

phant in all schools. Meanwhile his life went on at Cambridge: as one of the Commission of the Senate when James wanted to intrude his monk for a degree, he took the lead in withstanding the brow-beating of Jeffreys and the cajoleries of friend William; was returned as member for the University to the Convention Parliament, and ultimately received the appointment of Master of the Mint which he retained till his death, and in which office he carried out successfully that tremendous operation of reforming the coinage, so graphically described by Macaulay; a similar plan for Ireland was defeated by the factious malignity of Swift in the well-known Draper Letters. Thus, then, for the last half of his long life, Newton lived in London attending to the duties of his office, and devoting his leisure to philosophy and kindred subjects, living in ease and affluence, dispensing a golden mean of hospitality, knighted by his Sovereign, President of the Royal Society, (annually re-elected for twenty-five years,) in familiar intercourse with the Princess of Wales (afterwards wife of George II.,) entertaining distinguished foreigners who came on pilgrimage to him, in correspondence with all that was good and great in that age, generously assisting struggling talent, and dying peacefully at the age of eighty-five with that remarkable utterance of his death-bed, "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, was buried in Westminster Abbey, Dukes and Earls bearing the pall, and the Bishop of Rochester officiating; a splendid monument to him rises in the Abbey with an epitaph which is truthful because for him exaggeration is impossible; a medal to his honor is struck at the Tower; Roubillac carves the glorious statue (his masterpiece) which stands in the ante-chapel of Trinity, and the bust which side by side with that of Bacon, adorns their Library, contrasting with the plaster-cast from the face after death that lies beside it, (in which the phrenologist will note the lumps, like pigeons' eggs, that cluster on the lower brow, and which Roubillac has softened into beauty and vacancy;) the telescopes made by his own hands are cherished by Trinity and the Royal Society as their choicest treasures; his image is familiar in the Pantheons of all countries, and his name is borne alike by a French war vessel and one of the floating palaces of the Hudson, and in connection with that philosophy of which he laid the foundations deep and wide, never to be shaken, has become a household word in all languages and among all peoples.