【 中文导读英文版 】

*English Traits*

# 英国人的特质

[美] 爱默生 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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## 内 容 简 介

《英国人的特质》是美国著名思想家、文学家、诗人爱默生的代表作之一。作者以朴实的语言、平静的叙述方式，介绍了英国的人文和地理特点，其中包括英国的国土，英国的种族与习俗，英国的贵族和历史人物，英国的宗教、大学和历史遗迹——巨石阵，英国人的性格、才能和真诚，世界上最有影响报纸之一英国的泰晤士报。作品注重思想内容和纪实性，哲理深入浅出，说服力强。作品中充满智慧的文字、深遂的思想，赢得了全世界越来越多读者的共鸣。

该书自出版以来，至今被译成世界上几十种语言，成为思想史和文学史上影响深远的经典之作。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的散文读本，本书对当代中国的读者，特别是青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。



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拉尔夫·沃尔多·爱默生（Ralph Waldo Emerson，1803—1882），19世纪美国著名的思想家、文学家、诗人。

1803年5月6日，爱默生出生于美国马萨诸塞州波士顿附近康科德镇，他的父亲是一位知名的牧师。在爱默生八岁的时候，父亲去世，他由母亲和姑母抚养成人。1817年10月，爱默生进入哈佛大学学习。在校期间，他阅读了大量英国浪漫主义作家的作品，这极大地丰富了他的思想、开阔了视野。1821年，爱默生从哈佛大学毕业后开始从事教学工作。两年后，他进入哈佛大学神学院学习。1829年，他被任命为波士顿第二教堂牧师，并开始在社会上崭露头角。自1832年开始，爱默生先后到英国、法国、意大利等欧洲国家和中东游历，先后结识了浪漫主义先驱人物道尔、华兹华斯和柯尔律治等，他们的思想对爱默生思想体系的形成具有很大影响。

从国外游历归来后，爱默生迁居康科德镇，并在此潜心读书、研究和写作。在康科德镇，他发起并成立了“超验主义俱乐部”，包括亨利·戴维·梭罗、纳撒尼尔·霍桑、玛格丽特·富勒、乔纳斯·维利等在内的一大批思想家、诗人、艺术家，不定期地聚集在康科德爱默生的家中，和爱默生一起探讨神学与哲学问题，思考着美国的未来，探索人与自然的关系，诠释学术和精神上的独立等。

1836年，爱默生出版了《论自然》，该书几乎包含了他所有重要的思想雏形。1837年8月31日，爱默生在美国大学生联谊会上以《论美国学者》为题发表演讲，抨击美国社会中的拜金主义，批评劳动分工使人异化为物的现象，强调人的价值；提出学者的任务是自由而勇敢地揭示事物的真实，以鼓舞人、提高人、引导人；他号召发扬民族自尊心，反对一味追随外国的学说。这一演讲轰动一时，对美国民族文化的兴起产生了重大的影响，被霍尔姆斯誉为“我们的思想上的独立宣言”。1838年7月15日，爱默生在剑桥的神学院发表题为《神学院致辞》的著名演讲，该演讲受到

神学界的批判，但在美国社会中却产生了很大的反响。爱默生的哲学思想中保持了唯一神教派强调人的价值的积极成分，又吸收了欧洲唯心主义先验论的思想，发展成为超验主义观点。其基本出发点是反对权威，崇尚直觉；其核心是主张人能超越感觉和理性而直接认识真理。这一观点有助于打破当时神学和外国的教条束缚，建立民族文化，集中体现了时代精神，为美国政治上的民主主义和经济上资本主义的发展提供了理论根据。

爱默生是确立美国文化精神的代表人物，他的自立主张、民权观念等对美国人民影响深远，美国总统林肯称他为“美国的孔子”、“美国文明之父”。他一生著述丰富，大多为散文。重要作品包括：《论文集》第一集、《论文集》第二集、《代表人物》和《英国人的特质》等，此外还出版了两册诗集。其中，《论文集》第一集和《论文集》第二集是他思想的结晶，著名的《论自助》、《论超灵》、《论补偿》、《论爱》、《论友谊》等论文被收入其中，这两部著作为爱默生赢得了巨大的声誉，他本人因此被冠以“美国的文艺复兴领袖”之美誉。

在中国，爱默生的作品同样受到了广大读者的喜爱。基于这个原因，我们决定编译他的代表作品《爱默生随笔》和《英国人的特质》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的叙述主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文文本之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

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# 第一章　初访英国

## Chapter 1　First Visit to England


我第一次造访英国是在 1833 年。与英伦三岛的第一次接触令我喜不自禁，至今仍记忆犹新。与大多数年轻人一样，那时的我对英国的一些名家仰慕已久，迫不及待地想要一睹他们的风采。当时，我正在家休养，之所以决定外出旅行，并选择了欧洲，正是为这些人的魅力所吸引。这一次访英，我有幸拜访了柯勒律治、华兹华斯、兰多、德·昆西、卡莱尔等学者。毫不客气地讲，除了以上几位，还有在一次特殊场合偶然遇到的惠灵顿公爵以外，其他当代英国作家我是不屑一顾的。年轻学者梦想着与那些洞察世事的学者比世而立，并以为幸运之至，殊不知他们其实已经成为自己思想的囚徒，且冥顽不灵。文学与自由结伴而行，所以人们才愿意跋山涉水去追寻那些久负盛名的作家，而不愿与身边那些目光短浅、斤斤计较的俗人为伍。智者必然胸襟豁达、知足常乐、平易近人，并且其本人更优于其作品。这是我的一贯主张。

在佛罗伦萨艺术界，我结识了一位有着梅朵拉那样英俊面容、阿喀琉斯巨人般孔武体魄的美籍雕塑家霍雷肖·格里诺，他博学多才、品格高尚、热情洋溢且能言善辩。他是古希腊文化的忠实拥趸者，赞同古希腊学派的钻研方式，认为只有摒除了孤僻和戒备的互相协作，才能使艺术繁荣昌盛。他还发表过一篇关于建筑艺术的文章，其中极力宣扬罗斯金先生的建筑道德观，他的思想熠熠生辉，还向我阐述了他的“建筑功能论”。

正是在他的引荐下，我有幸拿到了兰多先生的请柬。5 月 15 日，我与兰多先生共进午餐。他的高贵典雅和彬彬有礼令我印象深刻，完全不似外

在佛罗伦萨，我结识了一位雕塑家

界传闻所说的桀骜不驯、粗犷不羁。当然他的确固执己见，并常常一语惊人，以一种英国式的冲动畅谈过去，比如他总感慨“自古英雄身后皆寂寞”。他醉心于古希腊艺术，钟情维纳斯雕像，喜爱波罗尼亚的约翰、拉斐尔及那些早期的大师，并喜欢收藏经典画卷，他有一间专门收集名家真迹的房子。文学历史方面，他认为唯有希腊的史书才堪称经典，而对近代这些学者毫不赏识。

英国人耽于幻想、标榜自由，而兰多先生似乎把这些特点发挥到了极致。周五早晨又一次会面时，他为我们朗诵了一首凯撒大帝的六音部诗以示款待，这首诗是现存唯一一首凯撒大帝之作。他本人精力旺盛，崇尚英雄，头脑中有永不枯竭的创新思维和前进动力，遗憾的是，他的价值在英国被埋没了。

8月5日，我从伦敦来到海格特拜访柯勒律治先生。他身材矮小结实，长着一双明亮的蓝眼睛，面容和蔼，气色不错。我们海阔天空地畅谈，从现代艺术大师奥斯顿先生到钱宁博士，后来又谈到了深为柯勒律治先生所鄙夷的“一神论”——但令人尴尬的是，我本身就是个一神论者——柯勒律治先生仿佛并未受到干扰，仍滔滔不绝地阐释他的观点。他觉得“三位一体论”或者“四位一体论”都是愚蠢不堪的；遗憾的是钱宁博士居然也秉持一神论，这令他十分失望。人们只看到了基督教的善，却很少有人勇于追逐基督教的真，而在他看来，真比善更加伟大。柯勒律治先生问我曾游历过哪些地方，我如实回答西西里和马耳他。他便把这两个岛屿进行了一番比较。在他看来，西西里远不如马耳他尊崇法律和意志的力量，政府的法律和政策往往形同虚设。所谓的快乐花园，是建构在疥癣、梅毒和饥荒之上的。而马耳他却正在从一个阿拉伯人口聚集的不毛之地变成一个物富人丰的人间乐土。

我与柯勒律治先生的谈话近一个小时，但因谈话大多在不经意间陷入老生常谈的俗套，所以许多细节我都记不起来了。先生年事已高，在许多观点上我们并不一致，他也听不进去我的意见。那次谈话倒不如说是开了一次眼界，却没有满足我的好奇心。

之后，我又游历了苏格兰高地、格拉斯哥等地，在克雷根普托克——位于尼斯河谷的一个农庄，竟有幸拜访到那位博学广闻的学者托马斯·卡莱尔先生。他高而瘦，操一口北方口音。他能言善辩，言谈之中总不乏生动逸闻，而且口若悬河，妙语连珠，一语中的。这样健谈的人隐居山林，难免寂寥。果然不幸被我猜到，他自己也承认，方圆十六英里内，唯有牧

师一人可以交谈。

卡莱尔身上集中体现了两个字——叛逆。他提及某些事物时，使用他自己为它们取得名字。例如《弗雷泽月刊》是“泥巴杂志”，当人们对某位天才人物的溢美之词把他激怒了，他便大声宣称，他也十分赞美这只猪身上所展示的才华。他尊敬每一位手执真理之人，并且一度关心美国问题。

谈到书籍，卡莱尔从不读柏拉图，并且蔑视苏格拉底，但他奉米拉波为英雄。他读的书可谓五花八门、无奇不有，但他却对当今的文学日渐衰颓之势感到绝望。他批判那些尸位素餐的公职人员——他们令农民变得贫困，到处流浪，但他以一种学者的眼光客观地审视着伦敦这个世界中心。他喜欢大机器运作所形成的流水线，这让生活变得高效、便捷，其本身就体现着一种卓越。

8 月 28 日，我去莱德尔山拜访了华兹华斯先生。他是一位相貌平平、年近古稀的白发老人，并不引人注目。但一说到美国他就精神十足，他对社会、教育和道德问题非常关注。他以审慎而客观的态度看待美国，一方面他认为美国人举止粗俗，拜金胜过关注政治，而且缺少一个悠闲的绅士阶层来为社会增添一丝正直风气；另一方面美国的自由精神令他佩服，比如美国的报纸就非常厉害——敢于揭国会议员们的短。

我们转而将话题引向文学，我们略微探讨了卢克莱修、歌德、卡莱尔和柯勒律治等人。华兹华斯对他们真是褒贬不一，例如他认为卡莱尔那种公然藐视一切的态度、狂妄的语言和晦涩的作品实在愚蠢之极。之后，华兹华斯先生带我参观了他那条花园小径——那条令他灵感迸发的小路，在那里他曾赋诗千句。我此次造访，勾起了他的吟诵欲望，他为我朗诵了最近作的三首十四行诗，其中我最中意后二首。给我背诵诗歌是我始料未及的，起初我感到忍俊不禁，后来我满心欢喜地洗耳恭听起来。华兹华斯先生从不急于发表新作，因为他完稿之后往往要进行大量修改，对于付梓是很慎重的。在他所有的诗作中，他更喜欢那些感人肺腑的诗歌，因为说教的文字终究会被遗忘，能够流芳百世的，都是将真理与感情相结合起来的文字。因此他最喜欢《一个高尚的西班牙人的情感世界》和《两个声音》。

华兹华斯先生身体硬朗、精力旺盛，他还带我参观了一个年轻人的围场，我们在那里边走边聊，直到最后不得不道别。

华兹华斯先生以对真理的无限忠诚而著称，但此番接触我亦发现了他思想上的严重局限性，那是一种狭隘的英国式思维。

I have been twice in England. In 1833, on my return from a short tour in Sicily, Italy, and France, I crossed from Boulogne, and landed in London at the Tower stairs. It was a dark Sunday morning; there were few people in the streets; and I remember the pleasure of that first walk on English ground, with my companion, an American artist, from the Tower up through Cheapside and the Strand, to a house in Russell Square, whither we had been recommended to good chambers. For the first time for many months we were forced to check the saucy habit of travellers' criticism, as we could no longer speak aloud in the streets without being understood. The shop-signs spoke our language; our country names were on the door-plates; and the public and private buildings wore a more native and wonted front.

Like most young men at that time, I was much indebted to the men of Edinburgh, and of the Edinburgh Review, — to Jeffrey, Mackintosh, Hallam, and to Scott, Playfair, and De Quincey; and my narrow and desultory reading had inspired the wish to see the faces of three or four writers, — Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, De Quincey, and the latest and strongest contributor to the critical journals, Carlyle; and I suppose if I had sifted the reasons that led me to Europe, when I was ill and was advised to travel, it was mainly the attraction of these persons. If Goethe had been still living, I might have wandered into Germany also. Besides those I have named, (for Scott was dead,) there was not in Britain the man living whom I cared to behold, unless it were the Duke of Wellington, whom I afterwards saw at Westminster Abbey, at the funeral of Wilberforce. The young scholar fancies it happiness enough to live with people who can give an inside to the world; without reflecting that they are prisoners, too, of their own thought, and cannot apply themselves to yours. The conditions of literary success are almost destructive of the best social power, as they do not leave that frolic liberty which only can encounter a companion on the best terms. It is probable you left some obscure comrade at a tavern, or in the farms, with right mother-wit, and equality to life, when you crossed sea and land to play bo-peep with celebrated scribes. I have, however, found writers superior to their books, and I cling to my first belief, that a strong head will dispose fast enough of these impediments, and give one the

satisfaction of reality, the sense of having been met, and a larger horizon.

On looking over the diary of my journey in 1833, I find nothing to publish in my memoranda of visits to places. But I have copied the few notes I made of visits to persons, as they respect parties quite too good and too transparent to the whole world to make it needful to affect any prudery of suppression about a few hints of those bright personalities.

At Florence, chief among artists I found Horatio Greenough, the American sculptor. His face was so handsome, and his person so well formed, that he might be pardoned, if, as was alleged, the face of his Medora, and the figure of a colossal Achilles in clay, were idealizations of his own. Greenough was a superior man, ardent and eloquent, and all his opinions had elevation and magnanimity. He believed that the Greeks had wrought in schools or fraternities, — the genius of the master imparting his design to his friends, and inflaming them with it, and when his strength was spent, a new hand, with equal heat, continued the work; and so by relays, until it was finished in every part with equal fire. This was necessary in so refractory a material as stone; and he thought art would never prosper until we left our shy jealous ways, and worked in society as they. All his thoughts breathed the same generosity. He was an accurate and a deep man. He was a votary of the Greeks, and impatient of Gothic art. His paper on Architecture, published in 1843, announced in advance the leading thoughts of Mr. Ruskin on the *morality* in architecture, notwithstanding the antagonism in their views of the history of art. I have a private letter from him, — later, but respecting the same period, — in which he roughly sketches his own theory. "Here is my theory of structure: A scientific arrangement of spaces and forms to functions and to site; an emphasis of features proportioned to their *gradated* importance in function; color and ornament to be decided and arranged and varied by strictly organic laws, having a distinct reason for each decision; the entire and immediate banishment of all make-shift and make-believe."

Greenough brought me, through a common friend, an invitation from Mr. Landor, who lived at San Domenica di Fiesole. On the 15th May I dined with Mr. Landor. I found him noble and courteous, living in a cloud of pictures at his Villa Gherardesca, a fine house commanding a beautiful landscape. I had

inferred from his books, or magnified from some anecdotes, an impression of Achillean wrath, — an untamable petulance. I do not know whether the imputation were just or not, but certainly on this May day his courtesy veiled that haughty mind, and he was the most patient and gentle of hosts. He praised the beautiful cyclamen which grows all about Florence; he admired Washington; talked of Wordsworth, Byron, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher. To be sure, he is decided in his opinions, likes to surprise, and is well content to impress, if possible, his English whim upon the immutable past. No great man ever had a great son, if Philip and Alexander be not an exception; and Philip he calls the greater man. In art, he loves the Greeks, and in sculpture, them only. He prefers the Venus to every thing else, and, after that, the head of Alexander, in the gallery here. He prefers John of Bologna to Michael Angelo; in painting, Raffaelle; and shares the growing taste for Perugino and the early masters. The Greek histories he thought the only good; and after them, Voltaire's. I could not make him praise Mackintosh, nor my more recent friends; Montaigne very cordially, — and Charron also, which seemed undiscriminating. He thought Degerando indebted to "Lucas on Happiness" and "Lucas on Holiness"! He pestered me with Southey; but who is Southey?

He invited me to breakfast on Friday. On Friday I did not fail to go, and this time with Greenough. He entertained us at once with reciting half a dozen hexameter lines of Julius Caesar's! — from Donatus, he said. He glorified Lord Chesterfield more than was necessary, and undervalued Burke, and undervalued Socrates; designated as three of the greatest of men, Washington, Phocion, and Timoleon; much as our pomologists, in their lists, select the three or the six best pears "for a small orchard;" and did not even omit to remark the similar termination of their names. "A great man," he said, "should make great sacrifices, and kill his hundred oxen, without knowing whether they would be consumed by gods and heroes, or whether the flies would eat them." I had visited Professor Amici, who had shown me his microscopes, magnifying (it was said) two thousand diameters; and I spoke of the uses to which they were applied. Landor despised entomology, yet, in the same breath, said, "the sublime was in a grain of dust." I suppose I teased him about recent writers, but he professed never to have heard of Herschel, *not even by name*. One room was

full of pictures, which he likes to show, especially one piece, standing before which, he said "he would give fifty guineas to the man that would swear it was a Domenichino." I was more curious to see his library, but Mr. H——, one of the guests, told me that Mr. Landor gives away his books, and has never more than a dozen at a time in his house.

Mr. Landor carries to its height the love of freak which the English delight to indulge, as if to signalize their commanding freedom. He has a wonderful brain, despotic, violent, and inexhaustible, meant for a soldier, by what chance converted to letters, in which there is not a style nor a tint not known to him, yet with an English appetite for action and heroes. The thing done avails, and not what is said about it. An original sentence, a step forward, is worth more than all the censures. Landor is strangely undervalued in England; usually ignored; and sometimes savagely attacked in the Reviews. The criticism may be right, or wrong, and is quickly forgotten; but year after year the scholar must still go back to Landor for a multitude of elegant sentences — for wisdom, wit, and indignation that are unforgetable.

From London, on the 5th August, I went to Highgate, and wrote a note to Mr. Coleridge, requesting leave to pay my respects to him. It was near noon. Mr. Coleridge sent a verbal message, that he was in bed, but if I would call after one o'clock, he would see me. I returned at one, and he appeared, a short, thick old man, with bright blue eyes and fine clear complexion, leaning on his cane. He took snuff freely, which presently soiled his cravat and neat black suit. He asked whether I knew Allston, and spoke warmly of his merits and doings when he knew him in Rome; what a master of the Titianesque he was, &c., &c. He spoke of Dr. Channing. It was an unspeakable misfortune that he should have turned out a Unitarian after all. On this, he burst into a declamation on the folly and ignorance of Unitarianism, — its high unreasonableness; and taking up Bishop Waterland's book, which lay on the table, he read with vehemence two or three pages written by himself in the fly-leaves, — passages, too, which, I believe, are printed in the "Aids to Reflection." When he stopped to take breath, I interposed, that, "whilst I highly valued all his explanations, I was bound to tell him that I was born and bred a Unitarian." "Yes," he said, "I supposed so;" and continued as before. 'It was a wonder, that after so many

ages of unquestioning acquiescence in the doctrine of St. Paul, — the doctrine of the Trinity, which was also, according to Philo Judaeus, the doctrine of the Jews before Christ, — this handful of Priestleians should take on themselves to deny it, &c., &c. He was very sorry that Dr. Channing, — a man to whom he looked up, — no, to say that he looked up to him would be to speak falsely; but a man whom he looked at with so much interest, — should embrace such views. When he saw Dr. Channing, he had hinted to him that he was afraid he loved Christianity for what was lovely and excellent, — he loved the good in it, and not the true; and I tell you, sir, that I have known ten persons who loved the good, for one person who loved the true; but it is a far greater virtue to lovethe true for itself alone, than to love the good for itself alone. He (Coleridge) knew all about Unitarianism perfectly well, because he had once been a Unitarian, and knew what quackery it was. He had been called "the rising star of Unitarianism."' He went on defining, or rather refining: 'The Trinitarian doctrine was realism; the idea of God was not essential, but superessential;' talked of trinism and tetrakism, and much more, of which I only caught this, 'that the will was that by which a person is a person; because, if one should push me in the street, and so I should force the man next me into the kennel, I should at once exclaim, "I did not do it, sir," meaning it was not my will.' And this also, 'that if you should insist on your faith here in England, and I on mine, mine would be the hotter side of the fagot.'

I took advantage of a pause to say, that he had many readers of all religious opinions in America, and I proceeded to inquire if the "extract" from the Independent's pamphlet, in the third volume of the Friend, were a veritable quotation. He replied, that it was really taken from a pamphlet in his possession, entitled "A Protest of one of the Independents," or something to that effect. I told him how excellent I thought it, and how much I wished to see the entire work. "Yes," he said, "the man was a chaos of truths, but lacked the knowledge that God was a God of order. Yet the passage would no doubt strike you more in the quotation than in the original, for I have filtered it."

When I rose to go, he said, "I do not know whether you care about poetry, but I will repeat some verses I lately made on my baptismal anniversary," and he recited with strong emphasis, standing, ten or twelve lines, beginning,

"Born unto God in Christ—"

He inquired where I had been travelling; and on learning that I had been in Malta and Sicily, he compared one island with the other, 'repeating what he had said to the Bishop of London when he returned from that country, that Sicily was an excellent school of political economy; for, in any town there, it only needed to ask what the government enacted, and reverse that to know what ought to be done; it was the most felicitously opposite legislation to any thing good and wise. There were only three things which the government had brought into that garden of delights, namely, itch, pox, and famine. Whereas, in Malta, the force of law and mind was seen, in making that barren rock of semi-Saracen inhabitants the seat of population and plenty.' Going out, he showed me in the next apartment a picture of Allston's, and told me 'that Montague, a picture-dealer, once came to see him, and, glancing towards this, said, "Well, you have got a picture!" thinking it the work of an old master; afterwards, Montague, still talking with his back to the canvas, put up his hand and touched it, and exclaimed, "By Heaven! this picture is not ten years old." — so delicate and skilful was that man's touch.'

I was in his company for about an hour, but find it impossible to recall the largest part of his discourse, which was often like so many printed paragraphs in his book, — perhaps the same, — so readily did he fall into certain commonplaces. As I might have foreseen, the visit was rather a spectacle than a conversation, of no use beyond the satisfaction of my curiosity. He was old and preoccupied, and could not bend to a new companion and think with him.

From Edinburgh I went to the Highlands. On my return, I came from Glasgow to Dumfries, and being intent on delivering a letter which I had brought from Rome, inquired for Craigenputtock. It was a farm in Nithsdale, in the parish of Dunscore, sixteen miles distant. No public coach passed near it, so I took a private carriage from the inn. I found the house amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. Carlyle was a man from his youth, an author who did not need to hide from his readers, and as absolute a man of the world, unknown and exiled on that hill-farm, as if holding on his own terms what is best in London. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of

conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humor, which floated every thing he looked upon. His talk playfully exalting the familiar objects, put the companion at once into an acquaintance with his Lars and Lemurs, and it was very pleasant to learn what was predestined to be a pretty mythology. Few were the objects and lonely the man, "not a person to speak to within sixteen miles except the minister of Dunscore;" so that books inevitably made his topics.

He had names of his own for all the matters familiar to his discourse. "Blackwood's" was the "sand magazine;" "Fraser's" nearer approach to possibility of life was the "mud magazine;" a piece of road near by that marked some failed enterprise was the "grave of the last sixpence." When too much praise of any genius annoyed him, he professed hugely to admire the talent shown by his pig. He had spent much time and contrivance in confining the poor beast to one enclosure in his pen, but pig, by great strokes of judgment, had found out how to let a board down, and had foiled him. For all that, he still thought man the most plastic little fellow in the planet, and he liked Nero's death, *"Qualis artifex pereo!"* better than most history. He worships a man that will manifest any truth to him. At one time he had inquired and read a good deal about America. Landor's principle was mere rebellion, and that he feared was the American principle. The best thing he knew of that country was, that in it a man can have meat for his labor. He had read in Stewart's book, that when he inquired in a New York hotel for the Boots, he had been shown across the street and had found Mungo in his own house dining on roast turkey.

We talked of books. Plato he does not read, and he disparaged Socrates; and, when pressed, persisted in making Mirabeau a hero. Gibbon he called the splendid bridge from the old world to the new. His own reading had been multifarious. Tristram Shandy was one of his first books after Robinson Crusoe, and Robertson's America an early favorite. Rousseau's Confessions had discovered to him that he was not a dunce; and it was now ten years since he had learned German, by the advice of a man who told him he would find in that language what he wanted.

He took despairing or satirical views of literature at this moment; recounted the incredible sums paid in one year by the great booksellers for