

enraged at his restraint from tearing the world to pieces.

11. Again, as quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, and gather him in with his paws, and put him to his bosom; and then utter under-roads of such terrible melancholy as seemed to threaten all around, for the loss of his little play-fellow, the only friend, the only companion, that he had upon earth.

• HENRY BROOKE.

XCIII.

HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

ALEXANDER SEVERUS.—*Gibbon.*

Alexander rose early. The first moments of the day were consecrated to private devotion. But, as he deemed the service of mankind the most acceptable worship of the gods, the greater part of his morning hours was employed in council, where he discussed public affairs, and determined private causes, with a patience and discretion above his years. The dryness of business was relieved by the charms of literature; and a portion of time was always set apart for his favorite studies of poetry, history, and philosophy.

The works of Virgil and Horace, the republics of Plato and Cicero, formed his taste, enlarged his understanding, and gave him the noblest ideas of man and of government. The exercises of the body succeeded to those of the mind; and Alexander, who was tall, active, and robust, surpassed most of his equals

in the gymnastic arts. Refreshed by the use of his bath, and a slight dinner, he resumed, with new vigor, the business of the day; and till the hour of supper—the principal meal of the Romans—he was attended by his secretaries, with whom he read and answered the multitude of letters, memorials, and petitions, that must have been addressed to the master of the greatest part of the world.

His table was served with the most frugal simplicity; and whenever he was at liberty to consult his own inclination, the company consisted of a few select friends—men of learning and virtue. His dress was plain and modest; his demeanor, courteous and affable. At the proper hours, his palace was open to all his subjects; but the voice of a crier was heard, as in the Eleusinian mysteries, pronouncing the same salutary admonition—“Let none enter these holy walls, unless he is conscious of a pure and innocent mind.”

2. QUEEN ELIZABETH.—*Hume.*

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there scarcely is any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have, at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration,—the true secret for managing religious factions,—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe—the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous—she was able, by her vigor, to make deep impressions on their states. Her own greatness, meanwhile, remained unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and, with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of

her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex.

When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind.

3. HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.—*Burke.*

He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art, nor to collect medals, or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original; it is as full of genius as of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity.

4. MILTON.—*Quarterly Review.*

It is impossible to refuse to Milton the honor due to a life of the sincerest piety and the most dignified virtue. No man ever lived under a more abiding sense of

responsibility. No man ever strove more faithfully to use time and talent "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." No man so richly endowed was ever less ready to trust in his own powers, or more prompt to own his dependence on "that eternal and propitius throne, where nothing is readier than grace and refuge to the distresses of mortal supplicants." His morality was of the loftiest order. He possessed a self-control which, in one susceptible of such vehement emotions, was marvellous. No one ever saw him indulging in those propensities which overcloud the mind and pollute the heart.

No youthful excesses treasured up for him a suffering and remorseful old age. From his youth up he was temperate in all things, as became one who had consecrated himself to a life-struggle against vice; and error, and darkness, in all their forms. He had started with the conviction "that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things;" and from this he never swerved. His life was indeed a true poem; or it might be compared to an anthem on his own favorite organ—high-toned, solemn, and majestic.

5. WASHINGTON.—*Webster.*

The character of Washington is among the most cherished contemplations of my life. It is a fixed star in the firmament of great names, shining without twinkling or obscuration, with clear, steady, beneficent light. It is associated and blended with all our reflections on those things which are near and dear to us. If we think of the independence of our country, we

think of him whose efforts were so prominent in achieving it; if we think of the constitution which is over us, we think of him who did so much to establish it, and whose administration of its powers is acknowledged to be a model for his successors. If we think of glory in the field, of wisdom in the cabinet, of the purest patriotism, of the highest integrity, public and private, of morals without a stain, of religious feelings without intolerance and without extravagance, the august figure of Washington presents itself as the personification of all these ideas.

XCIV.

THE COMPLAINT OF A STOMACH.

1. Being allowed for once to speak, I would fain take the opportunity to set forth how ill, in all respects, we stomachs are used. From the beginning to the end of life, we are either afflicted with too little or too much, or not the right thing, or things which are horribly disagreeable to us; or are otherwise thrown into a state of discomfort. I do not think it proper to take up a moment in bewailing the Too Little, for that is an evil which is never the fault of our masters, but rather the result of their misfortunes; and indeed we would sometimes feel as if it were a relief from other kinds of distress, if we were put upon short allowance for a few days. But we conceive ourselves to have matter for a true bill against mankind in respect of the Too Much, which is always a voluntarily incurred evil.

2. What a pity that in the progress of discovery we cannot establish some means of a good understanding between mankind and their stomachs! for really the effects of their non-acquaintance are most vexatious. Human beings seem to be, to this day, completely in the dark as to what they ought to take at any time, and err almost as often from ignorance as from depraved appetite. Sometimes, for instance, when we of the inner house are rather weakly, they will send us down an article that we only could deal with when in a state of robust health. Sometimes, when we would require mild semi-farinaceous or vegetable diet, they will persist in all the most stimulating and irritating of viands.

3. What sputtering we poor stomachs have when mistakes of that kind occur! What remarks we indulge in, regarding our masters! "What's this, now?" will a stomach-genius say; "ah, detestable stuff! What a ridiculous fellow that man is! Will he never learn? Just the very thing I did not want. If he would only send down a bowl of fresh leek soup, or barley broth, there would be some sense in it:" and so on. If we had only been allowed to give the slightest hint now and then, like faithful servants as we are, from how many miseries might we have saved both our masters and ourselves!

4. I have been a stomach for about forty years, during all of which time I have endeavored to do my duty faithfully and punctually. My master, however, is so reckless, that I would defy any stomach of ordinary ability and capacity to get along pleasantly with him. The fact is, like almost all other men, he, in his eating and drinking, considers his own pleasure only,

and never once reflects on the poor wretch who has to be responsible for the disposal of everything down stairs. Scarcely on any day does he fail to exceed the strict rule of temperance; nay, there is scarcely a single meal which is altogether what it ought to be, either in its constituents or its general amount. My life is, therefore, one of continual worry and fret; I am never off the drudge from morning till night, and have not a moment in the four-and-twenty hours that I can safely call my own.

5. My greatest trial takes place in the evening, when my master has dined. If you only saw what a mess this said dinner is—soup, fish, flesh, fowl, ham, curry, rice, potatoes, table-beer, sherry, tart, pudding, cheese, bread, all mixed up together. I am accustomed to the thing, so don't feel much shocked; but my master himself would faint at the sight. The slave of duty in all circumstances, I call in my friend Gastric Juice, and to it we set, with as much good-will as if we had the most agreeable task in the world before us. But, unluckily, my master has an impression very firmly fixed upon him that our business is apt to be vastly promoted by an hour or two's drinking; so he continues at table amongst his friends, and pours me down some bottle and a half of wine, perhaps of various sorts, that bothers Gastric Juice and me to a degree which no one can have any conception of.

6. In fact, this said wine undoes our work almost as fast as we do it, besides blinding and poisoning us poor genii into the bargain. On many occasions I am obliged to give up my task for the time altogether; for while this vinous shower is going on I would defy the most vigorous stomach in the world to make any

advance in its business worth speaking of. Sometimes things go to a much greater length than at others; and my master will paralyze us in this manner for hours—not always, indeed, with wine, but occasionally with punch, one ingredient of which—the lemon—is particularly odious to us ministers of the interior. All this time I can hear him jollifying away at a great rate, drinking healths to his neighbors, and ruining his own.

7. I am a lover of early hours³⁴³—as are my brethren generally. To this we are very much disposed by the extremely hard work which we usually undergo during the day. About ten o'clock, having, perhaps, at that time, got all our labors past, and feeling fatigued and exhausted, we like to sink into repose, not to be again disturbed till next morning at breakfast-time. Well, how it may be with others I can't tell; but so it is, that my master never scruples to rouse me up from my first sleep, and give me charge of an entirely new meal, after I thought I was to be my own master for the night. This is a hardship of the most grievous kind.

8. Only imagine an innocent stomach-genius, who has gathered his coal, drawn on his night-cap, and gone to bed, rung up and made to stand attention to receive a succession of things, all of them superfluous and in excess, which he knows he will not be able to get off his hands all night. Such, O mankind, are the woes which befall our tribe in consequence of your occasionally yielding to the temptation of "a little supper." I see turkey and tongue in grief and terror. Macaroni fills me with frantic alarm. I behold jelly and trifle follow in mute despair. Oh, that I had the

³⁴³ Yo soy amigo de acostarme temprano.

power of standing beside my master, and holding his unreflecting hand, as he thus prepares for my torment and his own!

9. Here, too, the old mistaken notion about the need of something stimulating besets him, and down comes a deluge of hot spirits and water, that causes every villicle in my coat to writhe in agony, and almost sends Gastric Juice off in the sulks to bed. Nor does the infatuated man rest here. If the company be agreeable, rummer will follow upon rummer, while I am kept standing, as it were, with my sleeves tucked up, ready to begin, but unable to perform a single stroke of work.

10. I feel that the strength which I ought to have had at my present time of life has passed from me. I am getting weak, and peevish, and evil-disposed. A comparatively small trouble sits long and sore upon me. Bile, from being my servant, is becoming my master; and a bad one he makes, as all good servants ever do. I see nothing before me but a premature old age of pains and groans, and gripes and grumblings, which will, of course, not last over-long; and thus I shall be cut short in my career, when I should have been enjoying life's tranquil evening, without a single vexation of any kind to trouble me.

11. Were I of a rancorous temper, it might be a consolation to think that my master—the cause of all my woes—must suffer and sink with me; but I don't see how this can mend my own case; and, from old acquaintance, I am rather disposed to feel sorry for him, as one who has been more ignorant and imprudent than ill-meaning. In the same spirit let me hope that this true and unaffected account of my case may prove a warning to other persons how they use their stom-

achs ; for they may depend upon it that whatever injustice they do to us in their days of health and pride will be repaid to themselves in the long-run—our friend Madam Nature being an inveterately accurate accountant, who makes no allowance for revokes or mistakes.

CHAMBERS.

XCV.

INCONVENIENT IGNORANCE.

1. Although desirous of reaching the Lake of Constance with all possible speed, I was obliged to stop at Vadutz. Since our journey began, it had rained in torrents, and now both horse and driver obstinately refused to go a step further,—the beast because he sank in the mud up to his knees, and the man because he was wet to the bone. Indeed, it would have been cruel to have insisted on proceeding. Nothing but motives of philanthropy, however, could have induced me to enter the wretched inn whose sign had arrested our equipage.

2. Hardly had I set foot in the narrow entry that led to the kitchen, which was, at the same time the common room for travellers, than I was taken by the throat by a sharp odor of sourkrout, which came as a sort of pre-announcement of my bill of fare. Now, I can say of sourkrout, as a certain abbé said of flounders, that if sourkrout and I were left alone on the earth, the world would very soon come to an end.

3. I began, then, to pass in review my whole Teu-

tonic vocabulary, and to apply it to the possibilities of the larder of a village inn. The precaution was not untimely ; for hardly was I seated at the table, where a couple of teamsters, the first occupants, were disposed to yield me an end, than a deep plate, full of the abhorred food, was placed before me. Fortunately, I had been prepared for this infamous pleasantry, and I put aside the dish, which was smoking like a small Vesuvius, with a *nicht gut* (not good), so heartily enunciated that my hearers must have taken me for a full-blooded Saxon.

4. A German always supposes that he has misunderstood you when you say that you do not like sourkrout ; but when it is in his own language that you express your disgust for this national dish, his astonishment—to avail myself of an expression in vogue with his countrymen—becomes “mountainous.” There succeeded, then, an interval of silence, of stupefaction, like that which would have followed some abominable blasphemy, and while it lasted the hostess seemed to be laboriously occupied in rallying her disordered ideas.

5. The result of her reflections was a phrase, pronounced in a voice so changed that the words were wholly unintelligible to me, although, from the physiognomy, I interpreted them to be, “But, sir, if you do not like sourkrout, what do you like?”—“*Alles dieses ausgenommen,*” I replied ; which, I will remark, for the benefit of those not up with⁴⁴ me in philology, means “All, except that.” It appeared that disgust had produced upon me the same effect that indignation did upon Juvenal, only, instead of inspiring me to ver-

⁴⁴ Ménos versados que yo.

sify, it had enabled me to pronounce German; I perceived it in the submissive air with which the hostess took away the unfortunate sourkrout.

6. I remained, then, waiting my second service, amusing myself meanwhile by making pellets out of the bread, or tasting, with many a shrug and grimace, a kind of sour wine, which, because it had an abominable flavor of flint, and was contained in a long-necked bottle, was pleasantly called Hock.—“Well?” said I, looking up.—“Well?” returned the hostess.—“My supper!”—“O, yes!” And she brought me again the sourkrout.

7. I made up my mind³⁴⁵ that unless I took summary justice upon it there would be no end to her persecutions. I therefore called a dog—one of the Saint Bernard breed, who lay toasting his nose and paws before the fire, and who, on recognizing my good intentions, left the chimney, came to me, and with three jerks of the tongue lapped up the proffered food. “Well done, beast!” said I, when he had finished; and I returned the empty plate to the hostess.—“And you?” she said.—“O, I will eat something else.”—“But I haven’t anything else,” she replied.

8. “How!” cried I, from the very depths of my empty stomach; “haven’t you some eggs?”—“None.”—“Some cutlets?”—“None.”—“Some potatoes?”—“None.”—“Some ——” A luminous idea crossed my mind. I remembered that I had been advised not to pass through the place without tasting the mushrooms, for which, twenty leagues round, it is celebrated. But when I wished to avail myself of this felicitous

³⁴⁵ Dije para mi capote.

recollection, an unforeseen difficulty presented itself in the fact that I could not, for the life of me, recall the German word, the pronunciation of which was essential, unless I would go hungry to bed.³⁴⁶ I remained, then, with open mouth, pausing at the indefinite pronoun.

9. “Some—some—how do you call it in German? Some—”—“Some?” repeated the hostess, mechanically.—“Eh? yes; some—” At this moment my eyes fell upon my album. “Wait,” said I, “wait!” I then took my pencil, and, on a beautiful white leaf, drew, as carefully as I could, the precious vegetable which formed for the moment the object of my desires. I flattered myself that it approached as near to a resemblance as it is permitted for the work of man to reproduce the work of nature.

10. All this while the hostess followed me with her eyes, displaying an intelligent curiosity that seemed to augur most favorably for my prospects. “Ah! *ja, ja, ja* (yes, yes, yes),” said she, as I gave the finishing touch to the drawing. She had comprehended—the clever woman!—so well comprehended, that, five minutes after, she entered the room with an umbrella all open. “There!” said she. I threw a glance upon my unfortunate drawing—the resemblance was perfect.

TRANSLATION FROM DUMAS.

³⁴⁶ A ménos que quisiese acostarme sin haber comido.

XCVI.

THE DISCONTENTED MILLER.

1. Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those who had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate." But, if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well, for aught he knew; but he was not fond of making many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

2. Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but, though these were small, they were certain; while it stood and went, he was sure of eating: and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

3. One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Thanks only goes quietly to bed and dreams himself into thousands

before morning. O that I could dream like him! With what pleasure would I dig round the pan! How slyly would I carry it home! not even my wife should see me; and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

4. Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy: he discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile on his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large, flat stone.

5. He concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its truth. His wishes in this, also, were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money in the very same place. Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so, getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall to which the vision directed him.

6. The first omen of success that he met was a broken ring; digging still deeper, he turned up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad, flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond a man's strength to remove it. "Here!" cried he, in raptures, to himself; "here it is; under

this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up."

7. Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined. She flew round his neck, and embraced him in an ecstasy of joy: but these transports, however, did not allay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning, therefore, together to the same place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not indeed the expected treasure—but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen.

GOLDSMITH.

XCVII.

THE SWORD AND THE PRESS.

1. When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in his steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder, till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and carnage, the pale looker-on might have fancied that Nature was in her death-throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the sun of manhood seemed setting in a sea of blood.

2. Yet it might be on that very gala-day of Tamerlane that a little boy was playing nine-pins in the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important

than that of twenty Tamerlanes. The Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, "passed away like a whirlwind," to be forgotten forever; and that German artisan has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself, through all countries and all times.

3. What are the conquests and the expeditions of the whole corporation of captains, from Walter the Penniless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with those movable types of Faust? Truly it is a mortifying thing for your conqueror to reflect how perishable is the metal with which he hammers with such violence; how the kind earth will soon shroud up his bloody footprints; and all that he achieved and skilfully piled together will be but like his own canvas city of a camp—this evening loud with life, to-morrow all struck and vanished,—“a few pits and heaps of straw.”

4. For here, as always, it continues true, that the deepest force is the stillest; that, as in the fable, the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest in vain essayed. Above all, it is ever to be kept in mind that not by material but by moral power are men and their actions to be governed. How noiseless is thought! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, no tumult of innumerable baggage-wagons, attend its movements.

5. In what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority! for kings and emperors will be among its ministering servants; it will rule not over but in all heads; and with these solitary combinations of ideas, and with magic formulas, bend the world to its will. The time may come when Napo-

leon himself will be better known for his laws than his battles, and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing!
But taking sorcery from the master hand
To paralyze the Cæsars and to strike
The loud earth breathless! Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it.

Lytton.

XCVIII.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

1. KNOW, BEFORE YOU SPEAK.—It is related of Sheridan, that once in the House of Commons he apparently quoted a passage from a Greek poet, when in reality he only uttered a gabble resembling Greek. An honorable gentleman who spoke after him fully assented to the application of the passage to the case in question. How ineffably ridiculous must that man have appeared when Sheridan disclosed the trick! To the dishonor of such an exposure every one is liable, who, in any way, however slight or negative, affects to appear knowing where he is ignorant.

2. PERFECTION NO TRIFLE.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterward he called again; the sculptor was still at his

work: his friend looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last."—"By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb."—"Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles."—"It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

3. TRUE GENEROSITY.—Sir Philip Sidney, at the battle near Zutphen, displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him; and, whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half on horseback to the camp; and, being faint with the loss of blood, and parched with thirst from the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried along at that instant, looked up to it with wistful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney took the flagon from his lips, just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

4. MORAL AND PHYSICAL COURAGE.—At the battle of Waterloo, two French officers were advancing to charge a much superior force. The danger was imminent, and one of them displayed evident signs of fear. The other, observing it, said to him, "Sir, I believe you are frightened."—"Yes," returned the other, "I am; and if you were half as much frightened, you would run away." This anecdote exhibits in a happy light the difference between moral and physical courage.