

extending a matter beyond what it is, auctetically, digressively, transitively, by ratiocination, atiology, circumlocution, and other ways, I could have made use of; as likewise with words diminishing the worth of a thing, tapinotically, periphrastically, by rejection, translation, and other means, I could have served myself.

His verse is cumbrous and commonplace, the following being a fair specimen:

The way to virtue's hard, uneasie, bends
 Aloft, being full of steep and rugged alleys;
 For never one to a higher place ascends,
 That always keeps the plaine, and pleasant valleys;
 And reason in each human breast ordaines
 That precious things be purchas'd with paines.

Only the first two books of the *History of Gargantua and Pantagruel* were translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart in 1653. These were published in his lifetime; and Peter Anthony Motteux (1660-1738)—by birth a French Huguenot, but known as a dramatic writer in English—re-published them in 1693, and added the third from Urquhart's papers. In 1708 he published a complete translation, the fourth and fifth books being his own. This joint production was again published in 1737 by John Ozell (d. 1743), with corrections and notes. The standard edition is that in the 'Folio Translations' (3 vols. 1799), by Mr. Charles Whibley. The Maendall Club published Urquhart's original works (2 vols. 1834); there is an excellent monograph on Urquhart's life and works (1899) by the Rev. John Willcock.

Sir George Mackenzie (1636-91) was a native of Dundee, nephew of the Earl of Seaforth. He was educated at St Andrews and Aberdeen, and studied civil law at Bourges, in France. In 1660 he published *Aretime; or the Serious Romance*, a tedious Egyptian story in a stilted style. He seems to have been almost the only learned man of his time in Scotland who maintained an acquaintance with the lighter departments of contemporary English literature. He was a friend of Dryden, by whom he is mentioned with great respect; and he himself composed poetry, which, if it has no other merit, is at least in good English, and appears to have been fashioned after the best models of the time. He also wrote some moral essays, and deserves to be remembered as one of the first Scots authors to write English with purity. In 1665 he published at Edinburgh *A Moral Essay, preferring Solitude to Public Employment*, which drew forth an answer from John Evelyn. The writer who contended for solitude was busily employed in public life, being the principal law-officer of the crown, the King's Advocate for Scotland; while Evelyn, whose pursuits were principally those which ornament retirement—who longed to be 'delivered from the gilded impertinences of life'—stood forward as the champion of public and active employment. Other essays deal with the religion of the Stoic, moral gallantry, the moral history of frugality, reason, and the like. The literary efforts of 'the noble wit of Scotland,' as Dryden called him, were but holiday recreations—his business was law and politics. He was author of *Institutions of the Law of Scotland*, and *Laws and Customs in Matters Criminal; Jus Regium*, treatises against the Covenanters, and a vindication of the government of Charles II. in its severe treatment of them; also *A Defence of the*

Antiquity of the Royal Line of Scotland, in which he gravely supports the story of the forty fabulous kings deduced from Gathelus, son-in-law of Pharaoh, and his spouse Scots (see page 236). His work on *Heraldry* was long a standard; but an important historical work, entitled *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from the Restoration of Charles II.*, lay in manuscript till 1821. Mackenzie, who in 1661 defended the Marquis of Argyll, unhappily disgraced himself by subservience to the court, and by the inhumanity and cruelty with which, as Lord Advocate (after 1677), he conducted the prosecutions and persecutions of the Covenanters; and he lives in the memory of the Scottish people as 'Bloody Mackenzie.' There is, it need hardly be said, no bloodthirstiness in his poems, essays, or even law-books; he appears as an accomplished gentleman, a kindly philosopher, and an orthodox and even earnest Christian; and all his moral arguments were in favour of sweet reasonableness, though somewhat strenuous against fanatics and fanaticism. He was a friend of the pious Robert Boyle, to whom he dedicated his *Essay on Reason*. Yet as a name of evil omen for cruelty, the accomplished advocate and public prosecutor ranks as the Scottish counterpart of Judge Jeffreys. He himself said none had screwed the king's prerogative higher than he; and he is mainly responsible for directing the savage persecution which Claverhouse had the ignoble task of seeing carried out. He it was who founded the Library of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh; and so all workers in literature in Scotland owe him, and those who have since his time administered the library, a deep debt of gratitude. At the Revolution he retired to England. In one of his few poems he thus chaunted the

Praise of a Country Life.

O happy country life, pure like its air;
 Free from the rage of pride, the pangs of care.
 Here happy souls lie bathed in soft content,
 And are at once secure and innocent.
 No passion here but love: here is no wound
 But that by which lovers their names confound
 (On barks of trees, whilst with a smiling face
 They see those letters as themselves embrace.
 Here the kind myrtles pleasant branches spread;
 And sure no laurel casts so sweet a shade.
 Yet all these country pleasures, without love,
 Would but a dull and tedious prison prove.
 But oh! what woods [and] parks [and] meadows lie
 In the blest circle of a mistress' eye!
 What courts, what camps, what triumphs may one find
 Displayed in Celia, when she will be kind!
 What a dull thing this lower world had been,
 If heavenly beauties were not sometimes seen!
 For when fair Celia leaves this charming place,
 Her absence all its glories does deface.

Against Envy.

We may cure envy in ourselves either by considering how useless or how ill these things were for which we envy our neighbours; or else how we possess as much or