

Scotland his father sent him to travel. He spent some years in France, and spoke that language like one born there. He came afterwards and settled in Scotland, and had Presbyterian ordination; but he quickly broke through the prejudices of his education. His preaching had a sublimity both of thought and expression in it, and above all, the grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such that few heard him without a very sensible emotion: I am sure I never did. It was so different from all others, and indeed from every thing that one could hope to rise up to, that it gave a man an indignation at himself and all others. It was a very sensible humiliation to me, and for some time after I heard him, I could not bear the thought of my own performances, and was out of countenance when I was forced to think of preaching. His style was rather too fine; but there was a majesty and beauty in it that left so deep an impression, that I cannot yet forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty years ago. And yet with all this he seemed to look on himself as so ordinary a preacher, that while he had a cure he was ready to employ all others; and when he was a bishop, he chose to preach to small auditories, and would never give notice before hand. He had indeed a very low voice, and so could not be heard by a great crowd. He soon came to see into the follies of the presbyterians and to hate their covenant, particularly the imposing it, and their fury against all who differed from them.

Upon his coming to me [in London], I was amazed to see him, at above 70, look so fresh and well, that age seemed as it were to stand still with him: his hair was still black, and all his motions were lively: he had the same quickness of thought and strength of memory, but above all the same heat and life of devotion, that I had ever seen in him. When I took notice to him upon my first seeing him how well he looked, he told me he was very near his end for all that, and his work and journey both were now almost done. That at that time made me a great impression on me. He was the next day taken with an oppression, and as it seemed with a cold, with some stitches, which was indeed a pleurisy, but was not thought so by himself. So he sent for no physician, but used the common things for a cold. Lord Perth went to him; and he was almost suffocated while he was with him, but he recovered himself, and, as Dr Fell, who was there, told me, he spoke to him with a greater force than was usual even in him, recommending to him both firmness in religion and moderation in government, which struck that I did somewhat, but the impression was soon worn out.

The next day Leighton sunk so that both speech and sense went away of a sudden: and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pangs or convulsion. I was by him all the while. Thus I lost him who had been for so many years the chief guide of my whole life. He had lived ten years in Sussex, in great privacy, dividing his time wholly between study and retirement and the doing of good; for in the parish where he lived, and in the parishes round about, he was always employed in preaching and in reading of prayers. He distributed all he had in charities, choosing rather to have it go through other people's hands than his own; for I was his almoner in London. He had gathered a well chosen library of curious as well as useful books, which he left to the diocese of Dunblane for the use of the clergy there, that

country being ill furnished with books. He lamented oft to me the stupidity that he observed among the commons of England, who seemed to be much more insensible in the matters of religion than the commons of Scotland were. He retained still a particular inclination to Scotland; and if he had seen any prospect of doing good there, he would have gone and lived and died among them.

There were two remarkable circumstances in his death. He used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary with the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of such as could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane. Another circumstance was, that while he was bishop in Scotland, he took what his tenants were pleased to pay him; so that there was a great arrears due, which was raised slowly by one whom he left in trust with his affairs there, and the last payment that he could expect from thence was returned up to him about six weeks before his death; so that his provision and journey failed both at once.

Leighton's wish must have been quite independent of the couplet in Dryden's *Devotion and Death* (1693):

'Take pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;

'The world's an inn and death the journey's end';—

which is a paraphrase of Chaucer's,

'This world is but a thyngeful of woe,

And we been pilgryme, passinge to and fro;

Death is an end of every worldly soore.'

but only in form contrast with Sir Thomas Browne's, 'For the world, I count it not an inn but a hospital, and a place not to live but to die in.' And Corneille says, '*Le lieu n'est qu'un hôpital, et l'hospital, non l'enfer, est le nom.*' Shenstone's 'Worship we come to an inn' belongs to a very different category.

Character of Charles II.

Thus lived and died King Charles II. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that he passed through eighteen years of great inequalities: unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference, and then he shewed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hid from place to place; but, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he shewed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England; but he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all; and finding it not so easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep