house,* and had a piano in almost every room. Almost his only exercise was taken in his little garden, in which he might be seen trotting along—his white worsted stockings drawn over his breeches knees—taking his "ante-prandial circumgyrations." Bentham was also fond of cats, chief of whom was Langbourne, whom he boasted that he had made a man of, first knighting him, and in advanced years putting him into the church as "the Rev. Dr. John Langbourne."

Crebillon was also a great lover of cats as well as dogs, whose attachment he said consoled him for man's ingratitude. One day, notwithstanding his poverty, he brought home with him a fresh dog under each arm. His wife observed to him that there were already eight dogs and fifteen cats in the house, and that she was at a loss how and with what to prepare his dinner. Helvetius, author of *L'Esprit* was another admirer of cats, of whom he had about twenty, feeding and lodging them in the most delicate manner; and the sybarites were dressed in silk, satin, and velvet, with trains which they dragged behind them with the dignity of counsellors of parliament. Again, Saint Evremond was partial to ducks and other fowls, which he kept with him in his chamber, and fed incessantly. He used to say that "When we grow old and our own spirits decay it reanimates one to have a number of living creatures about one, and to be much with them."*

* "I have just been ruining myself by two pieces of extravagance, an organ that is to cost £230—is half as large or twice as large again as the other—goes up to the ceiling and down to the floor of my work-shop, giving birth to an abyss, in which my music-stool is lodged; looking like an elephant or a rhinoceros, and projecting in such sort that, between that and the book carrocio, there is no getting the dinner tray on the little table without a battle. Then there is warming apparatus by steam, including bath, in my bedroom. . . . The pretext for the warming by steam, inconvenience from the burnt air by the former mode; pretext for the organ, impossibility of keeping myself awake after dinner by any other means; consequence, premature sleep, to the prejudice of proper ditto."—Letter in Bowring's *Memoirs of Bentham*, p. 541.

* Pope in *Spencer's Anecdotes*, p. 125.

Lord Erskine, like Sir Walter Scott, had a passion for dogs. He had always several to whom he was much attached. One he used to have constantly with him when at the bar and at all his consulations, and another which he rescued while Lord Chancellor from some boys who were about to kill him under pretence of his being mad. He had also a favorite goose which followed him about his grounds, a favorite mackaw, and even two favorite leeches. These he called after Home and Cline. The surgeons had saved his life, and he himself every day gave the leeches fresh water, declaring that they both knew him and were grateful.*

Lord Byron had a sort of mania for animals. At Cambridge he kept bulldogs and a bear; and when Shelley visited him at Ravenna he found the noble poet's house filled with beasts and birds. "Lord Byron's establishment," he said, in a letter to Mr. Peacock, "consists, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow, and a falcon; and all these, except the horses, walk about the house, which every now and then resounds with their unarbitrated quarrels as if they were masters of it." In a postscript to the letter Shelley adds: "I find that my enumeration of the animals in this Circæan palace was defective, and that in a material point. I have just met on the grand staircase five peacocks, two Guinea hens, and an Egyptian crane!"

Among other strange attachments may be mentioned those of Rembrandt for his monkey, the death of which caused him so much grief; of Richter for his squirrels; of Latude for his rats; of Goethe for his snake; of Cowper for his hares; and of Pellisson for his spider. Some pet animals have been associated with great historic names, such as the vulture of Semiramis, the butterfly of Virgil, the starling of Nero, the serpent of Tiberius, the quail of Augustus, the hen of Honorius, the ape of Commodus, the sparrow of Heliogabalus, and the dove of Mahomet.

* Romily's *Autobiography*.

Some of the most eminent men have taken delight in the society of children. Richter said that the man is to be shunned who does not love the society of children. Cato, the censor, no matter how urgent the business of the republic, would never leave his house in the morning without having seen his wife wash and dress the baby. Cicero after having put the finishing touch to his orations, would call in his children and have a romp with them. Sydney Smith says: "The haunts of happiness are varied, and rather unaccountable; but I have more often seen her among little children, home firesides, and country houses than anywhere else."

Who would have thought that the dignified and stately William Pitt should have found his greatest recreation in the society of children? His apparently cold and haughty manner then entirely vanished. The late Sir William Napier, when a boy, enjoyed a game of romps with Pitt at the house of Lady Hester Stanhope. He has described the visit, which took place two years before the statesman's death: "Pitt," he said, "liked practical fun, and used to riot in it with Lady Hester, Charles and James Stanhope, and myself. One instance is worth noting. We were resolved to blacken his face with burnt cork, which he most strenuously resisted; but at the beginning of the fray a servant announced that Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool desired to see him on business. 'Let them wait in the other room,' was the answer, and the great minister instantly turned to the battle, catching up a cushion and belaboring us with it in glorious fun. We were, however, too many and strong for him, and, after at least a ten minutes' fight, got him down, and were actually daubing his face, when, with a look of pretended confidence in his prowess, he said: 'Stop: this will do. I could easily beat you all, but we must not keep these grandees waiting any longer.' His defeat was, however, palpable; and we were obliged to get

a towel and a basin of water to wash him clean before he could receive the grandees. Being thus put in order, the basin was hid behind the sofa, and the two lords were ushered in." After the ministers had been received and consulted with they left; and the cushion fight with the children was again recommenced. A man's manner and habits are perhaps the best evidences of his real character. Pitt's love of children affords a new view of his inner self. The above circumstance would have been less remarkable in the case of a father; but Pitt remained a solitary bachelor to the end of his life.

Leibnitz's principal amusement was with children, whom he assembled in his study to watch; he also took part in their gambols. Seated in his easy chair, he delighted to observe their lively movements, to listen to their conversation, and to observe their several dispositions; and when he had sufficiently enjoyed the innocent spectacle, he dismissed the children with sweetmeats, and returned to his studies with redoubled energy.

Racine entered heartily into the amusements of his children. Once, when the Duc de Condé invited the poet to dine with a distinguished party at his palace, Racine's excuse was, that he had been absent from his family for a week, and had just accepted an invitation from his children to feast upon a carp which they had caught in his absence, and intended to keep until his return. "I remember a procession we once had," said Louis Racine, in a memoir of his father, "in which my sisters played the part of the clergy, I enacted the curate, and the author of *Athalie* singing in chorus with us, acted as crucifier, and carried the cross."

Rousseau confessed that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to witness the joyous sports of children. "I have often," he said, "stopped in the streets to watch their frolics and sports, with an interest which I see no other

person take in them." Yet what inconceivable inconsistency! Rousseau sent his own children to a foundling hospital, and never owned them!

Both Napoleon and Wellington were exceedingly fond of children. Napoleon would take the infant king of Rome in his arms, and standing in front of a mirror, make the oddest grimaces in the glass. At breakfast he would take the child upon his knee, dip his fingers in the sauce, and daub his face with it; the child's governess scolded, the emperor laughed, and the child, always pleased, seemed to take delight in the rough caresses of his father.

Wellington was a general favorite with children. He took part in their gambols, and was constantly presenting them with little presents and keepsakes. One of Napoleon's favorite games was Blind Man's Buff, a game which Canning and Sir William Scott played with the Princess Caroline while at Montagu House.

Bayle's great delight was in witnessing the performance of Punchinello. He no sooner heard the magician's squeak than he left his books, rushed into the street, and did not mind standing in a shower of rain to witness the performance. Curran, the Irish orator, Charles Lamb, and Douglas Jerrold, were among the many admirers of Punch. Bayle took pleasure in following jugglers and vaulters, and seeing them perform their exhibitions in the street. Tasso enjoyed masquerades, and the diversions of the populace in the public festivals. Macchiavelli found relaxation in killing thrushes by netting them, getting up before daylight for the purpose. He sometimes frequented the roadside public-house, where he played tric-trac with a butcher, a miller, and a man who worked a lime kiln.

For those who want recreation, and a rest from the anxieties of life, it is a great thing to have a hobby. A man should have some pursuits which may be always in his power, and to which he may turn gladly in his hours of

rest. The chief secret of comfort is in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since few great ones are to be had on long leases. Many run after felicity, says Conversation Sharpe, like an absent man hunting for his hat while it is on his head, or in his hand. It is perhaps one of the necessities, of human nature, that a man should have one absorbing, engrossing pursuit, to divert his mind from the trials and troubles that surround him in practical life. But small pleasures are not to be neglected; and it is for this reason that hobbies, provided they do not become morbid, are so useful.

Days come and go much more pleasantly when one's time is fully occupied. When spare moments do occur, it is very agreeable to have some pursuit of our own choosing to go on with. Industry is delightful to the honest worker; and while we escape uncongenial toil, it is well to devote ourselves to that which is congenial. The profit of industry may even be combined with the pleasures of pastime. Archæology was the hobby of Dr. Schliemann. After a youth-hood spent amidst privation and manual labors, he accumulated wealth, and in his love of Homer, he devoted himself to solve a question which others with greater powers than his had declined to investigate. The result of his archæological labors, which were conducted with the greatest patience and energy, has been rewarded with a large measure of success.

But a still more beneficial result of pursuing a hobby during leisure hours was that accomplished by Charles Wheatstone, in the development of the electric telegraph. He was originally a maker and seller of musical instruments; and it was to improve himself in his art that he investigated the science of sound theoretically and practically. This led him on to other branches of natural philosophy, and he devoted his leisure hours to making some toys to illustrate the subject of electricity. Mr. S. C. Hall,

in his *Retrospect of a Long Life*, says: "One evening when I was present, there came to the house of John Martin, the painter, a young man who greatly amused the party by making a doll dance upon the grand piano, and he excited a laugh when he said: 'You will be surprised if I tell you that it is done by lightning?' It was Mr. Charles Wheatstone, afterwards Sir Charles Wheatstone, F. R. S. In that doll, perhaps, the first suggestion of the electric telegraph lay hidden—the germ of a discovery that has belted the globe with an electric zone of a thousandfold more marvellous character than that which Puck promised to put about the earth in forty minutes.

See what a hobby Niépce cultivated, though he did not live fully to develop it. He was a lieutenant in the first regiment of French dragoons, when, in his leisure moments he began the study of chemistry, which eventually led him to the discovery of photography. This shows that no position, however adverse, can hinder a man from improving himself in his leisure moments. Even Maupertuis, when acting as captain of dragoons, carried on the study of mathematics, in which he eventually acquired so much celebrity. Picard also studied astronomy, and laid the foundations of his fame, while acting as gardener to the Duc de Créqui.

Mr. Haden, while occupied as a surgeon in large practice in the west end of London, carried on the hobby of etching. He eventually acquired the greatest proficiency, and his pastime became his profit. He etched on the plate, directly from nature, and his works are full of power and beauty. The French critic, M. Burty, shows his appreciative spirit in the manner in which he has labored to establish the reputation of an artist so thoroughly English as Mr. Haden. That work of this quality should have been turned out by a surgeon in large practice is certainly very astonishing, but it ought also to be encouraging to

other amateurs, who, like himself, though in minor degrees, are endowed with the fairy gifts of artistic insight and feeling.

Mr. Lassell, an eminent brewer of Liverpool, turned from malt to astronomy. He made a magnificent telescope, which his relatives have since his death presented to the nation; and it is now to be seen at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. With this instrument he discovered no less than six hundred new nebulæ. He had already discovered the ninth star in Orion, the satellite of Neptune, the eighth satellite of Saturn, and two additional satellites of Uranus.

Another eminent astronomer, who turned from engineering to the contemplation of the heavens, is Mr. James Nasmyth, whose work on the Moon has been admired by all who have read it and studied its wonderful illustrations. Inventing had been the pursuit of James Watt's entire life, and in old age it became his hobby. "Without a hobby-horse," he said, "what is life?" He had ample resources in himself, and found pleasure in quiet meditation as well as in active work. His thirst for knowledge was still unslaked; and he proceeded with his experiments upon air, light, and electricity. Dr. Johnson at seventy, said: "It is a man's own fault, it is for want of use. if his mind grows torpid in old age."

The famous Helmholtz dated his start in science to an attack of typhoid fever. His illness led him to obtain a microscope, which he was enabled to purchase, he says, "by having spent my autumn vacation in the hospital, prostrated by typhoid fever. Being a pupil, I was nursed without expense, and on my recovery I found myself in possession of the savings of my small resources." What Helmholtz has since done with his microscope may be found in the records of science.

Lindley Murray owed his fame to an accident. He was

seized by an illness which confined him to his room, and disabled him from active occupation. He took to the reading of books, and eventually became a successful author. David Allan, the "Scottish Hogarth," as he has been called, burnt his foot, and having nothing else to do, amused himself with drawing on the floor with a piece of chalk. When he returned to school he continued the art. But he went so far as to draw a caricature of his schoolmaster punishing a pupil; and the drawing having been brought under the master's eye, Allan was summarily expelled. But the caricature having been shown to the collector of customs at Alloa,—where Allan's father was shore-master,—the collector sent the boy to Glasgow for the purpose of studying art; and from that time his success was decided.

The love of knowledge, and even of apparently useless knowledge, is one of the best preservations against the vulgarity and selfishness of the world. The Gospel has mentioned idleness as almost the climax of sin: "And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house: and not only idlers, but tattlers also, and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not." It is better even to have a useless hobby than to be a tittle-tattler and a busybody. Blessed is the man, says Lord Brougham, who has a hobby-horse; and he himself had many. "Every man has his hobby-horse," said William Hutton, "and it is no disgrace prudently to ride him. He is the prudent man who can introduce cheap pleasure without impeding business."

Some men have a hobby for books, which, perhaps, they do not read: they look to their rarity, their binding, or their age. Another's hobby is for pictures—rare, sometimes worthless, old art. The hobby of another is for autographs; and birthday books have become the rage, or old letters of distinguished men, which sell for ridiculous sums. The hobby of others is for music. Indeed, the

hobby of some men is often their best friend; excepting the man whose hobby is a pet grievance. Generally speaking, the hobby keeps one in humor and good health, and is the one unchanging companion in declining days.

Some may, however, have ridiculous hobbies. Thus, Charles V., in his self-imposed retirement, amused himself with constantly winding up a number of watches, and was surprised to find that no two of them went alike. It is the same in most minds: they cannot go together. Hence allowance must be made for diversities of views, opinions and decisions. The late Sam Rogers used to tell of a nervous gentleman whose hobby was fire-escapes. The invention was a kind of sack in which the man could lower himself at once from his window. Being suddenly awakened one night by the sound, as he thought, of the wheels of a fire-engine, followed by a tremendous knocking at the door, he descended in his sack in great haste, and reached the street just in time to hand his wife, who had been to the opera, out of her carriage!

In concluding this chapter on health and recreation, it may not be unimportant to add that the uniform testimony of brain-workers is in favor of moderation and temperance in all things—in study, exercise, eating, drinking, and even recreation. "Nature," said Lord Bacon, "is best to be conquered by obeying her;" and moderation is a law of nature—the *aurea mediocritas* of Horace, which Hume says is the best thing on earth; it makes life enjoyable, and therefore tends to its prolongation.

It was a maxim of the ancients that temperance is the nursing mother of genius. The stomach, we have said, has been styled the father of the family, and is often fatally perilled by over-indulgence. It might with truth be said that far more are destroyed by over-feeding than by want of food. As a rule, brain-workers eat too much rather than too little; and overloading the stomach certainly tends

to the deterioration of the brain.* "Jamais homme aymant sa gorge et son ventre," said Scarron, "ne fist belle oeuvre."

Temperance was one of the cardinal virtues of Plato. Socrates was a spare eater, and never willingly drank much. Cicero and Plutarch have both left their testimony in favor of moderate living and vegetable diet. Julius Cæsar was originally of a fragile and delicate constitution, but moderate living and abundant exercise hardened his health and enabled him to endure the greatest toil and fatigue.

"Be watchful of thy body," said Descartes, "if you would rightly exercise thy mind." The vital force of both must be preserved, in order to prolong their healthy working power. Though Newton and Kant were alike feeble in frame, they both lived to old age by temperance and moderation. Fontenelle held the highest rank in letters and science for fifty years, and lived to a hundred. The secret of his longevity, notwithstanding his original feebleness of constitution, was his extreme temperance and his careful economy of living. When he was about to die, he said: "I do not suffer, my friends; I only feel a certain difficulty of living." With him, death was like going to sleep after a long journey; or like a pendulum that ceases to oscillate. Fontenelle's practice was to eat moderately, or not at all, unless nature demanded food; to abstain from

* Sydney Smith, writing to Lord Murray, said playfully: "If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half of what you *could* eat and drink. Did I ever tell you my calculation about eating and drinking? Having ascertained the weight of what I could live upon so as to preserve health and strength, and what I did live upon. I found that between ten and seventy years of age, I had eaten and drunk forty horse-wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved me in life and health! The value of this mass of nourishment I considered to be worth seven thousand pounds sterling. It occurred to me that I must by my voracity have starved to death nearly a hundred persons! This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true; and I think, dear Murray *your* wagons would require an additional horse each!"..*Memoir and Letters of Sydney Smith.* ii. p. 503.

study, when study was irksome; to pass no day without some work, but never to work in excess; and finally, to be always cheerful; for "without cheerfulness," said he, "what is philosophy worth?"

Voltaire always declared that it was regimen that kept him alive. He was naturally of a feeble frame; he was bilious and dyspeptic; in his youth he suffered from scurvy; he was nearly carried off by smallpox; and in his later life, he was afflicted by turns with rheumatic gout, erysipelas, colic, and opthalmia. Yet, by temperate living and careful regimen, he contrived to outlive nearly all his contemporaries.*

Michael Angelo preserved his working power by great temperance and continence of living. A little bread and wine was all that he required during the chief part of the day, while he was employed upon his work; but he carefully avoided working so as to fatigue himself. Buffon was distinguished by his sobriety and moderation of living; but he was regular in his meals to a minute. His breakfast consisted of a piece of bread and a little wine and water. At dinner he ate little, preferring fish, which was followed by a liberal dessert of fruit. Towards the close of his life he adopted a still sparer regimen. His dinner, shortly after mid-day, consisted of some soup and two fresh boiled eggs. He drank little wine and no coffee nor liquors. After dinner, he took a few minutes' repose, then a walk in the park, or along the terrace of the chateau. At five he betook himself to his desk, and remained there until nine, after which he participated in the lively conversation of the family circle.

Kant, we have said, was originally of a feeble frame, but

* He once said to his niece, Madame de Fontaine, who was an excellent painter: "Quand vous voudrez peindre un vieux malade emmitouflé, avec une plume dans une main et de la rhubarbe dans l'autre, entre un médicine et un secrétaire avec des livrés et une seringue, donnez moi le préférence."

by temperance and frugality he lived to an old age. One of his biographers says that his regimen was as regular and punctual as the cathedral clock. His minute precautions, his studied precision as to meat, drink, dress, rising and going to bed, were the subjects of ridicule to many; yet he prolonged his life for nearly a century, and left behind him works of power, which are the glory of his nation.

Dr. Adam Ferguson, the historian of Rome, had an attack of paralysis—the result of over brain-work—which, Lord Cockburn says, "ought to have killed him in his fiftieth year"; but rigid discipline enabled him to live uncrippled, either in body or mind, for nearly fifty years longer. He gave up the use of wine and animal food, subsisting entirely on milk and vegetables.* When in his seventy-second year he set out on a journey to Rome (then a much more laborious journey than now), for the purpose of collecting fresh materials for a new edition of his *History;* and he returned home after about a year, looking younger than ever. Auber, the veteran musician, when congratulated, at the age of eighty-seven, on his remarkable vigor, said; "They never so often told me I was young as since I have grown old."

Baron Maseres, who lived to ninety, was very sparing in his diet; and, besides, fasted one day in every week, taking no dinner, and only a round of dry toast to tea. A celebrated physician asked an old man, remarkable for his health, what regimen he followed. His answer was: "I take only one meal a day." "Keep your secret," replied the physician; "if it were known and followed our profession would be ruined."

Temperance was the rule of life of William Hutton of

* Lord Cockburn, in the *Memorials of his Time*, says: "I never heard of his dining out except at his relation, Dr. Joseph Black's, where his son, Sir Adam (the friend of Scott), used to say it was delightful to see the two philosophers rioting over a boiled turnip!"

Birmingham, though he occasionally partook of a glass of beer. But in his eighty-first year he gave that up to avoid attacks of gravel. He confined himself to milk, and had no more attacks. John Wesley was one of the most abstemious of men, though one of the hardest of workers. He habitually abstained from wine, beer, and spirits; and for years together he never tasted animal food, even while travelling from four to five thousand miles yearly. He himself attributed his health and his prolonged working life to regular habits, temperance, exercise, and cheerfulness. "I feel and grieve," he would say; "but by the grace of God, I *fret* at nothing."

We have already mentioned the case of General Perronet Thompson, who gave up wine, beer, spirits, and animal food, to get rid of his hereditary disease of gout, in which he completely succeeded. Sir Charles Napier, the hero of Meanee, abstained habitually from wine and fermented liquor, and at times restricted himself entirely to vegetable diet. To this habitual temperance he himself attributed his energy and working power. We have also been informed that Professor Francis Newman found total abstinence from flesh-meat the only remedy for an inveterate dyspepsia with which he had been long afflicted.

Dr. Cheyne, the celebrated physician, wrote a work on the Spleen and the Vapors, which he entitled *The English Malady*. He was led to the study of the subject by his own tendency to corpulency. He weighed not less than thirty-two stone, and was, besides, "short-breathed, lethargic, and listless." After trying a variety of treatment with no benefit, he at length confined himself to milk, bread, seeds of different kinds, mealy roots, and fruit; and finally recovered his health, activity and cheerfulness. Howard, the philanthropist, was equally abstemious, eating no flesh and drinking no wine. When asked how he had preserved his health and escaped infection from gaol