

4. Daylight may furnish the images, the crude material; but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing, they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild, internal light that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's morning hymn, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's richer description of a sunrise smells decidedly of a taper. Even ourself, in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best measured cadences (prose has her cadences) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsy watchman, "blessing the doors," or the wild sweep of winds at midnight. Even now a loftier speculation than we have yet attempted courts our endeavors. We would indite something about the solar system. Betty, bring the candles.

CHARLES LAMBE.

LXXVIII.

ADVANTAGES OF A WELL-CULTIVATED MIND.

1. How much soever a person may be engaged in pleasures, or encumbered with business, he will certainly have some moments to spare for thought and reflection. No one, who has observed how heavily the vacuities of time hang upon minds unfurnished with images, and unaccustomed to think, will be at a loss to make a just estimate of the advantages of possessing a copious stock of ideas, of which the combination may take a multiplicity of forms, and be varied to infinity.

2. Mental occupations are a pleasing relief from

bodily exertions, and from that perpetual hurry and wearisome attention which, in most of the employments of life, must be given to objects which are no otherwise interesting than as they are necessary. The mind, in an hour of leisure, obtaining a short vacation from the perplexing cares of this world, finds, in its own contemplations, a source of amusement, of solace, and of pleasure. The tiresome attention that must be given to an infinite number of things (which, singly and separately taken, are of little moment, but, collectively considered, form an important aggregate), requires to be sometimes relaxed by thoughts and reflections of a more general and extensive nature, and directed to objects, of which the examination may open a more spacious field of exercise to the mind, give scope to its exertions, expand its ideas, present new combinations, and exhibit to the intellectual eye images new, various, sublime, or beautiful.

3. The time of action will not always continue. The young ought always to have this consideration present to their mind, that they must grow old, unless prematurely cut off by sickness or accident. They ought to contemplate the certain approach of age and decrepitude, and consider that all temporal happiness is of uncertain acquisition, mixed with a variety of alloy, and, in whatever degree attained, only of short and precarious duration. Every day brings some disappointment, some diminution of pleasure, or some prostration of hope; and every moment brings us nearer to that period, when the present scenes shall recede from view, and future prospects cannot be formed.

4. This consideration displays, in a very interesting point of view, the beneficial effects of furnishing the

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mind with a stock of ideas that may amuse it in leisure, accompany it in solitude, dispel the gloom of melancholy, lighten the pressure of misfortune, dissipate the vexation arising from baffled projects, of disappointed hopes, and relieve the tedium of that season of life when new acquisitions can no more be made, and the mind can no longer flatter and delude us with its illusory hopes and promises.

5. When life begins, like a distant landscape, gradually to disappear, the mind can receive no solace but from its own ideas and reflections. Philosophy and literature, a knowledge of the works of God and of the laws which govern the material and intellectual world, will then furnish us with an inexhaustible source of the most agreeable amusements, which, if blended with the sustaining power of our divine religion, will render old age as happy as youth was joyous.

6. The man of letters, when²⁹⁰ compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man, and one that can see; and, if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies, and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away. A well-cultivated mind places its possessor beyond the reach of those trifling vexations and disquietudes which continually harass and perplex those who have no resources within themselves; and, in some measure, elevates him above the smiles and frowns of fortune.

BIGLAND.

²⁹⁰ Literalmente: cuando comparado; esto es, comparado, pues en español se calla el adverbio *cuando*.

LXXIX.

THE WILL.

Characters.—SWIPES, a brewer; CURRIE, a saddler; FRANK MILLINGTON, and 'SQUIRE²⁹⁰ DRAWL.

Swipes. A sober occasion this, Brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie. Ah! we must all die, Brother Swipes; and those who live longest outlive the most.

Swipes. True, true; but since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

Cur. Perfectly, perfectly. 'Squire Drawl told me she read every word of the will aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes. Had you any hint from the 'Squire what disposition she made of her property?

Cur. Not a whisper; the 'Squire is as close as an under-ground tomb: but one of the witnesses hinted to me that she had cut off her graceless nephew, Frank, without a shilling.

Swipes. Has she, good soul, has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur. And I in my own right; and this is no doubt

²⁹⁰ Abreviatura, de *esquire*, esconde al *don* español. En los cudero; es una especie de título sobrescritos se usa esta palabra, que se da familiarmente á los hacendados y demas hombres acomodados del campo, y corresponde así: *Esqr.*, que vale tambien don, y excusa el Mr. (contraccion de *Mister*, señor).

the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your beer-barrels. But here comes the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. [*Enter FRANK MILLINGTON.*] Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you at last.

Swipes. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so,²⁹¹ sir; but I could bear her loss better had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance²⁹² to earn your own bread.

Swipes. Ay, ay,²⁹³ by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur. Aye, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. [*Going: he meets 'SQUIRE DRAWL.*]

'Squire. Stop, stop, young man. We must have your presence. Good-morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

Cur. I hope the 'Squire is well to-day.

²⁹¹ Así es, señor.

²⁹² Literalmente: V. ahora tendrá una suerte de ganar su propio pan; esto es, ya podrá V. gana su vida trabajando.

²⁹³ Ya, ya. Es voz afirmativa; úsase muy poco en los Estados Unidos.

'Squire. Pretty²⁹⁴ comfortable, for an invalid.

Swipes. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs again.

'Squire. No, I believe not. But since the heirs-at-law²⁹⁵ are all convened, I shall now proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. [*While the 'Squire is breaking the seal.*] It is a trying thing, to leave all one's possessions, 'Squire, in this manner.

Cur. It really makes me feel melancholy, when I look round and see everything but²⁹⁶ the venerable owner of these goods. Well²⁹⁷ did the preacher say, "all is vanity."

'Squire. Please to be seated, gentlemen.²⁹⁸ [*He puts on his spectacles and begins to read slowly.*] "Imprimis; whereas²⁹⁹ my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby³⁰⁰ give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both³⁰¹ personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt-Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly-Court, saddler." [*The 'Squire takes off his spectacles to wipe them.*]

Swipes. Generous creature! Kind soul! I always loved her.

Cur. She was good, she was kind;—and, Brother

²⁹⁴ Bastante bien, para un enfermo. *Pretty*, literalmente, es bonito.

²⁹⁵ Herederos legales.

²⁹⁶ *But* aquí vale menos.

²⁹⁷ Bien dice el predicador.

²⁹⁸ Sírvanse sentarse, caballeros.

²⁹⁹ Por cuanto.

³⁰⁰ Por la presente.

³⁰¹ Así personal como efectiva

Swipes, when we divide, I think I'll take the mansion-house.

Swipes. Not so fast,³⁰² if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye³⁰³ upon that, and must have it.

Cur. There will be two words³⁰⁴ to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence—

Swipes. Am I not named first in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer for more than six months? and who knows—

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you. [*Going.*]

'Squire. [*Putting on his spectacles very deliberately.*] Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats,³⁰⁵ I have not done yet. Let me see; where was I? Ay, "All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt-Street, brewer,"—

Swipes. Yes!

'Squire. "And Christopher Currie, of Fly-Court, saddler."

Cur. Yes!

'Squire. "To have and to hold,³⁰⁶ in trust, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Milington, until he shall have attained³⁰⁷ the age of twenty-one years; by which time³⁰⁸ I hope he will have

³⁰² Poco á poco.

³⁰³ Hace mucho tiempo que mi esposa tiene puestos los ojos en ella.

³⁰⁴ Literalmente: habrá dos palabras en ese convenio; esto es, se necesitarán dos para hacer ese arreglo.

³⁰⁵ Palabra por palabra: conserven Vds. sus asientos; es decir; espérense Vds.

³⁰⁶ Literalmente: para tener y conservar; esto es para suyo.

³⁰⁷ Hasta que tenga 21 años de edad.

³⁰⁸ Para cuya época.

so far³⁰⁹ reformed his evil habits as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

Swipes. What is all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged?³¹⁰ In trust! How does that appear? Where is it?

'Squire. There; in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Cur. Pretty well too,³¹¹ Mr. 'Squire, if we must be sent for, to be made a laughing-stock of. She shall pay for every ride she has had out of my chaise, I promise you.

Swipes. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times! if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here to be made the sport of a graceless profligate. But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with.

Cur. That we will.³¹²

'Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago; and the young gentleman must be already of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank. It is, your worship.³¹³

'Squire. Then,³¹⁴ gentlemen, having attended to the

³⁰⁹ Espero que habrá renunciado sus malos hábitos en términos de que que se le pueda confiar la gran fortuna que yo por este testamento le lego.

³¹⁰ ¿V. no quiere decir que somos víctimas de alguna chanza pesada?

³¹¹ Bien está, Sr. 'Squire! Nos mandan á buscar para burlarse de nosotros! ¡Pues, caro le ha de costar (á ella) cada paseo que

dió en mi silla, yo se lo prometo á V.!

³¹² Eso sí.

³¹³ Literalmente, adoracion; es término de acatamiento que en Inglaterra suele dárselos á los jueces.

³¹⁴ Conque, caballeros, habiendo asistido, según la ley previene, á la formalidad de la abertura del sello, ya quedan Vds. libres de toda clase de molestia acerca de este asunto.

breaking of the seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble about the business.

ANONYMOUS.

LXXX.

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

1. In that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discolored foliage of the trees, and all the sweet but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock, overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

2. I immediately found myself in a vast, extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain, higher than I before had any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forward with the liveliest expression of ardor in their countenances, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but, as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the

summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared:—"The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the Temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

3. I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the Gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering the first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel.

4. After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes toward the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. "Happy," said I, "are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!"—But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardor, I saw beside me a form, of divine features, and a more benign radiance. "Happier," said she, "are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of content." "What!" said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?"

5. "I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illu-

minate the mountain; I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence; but I alone can guide you to felicity!" While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arm toward her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

AIRIN'S MISCELLANIES.

LXXXI.

SCENE FROM THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

SIR³¹⁵ ROBERT BRAMBLE and HUMPHREY DOBBINS.

Sir R. I'll tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins, there is not a syllable of sense in all you have been saying. But I suppose you will maintain there is.

Hum. Yes.

Sir R. Yes, is that the way you talk to me, you old boor? What's my name?

Hum. Robert Bramble.

³¹⁵ *Sir*, Señor; es título de los caballeros (miembros de los órdenes de caballería) en Inglaterra. También se usa este título al dirigirse á un hombre cualquiera que sea; y entonces vale señor, ó caballero; como: *Good-day, sir*, buenos días, caballero. Cuando se habla de alguno, no se dice *sir*, sino *gentleman*.

Sir R. An't³¹⁶ I a baronet—Sir Robert Bramble of Blackberry Hall, in the county of Kent? 'Tis³¹⁷ time you should know it, for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet these thirty years: can you deny that?

Hum. Hem!

Sir R. Hem? what do you mean by hem? Open that rusty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you answer my question?

Hum. Because, if I contradict you, I shall tell you a lie; and when I agree with you, you are sure to fall out.

Sir R. Humphrey Dobbins, I have been so long endeavoring to beat a few brains into your pate,³¹⁸ that all your hair has tumbled off before my point is carried.³¹⁹

Hum. What then? Our parson says my head is an emblem of both our honors.

Sir R. Ay; because honors, like your head, are apt³²⁰ to be empty.

Hum. No; but if a servant has grown bald under his master's nose, it looks as if there was honesty on one side and regard for it on the other.

Sir R. Why, to be sure, old Humphrey, you are as honest as a— Pshaw!³²¹ the parson means to palaver us; but, to return to my position, I tell you, I don't like your flat contradiction.

Hum. Yes, you do.

³¹⁶ Contracción viciosa é incorrecta de *am not?* y también de *is not*.

³¹⁷ Por *it is*.

³¹⁸ Por *head*, cabeza; es voz trivial.

³¹⁹ Antes que yo haya podido lograrlo.

³²⁰ Suelen ser.

³²¹ Bah!

Sir R. I tell you I don't. I only love to hear men's arguments. I hate their flummery.

Hum. What do you call flummery?

Sir R. Flattery, blockhead! a dish too often served up by paltry poor men to paltry rich ones.

Hum. I never serve it up to you.

Sir R. No, you give me a dish of a different description.

Hum. Hem! what is it?

Sir R. Sourcrout, you old crab.

Hum. I have held you a stout tug at argument this many a year.

Sir R. And yet I could never teach you a syllogism. Now mind, when a poor man assents to what a rich man says, I suspect he means to flatter him. Now I am rich, and hate flattery. *Ergo*, when a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

Hum. That's wrong.

Sir R. Very well—*negatur*; now prove it.

Hum. Put the case then, I am a poor man.

Sir R. You an't,³²² you scoundrel. You know you shall never want while I have a shilling.

Hum. Well, then, I am a poor—I must be a poor man now, or I never shall get on.

Sir R. Well, get on,³²³ be a poor man.

Hum. I am a poor man, and argue with you, and convince you, you are wrong; then you call yourself a blockhead, and I am of your opinion: now, that's no flattery.

Sir R. Why no; but when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument, and

³²² Ya se presenta *an't*, por *are* not. ³²³ Bien, pues, adelante.

that puts an end to the conversation, and so I hate him for that. But where's my nephew, Frederic?

Hum. Been³²⁴ out these two hours.

Sir R. An undutiful cub! only arrived from Russia last night, and though I told him to stay at home till I rose, he's³²⁵ scampering over the fields like a Calmuc Tartar.

Hum. He's a fine fellow.

Sir R. He has a touch of our family. Don't you think he is a little like me, Humphrey?

Hum. No, not a bit; you are as ugly an old man as ever I clapped my eyes on.

Sir R. Now that's plaguy impudent, but there's no flattery in it, and it keeps up the independence of argument. His father, my brother Job, is of as tame a spirit. Humphrey, you remember my brother Job?

Hum. Yes, you drove him to Russia five-and-twenty years ago.

Sir R. I did not drive him.

Hum. Yes, you did. You would never let him be at peace in the way of argument.

Sir R. At peace! Zounds,³²⁶ he would never go to war.

Hum. He had the merit to be calm.

Sir R. So has a duck-pond. He received my arguments with his mouth open, like a poor-box gaping for half-pence, and, good or bad, he swallowed them all without any resistance. We couldn't³²⁷ disagree, and so we parted.

Hum. And the poor, meek gentleman went to Russia for a quiet life.

³²⁴ Elipsis del pronombre *he* y del auxiliar *has*: *he has been out*.

³²⁵ Contracción de *he is*.

³²⁶ Cáspita.

³²⁷ *Couldn't*, por *could not*.

Sir R. A quiet life! Why he married the moment he got there, tacked himself to the shrew relict of a Russian merchant, and continued a speculation with her in furs, flax, potashes, tallow, linen, and leather; what's the consequence? Thirteen months ago he broke.

Hum. Poor soul,³²⁶ his wife should have followed³²⁹ the business for him.

Sir R. I fancy she did follow it, for she died just as he broke, and now this madcap, Frederic, is sent over to me for protection. Poor Job, now he is in distress, I must not neglect his son.

Hum. Here comes his son; that's Mr. Frederic.

Fred. Oh, my dear uncle, good-morning! Your park is nothing but beauty.

Sir R. Who bid you caper over my beauty? I told you to stay in-doors till I got up.

Fred. So you did, but I entirely forgot it.

Sir R. And pray, what made you forget it?

Fred. The sun.

Sir R. The sun! He's mad! you mean the moon, I believe.

Fred. Oh, my dear uncle, you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning upon a fellow just arrived from Russia. The day looked bright, trees budding, birds singing, the park was so gay, that I took a leap out of your old balcony, made your deer fly before me like the wind, and chased them all around the park to get an appetite for breakfast, while you were snoring in bed, uncle.

³²⁶ Literalmente, *pobre alma*; esto es, pobrecito. ³²⁹ *To follow the business*, dirigir los negocios.

Sir R. Oh, oh! So the effect of English sunshine upon a Russian is to make him jump out a balcony and worry my deer.

Fred. I confess it had that influence upon me.

Sir R. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle, unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

Fred. I hate legacies.

Sir R. Sir,³³⁰ that's mighty singular, they are pretty solid tokens,³³¹ at least.

Fred. Very melancholy tokens, uncle; they are posthumous despatches affection sends to gratitude, to inform us we have lost a gracious friend.

Sir R. How charmingly the dog³³² argues.

Fred. But I own my spirits run away with me this morning. I will obey you better in future; for they tell me you are a very worthy, good sort of a gentleman.

Sir R. Now who had the familiar impudence to tell you that?

Fred. Old rusty, there.

Sir R. Why Humphrey, you didn't?³³³

Hum. Yes, but I did though.

Fred. Yes, he did, and on that score I shall be anxious to show you obedience, for 'tis as meritorious to attempt sharing a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast-high,³³⁴ uncle; a mean mind levels its dirty assiduities at the pocket.

³³⁰ Vale aquí, *Señor mio*.

³³¹ Recuerdos.

³³² No quiere decir aquí *perro*, á plena altura de pecho; esto es, sino *picaro*.

³³³ *Didn't*, por *did not*.

³³⁴ *Full breast-high*, literalmente,

á plena altura de pecho; esto es, para el corazón.

Sir R. [*Shaking him by the hand.*] Jump out of every window I have in the house; hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow! Ay, that's right.³³⁵ This is spunk and plain speaking. Give me a man who is always flinging his dissent to my doctrines smack in my teeth.

Fred. I disagree with you there, uncle.

Hum. And so do I.

Fred. You! you forward puppy! If you were not so old, I'd knock you down.

Sir R. I'll knock you down if you do. I won't³³⁶ have my servants thumped into dumb flattery.

Hum. Come, you're ruffled.³³⁷ Let us go to the business of the morning.

Sir R. I hate the business of the morning. Don't you see we are engaged in discussion. I tell you, I hate the business of the morning.

Hum. No you don't.

Sir R. Don't I? Why not?

Hum. Because its charity.

Sir R. Pshaw! Well, we must not neglect the business, if there be any distress in the parish; read the list, Humphrey.

Hum. [*Taking out a paper and reading.*] "Jonathan Huggins, of Muck Mead, is put in prison for debt."

Sir R. Why, it was only last week that Gripe, the attorney, recovered two cottages for him by law, worth sixty pounds.

Hum. Yes, and charged a hundred for his trouble;

³³⁵ Eso sí que está bien.

³³⁶ Por *will not*; esto es: yo no

sufiré que se me vuelva aduldadores á mis criados á puñetazos.

³³⁷ Vamos, V., se enfada.

so³³⁸ seized the cottage for part of his bill, and threw Jonathan into jail for the remainder.

Sir R. A harpy! I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

Fred. And I must kick his attorney.

Hum. [*Reading.*] "The curate's horse is dead."

Sir R. Pshaw! There's no distress in that.

Hum. Yes there is,³³⁹ to a man that must go twenty miles every Sunday to preach, for thirty pounds a year.

Sir R. Why won't the vicar give him another nag?

Hum. Because its cheaper to get another curate already mounted.

Sir R. Well, send him the black pad which I purchased last Tuesday, and tell him to work him as long as he lives. What else have we upon the list?

Hum. Something out of the common; there's one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer and a widower, come to lodge at farmer Harrowby's, in the village; he is, it seems, very poor, and more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

Sir R. And so he sends to me for assistance.

Hum. He'd³⁴⁰ see you hanged first! No, he'd sooner die than ask you or any man for a shilling! There's his daughter, and his wife's aunt, and an old corporal that served in the wars with him, he keeps them all upon his half-pay.

Sir R. Starves them all, I'm afraid, Humphrey.

Fred. [*Going.*] Good-morning, uncle.

Sir R. You rogue, where are you running now?

³³⁸ Elipsis del pronombre *he*; *to be*, haber; pág. 68, del "Prequiere decir: conque, se apoderó, receptor."

³³⁹ Si hay. Véase la conjugación del verbo impersonal *there*

³⁴⁰ Por *he would*. La frase entera vale: ántes quisiera verle á V. ahorcado.

Fred. To talk with Lieutenant Worthington.

Sir R. And what may you be going to say to him?

Fred. I can't tell till I encounter him; and then, uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand, who has been disabled in his country's service, and is struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant in honorable indigence, impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments.

Sir R. Stop, you rogue; I must be before you in this business.

Fred. That depends upon who can run the fastest; so, start fair, uncle, and here goes. [*Runs out.*]

Sir R. Stop, stop; why, Frederic—a jackanapes—to take my department out of my hands! I'll disinherit the dog for his assurance.

Hum. No you won't.

Sir R. Won't I? Hang me if I—but we'll argue that point as we go. So, come along, Humphrey.

COLMAN.

LXXXII.

THE SILENT ACADEMY.

1. In Memphis, the capital of ancient Egypt, there was a celebrated academy, one of the rules of which was as follows: "Members will meditate much, write little, and talk the least possible." The institution was known as "The Silent Academy;" and there was not a person of any literary distinction in Egypt who was not ambitious of belonging to it.

2. Akmed, a young Egyptian of great erudition and exquisite judgment, was the author of an admirable treatise, entitled "The Art of Brevity." It was a masterpiece of condensation and precision, and he was laboring to compress it still more, when he learned, in his provincial seclusion, that there was a place vacant in the Silent Academy.

3. Although he had not yet completed his twenty-third year, and although a great number of competitors were intriguing for the vacant place, he went and presented himself as a candidate at the door of the celebrated academy. A crowd of gossiping loungers in the portico speedily gathered round the taciturn stranger, and plied him, all at once, with a multitude of questions—a species of inquisition to which new-comers were generally subjected.

4. Without proffering a word in reply, Akmed proceeded directly to the object he had in view, and, approaching one of the ushers, placed in his hands a letter, addressed to the President of the august institution, and containing these words; "Akmed humbly solicits the vacant place." The usher delivered the letter at once; but Akmed and his application had arrived too late. The place was already filled.

5. By a system of intrigue and management, which even academies sometimes find irresistible, the favorite candidate of a certain rich man had been elected. The members of the Silent Academy were much chagrined when they learned what they had lost in consequence. The new member was a glib and garrulous pretender, whose verbose jargon was as unprofitable as it was wearisome; whereas Akmed, the scourge of all babblers,