

to the Deity, his pen on the last line. When Tycho Brache lay dying, he several times, during his deliriums, repeated "*Ne frustar vixisse videar*," thus expressing the hope that he had not lived in vain. Abelard's last words, scarce heard, were, "*Je ne sais*," as if in answer to the question propounded long before his time, "*Que sais-je?*" When Frederick II. of Denmark was approaching the moment of death, the doctor felt his pulse: "Let the pulse beat as it may," the king said, "we know the mercy of God will never fail." Isaac Watts, when asked how he felt, answered, "Waiting God's leave to die"; and in this peaceful state he expired at the age of seventy-four. The last words of Dr. Andrew Combe were, "Happy, happy!" Oehlenschläger, the Danish poet, when he felt himself dying, called upon his son to read a passage from his own tragedy of *Socrates*, in which the Greek sage speaks of the Immortality of the Soul. He expressed himself more than ever convinced on that subject, and, while so speaking, expired.

Among warriors and statesmen, many last thoughts have been remembered. The eloquence of Pericles was a grand characteristic of the man, but not the grandest: when dying he affirmed that his greatest honor had been "that no Athenian, through his means, had ever put on mourning." So, the last words of Frederick V. of Denmark were, "There is not a drop of blood on my hands." Napoleon, through whom hecatombs of men died in battle, had war in his mind to the end of his life: "Tete d'armée were his last words. Nelson's on the contrary, were, "I thank God I have done my duty." When Kosciuszko fell, pierced by Russian lances, he exclaimed, "An end of Poland!" One of the grandest last thoughts was that of Gustavus Adolphus: "I am the king of Sweden, and I seal with my blood the liberty and religion of the whole German nation." The Emperor Rudolph said, when dying, "I am on my way to Spire to visit the kings, my predecessors."

Sir Philip Sidney's last act was as noble as his whole life. When lying wounded on the fatal field of Zutphen, he caught the eye of a dying soldier fixed on the water at which his own parched lips were placed, "Take it," said he, "thy need is greater than mine." There spoke the hero as well as the gentleman. Somewhat similar in character were the dying words of the hero of Corunna. When the surgeons hurried to his aid, Sir John Moore said, "You can be of no service to me; go to the soldiers to whom you can be useful: I am beyond your skill."

Mutual esteem and unbroken friendship existed between Outram and Havelock, the Indian heroes. When Sir James came to visit his dying comrade, Havelock with his last words exclaimed, "Outram, for more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death should come I might meet it face to face without fear." Then turning to his son, he said, "See, my son, how a Christian can die." A staff officer said to Lord Hardinge, after a victory achieved, "Havelock, my lord, is every inch a soldier." "Every inch a soldier!" said the veteran general. "Yes, Havelock is every inch a soldier; but he is more, and he is better; he is every inch a Christian." The dying words of Sir Henry Lawrence will long be remembered, "Let there be no fuss about me; let me be buried with the men."

Among statesmen, a few last thoughts are memorable. Cardinal Wolsey was seized with sudden illness while proceeding on his last visit to London, and took refuge in the monastery at Leicester. Kyngston, Lieutenant of the Tower, went to visit him, perhaps to apprehend him. Wolsey said to him, when he felt himself dying, "If I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs." When Robert Cecil, the great statesman, worn out with the cares of office, lay at the point of death, he said to Sir William Cope, "Ease and pleasure quake to hear of death; but my



life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be resolved." "Will not all my riches save me?" exclaimed Cardinal Beaufort: "what! Is there no bribing death?" Queen Elizabeth's last words were, "All my possessions for a moment of time!" How different from the parting words of Washington: "It is well!" Pitt's last words, uttered about half an hour before his death, were, "Oh, my country: how I love my country!"

Turner, the artist, was so much grieved at the want of public encouragement, that he ordered one of his greatest pictures to be used as his winding sheet. Sir Francis Chantrey rallied him out of his intention: "Well, my boy, if you *will* be buried in that picture, depend upon it we will most certainly have you up again next morning." The picture was the famous one of Carthage, now hung in the National Gallery. Bacon, the sculptor, was buried in Whitfields Chapel, Tottenham Court Road, and the following inscription was placed, by his own direction, on the tablet over his grave: "What I was as an artist, seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I really was as a believer in Jesus Christ is the only thing of importance to me now."

If it be true, as Dr. Fletcher believed, that at the moment of dying, the mind is occasionally in so exalted a state that an almost instantaneous survey is taken of the whole of the past life, we can understand the horrors that haunted the mind of Charles XIV. of France on his death-bed, who fancied that he still heard the groans of his subjects, who were massacred by his orders on the day of St. Bartholomew. But Louis XIV. was more to blame, so far as the prosperity of France was concerned, for his persecution of the Huguenots in the following century. They were persecuted, hanged, sent to the gallows, or banished. They were driven forth into all lands—into Germany, Switzerland, Holland, England, Florida, New England,

the Cape of Good Hope. They died far apart—brothers and sisters with half the world between them; but all to be re-united at the last day. Louis XIV., though fraudulently termed "the Great," was tormented in his last moments by the recollection of his fearful deeds.

The end of the American President was more peaceful. Adams and Jefferson both died on the 4th of July 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The day broke with the ringing of bells and the firing of guns, and the din woke up the dying John Adams. He was asked if he knew what it meant. After a moment, he said, "Oh yes! It is the glorious 4th of July. God bless it! God bless you all! Then after a while, "It is a great and glorious day." After a pause—"Jefferson still survives?" At noon, his last illness came, and he fell asleep at six P. M. Jefferson died at one o'clock on the same day, his last words being, "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country." The two old rivals and friends went forth to meet their Maker together. James Monroe, like Adams and Jefferson, died on the 4th of July. It is said that Webster, before dying, was lying in a half dreamy state, when he suddenly broke forth in a voice loud, clear, and thrilling, like a trumpet blast, "Life, life! Death, death! how curious it is!" He shortly after expired.

We conclude with the words of Charles Fitz-Geoffry, the poet and preacher, who when speaking on the death of Mrs. Pym, the statesman's mother, in 1620, used these quaint but memorable words:—

"Man is, as it were, a book; his birth is the title-page; his baptism, the epistle dedicatory; his groans and crying, the epistle to the reader; his infancy and childhood, the argument and contents of the whole ensuing treatise; his life and actions, the subject; his crimes and errors, the faults escaped; his repentance, the correction. Now there



are some large volumes in folio; some little ones in sixteenmo; some are fayrer bound, some playner; some in strong vellum, some in thin paper; some whose subject is piety and godliness, some (and too many such) pamphlets of wantonness and folly; but in the last page of every one, there stands a word which is *finis*, and this is the last word in every book. *Such* is the life of man: some longer, some shorter, some stronger, some weaker, some fairer, some coarser, some holy, some profane; but death comes in *finis* at the last, to close up the whole; for that is the end of all men."

FINIS.







