

when he did he would be apt to blush at the levity of it. His gravity was natural, without affectation.'

The end came unexpected¹ in his seventy-seventh year, after a sharp attack of colic, on his birthday, October 5th, 1682—a curious coincidence of which he speaks in the 'Letter to a Friend': 'But in persons who outlive many years, and when there are no less than 365 days to determine their lives every year—that the first day should make the last, that the tail of the snake should return into its mouth precisely at that time, and they should wind up upon the day of their nativity—is, indeed, a remarkable coincidence, which, though astrology hath taken witty pains to solve, yet hath it been very wary in making predictions of it.'

There are three good portraits of Sir Thomas—one in the College of Physicians, London, which is the best known and has been often reproduced, and from which is taken the frontispiece in Greenhill's edition of the 'Religio Medici'; a second is in the Bodleian, and this also has frequently been reproduced; the third is in the vestry of St. Peter's Mancroft, Norwich. Through the kindness of Mr. Charles Williams it is here reproduced as a frontispiece to this number of 'The Library.' In many ways it is the most pleasing of the three, and Browne looks in it a younger man, closer to the days of the 'Religio.' There is a fourth picture, the frontispiece to the fifth edition of the 'Pseudodoxia,' but it is so unlike the others that I doubt very much if it could have been Sir Thomas. If it was, he must have suffered from the artist, as did Milton, whose picture in the frontispiece to the