvo is, to me, untenable. He is forced to open the field of chance, of things unforeseen, of things exempt, as he supposes, from the operation of the universal laws of physics, —to give room and opportunity for Providence to work in.

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Thus, he says, that "God reserves the elements, the wind, and the rain, and the tempest, to influence events at his pleasure;"—than which a more unphilosophical notion, I need not tell you, can hardly be imagined. I have no books here, and I wish not to misrepresent him; but I *think* that he attributes the destruction of Sennacherib's army before Jerusalem, to a storm sent on purpose in the night; as if that storm would not have been effected by the laws of physics, exactly when it was, without express interposition. Thus the Almighty is represented like some of the heathen Deities, Æolus for example, who kept the winds imprisoned in his cave, to be let loose *at pleasure*, or the request of a sister deity, Juno, who wanted to destroy Æneas! I need not tell you how contrary to all good divinity, as well as good philosophy, this must be. Be this as it may, most of the illustrations of Sherlock, whose work I mention as the principal one, are taken from the history of the Jews; which being so peculiar, and for so peculiar a purpose, (in fact not less than a Theocracy, as if God had quitted Heaven, and reigned in person in Jerusalem,) cannot possibly be taken as an illustration of what governs the rest of the world.

Without disputing the plagues of Ægypt, the difference of the Bible account, from what would

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be an account on our principles, is this; that in the Bible, Moses appears to Pharoah as actually commissioned by a diploma from Heaven, to inflict the plagues he did upon the land, in order to produce the liberation of the Israelites; which plagues were expressly created *on the spur of the occasion*, to answer that particular purpose, and were thus not in the concatenation of second causes, founded in the law of nature, and resolved upon from the beginning, according to the hypothesis I have supported.

With the greatest submission therefore to the Dean, his account, though from the authority of Scripture it must be taken as true as applied to the Jewish history,—which had a particular and most important end to answer,—cannot be generally applicable in the common course of things. It cannot enter into the theory of Universal Providence; it is insulated both as fact and doctrine; and as a manual of philosophy, can satisfy no man, any more than that the rain was sent expressly, that is, *miraculously*, to destroy Sennacherib. You will tell me that its being *miraculous*, only proves it more providential; and I perfectly agree. There cannot indeed be a greater proof of Providence than a miracle; and our happiest feelings are concerned in the support of the possibility of such an interposition in a case so great as to want it.

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But this must wait for such a case. It cannot be the common, *usual* mode of governing by second causes. It is not a second cause if it be a miracle. If often or regularly repeated, it is miracle no more; and, as Burke said of violent measures in politics, where existence was at stake, it is making the medicine of the commonwealth its daily bread.

I do not blame the divines for taking their theories, and still less their examples, from the Old Testament and Jewish history; but I blame them for confining themselves to those sources, and from those authorities *alone* legislating for all the rest of the world. The most pious and enthusiastic devotee must confess that the Jewish dispensation is at an end; that miracles are over; and that the earth will no longer open and swallow up rebels to any laws, human or divine. We have long, long been under another polity, and "the ways of God to man" are altered from what they were in the times of the Pentateuch, the Judges, or the book of Kings. Not the less do we reverence and believe the sublime authority, which says, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father. How that is may be here seen.

What Sherlock, however, has failed to perform, no other person that I recollect, at least among divines, has attempted. There may be insulated passages, or even sermons, here and there; there

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is a great deal in the excellent Wollaston, and the perspicuous Seed, applicable to Moral Providence; which (always be it observed) is the species I am canvassing; but there is no regular detailed essay, meeting and grappling with the cogent objections drawn from the incompatibility of a ruling power that foresees, and therefore (*as it is affirmed*) predestines every thing, and the position that the will of man is free. There is no such performance, clear, fair, and bold, except that of a layman, Abraham Tucker, who certainly flinches from nothing, but wrestles manfully with the subject; and this performance I am free to confess is so clear, simple, and convincing, that it would render this attempt of mine unnecessary, but for the two or three following considerations.

1st. It forms only part, and a very small one, of a most voluminous range of works, valuable to the metaphysician in his closet, distinguished for depth of thought, satisfactory conclusion, and above all, for a power and amplitude of illustration which must do good to those who have leisure and inclination for these subjects; and hence I would advise you to give it a conspicuous place on your shelves at Halesworth.

Paley, in his preface to his Moral and Political Philosophy, excusing himself for not acknowledging obligation to preceding writers, on account of

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the difficulty of tracing to whom every thing belonged, makes an exception in favour of Search's (Tucker's) Light of Nature, on account of the happiness of its illustrations. But being thus voluminous, it is not, and cannot be in every body's hands; nor might those who wish to examine his thoughts upon Providence, think it worth while to burthen themselves with so many other subjects.

In the next place, from the amazing redundancy of his ideas, and the vast variety of shapes in which he places them before you, as well as the quantity of words employed, tending sometimes to clog instead of open the passage to his excellent doctrine, those who wish or are best fitted to understand things under simpler forms, might be deterred from pursuing the matter with sufficient perseverance. Nor do I know that the pure, didactic, unornamented, perhaps dry style in which the subject is handled, added to the length of the argument, would have attractions enough for many, who would require to be seduced, as it were, by ornament and elegance, into the acquisition of knowledge. To these the path might appear at first too rough and intricate to be attempted.

Exclusive of this, I perhaps think that this treatise is not so methodical as it might be, and

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as readers might wish it to be. Nor are the deductions or illustrations by *historical* cases, so practically striking as to preclude the necessity for something more immediately obvious, and under a more popular form.

I had made the attempt before in Tremaine; but even there, perhaps from its being new to me, I am sensible I did not make the most of my own theories; and I have endeavoured (I trust without repetition) to supply what may there be thought wanting.

In presenting you with this small tract, I have thought it right to accompany it by these preliminary remarks, which I hope you will remember in perusing it; and whatever its impression upon your better judgment, I trust you will accept it both as a mark of my esteem and affection, and of the hope I have that in the sincere devotion of yourself to the sacred profession you have chosen, you will receive a reward, both here and hereafter, which no other profession can give.

And so farewell.

*Wiesbaden, May,* 1836.

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# SECTION I.

"Now Heaven walks on earth."
SHAKSPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT.

"For he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still."
PSALM, CVII.

THE morning after the stormy and fearful night described in the last Chapter, found Mr. Campbell and St. Lawrence on the leads of a high tower which overlooked the interior of Castle Campbell, and commanded a wide prospect of sea, and shore, and distant islands, extending as far as the stupendous promontory of Fair Head on the opposite coast of Ireland. They had ascended this commanding terrace with a view to ascertain the damages, whatever they were, which so perilous a night might have occasioned. With the exception, however, of two or three boats that had been staved on the beach, and a few cottages unroofed, all was comparatively calm, made more so by contrast. The sea, indeed, still swelled in immense and reverberating undulations, but without those mountainous waves that had been so terrific. At the same time something like a sul-

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len and lowing swell at a distance, continued to affect the timid part of Campbell Town with fears of Sawney Bean, by no means yet entirely allayed. In other respects the contrast was wonderful. The sun shone out with a light and warmth that were exhilarating; and though detached glomerations of clouds chased one another, now heavily, now swiftly, over the vault of Heaven, yet they rested no where, and at length escaped into the horizon, leaving the stout old castle that had been so buffeted, in full possession of its strength, and its beautiful blue sea. The last, if not calm, now dashed fainter and fainter against the rocks that formed the base of the castle; only throwing up now and then a little spray, as if merely to show it was still there. Even this at length died away; so changed and soothing was the altered scene.

"How wonderful this is!" said St. Lawrence; "to look at this prospect now, one would suppose you had never any other than halcyon days upon this rugged coast of yours, spite of Sawney Bean, and all other permitted persecutors of the Campbells from the other world."

"You think, then," replied the Laird, "in common with many of my neighbours, that Sawney, as a McLeod once had the insolence to tell us, is

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really allowed to persecute the Campbells 'for nae gude that they did?'"

"I know not," returned St. Lawrence, "how far these descendants of the old Solemn-League-and-Covenant men, who only owned the Almighty even as their temporal prince, may, like their ancestors, believe he still continues to reward and punish in this world as in aforetime; but though, if there had been such a dispensation, it is now undoubtedly at an end, with the Macbriars, the Kettle-drummies, and the Davy Deans, who upheld that doctrine, the opinion is at least better than that which supposes the Being who made us cares nothing for the creatures he has made, but leaves all to chance and our own wilfulness."

"This savours much of our last night's speculation," observed Campbell, "in which I allow one of your illustrations, at least, was rather startling, particularly with my friends below there, who almost mobbed me for hazarding a doubt about the appearance of the Offley spirit. You told the story well. But now we are alone, if it is not an unfair question (which, as you are not even a divine, much less a bishop), perhaps it is not, may I ask if you believe one tittle of this miracle yourself?"

"I believe all that I have told you," replied St. Lawrence; "which, pray observe, by no means

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amounted to a miracle, but only an event, *seemingly* preternatural, which *might* be the mere ebullition of fancy in a man brooding intensely perhaps on one idea, but which, being followed by such important consequences, assumes the air of reality."

"The reality itself, then," said Campbell, "you do not believe; and I am willing to allow your tale to be an extraordinary, perhaps the most extraordinary presumption of an interposing Providence I ever heard. You say yourself, however, that it was a mere fancy of the man, and that fancy fortuitous. As a serious argument for the interference of Heaven, the matter must therefore be given up."

"Not quite so easily," observed St. Lawrence; "for though we may say that the spirit of Sir John Offley did not, by a command of the Almighty, appear in a real visible shape, and actually speak with living breath, yet not the less, according to all my theories and notions of the conduct of human events by a superhuman power, might this *fancied* appearance have been the *designed* mode of bringing about what really was accomplished."

"You mean the restoration of the estate?"

"I do."

"Then pardon me if I am a stern unbeliever, if only from the total inadequacy of the reason for

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what, if you are right in your opening (though you have not explained it), ought, it should seem, to have been a million of times more important than the mere restoration of property to a simple individual, when thousands are daily as much wronged without any interference at all. Colonel Gardener's famous story gives a more plausible reason for his vision (the conversion of a sinner), than this, the mere preservation of filthy lucre."

"I have already observed," replied St. Lawrence, "that I asserted no miracle; nor have I stickled even for interference, farther than that universal cognizance and regulation which I hold are exercised by the Creator and Governor of the World, through the intervention of *second* causes: a constitution of things which I suppose you do not deny."

"I neither affirm nor deny any thing at present," replied Campbell; "but shall be glad to hear how a ghost, a thing not in nature, can be a second cause?"

"Again," said St. Lawrence, "let me deliver myself from the charge of having introduced a ghost. But you will allow there is such a thing as fancy, visions, enthusiasm, dreams, call them what you will, that operate powerfully upon the brain (proportionably perhaps to its weakness);



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but which actually do operate upon it, and often impel to a particular conduct."

"Suppose I grant this," said Campbell, "what then?"

"Why add, if you please, that this fancy, or whatever we call it, is not infused *for the moment*, or *expressly for a particular purpose*, unforeseen before, but is the consequence and offspring of a certain natural constitution of the fancier, whom I will call the patient, as I would, if he were by constitution subject to the gout."

"Well; and still what then?"

"Why then again, if, as we have supposed, this dream or vision *lead to conduct*, we have at once a second cause, without any violation of any law of nature;—which for the moment we will allow a positive palpable messenger from Heaven would be."

Campbell paused in reflection upon this; then asked what use his friend meant to make of it, supposing it was conceded.

"Simply this," said St. Lawrence, "that *second causes* being the instruments by which Providence governs the course of events, this fancy in the Offley gardener became one of those instruments, and the restoration of the estate was providential or *designed*, although there was no miracle in the case."

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"Ingenious enough," observed Campbell; "but letting in a vast and boundless subject, with a thousand data as conceded, which have puzzled all the philosophers for a thousand years together."

"And yet, in my mind," replied St. Lawrence, "offering no difficulty at all."

"You will be a benefactor to philosophy, if you prove this," said Campbell, "if only from the stumbling block of free-will, which no one in my opinion has ever yet got over—priest or layman.—Nay, the divines are so much put to it upon the whole subject, that after a great many fine flourishes about an interference,—the power of which no one denies, could the difficulty from free-will be got over,—they always have recourse to the revelations of Scripture for proof;—which is authority and not argument. Granting the authority, indeed, the contest is at an end; for there Providence has plainly declared itself. But on the other hand, there also would be *predestination*, which puts an end to free-will, and, therefore, to moral responsibility."

"For all this I am prepared," said St. Lawrence, "but wait for farther objections of the same nature, if you have them."

"Preliminary then, to this," continued Campbell, "a great and wide field must be gone over, as to the nature of second causes, and how it is



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that Providence makes use of them to bring about the events of the world."

"To this," replied St. Lawrence, "I will willingly address myself, though I believe a man of your class of mind needs not such a preliminary. Are you really disposed to so profound, and therefore *jejune* a discussion?"

Campbell, who had in fact been all his life long keen on the subject, replied, "I would listen to nothing more willingly. But," added he, "the air bites shrewdly, notwithstanding the sun; and the place, the top of a house, is not over convenient. Sawney, too, over the way, might not be pleased at such a subject being discussed, as it were in his very sight; I therefore propose a more commodious scene of debate."

To this St. Lawrence agreed; and followed his friend to his private room in the lower part of the Castle.

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## SECTION II.

**SECOND CAUSES.**

"There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

HAMLET

"I SUPPOSE," said St. Lawrence, after a pause, and they had shut the door, "that the Almighty, whom we worship as such, is the Framer and First Cause of all things."

Campbell nodded assent.—"I only made the observation," added St. Lawrence, "to rid the question of any rubbish of Spinozism or Epicureanism that might stand at the threshold of the subject."

"Make yourself perfectly easy," said Campbell, "as to that."

"If he caused all things, then," continued St. Lawrence, "it will be equally clear that he knew the properties of all the things he caused; their relations between, their effects upon, one another; and the train of consequences eternally flowing through all time, that would follow from those effects, from their first creation to the present moment, and all moments beyond it."

"Granting omniscience and foreknowledge," said

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Campbell, "which I am not disposed to deny, I may readily subscribe to this."

"As a fair consequence to it, then," continued St. Lawrence, "you will, perhaps, admit that the Framer, whom I will now call Providence, had some design in such a concatenation, not less, in fact, than the production and direction of the events that arose from them, constituting in reality, the history of the world."

"Go on," said Campbell.

"If this be so, these effects and relations, thus generating one another, and influencing the actions of men, without any visible interference of the original and First Cause, may be justly styled, as we do style them, *Second Causes*. Pray pardon my methodical formality in obtruding these truisms upon you."

"Method," said Campbell, "is the life and soul of an argument, even where the preliminaries are known; you have still, however, to show how the relations and properties of matter can influence the characters and actions of men."

"That is surely, not difficult," said St. Lawrence, "since the whole scene of our actions, the foundation of all our conduct, the motives which exercise our energies, and upon which our intellect, thoughts, and all that prompts feeling, passion, and ambition, depend, arise entirely from created

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matter; matter for spirit to work upon, but without which we should have nothing to employ that spirit. When we love, covet, or will a thing, which are acts of the mind, and may therefore be called *spiritual*, the thing itself must be material, and strike through the senses, or the mind would have no notion of it. Some fanciful metaphysicians indeed have doubted of this, and supported innate, or what they call connate ideas,* but——"

"You need not trouble yourself," interrupted Campbell; "we will grant all that."

"Why indeed," observed St. Lawrencc, "the notion is merely curious, and we may leave it untouched. To proceed then. Created matter, in all its millions of forms, changes, properties, and relations, being that alone which sets the mind and passions to work, and this exercise of the mind and passions forming the characters, and prompting the actions of men, they at once become the Second Causes of which we are treating; nor are there any created things, however minute, trifling, or apparently useless, that may not by their incessant action upon one another, grow into palpable consequence, in exciting to those motions which influence men's desires, and impel to particular conduct."

* Sherlock, &c.

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"I should be glad to see this exemplified," said Campbell.

"Why, take the field which is now lying under a winter fallow on the side of that hill," said St. Lawrence. "You see its ridges laid up to sweeten by the air, and be made crisp by frost, in order the better to be pulverized and cleansed previous to being sown. Take the seed now in the granary, properly aired, regularly turned, and protected from damp, in order to insure its efficacy to produce a crop when sown; but which, if not thus aired and turned, would be spoilt. Take the present state of the elements, (even the storms of last night,) influencing in some measure, though remotely, the future state of them during the growing season, so as to produce a plentiful, or cause a scanty harvest in autumn."

"Well! and then?"

"Why, then, we have the most universal and powerful source of interest to mankind, the supply of food, influencing, as I need not tell you, in a degree, I might almost say, the whole globe. Commerce, politics, war, perhaps revolution; the happiness, virtue, misery, or wickedness of man, are all in a measure affected by the almost imperceptible process of what is now going on in the air, and in the soil; that process depending upon the process of preceding years, one before another, till you arrive at

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the first moment of the creation. As this too (the supply of food) forms the support of the whole world, there is no end of its consequences; for it immediately lets in the whole scene of human action; gives impetus to character, and opportunity for its display; in short, contributes to all moral conduct, and all the events of history."

"You have taken a large compass," observed Campbell.

"By no means yet finished," answered St. Lawrence. "For, take it farther up: what a field it opens from the endless concatenation and dependency of effect upon cause! And where are we to stop till, as I have said, we begin with Time itself? Would you say, then, that this could be, and the First Cause indifferent to all the consequences he was creating, and which must have been before him at the time he was creating them? Some of them are stupendous. The happiness of nations, as well as of individuals; the liberty or slavery of the world; the rise or fall of thrones:—all this must have been in the mind of the Almighty, when time commenced, and Second Causes were sent, not to seek their fortune, but to do his will in the minutest particular, 'till time should be no more.'"

"This is stupendous, indeed!" observed Campbell.



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"But not more than true," replied St. Lawrence, "or there is no truth in nature."*

* I cannot here refuse myself or the reader the pleasure of presenting this sentiment, detailed by one who was a master of his subject, and whose work should be more read than it is; for, first-rate upon almost all points, and high as it is in character, it is not so generally known as it ought to be:

"As every provident person," says Abraham Tucker (under the name of Edward Search), who has any great work to do, will prepare the materials, engage the workmen and labourers, and give the orders necessary for bringing it to perfection; so, whatever God designs to produce by the operation of Second Causes, he provides sufficient agents; gives them the powers, the impulses, and the motives requisite exactly to answer his purpose. If he determines to bring plenty or scarcity upon the earth, he disposes the air and the elements in such manner as necessarily to produce either; if he resolves to build up or pull down kingdoms, he raises up men with peculiar talents, fitted either for improving the arts of war and policy, or for throwing things into confusion. From hence we may gather that the providence of God is over all his works, *and that in the formation of sentient as well as unsentient natures*, he had in view that series of changes and events they would produce, and ordered his whole multitude of Second Causes, so as to execute that plan of Providence which he had in his intention. Which plan contained the order of succession we have spoken of, whereof the systems and courses of nature, the dispensations of good and evil, the fates and fortunes of men, and other sentient creatures, are the several parts; which, whether it has run for ever, or had a beginning, owed its rise either from everlasting, or some certain time, o the power and action of the Almighty."—(Search's Light of Nature, vol. v. pp. 83, 84, re-published with the true name of the author, Abraham Tucker, by the late Sir Henry Mildmay

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"Yet it is difficult," observed Campbell, "to suppose that the Almighty can be occupied, much less interested, by the fall of a leaf, or the crawling of a toad. That he could not descend to such trifles, seemed to be the opinion both of the Stoics and Epicureans."

"The Stoics," replied St. Lawrence, "were wise men, very wise for their times, when all the world was in darkness; but we beat them to nothing, both in philosophy and divinity. And as to your leaf and your toad, God made them; which is quite sufficient answer, without breaking our brains about that useless question, as to his object in doing it. He made them, and therefore, from all analogies, must have made them for some purpose known to himself, though not to us. How many thousand things are there in creation, the uses, or purposes of which we know not, and never shall! A lion, a monkey, a parrot, the beautiful colours of the feathered tribe; beautiful, but hid in woods, and deserts, scarce beheld of us; flowers that blush unseen; gold and jewels, perhaps at earth's centre, that never saw, and never will see the light. What are these, in the eye of Heaven, any more than the leaf and the toad? Yet the wonderful contrivance and mechanism of many of

who was his grandson.—See the subject continued, note *a* in the Appendix.)

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these things demonstrate even the fullest attention of the Creator to the smallest objects. Bees, ants, spiders, the rings of worms, the sea ænemona, (which seems mere pulp, but which can smother and devour a small fish), the threads of a muscle, spun by itself, and fastened to a rock to prevent its being washed off! Why all this extraordinary power lavished upon things apparently so mean in comparison with Omnipotence, if created merely to be abandoned as soon as made? No, it would be difficult, indeed impossible, for our finite minds to discover the reasons that determined the Infinite Mind to call into life, and still more into existence without life, all that we see; but, depend upon it, nothing can be so false as the notion that there is any thing in creation without a use, any more than without a cause, and therefore without the notice of the Creator."

"This is very glowing," observed Campbell; "and I am inclined to say convincing. We will, herefore, say that a toad carries something else in its head besides a jewel; namely, that it may rank somewhere or other among Second Causes. But pray go on."

"If I have succeeded in explaining satisfactorily the real theory of these Second Causes, I would then proceed," said St. Lawrence, "to show, how very little apparently in point of importance,

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those may be, which cause even singly, much more combinedly, the most momentous, and sometimes terrible consequences. A slight put upon the abilities of Pulteney, when subaltern to Sir Robert Walpole as Secretary-at-war, by affronting him into opposition, occasioned that sharp thorn in the minister's side which afterwards rankled and festered, with various fortune to the country, for twenty years, till it produced his downfall. Probably the Spanish war of 1739, and the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and even the great Forty-five, and the delightful epic of Waverley, nay, all that immortalizes Scott and Abbotsford, may have remotely been occasioned by it. Tremaine has used the remark of Horace Walpole, that a quarrel between two bed-chamber women, saved the Spanish succession to France, and gave peace to Europe at Utrecht. How many other consequences (the consequence of that peace) followed through the rest of the century! How many sovereigns were affected, sovereignties created, or altered; what wars, what alliances, guaranties, changes in the Droit Publique de l'Europe, the high qualities, or deaths of great generals, the dethronement of Kings; I leave to history, and the Abbé Mably to tell us. That leviathan, the Public Debt of England, may have become a fixture from the same cause. On the other hand, by preserv-

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ing Spain among our allies, instead of her making a family compact against us, we should not have been under the necessity of those wonderful struggles which carried our maritime reputation to the highest pitch of glory. Fond as I am of the charming romance of Anson's Voyage, I might even enumerate that, unobvious as it is, as one of the consequences of the bed-chamber women's quarrel."

"Good," said Campbell, "and I only wonder, that with such a fertile field to work in, some man of research, some keen, inquiring, penetrating and agreeable D'Israeli, has not bestowed upon the world what would so instruct and so amuse it."

"'What mighty contests rise from trivial things'

might certainly," said St. Lawrence, "furnish much even to the divine and the philosopher, as well as to the historian, and the politician. The jealousy of one sister of another in ancient Rome, because her door was rapped at by lictors, like London footmen, her husband being consul, occasioned the mightiest change in the Roman constitution, by which plebeians were admitted to the consulate. The dropping of a garter at a ball, as it is said, by creating the most illustrious of our chivalrous orders, occasioned more heroic deeds than had ever been sung

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before. A good dancing-master made Sir Christopher Hatton Chancellor. The Lord Treasurer Buckhurst owed his change of character, from idleness to application to business, and his consequent rise, to his indignation at being kept waiting by a rich usurer, whom he despised, but of whom, being then a dissipated, extravagant young man, he wanted to borrow money.

But war and revolutions are the most striking comments on our theory. Perhaps even the reign of the Hundred Days in France, with all its mighty consequences, the battle of Waterloo, the deaths of a thousand heroes in the field, and of Ney by execution, to say nothing of the exile to St. Helena, itself one of the most interesting features in all history:—perhaps even this was in a great measure owing to a mere court heart-burning; the wife of Ney being coldly received.*

The subject is indeed inexhaustible, both in the moral and physical world. In the latter how much evil is owing to trifles, even the most remote in point of time! A buried garment in the time of one plague, by being dug up, caused another a hundred years afterwards. A single drop of prussic acid perhaps in an unrinsed bottle, may cause

* Ney did not disguise that the nightly tears of his wife at returning ill received from the Tuilleries, inclined him to quit Louis XVIII. for Buonaparte.

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a death by which ten thousand other deaths may be occasioned. His last goblet, by killing Alexander, divided the whole world into a variety of sovereignties, which employed all its interests and energies, and brought forward character and exertions, the political and philosophical effects of which are felt to this day, and which perhaps would not have been known (at least in their present shape) but for this memorable debauch."

"Enough, enough," said Campbell, "I yield you all you wish to demonstrate from the concatenation of Second Causes. Their effects are perfectly clear; but whether their foundation was laid *intentionally* by the Almighty, at the creation, *in order* to produce all that happened afterwards, or whether posterior events have sprung from chance; at best, whether Providence may not have lain by, in order to convert any mischief that chance may have occssioned, which is tantamount to interposition *pro re nata*, (which you deny,) —all this remains still to be discussed. For my part, I hold myself a sheet of white paper; only I think that if the chance I have spoken of as to effects, though proceeding from *natural* causes, occasion mischief, the interposition to correct it looks very like a miracle, by interfering with the course of nature.

"There is no doubt," replied St. Lawrence,

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"that there are different opinions. All seem to agree in dividing Providence into two sorts. One, a disposing, the other an interposing Providence. The first I have already canvassed, and own myself its votary. The advocates of the latter, however (not at all superstitious men), think it scarcely possible that the Almighty Framer should have created all the wonders that we see both in physics and morals, and then have thrown his work aside, being so perfect and durable as to need no further care. This they say would be to create merely for amusement:—which we cannot conceive of the Almighty. They also tell you, with somewhat more appearance of reasonable inference, that there is proof in physics, of the necessity for continual watchfulness, from liability to get out of order, and a consequent demand for repairs. In support of this they are not without the aid of very learned and observing natural philosophers and astronomers, Newton among them, who demonstrate from theories confirmed by experiment, that from greater or less friction, and other impediments to motion, the progress of phœnomena (as the orbits of the planets) does not proceed equally, or without variation, and might probably by this have fallen into confusion, but for the interference of him who originally planned them.*

* See Note B. Appendix.

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"Hence, by analogy they say it may be the same in the progress of moral events—that is, the moral government of the world; and, in truth it by no means appears, (at first sight, at least,) to be a defective or inconsistent thing, that the Builder of the world, let this power be what it will, should reserve to himself the province of watching over his own plans; of seeing that all parts continue as originally designed; and if through the weakness or wilfulness of the agents left to their own free will, anything should get wrong, that he should be at hand to remedy and set it right. It is on this ground mainly that divines defend the necessity of revelation itself, and support the necessity for the mission of Christ, in order to renew the rule of living which had been given in the beginning, but afterwards lost."

"For an opposer of these opinions," observed Campbell," "you are at least a candid expounder, for I could almost doubt how you will be able to overturn your own statement."

"I pretend not to overturn," replied St. Lawrence. "On the contrary, *valeat quantum valere potest*. But I may say this, and yet uphold what I think a better theory; better in this, that though perhaps it may appear more far-fetched

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and profound in its concoction, it is not liable to what I think unanswerable objections. I do not mean that it is impossible or unworthy of the Creator (as many think), to have purposely left his creation so far imperfect in itself as even to require his assistance in the course established In point of fact, if the end is here, we actually see imperfection all around us; which made an eloquent, amiable, and pious man exclaim,

> 'The ways of Providence are dark and intricate,
> Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with evil;
> The understanding traces them in vain,
> Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
> Nor where the regular confusion ends.'

Imperfection therefore, (if, as I said, all is to end here,) is the very character of created substance. It is not at all therefore incongruous that the visible or sensible interference of Providence, by revelation, or interposition, should form a part of the scheme of its government. And in truth our whole most sacred belief shows that on one occasion at least it actually did so. Nevertheless, I do not think that it generally does so; since although the world once got so wrong as to require God's appearance upon earth, supported by a whole train of illustrious miracles to prove it, there was no such proof before, and certainly there has been

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none such since. The government by Second Causes, that is, by concealed Causes, has therefore proceeded as it did before, without it."

"What, however," said Campbell, "is your reason for thinking that before, as now, sensible interposition is not within the scheme? I have told you that I do not think it is myself, and that is the reason why I disbelieve all those accounts of apparitions, however attracting, such as the Offley and Gardener stories. But after the forcible argument you have given, drawn from the imperfection of the mundane system, for interposition from above, I own your repudiation of it in favour of that other scheme, so complex, and, as you say yourself, so far-fetched, seems to me paradoxical."

"Not if I have made myself understood," said St. Lawrence. "In fact, though perhaps more complex, and certainly more far-fetched, than a visible interposition would be, yet it is infinitely more free from those, to me, inexpugnible difficulties which encompass that other system. You talk of my defence of it; but you will recollect it was only of its *possibility in a case of magnitude sufficient to justify* it: which case from its very nature must occur most rarely; perhaps never did occur except in that great case of all,

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when our salvation was at stake. Whereas, if interposition were the *usual* and *regular* mode of governing, the whole nature of things, and the laws of nature themselves, would be altered, and our free will in almost every instance endangered. Whereas according to the doctrine I have espoused, no law of nature is violated, and the free will of man remains safe."

"I should like to have this more amply explained," said Campbell.

"The explanation can be easily given," returned St. Lawrence, "provided you will favour me with all your attention."

"I am all ear," said Campbell.

"That motives may be set before us, so as to produce, or rather persuade to, a certain conduct, without forcing free will, the very term *persuade* demonstrates; for no one will contend that persuasion is force. Now there are two sorts of force. One restraining, the other impelling. If either is employed on will, it is no longer free. For example, if I will at this moment to leave the room and walk upon that strand, and by some secret talisman you are in possession of, you set me sleep, *spite of nature*, you restrain me from my purpose, and my will is controlled. *Contra*, if I wish to remain, and the same talisman operating on my muscles

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and limbs, force me to get up and walk out at the door. On the other hand, if though wishing, and at liberty to walk, the sun lowers, and the day changes, I am induced, (my free judgment being exercised,) to give up my purpose of walking, and remain where I am, though perhaps against inclination, my will is free. In like manner if, wishing and intending to remain for any particular purpose, the sun shining out, and the day becoming inviting, I give up my purpose for the sake of the walk, my intention is changed, yet no force is exercised upon my will. Now, to apply this;—if some second cause, (like the lowering, or blazing sun,) derived as it may be from Heaven, but *without meddling with any law of nature*, induce me *after using my liberty of judgment*, to pursue any particular conduct, I may be led to it by Providence, but, being free to choose or reject, I am master of my will. I will presently show how these Second Causes may be, as I have observed, derived from Providence.

"But let us now suppose, that instead of what I may call this *persuasive* Providence, a forcible, that is, a controlling one, either by restraining or compelling, is used."

"Explain, if you please," said Campbell, "how

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you would illustrate either the restraining or impelling power, by anything short of an open miracle. If I attempt to kill another, and my arm is arrested by a visible hand, though belonging to nobody; or, contra, though unwilling to kill, the same hand lifts mine and forces me to strike—these are miracles; but these, I suppose, are not what you mean."

"Certainly not," replied St. Lawrence; "the interposing power of the nature I am supposing, is more concealed, and therefore lies deeper. For example, we all know how much the actions of men depend upon their tempers and dispositions, and even sometimes upon the quick or slow beat of their pulses, the mere feelings of a moment. A man to-day is not the same man to-morrow; he may be bold, adventurous, generous, full of zeal, one hour; yet timid, cautious, close, and indifferent the next. Before dinner and after is known to be very different. Hence the ancient Germans, who seemed to be acquainted with this philosophy, are said always to have held two deliberations upon great affairs, especially war—one when drunk, the other when sober."

"And what use do you make of this?" asked Campbell.

"A considerable one," replied St. Lawrence;

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"for from the manner in which these influential feelings in men's determination are brought about, the whole theory we are discussing will be affected. We all know upon how minute causes the temper and disposition of an individual may depend. A blight in the air, the east wind, rain, hunger, bad news, mortifications, the loss of fortune, or of those we love:—these render us morose and sad, or 'fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.' On the other hand, a genial climate, the advance of the spring, gratified love or successful ambition; above all, health;—these render us jocund, happy, and complying, probably virtuous and pious, in short, fit for good works. Now all these affirmations and negatives prompt to corresponding conduct, and give a shape and character to the actions of men; and yet all are promoted or retarded, or (according to the phrase already used) impelled or restrained, by a thousand almost imperceptible causes, and at the same time, all founded in the laws of nature enacted by the Creator. Accordingly, therefore, as those laws operate, so will incline the temper and conduct of man. If a storm such as that of last night arise, one conduct may be pursued; if the spring is sweet, another. If the heat make the pulse beat quicker than usual, or a blast of cold retard the circulation, so may our actions, and therefore our morals, be affected.

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Well:—these instigators are all in the disposal of Heaven; but, as we say, not arbitrarily, but as it was originally decreed, when the laws of nature were ordained. According to that ordinance, those laws are and must be administered. But once changed, or liable to be changed, whatever the object, the whole constitution of things is altered, and we come either entirely to be governed by a different dispensation, or a miracle is perpetually displayed. Now, whenever the wind is made to blow, either more gently or more roughly than it would *otherwise have done* in the regular originally ordained course of nature, that course is disturbed, and a miracle is performed. What shall we say, then, if the whole tenor and character of men's actions all over the world, are to be governed by perpetual changes in the course and order of nature? A perpetual miracle is no miracle at all; and, from this constant and indeed necessary interposition, we should lose our free will, and there would be an end of the constitution of things by which man is man."

"You have put this most powerfully," said Campbell; "but have we not, somehow or another, forgot the position, that suasory topics may be presented by Providence, and yet no violence offered to free will?"

"Not so," said St. Lawrence; "for you must



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remember how marked I was in observing, that the wind was to be *made* to blow *more gently or roughly than it would otherwise in the natural course of things, in order* to become a miracle. If arbitrarily altered, it must be in order that the human feeling, or human judgment, must be warped, spite of itself. Resolution is not therefore to have fair play; the thing required *must* be done, by the decree of Him who has so altered his original laws; and free will is at an end."

You have opened a speculation," observed Campbell, "as profound as wide; as important as curious; nor can I gainsay a word. Indeed, an enemy myself to the doctrine of perpetual interposition, I am not the person to refute this part of your scheme. I am still however not so entirely convinced as I wish, if the stories of Sir John Offley and Colonel Gardener are true, that the laws of nature were not for the moment suspended. Not believing this to be possible, any more than yourself, I am driven either to question the relations, or to be still in the dark how to reconcile the facts with your doctrine."

"I have already," answered St. Lawrence, "given you the authority for the Offley story; and of the restoration of the family, there is existing proof enough. The anecdote of the extraordinary and startling appearance to Colonel Gardener

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rests, I believe, upon himself, but is supported by the total change of his after-life.* I have told

* The account of this most extraordinary vision, though formerly in every body's hands, having been long out of sight, it perhaps may be as well, in order to elucidate the argument, to renovate its recollection, by republishing it, as given in a note in Waverley.—The relation is in the words of Dr. Doddridge. The Major had spent the evening (and, if I mistake not, it was the Sabbath) in some gay company, and had an unhappy assignation with a married woman, whom he was to attend exactly at twelve. The company broke up about eleven; and not judging it convenient to anticipate the time appointed, he went into his chamber to kill the tedious hour, perhaps with some amusing book, or some other way. But it very accidentally happened, that he took up a religious book, which his good mother or aunt had, without his knowledge, slipped into his portmanteau. It was called, if I remember the title exactly, The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm, and it was written by Mr. Thomas Watson. Guessing by the title of it that he would find some phrases of his own profession spiritualized, in a manner which he thought might afford him some diversion, he resolved to dip into it; but he took no serious notice of any thing it had in it; and yet, while this book was in his hand, an impression was made upon his mind (perhaps God only knows how), which drew after it a train of the most important and happy consequences. He thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall upon the book which he was reading, which he at first imagined might happen by some accident in the candle; but lifting his eyes, he apprehended, to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory; and was impressed as if a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him, to this effect (for he was not confident



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you that I do not think either of the appearances were real. That is, I do not think either that the real flesh and blood of Sir John Offley, or of our Saviour, were seen by the parties; or that what were seen were real ministering spirits, made visible from the invisible world, to accomplish what they did accomplish. But I, nevertheless, believe that it was the benign act of Providence, not by *creating* the vision, but foreseeing that in the case of Gardener, for instance, he had created it himself, to afford the means for his conversion."

as to the words); 'Oh, sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?' Struck with so amazing a phenomenon as this, there remained hardly any life in him, so that he sunk down in the arm-chair in which he sat, and continued, he knew not how long, insensible."

"With regard to this vision," says the ingenious Dr. Hibbert, "the appearance of our Saviour on the cross, and the awful words repeated, can be considered in no other light, than as so many recollected images of the mind, which probably had their origin in the language of some urgent appeal to repentance, that the Colonel might have casually read, or heard delivered. From what cause, however, such ideas were rendered as vivid as actual impressions, we have no information to be depended upon. This vision was certainly attended with one of the most important of consequences, connected with the Christian dispensation, the conversion of a sinner. And hence no single narrative has, perhaps, done more to confirm the superstitious opinion that apparitions of this awful kind cannot arise without a divine fiat."—Dr. Hibbert adds, in a note, "A short time before the vision, Colonel Gardener had received a severe fall from his horse. Did the brain receive some slight degree of injury from the accident, so as to predispose him to this spiritual illusion?"

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"Created it for himself?" exclaimed Campbell.

"Yes! for I hold that these phantasies, important as they may be in the actions they promote, are not the direct interposition of Heaven, but the mere accidents of nature; but, then, like other commoner occurrences, they also become the medium through which Providence governs the course of things. They are, in fact, as I have before observed, *Second Causes*, as much as any others we know; and you must deny Providence altogether, if you deny its power to avail itself of the imagination in the direction of mankind."

"Granting this," said Campbell, "I am at a loss how any Second Cause can be used as an instrument to *govern*, that is to *force*, any particular conduct, if the subject, man, is left free."

"I waited for this," replied St. Lawrence, "but wished first to clear the specific question of supposed apparitions from the ambiguities which hung about it; and I now ask if you are prepared to grant me that these visionary appearances are intrinsically nothing more nor less, in regard to consequent conduct, than other natural sources of impulse and action."

"I think I may grant this," said Campbell; "and you are to show me in return how they can be the work of Providence, and not be predestined; and if predestined how we can be free?"

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"To do this," answered St. Lawrence, "I must begin with certain postulates, which you will have no difficulty, I dare say, to answer. You of course allow a Creator of the world?"

"Of course."

"That the world had a beginning?"

"For the argument's sake, yes!"

"Before that then, what we now call time, did not exist. In other words, the history of time, as we are acquainted with it, began with the world."

"Agreed."

"Perhaps too you admit that the Creator, when he made the world, and with it ordained that time should be, knew, that is foresaw, all that was to happen; by all, I mean, the most trifling occurrence in the minutest thing, though spread through the whole boundless creation the whole course of the time he had thus ordained. All things, therefore, were before him, when time began, though they were to occupy ages upon ages in their performance."

"This is profound," said Campbell, "and requires much thought; but I see no reason why I should gainsay it now. I remember some such idea in Tremaine,* in one of the Chapters upon Providence, in which it is stated that the Map of Time was before the Almighty at the creation of the world."

* See Tremaine, vol. iii. p.

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"And did not this lead you to ultimate satisfaction?" asked St. Lawrence.

"It required beating out," answered Campbell, "more than I had leisure, or perhaps disposition at the time to effect. I remember too the application of the theory to the practice was rather complicated, and not made so obvious in all cases as it ought to have been."

"Probably this was so," said St. Lawrence, "and at any rate, the notion, and the use designed to be made of it, was at least so uncommon, if not new, that more time ought to have been given to it. I have, however, myself explored its consequences in all their ramifications, and find the theory so sound in every case that can occur, so as to prove Providence every where, without trenching upon free will, that I hope I can satisfy your doubts as I have my own, which have long been set at rest."

"Do this," said Campbell, "and you will indeed be mihi Magnus Apollo."

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## SECTION III.

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### PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

"My reasoning is this," said St. Lawrence. "All his works, to use the words of the Apostle, are known unto God, from the beginning. Nothing that has happened, or ever will happen, but must have received his sanction. This you must grant, or deny his power to create or alter, in short to govern: which I do not understand you to do."

"I do not," observed Campbell.

"Well then; having sanctioned, that is, authorised, and therefore ordered, all things from the beginning, there is in fact no such thing as what we erroneously are in the habit of thinking and calling a *particular* intervention, or, if you will, a Particular Providence, suddenly brought into action on the spur of an occasion, not provided for, and not foreseen: as for example, the suspension of a law of nature, to effect or prevent a particular purpose;—as to preserve or to take a particular life, or discover a particular secret. All this has been observed, having been sanc-

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tioned and known *from the beginning*. There was no occasion to provide for it when it happened, for from the beginning, the thing itself, and the mode of producing it, was settled in the divine mind. Take, for example, the Gunpowder Plot. There God foresaw that the Catholics, by virtue of their free agency, would lay a plot to blow up the Parliament. Under the scheme he had formed for human action, he could not or would not take away this free agency, but allowed it to proceed. Being, however, equally resolved that the plot should not succeed, he designed to defeat it; and we have already agreed, that to defeat intention, is not to fetter free will. Now there were various ways in which this might be done, when the decree went forth at the beginning of the time. The second causes that influence the will, might have been so cast as to have prevented the plot from going so far as it did, or prevented it even from being planned; but his fore-knowledge pointed out another resource, in the compunction, or private friendship and gratitude towards Lord Monteagle, which prompted the letter which occasioned the discovery of the conspiracy. You will observe there was here no interference with free will, no forced event, not even a dream infused for the purpose into any one's mind (which *so* infused, would have been miraculous); but all



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arose from the regard of one of the conspirators for a friend whom he wished to save. I remember when a child being pleased with a picture of this event, in which was the figure of Guy Fawkes in the dark cellar, but an eye in the Heavens darting its rays into the vault, as if the discovery arose from interposition, in consequence of a sudden discovery. This was my opinion, as well as that of many others, not children, and such the idea given by the picture. According to our principle it was not so; there was no miracle, yet free agency was allowed in its full scope. Although some events have been brought about by means so hidden and unforeseen, and therefore so surprising, that we are apt to ascribe them to an immediate and express intervention, and emphatically call it *providential*, it is no more so than the minutest and most trivial occurrence, as the falling of a leaf, or the blowing of a flower, which all is equally the work of Providence."

"I wish you to detail this a little more," said Campbell.

"I need only," returned St. Lawrence, "go to our two appearances, (whether supposed or real,) which we have canvassed in the case of Offley and Colonel Gardener, for a full explanation. Then, the restoration of the estate, and the conversion of the sinner, were supposed to be accomplished by

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an express interference of Heaven, and were, therefore, emphatically denominated Particular Providences; whereas, according to my theory, all this was known and ordered 'from the beginning,' and no more *particular* or *express*, than that seed should ripen in harvest, or particular medicines heal particular diseases. If you want more instances in explanation, I will refer you to Tremaine, where a collection of them is made, which may probably interest you.* Meantime, I would glance in passing at the Gunpowder Plot, the preservation of Simonides, and of a nobleman by his dog."

"As I have lost the recollection of these," said Campbell, "it may be as well for our subject to refresh our memories with them."

"The story of Simonides," answered St. Lawrence, "as told by Cicero, is this. He was employed by Scopas to write a poem in his praise. He wrote the poem, but only half of it was in praise of Scopas, the other half was an eulogy on Castor and Pollux. He recited his poem at a supper given by Scopas, who only paid him *half* the price agreed for, telling him Castor and Pollux might pay him the other half. At that instant Simonides was called out of the room by a mes-

* See Tremaine vol. iii, p. 240, 264.

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sage, as it was stated, from two young men at the gate, supposed afterwards to have been Castor and Pollux; for no sooner had he left the company, than the roof fell in and crushed them all."

"You do not believe," said Campbell, drily, "that the young men were Castor and Pollux?"

"Not quite," returned St. Lawrence, laughing, "but they were young men, the message saved the poet's life, and the opinion of the time was, that he was saved by a *Particular* Providence. According to my scheme, he was saved by the fiat indeed of Providence; but conceived and ordained at the beginning of time, operating through an immense train of second causes, one begetting another, till the end was accomplished, and not by an *insulated* intervention resolved upon and adopted *pro re nata.* It was providential, indeed, but only because every thing is providential, and not one thing more than another."

"And your dog story?" asked Campbell.

"Nay, you are more likely to relate that to me," returned St. Lawrence, "since it is Scotch. But take it as I heard it recounted by a Scotch Laird of the old school, who believed every word of it. A nobleman of your land of cakes and superstition, was said to have had a favourite mastiff, in whom, such was his fondness, he had pardoned many felonies, chiefly of sheep murder.

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His patience being worn out, he at length ordered the dog to be hanged, and addressed him to that effect, in a pathetic speech. The dog, as if he understood him, instantly disappeared, and was no more heard of in Scotland. Two years afterwards, the Duke (for he was no less), travelling in Flanders, was benighted in one of the forests there; and the next stage being a fortified town, he was told at the lone inn where he had stopped, that being too late, he would not be admitted, and he agreed to a proposal made him to remain where he was all night, the accommodation being tolerably good. At supper, to his and his servant's astonishment, he saw enter the room his old and favourite mastiff, whom he had been forced to condemn to death. Great were the rejoicings on both sides; and it was observed that the dog would never quit him, but resisted all attempts of the people of the house to drive or coax him from the chamber. As night advanced, and the Duke prepared to go to bed, the dog became agitated, he howled and scratched the floor, then laid his paws on the Duke's shoulders, and looked wishfully in his face, but was comparatively quiet, till the servant departed to a chamber allotted to him out of the house. The Duke then beginning to undress, the dog became violent in opposing the stripping, laid hold of his coat with his teeth, and struggled

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hard, and even fiercely, to prevent him from proceeding. The Duke was struck with this strange violence, and finding whenever he desisted, that the dog was quiet, reposed himself in an arm-chair instead of going to bed. Here he dosed for a couple of hours, when he was waked by the bark of his friend, and on opening his eyes was astonished at seeing the bed descending through the floor. He immediately gave an alarm; the descent of the bed stopt; and the Duke grasped his pistols, waiting the event. Some minutes afterwards he thought the door, which was bolted in the inside, was attempted; at least he heard footsteps, upon which he fired through the planks, and hallooed loudly for his servant from the window. It was midsummer, and soon became light, and being joined by his man, they sallied over the house, accompanied every where by the dog, who expressed his pleasure, it was said, by every possible canine gesticulation. They searched the house, and every adjoining shed, but found the whole abandoned; nor (that I ever heard) was there any farther result. But the dog was of course taken home, pardoned all his felonies, and lived happily with his master ever afterwards."

"Your tale," said Campbell, who had been very attentive, "concludes *dans toutes les regles*. It is too good to be doubted; and for my part

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I will believe it as long as I can, nor inquire too closely into its truth. If true, I cannot be surprised, particularly at my countrymen, if they feel it a proof beyond all possibility of attack, of the express interposition of Heaven. The dog seems to have received a commission from above for the part he played; nay, to have committed sheep murder expressly in order to be banished forth the realm, in order to get to Flanders, in order, finally, to save his master's life. He is gifted with almost human reason on purpose; and though he does not speak, like the horse of Achilles, or the ass of Balaam, yet he understands when his master tells him to be hanged, and absconds, but only to learn how people may be murdered if they go to bed, by sinking through a trap door! There is here, therefore, surely Particular Providence enough and to spare; yet, strange to say, you are here the sceptic, not I! But let us hear your exposition, which I dare say is a very learned one."

As the tone of irony in which this was said, was also good humoured, St. Lawrence, not minding it, replied, "You are not correct in calling me a sceptic. The story may be true; but true or false, I only differ from your worthy countryman who told it me, as to the nature and mode of the Providence that caused the escape. He believed

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that it was *interference pro re nata,* in a case not anticipated; I, that it was cast long beforehand, and the consequence of a train of *natural* causes and effects, flowing one from another from the beginning, until it ended in the catastrophe in question. Thus we both support the notion of a presiding Providence; only his, to make it more marked, savours not a little of the miraculous—which you, perhaps justly, question; mine admits no miracle at all; treating it like every other work of the Almighty, as proceeding on known principles, and thus, without restraint imposed, or additional power conferred, upon the laws of nature."

"There may be something in this," observed Campbell, resuming his serious tone; "but of course it must hold throughout every case that can be supposed. If so, how do you answer the searching question of the fine lines in the Essay on Man?"

> 'Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
> Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
> When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
> Shall gravitation cease if *you* go by?
> Or some old temple nodding to its fall,
> For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?'

"The question is both fair and cogent," replied St. Lawrence, "and you are entitled to a fair and full answer. It has, indeed, been already, I think, well answered in Tremaine, where the very

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question is put, though the answer, perhaps, is not so immediate, nor in such satisfactory detail as such a question ought to have received. Evelyn, however, is perfectly sound in saying, that though the ruin would certainly not wait for Chartres' head if the law of physics required that it should fall, yet Providence, if it had decreed the destruction of Chartres, would have taken care at the creation of the world, that second causes should have brought him within the danger, exactly at the time when, by the law of physics, that danger would be fatal."

"The difficulty," said Campbell, "is to know how the Deity could *command* second causes even at the creation. That he might foresee them, and what could be produced from them, may perhaps be granted; but that he should *ordain* what he pleased through them, *they proceeding upon known and unalterable rules*, surpasses my belief. If the rules by which they *generate* one another, are alterable at pleasure, that is a different thing; but proceeding, as you say yourself, according to the laws of nature, can that alteration take place without miracle?"

"The difficulty," said St. Lawrence, "will vanish, I think, if you go high enough; that is, to the archetypal ideas that were in the Creator's mind when his work was contemplated. For ex-

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ample:—we will say Chartres was to be killed by the fall of a ruin. That ruin could only fall (all things consecutively considered) at a given moment, through a chain of the laws of physics. Here then was the second cause for the fall, and of course it might be traced to that first act of the Creator (whatever it was) from which all flowed. Then Chartres was to come under the ruin precisely when he did. Now what brought him there? we will say any fortuitous motive, fortuitous to us, but not fortuitous to the Creator, because all the second causes, which in the end brought him there, were foreseen, one after the other, as they flowed in succession from the first cause which set the rest in motion, and was itself set in motion by God. Although, therefore, all that happened after the first motion, proceeded by unchangeable laws, not interruptions, but even the very consequence of free will; yet as that first motion was originated by the sole will, and according to the sole pleasure, of the Creator, the last, as well as all the intermediate events, depended entirely upon that will and pleasure. Hence, without any meddling with the laws of nature, or the free will of man, without miracle or sudden interposition, Providence may have willed and *provided* for the death of Chartres." *

* "Upon the whole," says Tucker (Light of Nature, vol. v.

"Your deduction is both clear and forcible," observed Campbell, when St. Lawrence had finished, "and will afford room for meditation for many a future hour; and yet, all being the *will* of Heaven, which from your own account man can neither withstand nor elude, I am not yet prepared to say that his will is free."

"The whole depends upon that will's being accomplished without force, as I have already observed," replied St. Lawrence.

"Can you particularize?" asked Campbell.

"Easily. For was Adam not left to his free will, or could he not have avoided his catastrophe, when persuaded by Eve to the act of disobedience?"

"I suppose he could," answered Campbell; "but you see Heaven, which by your own account determines every thing, determined he should not. How then was he blameable?"

"That," said St. Lawrence, "would justify (as far as accounting for a thing can justify it) all the murders and rapines since the creation; but,

p. 188), "we may conclude freedom, in whatever light we place it, or to whatever power, real or imaginary, apply it, by no means repugnant to the operations of prior causes moving us to the exercise of that power, nor to the dominion of Providence, having all *those* causes, and *their* causes at disposal, so that the plan of Providence may well take effect, without infringing a tittle upon our liberty."—See also Appendix, note [b].

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with submission, that is not the question, which is simply, whether our motives are obligatory upon us, merely because we follow, or are persuaded by them. If you were now to quit this room, in search of a book, or because somebody knocked at the door, would your merely doing so make you believe that you could not help it, and had no choice?".

"According to you," replied Campbell, "I should say it was the will of Heaven!"

"Be it so; but not that it was the will of Heaven that you might not stay in the room if you pleased."

"It is embarrassing," said Campbell.

"I think not," returned St. Lawrence, "for suppose a man whose wisdom and virtue we greatly respect, is sent to persuade us to a particular conduct, and we are convinced by his representations and agree. No force is here used; we were free to choose or refuse; the decision was our own. Would you say that we had no will to do otherwise, because what we adopted seemed most desirable?"

"I imagine I should not," returned Campbell.

"So much then for our freedom, if the conduct proposed were prudent, honourable, virtuous! Now take it the other way? Suppose, some great temptation; the feasible usurpation of a crown;

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the easy but unjust conquest of a province, or the blandishments of a mistress sent by one king to another for a political purpose, like Louisa de Queroaille from Louis XIV. to Charles II. In this latter case was any force put upon Charles? Louis foresaw, from his knowledge of Charles's inflamability, that he could win him by this temptation to his views. He did so; but was Charles not free because he followed his natural impulses? or did Louis constrain him because he made use of the second cause (Louise Queroaille), to bring about the purpose he had conceived?"

Here Campbell, caustic as he was, laughed outright, but owned the argument was good, though a little profane. "At the same time," said he, "you have not provided for a case where the suasory representations are *un*successful, and yet the point accomplished; which it must be if Providence so will it; and if it is thus accomplished, *spite of opposition*, what still becomes of free will?"

"My answer is," returned St. Lawrence, "that there can be no such case between us, because the very proposition we are discussing, supposes, as indeed you yourself affirm, that the object, whatever it is, is accomplished. There cannot, therefore, have been the failure in the suasory representations you have mentioned. In other words, you affirm success and failure both at the same time, and belonging

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to the same thing; a conclusion impossible, and therefore not logically admissible."

"But may I not suppose," retorted Campbell, who did not much relish this reply, "that it might be a design of Providence for its own good purpose, that Queroaille should become a mistress to a good king, who being thus good, and possessed of free will, thwarted this design by rejecting her?"

"With submission again," answered St. Lawrence, "your supposition, as I have said, is a contradiction; for a design cannot succeed and not succeed; or what is the same thing, the specific means taken to accomplish it cannot be a success and a failure at the same time. Could we, moreover, for a moment entertain the fancy, that Providence *could* intend to force a human being to sin, we should ourselves be guilty of the impiety of imagining something at war with, and contradictory to, all its attributes. That it makes use of sinners, made so by themselves, to punish or defeat sin in others, is no doubt true, and one of the wonders of this whole wonderful subject; but who ever heard of Heaven *contriving* sin as an original purpose?"

"You have explained this part of the subject sufficiently well, to make me ponder it again and again," said Campbell; "but one difficulty remains to be cleared; I fear the greatest of all."

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"I wait for it," said St. Lawrence.

"It is this. You have provided for all cases where Providence is supposed to have foreseen, through second causes *propitious to its intentions*, what it has designed to do; and I remember Wollaston, perhaps the best of your writers upon this subject, puts this part of the case exceedingly well. But I suppose, if you really grant free will, you mean not to deny that an obstinate persistance in his will, if free, might enable a man to baffle all the second causes in the world in an attempt to alter it. If so, and yet Providence be resolved to accomplish its intention, how is it to be done?"

"I allow with you," replied St. Lawrence, "this *seems* the greatest of all the difficulties that have been supposed: nevertheless, I will, if you please, before we take it by the horns, beg leave to examine into its real extent and magnitude; which I am tempted to believe is not so great as at first sight appears."

"I am all attention," said Campbell.

"What I mean to say," observed St. Lawrence, "is, that we must not suppose, because a man cannot do what he wills, that his will is therefore not free. His power may be abridged, but not therefore his will; for power and will are very distinct things.* A man may will to rob another, yet be

* This is explained in great clearness, and at great length, in "Search's Light of Nature," vol. v. title Free Will.

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prevented by second causes unforeseen by himself, though not by Providence. He may fall ill, or may miss his prey."

"That is true," said Campbell, "but what do you make of it?"

"Merely that Providence may fully curb a man's actions without meddling with his will. And we have seen, in a vast many instances, how it can prompt these actions by suasory causes, that is by causes short of force. The extent and magnitude of your difficulty is therefore, as I have said, very much reduced; in fact, to that most extraordinary case of an obstinate man resisting all suasory motives that can possibly arise from the innumerable second causes which Providence may have generated from the beginning. This must, indeed, be so rare, that I can hardly think it can be made use of in argument. Yet if it is, it will by no means hinder the will of Providence from taking effect."

"How can that be," said Campbell, "when you allow, though rarely, that a man, from his freedom, may *refuse* as it were, to be the instrument of doing the thing designed?"

"There may be other instruments," said St. Lawrence; and Campbell began to muse as if the thought had just struck him. "Let us hear this practically explained," said he.

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" Any history of any event in the world will do it," answered St. Lawrence.

" Would the bed-chamber women's quarrel?" asked Campbell, drily.

" Yes! and you perhaps could not have a better."

" I am all curiosity," returned the Laird.

" We must take the history beyond the bed chamber," proceeded St. Lawrence, " for it is nothing less than the Peace of Utrecht. We are to suppose that Providence, after authorizing the Succession War, had resolved there should be peace. The Whig Ministry of Queen Anne, Godolphin, the Marlboroughs, with the Emperor and all the Allies, were resolved the war should continue. They had *power* to make the peace, but not the *will*. Here then is your man of obstinacy, who refuses to obey the suasory second causes that may be presented to him; and the scheme of government laid down by Heaven leaves these instruments free."

" Well, and then?"

" Why then Providence, which still resolves upon the peace, chuses other instruments, and that is all."

" Striking enough," observed Campbell.

" You see," continued St. Lawrence, " I enter not here into the bed-chamber quarrel. Mrs.



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Masham was only an inferior instrument to those other superior instruments, Harley and Bolingbroke; and old Sarah's passionate temper was subservient, by the disgust it occasioned to Queen Anne, to the necessity for the fall of the Whigs; and here is as good an example as you can have, how Providence may make every thing bend to its will *without forcing the will of man.*"

"I allow this," said Campbell, "and the rather because it renders useless that curious, but fanciful and far-fetched notion about a change in the plan of the world, in order to get rid of this difficulty, which seems to be adopted in Tremaine."

"You mean, I suppose," said St. Lawrence, "the case of Sextus Tarquinius, fancied by Laurentius Valla, which had engaged the attention of Liebnitz. Tarquinius resolved to go to Rome to be a king, as he was told by the Oracle he might be, and meaning to be a very good king; but refusing the counsel of Jupiter not to go, this use of his freewill, produced his destruction."*

"The whole is ingenious, but nothing more."

"Still," answered St. Lawrence, "if even pos-

* The doctrine or illustration of Valla is so curious, that perhaps I may be excused republishing it, in discussing a subject upon which it so pointedly bears.—It will be found in the Appendix. Note C.

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sible in the nature of things, whether true or false, it becomes of consequence as an illustration of the theory of changes as to the plans of the world, which I have imagined; but the illustration I have given is, I hope, enough without it."

"As to the case of Sextus Tarquinius, in my turn I say, 'Valeat quantum valere potest.' I allow, however, the solution is worth thinking of. Meantime, you will add to my stores, if you will follow up your former explanation with proofs, by cases of the power of Providence to *dis*-pose, where man is allowed to *pro*-pose. Believe me, I shall be a willing listener."



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## SECTION IV.

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### CASES OF PROVIDENCE.

> "Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
> When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us,
> There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."
>
> HAMLET.

"I rejoice to have got thus far," said St. Lawrence, "for if I have succeeded in showing you that Providence may be Providence and yet not interfere with man's freedom, the illustrations of that proposition by examples, in the examination of second causes, will not only be easy, but agreeable. It will amply make good the observation of Bacon, that 'a little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. For while the mind of man looketh upon second causes *scattered*, it may sometimes rest in them and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them *confederate* and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity.'"

"This certainly falls in," said Campbell, "with

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your general arrangement at the beginning of time, of all that is to happen afterwards."

"Before we proceed, however," continued St. Lawrence, "it will be right to have no misunderstanding about one another's terms; which in all discussions, but especially one like the present, leads to inconvenience. I would therefore beg to remind you, that I have endeavoured to show that what in general is called providential, by which is meant particular Providence (as when there has been some wonderful piece of good, or escape from evil fortune), is in fact no more providential than every thing we see and do every day of our lives; since all is under the guidance and has been actually foreseen by the eye of Heaven."

"Yet if foreseen and allowed, it surely," said Campbell, "cannot fail to take place; and if it cannot fail to take place, what again becomes of Freedom?"

"I thought we had settled that point," answered St. Lawrence; "and indeed the language I have used, that a thing may be foreseen, but not instigated, goes the whole length of such difficulty as there is (which I hold to be very little) in reconciling the foreknowledge of the Almighty with the free will of man. The accomplishment of many of the prophecies are at once decisive of this, so, as I think, to relieve us from all further difficulty about the matter."

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"You would say," replied Campbell, "that though the prophets foretold events, they did not cause them: which is true. But you forget it was the Almighty who did cause them,—the Almighty who gave the inspiration."

"And where is the difference, though it be derived from Heaven," asked St. Lawrence, "unless the foreseeing a thing is causing it; which I trust you do not hold?"

"I do not," answered Campbell; "but, if foreseen, can a thing happen otherwise than as it is foreseen, and, if so, where is the liberty of choice?"

"Easily explained," said St. Lawrence. "In your own words, man proposes, God disposes. In *pro*posing, the will of man is free; in *dis*posing, the power of God defeats success; but the defeat has nothing to do with the intention. I may resolve to kill another, and God, without a direct interference with my mind, may not be able to alter my resolve; but he may deprive me of life, and so prevent its effect. Would you, on that account, say my will was invaded?"

"I am answered," said Campbell; "for even if this death had not been decreed from the beginning, but resolved upon only at the moment, the will is certainly not interfered with."

"You will find," said St. Lawrence, "this will pervade every possible case in this division of the subject."

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"You can then probably make out," said Campbell, "more clearly than I think it is done in Tremaine, one of his exemplifications of Providence, acting by second causes, though without an express interference; I mean the preservatio of Evelyn from a rabid dog, and of Tremaine himself from the bullet of the *Garde de Chasse.* You will recollect that Evelyn had time to shut the gate only in the moment when the dog flew at it; and the *Garde de Chasse* only missed Tremaine, because a snake *happened* to cross his path, in the moment he was taking aim at the dog.* I own I never sufficiently understood this; for if, as seemed to be laid down, Evelyn was *made* to arrive at the gate at the exact time that he did, and the snake was *made* to cross the path on purpose to prevent the shot taking place, how is it possible that this could not be an express interference."

"Your remark is not unnatural," answered St. Lawrence, "but also easily explained, if I have made myself understood in my premise, *that all the events of the world were cast and provided for at the commencement of time.* In that case, Providence had provided thousands of years ago, for the escape both of Evelyn and Tremaine, and foreknowing that these events would take place, and

* See Tremaine, vol. iii. 117.

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resolving they should be harmless, had so arranged the course of second causes, that Evelyn was at the gate, and the snake in the path way, precisely when they were. Thus there was no *sudden* interference, as if the danger had not been anticipated, nor was there any miraculous meddling with the laws of nature, to interrupt or alter the free will of any of the parties. In point of fact, the difficulty consists merely in the ambiguity of the word you have used, in saying that Evelyn was *made* to be at the gate, and the snake *made* to cross the path."

"You have made this clear," said Campbell, "and I thank you; I have, however, many more cases."

"As many as you please," said St. Lawrence, "for I wish the soundness of my doctrine to be tried to the utmost."

"Well then," continued Campbell, "was not the King of Prussia, though called the infidel king, right, when after a victory he cried *Dieu mercie et mes gros battaillons?* If the *gros battaillons* by their courage won the battle, in the usual way in which battles were won, how was it Providence?"

"The answer is," replied St. Lawrence, "that Providence had decreed the battle should be won, ages before Frederick was born; and had also

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decreed the concatenation of second causes which made the soldiers what they were."

"You give then, no personal merit to the soldiers," said Campbell; "and whether they had been heroes or cowards, the battle, according to you, would have been won."

"Not so," answered St. Lawrence, "the soldiers, as well as the king himself, have all the merit of having, by the exercise of their own free will, made themselves what they were, God permitting it at the creation of the world, and using it as the instrument by which the victory he had thought fit to decree, was to be accomplished. Had the soldiers been cowards, they would not have been proper instruments, and all other things remaining the same, the battle therefore would not have been won."

"But," answered Campbell, "unless Heaven had *forced* these second causes, which you allow yourself would have been miracles, it could not *be sure* of their producing the effect intended, and they might have produced a contrary effect. How in that case?"

"In that case, as I have already held," said St. Lawrence, "a different course of events would have been planned."

"The supposition is stupendous! nothing less than that the free will of man might force the Almighty to alter a plan."



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"To be consistent, I must go all that length," said St. Lawrence, "and all that we can say is, that in chusing to create a being with free will, it was God's pleasure that it should be so. But to return to your question of the personal merits of the instruments employed, though the soldiers were thus *instruments*, and could have done nothing but by the behest of the Almighty, the merit of being what they were through their freedom of will, was all their own. And this explains satisfactorily and unambiguously a phrase which has sometimes embarrassed half-seeing sceptics, that a man *through or under Providence*, has accomplished any given thing."

"I am content with this," said Campbell; "but what say you to King William's famous maxim, (excellent for a soldier,) that every ball has its billet."

"That it is what you have called it—excellent for a soldier; but that the bullet obeys the course of second causes, like every thing else, and may and must be affected like every thing else, by a man's own conduct. It is not true therefore that death or safety must *inevitably* take place, as they often do take place in war; the choice of being in the field, or out of the field, being universally left to ourselves."

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"How so?" asked Campbell; "is not the soldier compelled to be present in the battle?"

"Compelled by his officers, yes! but not by Providence, whether he will or no. Having entered the service, he is bound; but his entering or not, was his own option."

"Do you mean then, that Providence could not have compelled him to serve?"

"We must settle what we mean by compel before I answer. If you mean a blind compelling force, where there is no choice but obedience, I say no; if you mean secret motives infused into him by Heaven for the purpose proposed, it interrupts his free will, is miraculous, and I also say no; but if you mean that it may be the intention of God, and brought about by second causes acting *in concert* with free will, there is neither compulsion nor necessity."

"This may apply," observed Campbell, "before the military life is embraced, but how afterwards, when the trumpet has sounded, and the onslaught commenced? Each being, as you say, decreed by Providence, could Hotspur have escaped hie death at Shrewsbury, or Wellington met his at Waterloo? And if neither, what did it signify what either chief did to affect either his personal safety or destruction."

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"I have admitted," said St. Lawrence, "that the death or the safety, had been already determined by Heaven; but how the behest was to be fulfilled, (not being forced,) depended upon the conduct of the men themselves. The decree against Hotspur, therefore, according to our theory, went forth at the beginning of the world. But how went forth? Not that Hotspur should die *whatever his conduct*, but only, we will say, in the event of his acting in a particular way in the field; say for example, of his resolving to encounter all who were clad in the armour of the king. If he had not done this by virtue of his free will, he might perhaps have been saved by the decree being altered. The maxim therefore of the billet is so far not true, that it does not deliver the soldier from the necessity of exertion, or make his conduct in action indifferent. So also, the safety of the Duke of Wellington may have been, and probably was decreed. But how decreed? Not so as to give him a license to be careless of himself, or march up to the mouth of a cannon pointed at his breast, as if he bore a charmed life; but using all proper precautions that generals use, to avoid the onsets becoming in a grenadier but not in them. With this explanation King William's maxim may be true; without it, no individual exertion nor pru-

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dence can avail or be influential either for attack or defence, but all must be blind predestination."

"You have well said," observed Campbell; "yet I should be glad to know how these second causes, not miracles, (which we both of us discard,) can be made to do the original will of Heaven, in regard to either destruction or safety?"

"For example, a loaded musket is presented; the aim direct, the trigger pulled:—must not the man drop? A thousand unexpected contingencies may give the answer. The powder may have been damaged in a thousand ways; the ingredients in the first concoction defective; or the particular cartridge got wet, perhaps by a defect in the cartouch box—perhaps that part only of the box where that identical cartridge had been lodged; and perhaps all these defects might be traced through combinations of a thousand years; or in countries where the salt-petre was produced, ten thousand miles off. All these may have been the work of Providence with a view to save this individual life, and all, you see, without miracle.

"Then as to destruction spite of precaution, I need not say in how many ways it may be met. A chance shot, when supposed out of reach, or even from a supposed friend, as was suspected in the death of Charles XII. But I will not fatigue you with instances, all showing Providence, but

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no miracle, and all conceived and concocted at the beginning of time, yet without in the least dispensing with the exertions of man."

"Again," observed Campbell, "you have well said: but if this be true, and all be Providence without miracle, whatever we do ourselves, what becomes of the necessity of prayer."

"A great, awful, and imposing subject!" said St. Lawrence.

## SECTION V.

### THE DOCTRINE OF PRAYER.

> "Shall we serve Heaven with less respect,
> Than we do minister to our gross selves?"
>
> MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

"WHEN we pray," said St. Lawrence, in answer to Campbell's last question, "we pray to a Superior Being, who, we at least think, can grant our prayers, and this, whether that Being be human or divine. Even idolators must think there is an efficacy in their prayers, or they would not offer them. There is this difference, however,

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between prayers to a human and to a divine person,—that to the first we are obliged to make known our wants, or he would not understand them; to the last, though the object is the same, namely, that our wants should be relieved, their exposition is not necessary, as the Deity must know them already. 'Why then pray at all?'—that is a question that has often been asked. If God not only knows what our wants are, but also knows better than ourselves, whether it is best to grant them or not, it should seem prayer is unnecessary. All this is exclusive of another proposition of still greater importance, namely that God, disposing of every thing in a manner the most wise and most beneficial for all his creatures, it cannot be supposed that the blind supplications of individuals ever move him

"The answer to these questions, (not unfair ones,) has been made in many shapes. The best seems to be, that prayer exercises our humility, our sense of dependence upon God, and being generally mixed with thanksgiving (though by no means the same with it), it keeps up a communication with Heaven salutary to the soul. This would be good sense as well as piety, even if there were not another and more cogent cause, founded in self interest, for urgent, humble, and

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earnest prayer; for we are told that that may be given to prayer which may be denied to neglect;—as indeed nothing is more common among human creatures, than for one man, though ever so well disposed towards another, or ever so cognizant of his wants, to decline offering what the other is too proud or too indifferent to ask. However, it was not my intention, by way of prefacing my answers to your questions, to enter upon either the uses or nature of prayer; I trust that that is by no means necessary."

"Certainly not," answered Campbell; "it is, however, a preface by no means thrown away. At the same time I should wish to know how you answer the objection you have yourself noticed, that it is difficult, nay outrageous to suppose, weak worms and ants that we are, that such creatures can have such consequence with God as to bend him from his will, were it otherwise possible?"

"The answer is short, but most pithy," said St. Lawrence. "You will at least allow that it is man's nature to pray; that the whole race where-ever found, educated or uneducated, are worshippers and supplicants."

"Perhaps so," said Campbell.

"You allow, too, that God is the author of nature?"

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"Of course!"

"Then God himself has authorised us, worms and ants as we are in comparison, to do the thing that so surprises you."

"I have yet another specific question," said Campbell, "which is this:—If every thing done, or attempted to be done in the world, if all the good and evil which occupy us from morning to night, is the work of Providence, and being foreseen, cannot be altered, I still would ask, where is the necessity for prayer? What hope can be entertained of success, what fear of failure, when all is already settled in the divine mind?"

"Pointedly put," answered St. Lawrence, "but I think a little attention to the principles we have laid down, will bring us easily through the difficulty."

"I am all attention."

"The answer is most simple, being neither more nor less than what I have just now held, that God foreseeing whether we shall humble ourselves before him, confide in, and pray to him, or not, has, though long before our existence, settled the result, as if it were the present hour; and consequently we approach his throne with all the hopes and fears of uncertainty, which the present hour would create. This brings us to the old (I believe sound, but almost incomprehensible) tenet,

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that there is no *time* with the Almighty, or at least that every thing is *present*. It follows, therefore, that whatever may be the case with the *Deity*, with *us*, we may and must proceed as if all we did was before him, according to our own notions of the present."

"This is abstruse," said Campbell.

"It is so, but let us try if we cannot simplify it a little. Let us suppose (if we may make such a supposition) that God, instead of the illimitable being he is, had not the foreknowledge we conceive of him; and that, instead of having finally determined upon the object of our prayer, he could have said, *if* I am supplicated in a proper spirit, I will grant: if neglected, the thing wished for shall not be. Let us suppose, I say, that this is the idea of him entertained by his creatures?"

"We should then," said Campbell, "be undoubtedly both desirous and bound to pray."

"How little farther then do we go; or rather I may ask—do we go at all farther, when, thinking this to be the condition of his listening to us, we pour ourselves out to him in prayer? *We* know that *he* knows what is best for us, but best, according to the disposition we show to cultivate or neglect him; and how does his having foreseen these dispositions release us from the necessity of showing them. Though the thing asked therefore has

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been determined before hand, it has only been so *because of our praying for it, which has also been known before hand*; and how can that be, if there is no prayer at all?"

"Your dilemma," said Campbell, "seems little short of convincing. Cases, however, do much for the developement of principles, and I would wish to hear more, illustrative both of the possibility of moving an Allwise, as well as Almighty Being, and of his power, without miracle, to change the course of things which would otherwise take place."

"Would you name a specific case of the last?" said St. Lawrence.

"Perhaps I cannot find a better than is supplied by Tremaine, who himself asks this specific question. 'A child,' says he, 'is sick; the afflicted and pious father implores Providence to bless the endeavour of the physician. Does Providence *suddenly* enlighten the physician's mind, discover new drugs for him, or give superior efficacy to old ones, in order to grant the prayer? If it do this, it is miracle; if it do not, it is not Providence. So also, in the reverse of this; if the physician's knowledge is for a time clouded on purpose that the child may die, it is miracle; if it die because the physician is naturally unskilful, it is not Pro-

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vidence.* I do not think this is specifically answered in Tremaine.'"

"Not specifically, perhaps," said St. Lawrence, "but sufficiently in the general principles we have been discussing, from which you can yourself easily supply the answer. According to us, Providence, in the beginning of time, (for to that as our basis we must always revert,) foreseeing the child's illness, and also the father's piety and prayer, which it therefore seems good to him to grant; foreseeing also, that the train of second causes which it has laid, is such as that the child may recover through the physician and remedies employed, Providence gives its fiat to that train, and thus may be said to *bless* the physician's endeavour at the moment, though the result was settled long ago. On the other hand, had the father not been pious, not prayed, or been for any reason condemned to lose his child, the original train of second causes laid at the commencement of the world, would have been altered, and the child would have died. But being so laid at the commencement, when the laws of nature were first put in motion, there needed no alteration afterwards, either to preserve or kill, and thus in either case was there any miracle or interference, yet all was Providence."

* Tremaine, vol. iii, p. 246.

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"You have tolerably well unravelled a complicated case," said Campbell; "yet I own that I have been sometimes puzzled by the storms on this rugged coast, which have afforded ample food for speculation upon this fearful subject. The hair-breadth 'scapes I have witnessed of sailors and fishermen, their frequent distress and danger, and as frequent preservation and recovery, only, as it were, to brave and incur everything anew, have turned me to the question with unremitting interest; yet always without success."

"What think they of it themselves?" said St. Lawrence.

"Why, for the most part, I believe, that the relief comes immediately from above; and coming so often, when merely to look at the waves one would think they could not escape being swallowed up, they and we too on shore, are inclined to believe they must be particularly protected."

"Their belief is no more than natural, and at any rate is comfortable," said St. Lawrence.

"Heaven forbid we should disturb it!" observed Campbell.

"Disturb it?" exclaimed St. Lawrence. "Every thing I have said; everything, I think, goes to confirm it; only not in the way you are disposed to uphold. I am glad, however, you have mentioned the dangers of the sea, as they speak so

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immediately and so terribly to the senses, that deliverance from them, more than from any other dangers, seem peculiarly to demonstrate the care and power of Providence. The jaws of a lion, ready to close upon a man's head, are scarcely more terrific or more inevitable than a ship foundering in the waves; and hence I remember one of the most powerful instances of the conversion of an infidel, was effected by his having been twice the *only* man left in vessels destroyed by storm. Can we wonder, then, at the *emphatic* burst in the beautiful Psalm,

'They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the deep waters—these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.'"

"A warm and eloquent, and, at the same time, just ebullition," said Campbell; "and it almost proves *direct* interference."

"If anything could warrant that persuasion," replied St. Lawrence, "it would be the picture given throughout the glowing service from which I have borrowed this citation. You may remember how this apposite and stirring Psalm goes on,

'For, at his word, the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

'They are carried up to the heaven and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of their trouble.

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They reel to and fro, they stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.

'*So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble*, he delivereth them out of their distress.

'For he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still.'*

"No wonder that sailors are imbued with religion, notwithstanding the recklessness of thei lives."

"Did they not, however," said Campbell, "on these occasions, bestir themselves with the energy that belongs to them, brave the danger instead ot succumbing, and mount to the topmast height of it, instead of contenting themselves with prayer, they might after all be disappointed."

"This is but the *gros battaillons* over again," retorted St. Lawrence, rather displeased. "To be sure, when danger threatens, they must brave it, and, being human, by human means. God beneficently says, 'Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will hear thee.' But how hear? By commuting exertion for invocation?—No! by blessing the confident with success, but abandoning the despairing, if they abandon themselves. And hence we may gather the real scheme of providential government. For great is the mistake to think that trusting to Providence,

* Psalm CVII.

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as it is called, is to throw off all care from our own shoulders, like the Methodist preacher and impostor H———, who declares that being once in want of a pair of breeches, he prayed for them, and the next day one of his flock brought him a pair as a present. No! the vigilance of Providence, unremitting as it is, by no means remits any one of our own energies, but demands their exertion, in order to crown them with success. We are therefore anything but released from the necessity of acting, as many pious people think we are. If we do not plough, sow, and reap, we shall starve; if we do not build houses, the rain will not clear up to keep us dry; if we rush into the fire, it will burn; if into the water, it will drown. All that we can look to, therefore, (and a great thing it is,) is, that acting in our natures, and endeavouring the best, God may, as I have said, bless those endeavours by so disposing, or (as I ought rather to say) by so *having* disposed second causes, as to occasion success. The corollary from this is, that the industry, the struggles, and the labours of man, must proceed as they do, notwithstanding we may feel that we are under an invisible direction from above, or have a friend at hand who will help, or has resolved to help us if we deserve it: and prayer, so far from being on that account unnecessary, is only the

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more incumbent upon us in everything we do. This ought never to be out of sight, and I have dwelt the more earnestly upon it, because I have observed mistakes not unimportant in many good people, as to the nature of the providential government, which it flatters them to think is, by palpable and sudden interposition, setting aside the usual course of nature in their favour."

"This is only the truth," said Campbell, "but if a poor man in distress find a pot of money, which relieves him, will you say it is not providential?"

"Certainly not; but only providential as a thing determined at the beginning of time, and so working itself through all the second causes, till the money is found. For I cannot too often repeat, that all and everything that happens, or can happen, is in that light providential. As a special interposition, for a special purpose, as if Providence had been taken by surprise, I unhesitatingly say no!"*

"You are at least consistent," observed Campbell, "I had almost said convincing. But what say you to the notions of a man with whom I suppose you will not quarrel—Warburton? I allude to his book, Julian; learned and ingenious,

* Vide note * in the Appendix.



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if not convincing; written on purpose to prove the miracle, (and therefore undoubtedly the special interference of Heaven,) which prevented the rebuilding of Jerusalem. The history relates * that the workmen were perpetually, as well as powerfully, interrupted in their attempt to dig the foundations of the city, by the incessant bursting forth of balls of fire, until, after repeated failures, the enterprise was abandoned by the emperor, sore against his will. Julian, I think, meant to renew the enterprize in person, but was killed in the Persian war, before he could attend to it. If this be true, and it is not a particular interposition, I don't know what is. However, I would rather leave the bishop to settle with you, and be myself a mere spectator of the fight."

"There will be no fight," answered St. Lawrence.

"What, do you doubt the miracle, related by writers both sacred and profane? Do you deny the fact of the discontinuance of the attempt, for the cause stated?"

"Neither one nor the other," returned St. Lawrence, "nor is the case worth a word. That the workmen were baffled by a subterranean fire, may be true; that there was any interference to make the fire break out where it did, and when it

* Ammianus Marcellinus.

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did, does not appear, and cannot be proved. If merely a volcanic operation, the whole question is at an end, and its being the work of Providence to prevent the rebuilding of Jerusalem, the object of which I at least cannot appreciate, and do not meddle with, must just be left to the explanations we have already discussed, in regard to the management of second causes, among which this fiery eruption may evidently be classed."

"I own," observed Campbell, "that all these considerations are certainly curious, perhaps profound; at least they afford matter for deep and continued thought. But what a Jew, especially an ancient one, would say to you, for doubting the whole history of his favoured ancestors, who dealt in nothing but interposition, and whose very government upon earth was visible theocracy; what Moses, and Elijah, and Samuel, would say to you for these tenets, I should be almost fearful to ask! It is obvious that the Jews at least are above being congregated with the common race of men. Upon every, the most trifling occasions, God appears to them, no matter whether in day dreams or night dreams, by shekinahs, or prophecies, or the Bath Kol.* There is a direct communication

* The Bath Kol was a sudden and temporary communication from Heaven, in the mind of the person to whom it was made, as a voice, or some passing sign.



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with him; he sends angels to them on all the commonest occasions; he makes, alters, and renews covenants; gives names, executes malefactors, or pardons repentant sinners on the spot. Yet you endeavour to explain away all this, and deny positive interposition? Again, I say, what will Moses and Samuel say to you for it?"

"It concerns me very little," answered St. Lawrence, "for the Jewish history is altogether insulated in the history of the world; their nation was like no other nation; they professed to be chosen expressly to be the depositaries of the understanding and the worship of the one only God, amid the universal idolatry of other nations. They at least explain, therefore, a reason for this difference between them and all other people, and with it perhaps, for the different mode of proceeding towards them adopted by Providence. I therefore profess not to doubt, as you suppose me to do, by the theory by which I abide. With the Jews, their polity, their history, and miracles, I do not meddle; and thus explained, your observation does not affect the system I have laid down; at any rate, their theocracy has long been at an end, and was so long before the coming of Christ; and a Jew, as far as regards the *mode* in which Providence directs him, is not different from any other man."

"I thought to have hit you with this," said Camp-

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bell, "but you are armed at all points. I must allow you have gone deeper than I into the whole of this deep subject, favourite as it has always been with me."

"I have often 'outwatched the bear' to do so," answered St. Lawrence; "and if I have succeeded in clearing the doubts of but one man, my gratification will be complete."

"But if you are satisfied with the explanation of the propriety and duty of prayer, what will you be as to the duty of thanksgiving? upon that there can be no doubt, no hesitation; and yet," said Campbell, "I have heard men, by no means hard of heart, selfish, or scorners, assert that it is a mere feeling not warranted by the fact of the case. They say that God in his wisdom having ordered every thing he thought fit and right, it would be fit and right without any view to serve or benefit any particular individual, who, if happy, is made so by a design of the creation, in the same manner as other animals are designed to enjoy themselves in their peculiar elements. What, for example, seems happier than a duck in its pond, a flock of pigeons in the air, a lamb, or even a child at play? Yet who thinks of their being grateful for the necessity of being so; as a duty, or even that it is expected, though the bounty is the *voluntary* bounty of God? On this subject I cannot

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but recollect the amusement which the gratitude or vanity of a pious dictionary-maker gave to Bolingbroke, who always in his thanksgivings added, *particularly*, that the Deity had created dictionary-makers."

"Depend upon it," said St. Lawrence, "that quaint as this might be, the dictionary-maker had a better heart than the man who ridiculed him; and as to thanksgiving being not warranted by the fact of the case, if this is or can be thought by any creature in a human shape, I should doubt the character you have applied to him, of not being hard of heart, selfish, or a scorner. On the contrary, I should think he had the heart of a stone. I have heard, indeed, in that earthquake, the French revolution, when all that was stately and all that was beautiful in morals or religion was overthrown, in order, afterwards, as was said, to render every thing perfect—I have heard of professed Atheists, and of some self-called philosophers, who, among other *reforms*, thought gratitude was unworthy of man, and ought to be expunged from the moral code. But, like other reformers, when their turn was served, and they had got rid of rivals and seated themselves in their places, they thought that this same homely gratitude, among other old fashioned virtues which had done their part for a few centuries in the service of

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mankind, might still be of some use, and they therefore restored it, with the churches they had pillaged. So perhaps may it be with those, at best blind and misguided people (if indeed they exist) who, feeling all that can make the heart buoyant with pleasure, though perhaps secret and unaccountable, are yet able in their selfishness to say they owe no thanks, for all is their due. But these, as I have said, are blind and misguided, hardened by pride, which they call philosophy. Remove their philosophy, and let nature return, and the Author of Nature will resume his rights. I have not even the power to conceive a man, not absolutely corrupt and rotten with the insolence of prosperity, or hardened by misery, to feel the mere pleasure of existence, and not be grateful for it."

"You describe," observed Campbell, "men of a golden age; but where are they now to be found?"

"Oftener than you seem to imagine," said St. Lawrence, "for all the ills, moral and physical, that appear to surround us; for though evil certainly is in part our lot, in how much greater degree is good? For one unhappy person, *not made so by his own act*, how many thousands are there who might revel in happiness if they pleased? How does the lone martyr to gout, when he looks

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from his chamber upon the crowds that pass and repass, free and bounding, with the mere power of limbs, think probably with discontent on his own lot, to be a *single* prisoner, while myriads of his fellow men are joyous with liberty! So it is in every thing, were men wise enough to see it; both pain and misery are vociferous, enjoyment quiet, and too often ungrateful. What comes every day we think our due, and we care not for the hand that feeds us,

> ——— 'For swinish gluttony
> Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast.'

We look only at the immediate, the visible, second cause of our pleasures, and forget the first, because it is invisible."

"Are you of opinion then," said Campbell, after seriously musing, "that the preponderance of good over evil, of happiness over unhappiness, is so decidedly great?"

"Of nothing am I more certain," answered St. Lawrence.

"Yet what a catalogue may be, and is made," said Campbell, "of moral evils (to say nothing of physical) which only to read, makes one shudder. Shall I give you one I not long ago found in a writer, not at all disposed to quarrel with Providence, I mean Abraham Tucker, the profound as

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well as ingenious author of the Light of Nature?"

"I know it well," said St. Lawrence, "but as we are upon the subject, it will do no harm to hear it again."

Campbell then took down the volume and read his catalogue, with a dry sort of wry face, at the supposed preponderance of good in the world. There were enumerated, unnatural parents, faithless wives, disobedient children, ungrateful friends, deceitful patrons, approach of ruin, disappointment of schemes, resentment of affronts, animosities against persons we cannot hurt, slights of the world upon supposed merit, fear and superstition, fires, robbers, small-pox (why did he not add wars, plague, and blue cholera?) apparitions, prognostics, and dreams, doubts about predestination, desperations of a future state, avidities and despondencies of methodism, misgivings of free thinking.

"There," said Campbell, as he wound up, "what have you to oppose as a balance to this?"

"Really," said St. Lawrence, "I wonder you have contented yourself with so meagre a list; for while he was about it, Tucker might have added to our shuddering, all the horrible diseases incident to human nature, age, ache, penury, and imprisonment, the "whips and scorns of the times, the op-



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pressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love, the laws delay, the insolence of office, and above all, the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." All these are to be found; and you see Shakspeare understood catalogues of evils, as well as Tucker himself; but with all this, and were it ten times larger, it would not reach one ten thousandth part of the good to be ranged on the other side. For, as I have observed, complaint is loud, content quiet; for one diseased man in body or mind, there are ten thousand in health; for one miserable, a thousand, nay, the bulk of mankind, cheerful; but were this not so, as it is certain that vast numbers do actually escape misfortune, and are not exposed to the evils of the catalogue, what have *they* to say if they do not thank the Being that has so favoured them? Behold the man writhing under the stone, torn with gout, or worn with tic douloureux; behold another cursed in his children, betrayed by his dearest friend, ruined by perfidy, and reduced from opulence to beggary. Take a happier subject, beaming with constant health, ever tranquil in mind. Has he no cause to be thankful? The very existence of evil, and the greater it is, ought the more to touch the hearts of those who are free from misery; and do not thou-

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sands escape? And are there no enjoyments which ought to make the heart run over with gratitude? You ask what there is to balance our wretchedness. I answer, all that can make life lovely and joyous. If there is winter, there are also the spring, the summer, and the fruits of autumn. If there is ugliness of body or mind, there are beauty, the affections, the charities of kindred (outnumbering a million of times the instances of their contraries); all the generous passions, kindness, friendship, honour; the cardinal virtues, piety, hope here and hereafter; health, animal spirits, the acquisition of knowledge, gratified ambition, and (still more delightful) gratified love!"

"Very charming," said Campbell, rather sardonically, "but where do you find them, except in those fictions in prose and verse which so please and so cheat us?"

"They are not only to be found," replied St. Lawrence, "but to be found almost every where. No clime, no class of men, no situation in life, rude or cultivated, is without them. The rich man, the poor man, the king, the beggar, the old man, the young one, the married, the unmarried, the menial, the master, the pedagogue, the school boy, the labourer, the lounger, the coarse, the polished, the honest man, and even the rogue, when not going to be hanged! all these have apti-

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tudes for happiness, though in different degrees; and they so outnumber your sufferers, that while enjoyment of some kind or other, if people are just to confess it, is nearly universal, complaint is only partial, and no one would wish to avoid it by ceasing to live."

"You are at least a warm advocate," returned Campbell, "and no doubt say grace before and after meat?"

"I do; and though it may condemn my breeding, I am even shocked to see that excellent and most natural custom, prompted by such natural feeling, so nearly worn out."

"And yet," observed the Laird, with his usual hesitating air, "would it not have been strange, if not rather hard, if Providence had sent us into the world to be starved?"

"Does the contrary," answered St. Lawrence, "diminish our obligation that he sent us to be well fed?"

"I own that is a hit," returned Campbell, and he looked out at window as if to admire the waves.

"For my part," continued St. Lawrence, "I am gourmaud enough, and in health enough, to feel remarkably better, happier, and gayer, for a wholesome dinner; and (laugh if you will) feel

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in a peculiarly grateful mood for the general happiness of the world, as well as my own, after the repast."

"I wish not to disturb it," said Campbell, "by any cavilling of mine;"— and he fell into a sort of reverie.

"If this, however," continued St. Lawrence, after a pause, "is so for a reason apparently of so small an amount as the enjoyment of our food, what are we not to say for all the larger benefits we receive? our preservation through every moment of the day and night. This, too, you will perhaps say, being common to every body, is no particular reason for gratitude. But is it even so? Is every body in point of fact preserved? or if they were, is the extent of a benefit a reason for indifference? For my part were there no misfortunes in my own person or those about me, to remind me of my precarious condition, and how soon a bolt might strike me, I can never feel the enjoyment, the unspeakable enjoyment, of health after illness, though so common to all, nor the still more common gifts of sight, hearing, or the other senses—I cannot even see them enjoyed by others, no, not even by the child that does not belong to me, or the frisking of the lamb you exemplified just now, thankless from nature—I say I could not do this—

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I cannot do it—without feeling my own stock of pleasure increased, my heart swell, my mind expand and improve; and feeling thus, gratitude to my Creator becomes the predominant sentiment of my whole intellectual being."

"My good friend," said Campbell, almost affected, "this is a holy feeling; never let it be disturbed; for me, it would be worse than useless to say another word."

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# APPENDIX.

## Note A. p. 275.

Therefore it behoves us to investigate those causes as far as we have ability and opportunity for so doing, because from them only we can attain any knowledge of the divine economy; which, whenever we can discover it, will prove an unerring guide to our proceedings. The neglect of this duty, and the inobservance of second causes, throw men into all the delusions of superstition and enthusiasm: for while they imagine the divine power exerted upon every particular occasion, they overlook those rules of prudence which God has given for their direction. They deem it unnecessary even to think for themselves, expecting an especial guidance for every thing they are to do; which lays them open to the deceit of illuminations, dreams, omens, prodigies, and such like trumpery.

On the other hand, a too close attachment to second causes, is apt to generate prophaneness, making men forget the first, and substitute an undesigning chance or blind fatality in the room of it. But this can never happen, provided they bear in mind that, how far soever they may trace the chain, they must rest it in the divine operation at last, which, whenever exerted, they will find accompanied with a disposing Providence, directing it in such a manner as to produce the whole series of events to follow thereupon. And the longer the chain, the greater number and intricacy of causes and effects it must contain, and the larger must be that plan of disposition which gave beginning to it. Therefore,

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the more a man thinks, he will discover natural causes lying still further and further behind one another: he will find his idea of interposing Providence gradually diminish, and that of the disposing proportionably increase. Therefore, let not men condemn one another too hastily of impiety or superstition, for both are relative to the strength of each person's sight. The philosopher may entertain so high an opinion of infinite wisdom, as that upon the formation of a world, it might provide for every event that is to happen during the whole period of its continuance; therefore, he is not impious in asserting that all things since have gone on in the course of natural causes, for his idea of the first plan is so full as to leave no room for any thing to be interposed.

This the plain man cannot comprehend, the lines of his view being short; therefore he is not superstitious in imagining frequent interpositions, because without them he cannot understand a Providence at all. He may likewise find it impossible to conceive that every motion of matter, and turn of volition, should be calculated or foreseen, but supposes a watchful Providence continually attentive to the tendency of second causes, interposing every day, and every hour of the day, to correct the errors of chance, and secretly turning the springs of action the way that wisdom and goodness recommend. And he is excusable herein, if this be the best conception he can form; for it derogates not from his idea of the divine wisdom and dominion, to imagine there should be room left in nature for chance, so long as there is a superintending power who can foresee the irregularities of chance time enough to prevent them.

Thus, how largely soever we may ascribe to interposition, or how much soever deduct therefrom, to add to the disposing Providence, we cannot deny that every natural cause we see is an effect of some prior cause, impulse of impulse, and volition of motives and ideas suggested to the mind; therefore must refer all dispensations ultimately to the act of God: and as we cannot imagine him to act without knowing what he does, and what will result therefrom, we must conclude that act to proceed upon a

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plan and disposition of the causes tending to produce the particular consequences following thereupon. The only difference between the man of common sense and the studious, is concerning the time when the disposition was made, which the one thinks a few days or a few minutes, the other many ages ago; the one frequent and occasional, the other rare and universal; but both acknowledge that nothing ever happens without the permission or appointment of our Almighty and ever vigilant Governor.

*Tucker's Light of Nature.*

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NOTE B. p. 275.

The grand and beautiful discoveries of Laplace, Lagrange, and others, in this department of astronomy, have *now* demonstrated, that the observed variations in the orbits of the planets in consequence of their mutual action on each other, instead of leading, as it was conjectured they might ultimately do, to material and even ruinous changes in the system, are *periodical* only, and that the mean distances of the planets from the sun, and consequently their mean periodic times, are absolutely invariable; that the disturbing action keeps increasing up to a certain point, and then again decreasing; and so on alternately:—thus (like the *compensation balance* of a modern chronometer) correcting its own (*apparent*) errors, and providing for the preservation of a mean state for any conceivable extent of time. This is unquestionably the sublimest as well as the most beautiful of those modern discoveries which have already gone far to place our own era on a level with that of Newton,—if not in the *merit* of our researches (for *we* have the light of *his* wondrous genius to work by), at least in the unspeakable interest and importance of the results which seem to be opening upon us.

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NOTE B. p. 307.

## EXTRACTS FROM TUCKER'S LIGHT OF NATURE.

Nor can Despotism itself do any great matters without aid of Free Will: for rewards, honours, and encouragements, those engines of free agency, contribute more to the valour of armies, than any scourges of punishment or peremptory edicts, concluding 'for such is our will.'

Since, then, experience testifies that man can make so much use of liberty towards accomplishing his designs; why should we scruple to think the same of God in a larger extent? For he not only has all the objects in his power which touch the springs of action, but fabricated the springs themselves, and set them to receive what touches they shall take. But we judge of the workings of Providence by our own narrow way of proceeding; we take our measures from time to time, as the expedience of them occurs to our thoughts, and then must make what use we can of the materials or instruments before us, be they such as exactly suit our purpose, or not.

In like manner we vulgarly imagine God acting *occasionally*, and taking up purposes he *had not thought of before*, until a concurrence of circumstances rendered them expedient. We apprehend him as having turned the numerous race of men loose into the wide world, endowed them with various powers, talents, appetites, and characters, without knowing precisely, or without caring, what they will produce. We allow him, indeed, to have formed the main lines of a plan; but left large vacancies between to be filled up by *chance*, whose wild workings lie under his control, to divert their course *when they would interfere with the strokes of his pencil*.

Now, considering the vast variety of humours, the discordant aims and interests among mankind, it must be acknowledged, that the government of the world, in this view of it, could not be administered, without either continual miraculous interpositions

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in the motions of matter, or compulsions and restraints upon free agency, giving our volition another turn than it would take from the motives present before us, or causing other motions to arise in our limbs, and thoughts in our minds, than our present volition would naturally produce.

But when we reflect that even the wanton gambols of chance must result from agents and causes originally set at work by the Almighty; when we call to mind his infinite wisdom and omniscience, which nothing can escape, nothing perplex or overload; it seems more congruous with that boundless attribute, to imagine that no single, nor most distant effect of the powers and motions he gave, was overlooked, no chasms or empty spaces left in his design; but that upon the formation of a world, he laid a full and perfect plan of all the operations that should ensue during the period of its continuance.

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### Note D. Page 314.

### EXTRACT FROM TREMAINE, Vol. iii. Page 256.

"Do you mean then," asked Tremaine, "that if any very wicked man—Borgia, for example—had chosen in his free will to be virtuous, that the course of things originally in the Divine Mind, would have been affected by it?"

"I go all that length," said Evelyn.

"This is the most extraordinary doctrine I ever heard!" observed Tremaine, yet seriously revolving the train to which this led.

"It is not altogether new," returned Evelyn; "at least there is a very curious dialogue of Laurentius Valla, quoted and enlarged by Leibnitz, in his Essay upon the Goodness of God and the Free Will of Man. In this he supposes Sextus Tarquinius to consult the Delphic Oracle as to his fate. It is predicted. He complains. The Oracle refers him to Jupiter and the Destinies;

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to whom he bemoans himself, and says, they might have made him happy if they had pleased. Jupiter answers, 'It is you who determine your own lot. You *choose* to go to Rome to be a king, and I know best what will happen there if you do. Give up going to Rome, *and the Destinies will spin another thread for you.* Sextus does not see why he should give up the chances of being a king, and thinks he may avoid the evils of a visit to Rome, and be a good monarch notwithstanding. He goes, and is undone."

"This is amusing," said Tremaine; "but how does this come up to your doctrine."

"The story is not ended," observed Evelyn. "Theodosius the high priest, and favourite of Jupiter, is a little shocked at the answer to Sextus, and submissively begs to know whether he might not have been allowed to be a good king as he desired. Jupiter, through Minerva, shows him the palace of the Destinies, in which are the plans of many worlds, varying according to the choice and actions of men. In some of these, he sees Sextus under another *choice*, exceedingly happy; but he had chosen as above stated, and the plan of the world he was in was shaped accordingly."

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