

treatise by Cotton was added to it during the author's life-time, and the work has since been constantly in vogue. The slight tinge of superstitious credulity and affected eccentricity which pervades the works of 'Isaak' gives them a pleasurable zest, without detracting from their higher power to soothe, instruct, and delight. Walton's Lives of Hooker, Sanderson, Wotton, Donne, and Herbert, enjoyed a popularity little inferior to that of his *Angler*, and deserve to retain it, for they are all exquisitely simple, touching, and impressive. Walton was editor of the work entitled, *Religione Wolfenbutensis*.

"After the death of his second wife," a woman of remarkable prudence, and of primitive piety, Walton left the neighbourhood of London for Winchester, where he took up his residence with his friend Dr. Morley, then bishop of that see. In his circle of personal friends were Sir Henry Wotton, Dr. Donne, Charles Cotton, Bishop Sanderson, and other eminent divines; and he passed the greater portion of his time in their society during the closing years of his life."



HOUSE OF ISAAC WALTON AT SHALLOWFORD.

Walton arrived at the ripe age of ninety years, and died on the 15th of December, 1683, (the year of the great frost) at Winchester. A small half-length portrait of him, by Huysman, bequeathed to the nation in 1838 by one of his descendants, is in the National Gallery.

AN ATTEMPT TO BRIBE A JUDGE.

(1.)—THE GLISTRIUS EARL OF HARDWICKE was the son of an attorney at Dover, of respectable character, but in very narrow circumstances. When the boy had reached the age of fourteen, his father wished that he should be brought up to his own profession of an attorney, but his mother, who was a rigid Presbyterian, very much opposed this plan, and expressed a strong wish (says Lord Campbell), "that Philip should be put apprentice to some *honest* trade;" whilst sometimes she declared it was her ambition to make a clergyman of him, that "she might see his head wag in the pulpit." However, the boy was articled to a London attorney, an old friend of his father, who consented to take him as an articled clerk, without a fee; and after struggling through many difficulties, as is the case with nearly all who rise to eminence, he finally became Lord Chancellor of England, which situation he held for twenty years. The reputation of Lord Hardwicke as an equity judge was very high indeed. So great confidence was placed both in his uprightness and his professional ability that of all his decisions as chancellor not one was set aside, and only three were tried on appeal. In the year 1748 the following ridiculous attempt was made to bribe him:—

Thomas Martin, mayor of Yarmouth, being threatened with a Bill in Chancery, wrote a letter to the Lord Chancellor, bespeaking his favour, and enclosing a bank-note for twenty pounds, of which his acceptance was requested "for his trouble in reading the papers." An order being made upon his worship, to show cause why he should not be committed to the Fleet for his contempt, he swore "that the said letter was wrote and the said bank-note enclosed therein by him, through ignorance, and not from any ill intent whatsoever." Upon his paying all expenses, and consenting that the twenty pounds should be distributed among the poor prisoners in the Fleet, the order was discharged.

Lord Campbell, in narrating the above, mentions also that Lord Sidmouth prosecuted, in the King's Bench, for an offer to bribe him, a simpleton who, when the criminal information came down, joyfully showed it to his family and his friends, believing that it was the patent for the office he wished to purchase!

A FORTUNATE HIT.

(24.)—JAMES SMITH (who, with his brother HORACE, was the author of *Rejected Addresses*) was once handsomely rewarded for a very trifling production of his muse. The story is thus narrated:—

He had met, at a dinner-party, Mr. Andrew Strahan, the king's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his faculties remained unimpaired. Next morning James despatched to Mr. Strahan the following:—

"Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head."

Mr. Strahan was so much gratified by the compliment, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer £300! Horace Smith, however, mentions that Mr. Strahan had other motives for his generosity, for he respected and loved the man quite as much as he admired the poet.

Rejected Addresses were respectively written by the brothers Smith, on the occasion of the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre, in the year 1812—the manager having invited competition for an opening address—(which was to be spoken on the opening night) and were written in imitation of the style of Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, Coleridge, Scott, Crabbe, and Cobbett. No less than 112 addresses were sent in to the committee, each sealed and signed, and mottoed, "as per order"—some written by men of great, some by men of little, and some by men of no talent. Mr. Murray, the publisher, without ever looking at the MS., refused to give £20 for the copyright of the *Rejected Addresses*. A biographer says—

The book was, however, published; and, after it had run through sixteen editions, it was purchased by Mr. Murray for £12L. It has ever since had a large sale. For the eighteenth edition, Horace Smith wrote a preface, full of droll humour, in which he admits the truth of the remark made by a particular, candid, and good-natured friend, who kindly reminded them, "that if their little work has hitherto floated upon the stream of time—while so many others of much greater weight and value have sunk to rise no more—it has been solely indebted for its buoyancy to that specific levity which enables feathers, straws, and similar trifles to defer their submersion until they have become thoroughly saturated with the waters of oblivion, when they quickly meet the fate which they had long before merited!"

Rejected Addresses has since had a large sale—and especially when printed in a cheap form.

James Smith used to dwell with much pleasure on the criticisms of a Leicestershire clergyman:—

"I do not see why they (the *Addresses*) should have been rejected. I think some of them very good."—Upon another tack was the old lady's remark in the stage coach—"Why make such a fuss about *Addresses* that were *Rejected*?"

INTEGRITY OF EARL STANHOPE.

(28.)—THAT eminent soldier, JAMES, EARL OF STANHOPE, who carried arms under King William III. in Flanders, and under the Duke of Schomberg and Earl of Peterborough, at the close of his military career became an active Whig leader in Parliament, took office under the Earl of Sunderland, and was soon after raised to the peerage under the title of Viscount Stanhope of Mahon, he having captured Port Mahon in 1708. He was the grandfather of Earl Stanhope, who was the inventor of the printing press bearing his name. His death was very sudden, and the manner of it is thus told:—

"He was of a constitutionally warm and sensitive temper. In the course of the discussion of the South Sea Company's affairs, which so unhappily involved some of the leading members of the Government, the Duke of Wharton (Feb. 4, 1721) made some severe remarks in the House of Lords, comparing the conduct of ministers to that of Sejanus, who had made the reign of Tiberius hateful to the old Romans. Stanhope, in rising to reply, spoke with such vehemence in vindication of himself and his colleagues, that he burst a blood-vessel, and died the next day. 'May it be eternally remembered,' says the *British Merchant*, 'to the honour of Earl Stanhope, that he died poorer in the king's service than when he came into it. Walsingham, the great Walsingham, died poor; but the great Stanhope lived in the time of the South Sea temptations.'"