I am sincerely yours,
Wm Cobbett.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD

As DEMONSTRATED BY THE

LIFE AND LANGUAGE

OF

WILLIAM COBBETT

WHICH IS ADDED

COBBETT'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR WITH NOTES

BY

ROBERT WATERS

Professor of Language and Literature in the Hoboken (N. J.) Academy

NEW YORK
JAMES W. PRATT, 75 FULTON STREET.
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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S VIEWS; AND SOME OTHER VIEWS.

Among recent writers on language, there is perhaps not one who has written more wisely, or exhibited a finer perception of the true means of acquiring the power of expression, than Mr. Richard Grant White. His two works, "Words and their Uses" and "Every-day English," are marvelously interesting and full of sound, wholesome instruction. These books will, by any one uninformed of his novel views, be read with surprise and even with incredulity; but they cannot fail to impress the reader with the conviction, that they possess a measure of truth which is confirmed by experience. Mr. White condemns as altogether useless, nay, as worse than useless, the grammar studies of our public schools, and recommends the study of *authors* instead of *grammars*.

Now, although I agree in the main with Mr. White's views concerning the character of our tongue, and the unprofitableness of grammar studies in general; although I fully agree with him that our language must be learned, chiefly, from hearing good speakers and reading good writers; still I maintain that THIS IS NOT ENOUGH; that in order to be able to write correctly, and to be SURE that one DOES write correctly, a fair knowledge of well-defined principles is necessary; that the study of these principles, rightly pursued, is not only necessary to enable one to speak and write correctly, but is useful as a discipline of the mind and as a means of general culture. Theory MUST be combined with practice. For although one may, by a large acquaintance with good writers and speakers, acquire a good ear and a discriminating sense of correct language, these are not *infallible* guides; a person with

the finest culture of this kind may commit the most egregious blunders. It is precisely this which is so forcibly displayed by Cobbett in his "Six Lessons"; where he shows that persons of the highest rank, the finest taste, the gentlest training, and the most extensive learning have committed errors of the coarsest kind.

Mr. White says: "In speaking or writing English, we have only to choose the right words and put them in the right places, respecting no laws but those of reason, conforming to no order but that which we call logical." But many people must be taught *what are* "the laws of reason, and the order which we call logical." Without some instruction in these matters, common people will hardly ever write half-a-dozen lines without a blunder. Take the mechanics and shopkeepers, for instance, and you will find that most of them are unable to announce even their names and business correctly. Not to mention the ludicrous and amusing errors of which Mr. White himself gives specimens—the "inauguration of a sample-room," the "home-made hotel," etc.—we have only to look at any common sign to be convinced of the truth of this statement. "John Smith, Iron Foundry," "John Jones, Cigar-Store." John Smith is not an iron foundry, nor John Jones a cigar-store. We know that they mean, "John Smith, Iron Founder," or "John Smith's Iron Foundry," "John Jones, Cigar-maker," or "John Jones's Cigar-Store"; but they must be TAUGHT to SAY what they mean, and the only way to do this is to instruct them in the principles of grammar; or, if you please, in "the laws of reason and the order which we call logical."

Boys and girls must be taught to *write* their thoughts as well as to *speak* them. It is vain to say otherwise. And the only question is, what is the best way of teaching them. Mr. White will not listen to the teaching of grammar in any shape or form whatever. Well, as far as the text-book method, the rule-and-word-cramming method

of the public schools, is concerned, he is perfectly right; there is very little profit to be derived from it. But there is a right and a wrong way of doing everything. Mr. White has never, I imagine, been a teacher; he knows nothing of the actual work of teaching young people how to write correctly; he knows nothing of *teaching*, I imagine, except by *writing*, which is an easy, pleasant, and convenient way of teaching—I say not a word against its effectiveness—for no questions are asked, except such as may be again answered in writing, at one's leisure, and without interruption or interpellation. If he were a teacher, he would find it impossible to teach boys and girls anything of correct speech without giving them some knowledge of the LAWS of speech—as impossible as it would be to teach them any science or art without mentioning the name or explaining the meaning of any one of its parts. I do not say that this knowledge must be communicated by means of a book; it may be communicated without a book; indeed, much better without a book. But taught it must be. For when you have shown boys and girls how to write a composition, and they have written it, how are you going to show them or explain to them its errors, or how to improve their language, without ever mentioning anything of the principles of grammar? Can there be any better way of showing a boy that "He writes beautiful" is wrong, than by explaining to him the difference between the adjective and the adverb? Can there be any better way of showing him that "The book lays on the table" is wrong, than by explaining to him the difference between a transitive and an intr. ısitive verb? Can there be any better way of showing that "I am taller than him" is wrong, than by explaining to him the difference between the nominative and the objective case? That "The color of the leaves are green" is wrong, than by showing him the nature of subject and predicate, and that the one must agree with the other? These explana-

tions, properly done, will be like taking him out of a thick fog, and putting him in broad sunlight; taking him out of a perplexing, bewildering maze, and putting him on a plain high-road, with a chart or compass by which he may walk right on to his goal, with perfect ease, and in perfect confidence.

I have heard of a lawyer who, at a banquet of gentlemen of his cloth, brought out a toast "To the man who writes his own will." Why? Because he is likely to make use of language that will admit of question as to its meaning; and thus give work to the lawyers. Now I maintain that the man who acquires a clear comprehension of the principles of our language may write in such a manner as to defy the astutest lawyer to make his words mean anything else than what he intends them to mean; which is something that cannot be said of the man who learns only by talking and reading. Such a man lives in the land of uncertainty, and never knows whither he is going or whence he has come.

Grammar, properly considered and properly taught, is nothing but an unfolding of general principles, which must be applied, more or less, in all languages; every one of which principles has a reason for its existence, and the majority of which may be made as plain and evident as a statement in mathematics. Mr. White says that nobody that thinks of his grammar while writing will ever write a sentence worth reading. Of course, no boy or girl ought for a moment to think of his grammar while writing a composition; in fact, nobody ever does think of his *grammar* while intent on putting down his *thoughts*. But when the work is DONE, when he HAS written it, then he ought to be able to review it understandingly, and see that it conforms to "the laws of reason and the order which we call logical"; otherwise he will, in nine cases out of ten, write incorrectly.

I fully agree with Mr. White, that all the grammars of

PREFACE.

WHY AND FOR WHOM THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN.

AT a time when the conviction is fast gaining ground that the language studies pursued in our public and private schools utterly fail to attain the object aimed at, and that the one thing needful, to obtain a good practical knowledge of the English tongue, is the careful study of the best, most idiomatic English writers, it is thought that an account of the life and writings of one of England's most powerful writers and most remarkable characters, with one of the best productions of his pen, cannot fail to be useful. There is, perhaps, no modern English writer whose style is so pleasing and attractive, so vigorous and racy; so calculated to arouse interest and create a desire to learn and get on in the world, as that of WILLIAM COBBETT. As a writer, as a master of pure, correct, vigorous, idiomatic Saxon English, he has never been surpassed; and as an instructor of the language which he himself used so thoroughly well, he is unquestionably superior to any other writer who ever attempted to teach it. Let any intelligent American read his little English Grammar, and he will be compelled to admit that it is superior to anything of the kind ever produced; or let him read his Advice to Young Men, and he will as surely allow that in attractiveness of style, in clearness and force of expression, correctness and simplicity of language, no other work of the kind can at all compare with it.

Mr. Richard Grant White, in speaking of the language of British authors, rightly places Cobbett among authors of the very highest class: "Macaulay, Thackeray, Helps, George Eliot, Johnson, Burke, Hume, Gibbon, Goldsmith, and Cobbett." Nor is he at all unworthy of such noble company; for I hardly know which of them surpasses him in effective use of our noble Anglo-Saxon speech. The *Saturday Review* speaks of him as possessing "immense vigor, resource, energy, and courage, joined to a force of understanding, a degree of logical power, and, above all, a force of expression, which have rarely been equalled." Southey declared that there never was a better or more forcible English writer than William Cobbett; and it was, I think, the same writer who declared that if a foreigner should ask him for a specimen of PURE ENGLISH, he would select a passage, not from a work of one of the Oxford or Cambridge-bred scholars, but from one of those of the peasant-born and self-taught WILLIAM COBBETT.

As to his Grammar, it has enabled thousands who have failed to make head or tail of any other grammar to master the English language, and to speak and write it correctly. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer speaks of it as "the only amusing grammar in the world;" Hazlitt says it is "interesting as a story-book;" and Mr. Richard Grant White declares that he "knows it well, and has read it with great admiration." When it first appeared in England, ten thousand copies were sold in the first month, and it has had a steady sale in that country ever since. In Germany it has been considered worthy of an honor which has never, I believe, been conferred on any other English *grammar;* namely, it is printed in the original, with notes in the German language, for the use of German students.

The language of the ordinary English grammar-book is incomprehensible to boys and girls; its words are unfa-

miliar and unintelligible to them; in fact, the whole vocabulary of grammar is a DEAD LANGUAGE to them. Now Cobbett's little work has the BREATH OF LIFE in it; it is in LIVING, EVERY-DAY ENGLISH; the very words of it are alive, running over with life; it talks to its readers, allures and draws them on, and makes learning pleasant to them. Read Cobbett to a class of boys and girls, and you will see their eyes sparkle, their lips break in smiles, and their whole faces indicate pleased interest and surprise. Turn, now, and read Brown, Green, or Whitney to them. What a change! Their faces instantly assume an expression of listlessness and indifference; their jaws fall and their eyes grow dull; weariness takes possession of them, and if there is any movement at all among them, it is one expressive of impatience or annoyance. And no wonder; for such a change is passing from LIFE to DEATH. The grammars of these men are nothing but words, words, words; names, names, names; rules, rules, rules; Latin before and Latin behind; prefixes, suffixes, adjuncts; subordinate and co-ordinate elements; causative, copulative, adversative, alternative connectives; genitive, accusative, ablative, locative cases; appositive adjectives and adnominal genitives; factitive predicates and dative objectives;—a perfect whirlwind of hard words and phrases. And then they are all cut up into little bits; so many dry, hard, knotty little chips; sapless and savorless, broad-faced, narrow-faced; long, short; thick, thin; all tacked on one to another. How different Cobbett's little work is to theirs! He carries everything along in one lucid living whole, and there is a freshness, an Englishness, a salt-sea-air-iness about his work that is entirely lacking in theirs. Even Mr. Whitney devotes page after page to nothing but giving names to forms and expressions which never can possibly be misused; and the scholar who, with incredible pains and toil, gropes his way through his book, finds at last that he has learned

little more than a lot of names. Cobbett gives just that knowledge which is necessary to enable one to WRITE and SPEAK correctly, and all the rest he leaves to philologists and word-mongers. Instead of walking away up in the air on stilts, with unapproachable strides, he comes down and talks to his scholar in language that he can understand, in language that every plough-boy or news-boy can understand; and yet, though suited to the comprehension of the least cultivated, his work is written in a style that the man of the finest culture cannot but admire.

If, therefore, any text-book at all is to be introduced in the class, Cobbett's Grammar is the very one; the only one; for with it, the dullest, most lifeless teacher *must* succeed in teaching, and the dullest, most lifeless scholar *must* succeed in learning the principles of English grammar; or with even no teacher at all he will succeed, for it is itself the teacher; teaching, truly enough, "without a master," or, at least, without any other master. I know this by actual experience; for it was the first grammar that had any significance to me; the first that I could understand; the first from which I learned anything;—all the others were hateful things, which had no sort of significance to me. Cobbett's work is a mental awakener; a rouser of curiosity, interest, and ambition; and when these feelings are once aroused, everything is gained, teaching becomes easy, and success is certain. For what makes school a place of torture to children is the being compelled to listen to what they do not understand, to what they do not see the use of or the good of, and what they therefore do not care to listen to.

This little grammar is the very book, too, for those who are trying *to teach themselves;* those who are working away at mental improvement by self-help; for those who have none but Providence and themselves to help them; the very work for "soldiers, sailors, apprentices, plough-boys, clerks," mechanics; for all those who are striving

to learn for themselves how to speak and write good, plain, correct English. It is the very book for those ambitious and earnest young teachers who wish to learn the best way of communicating knowledge to youthful minds. When Charles James Fox heard any one speak in high terms of any recently-delivered speech, he was wont to ask, "Does it read well?" and if the answer were in the affirmative, he would say, "It is a bad speech;" concluding that it was too formal and elaborate to be talk-like and natural. If any one should tell me of a good lesson which he had listened to, the first thing I should ask would be: Did it excite interest? was the attention of the scholars aroused? did they like it? If the answer to these questions were in the negative, then I should say the lesson was a bad one, no matter how logical, well arranged, compact, or learned it might otherwise be: for the first requisite in teaching is to arouse interest; whence follows attention; whence the acquisition of knowledge; whence reflection; whence culture. Hence the great advantage of Cobbett's manner of teaching: he arouses attention; awakens interest; makes the subject attractive; and kindles a desire to learn. He was the first to write on the subject in a way that plain people could understand; and I think he still continues unrivalled as a teacher of the art of writing well.

The aim of this work is to show what COBBETT was as a MAN and a WRITER. It is a study in language as well as in life. It is intended especially for every young man who is striving to educate himself and to GET ON IN THE WORLD; for every young teacher aiming at advancement in his profession, and for every one who is preparing himself to be a teacher or writer; for all those who wish to see how a good writer has acquired his power of expression, and how he teaches others to acquire this power. Here is the story of a poor plough-boy working his way up in the world by his own unaided exertions, from the lowest

round of the ladder to almost the highest; from a poor lawyer's drudge and copyist to be one of the first writers of the age; and here is one of the best works of his genius, composed when he had attained the full maturity of his powers.

The most frequently-quoted biography of Cobbett is that by the Rev. John Selby Watson.* This work, to which I here acknowledge my indebtedness for many facts in the life of Cobbett, is well written, complete, and apparently impartial; but the impartiality is only apparent—and there is no surer way of destroying a man's character than by apparent impartiality in the doing of it—for its *spirit* is strongly hostile to Cobbett. Never was there a more skillfully arranged plan of attack; never was there such well-disguised hostility under the cloak of impartiality; never did cunning savage or murderous assassin ply his weapon with more deadly effect than Mr. Watson has plied his pen in destroying the character of William Cobbett. The way is prepared by the account of the life of a notoriously bad man. COBBETT is linked with WILKES; and his character is painted in such dark and doubtful colors, that we finally feel as little respect for the one as for the other. Mr. Watson belongs to the Established Church, to Oxford, and to the Conservative Party, at all of which Cobbett flung the most vigorous and telling shafts. Mr. Watson's sympathies are almost always with those whom Cobbett opposed or attacked; and he subjects his acts and motives to such a suspicious scrutiny, looks with such constant distrust on almost every thing Cobbett tells or says of himself, and puts his actions in such a repellent, discreditable light, that the impression one finally gets of him is, that he was a man with whom one wishes to have nothing further to

* Biographies of John Wilkes and William Cobbett. Blackwood. Edinburgh, 1870.

do, whose conduct was hardly ever praiseworthy, and from whose writings very little profit is to be derived. Being deeply convinced of the injustice of the picture thus drawn by Mr. Watson, I have endeavored to disprove a number of his accusations and insinuations, and to give an unprejudiced and fair view of the man and his writings.

Mr. Edward Smith's Biography of Cobbett*—which I had not discovered until I had finished mine—is a very good one and very full. Mr. Smith's work is an endeavor to show what Cobbett was as a MAN, while mine is an attempt to show what he was as a WRITER as well as a MAN. Though the best account of him that I have seen, Mr. Smith's work is, I think, faulty in one respect: it is the opposite of Mr. Watson's, being about as uniformly laudatory of his subject as Watson's is condemnatory. Mr. Smith strives as hard to make Cobbett out a perfect man, as Mr. Watson (whom he never once mentions through his whole two volumes) strives to make him out a worthless one. While Mr. Watson takes pains to bring out prominently all the doubtful passages of his life, and says little of the noble ones, Mr. Smith passes over very lightly, or mentions not at all, the doubtful passages, and makes the most of the noble ones. Besides, many things which this writer regards from an English point of view present a very different appearance when regarded from an American point of view. The only important things that I have taken from his work are an extract from Mr. Windham's diary, confirming Cobbett's presence at the Pitt dinner; and a list of Cobbett's works, which I have placed at the end of the life.

I am also indebted to the "Historical Characters" of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer (now Lord Dalling) for one or two important facts. But the main sources of my informa-

* William Cobbett: a Biography: 2 volumes. London: Sampson, Low & Co., 1878.

tion are in the writings of Cobbett himself; writings which, it is well known, are remarkably autobiographical in their nature.

Cobbett, whom the *London Times* well termed "the last of the Saxons," and the *Saturday Review* "the most English of Englishmen," was a truly great man, notwithstanding his many faults, and notwithstanding all that his enemies have said of him. For me, he has peculiar claims; for he was one of the heroes of my boyhood—a man from whose writings I received more instruction in my youth than from those of any other; and it has been inexpressibly painful to me to see him covered with obloquy, accused of bribe-taking, forgery, falsehood, dishonesty, demagoguery, hypocrisy and what not; nearly all of which accusations without any other foundation than mere assumption. Cobbett was not a perfect man—who is?—but he had many sterling virtues well worthy of imitation; and the knowledge of both his virtues and his failings may be found, especially by young people, profitable for instruction, for precept, and for example.

Hoboken Academy,
Hoboken, N. J., May 9th, 1883.

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PART II.

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him the most extraordinary Englishman of his age, and called him "the last of the Saxons;" the *Morning Chronicle* declared he was one of the most powerful writers that England ever produced, unequalled as an advocate; and the *Standard* acknowledged that he was the first political writer of his age, wholly without a rival since the days of Swift. As for the feelings with which the *people* regarded his death, they were, I think, fitly expressed in some lines written on the occasion by Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer:

Oh bear him where the rain can fall,
And where the winds can blow;
And let the sun weep o'er his pall,
As to the grave ye go.

And in some little lone churchyard,
Beside the growing corn,
Lay gentle Nature's stern Prose Bard,
Her mightiest peasant born!

Yes, let the wild-flower wed his grave,
That bees may murmur near
When o'er his last home bend the brave,
And say, "A MAN lies here!"

For Britons honor COBBETT'S name,
Though rashly oft he spoke;
And none can scorn, and few will blame,
The low-laid heart of oak.

For when his stormy voice was loud,
And GUILT quaked at the sound,
Beneath the frown that shook the PROUD,
The POOR a shelter found.

Dead Oak, thou liv'st! Thy smitten hands,
The thunders of thy brow,
Speak with strange tongues, in many lands,
And tyrants hear thee NOW!

PART IV.

His Works, Style, and Character.

CHAPTER I.

HOW HE TAUGHT GRAMMAR.

EVERY man has his own experience with books as with other things; and as the world of books is unlimited, and life but too limited, the communication of that experience is sometimes useful, especially to young people. One never forgets those books which have caused the mind to see new things in life, or to see life itself in a new light, and which consequently have had a large share in the formation of one's character; and, on looking back, and recalling the books one has read, one often finds that the important or impression-making books, those which have awakened new feelings and given a new turn to our minds, which have suddenly aroused a thirst for knowledge and helped to make us what we are, are so few that they may be counted on the fingers of one hand. I have sketched the life of a man whose books were to me the source of the first real instruction I ever received. They were the first that excited interest, that roused ambition to learn, and created in me, like Swift's "Tale of a Tub" in Cobbett himself, an intellectual birth, a mental awakening, a rousing from the long sleep of youthful indifference. His grammars were the first of his works that I became acquainted with; and after having struggled in vain with the dry-as-dust and obscure jargon of the old grammarians, I found his works on grammar a perfect

revelation, a source of intellectual enlightenment; full of refreshment as well as of instruction. In youth, I had worked away at conjugations, declensions, parts of speech, and so on, until I acquired a pure horror of the very name of grammar. Cobbett's little English grammar fell into my hands, when lo! astonishing discovery! I found a subject which I had imagined the most wearisome, the most difficult, and the most repulsive in existence, suddenly change its character, and become positively interesting, pleasing, and even amusing! Never was anybody more pleasantly surprised; never was anybody more effectively helped out of difficulty.

I had the same experience with his French grammar, which is almost equally good, Had it not been for that grammar, wherein he displays the same entertaining, captivating style of teaching, applied to a foreign tongue, I should never, I think, have learned the language at all; for I could make neither head nor tail of the old grammars of that language. I knew a young man who, with no other knowledge of French than what he had acquired from this grammar, succeeded in earning a living as a compositor on a French newspaper in Paris, and subsequently in teaching English and German to French boys in the north of France.

No writer of modern times has made the subject of grammar so plain, so intelligible, so interesting, as Cobbett; his books on this subject are almost as fascinating as story-books, and they render easy and pleasant a subject which, in other hands, has been the torment and despair of boys and girls from time immemorial. He divested grammar of all the learned nonsense of the teachers of his time; discarded, so to speak, the old clothes of the Greek and Latin scholars, which all the grammarians had put on one after another, and he gave the subject a new, fresh, pleasing, English dress, capable of being appreciated by every person of common capacity.

Mr. Watson and others censure him for introducing politics into grammar, for making political allusions while treating a subject which has no connection with politics. How little such critics understand of the art of teaching! It is this very practice of his which sharpens the appetite, and gives spice and flavor to an otherwise by no means captivating dish. It is this very practice of his,—of illustrating by striking and piquant examples,—which makes him so successful as a teacher. Those who have studied English grammar by the ordinary school-books know nothing of the subject; they never come to an understanding of it. Take the first hundred men you meet in Wall street, and I will wager anything that ninety of them will not be able to tell which is right, "It is she," or "It is her." They do not know what the nominative or the objective case is, because they never could make it out from the incomprehensible language of Green, Brown, and Black. Or take the first hundred letters of the correspondents of any firm in New York, and I will guarantee that ninety of them have gross grammatical errors,—errors which, of course, are not seen by the recipients, because they are as much in darkness on the subject as the writers.

How different from that of ordinary grammarians is the manner in which Cobbett handles this subject! He makes it not only interesting, but as plain as a pikestaff, as clear as daylight. One cannot fail to understand what he means, and one cannot fail to be interested in what he says. "His power of conveying instruction is indeed almost unequalled; he seems rather to woo the reader to learn than to affect to teach; he travels with his pupil over the field of knowledge in which he is engaged, never seeming to forget the steps by which he himself learned. He assumes that nothing is known, and no point is too minute for the most careful investigation. Above all, the pure mother-English in which his instructions are conveyed make him a double teacher, for while the reader is ostensibly re-

ceiving instruction on some subject of rural economy, he is at the same time insensibly imbibing a taste for good sound Saxon English—the very type of the substantial matters whereof the author delights to discourse." So wrote an appreciative writer in a journal of far-off New Zealand.

The first requisite of a good teacher is to make his lessons interesting and attractive. As soon as a subject becomes interesting, it is being understood; ideas on the subject are entering the brain. Cobbett lent interest to every subject he touched: this is the secret of his success. Of course, introducing politics into grammar is irregular; but it is the irregularity that succeeds; it is like Napoleon's tactics in Italy, irregular and ridiculous in the eyes of the old-fashioned generals; but it succeeds, and success is the only criterion of excellence in instruction as well as in war.

Cobbett enables the learner to *overcome the difficulties* in grammar, to master the situation, to gain what the "big-wigs" were unable to teach him. Two English noblemen,—Oxford-bred, no doubt,—declared to Moore, the poet, that "they had never read any English grammar until Cobbett's lately." And no wonder; other grammars were not fit to read, or not worth reading; they were a confused mass of incomprehensible terms; and probably the very first thing they learned, on reading Cobbett's grammar, was that they knew nothing of the principles of the language they thought they knew so well. All that Oxford students knew of English grammar was obtained through the study of Greek and Latin, which, like the study of any modern language, is a capital aid in the study of the mother tongue; but the study of these tongues alone will never make any man a good English scholar. Without a proper study of the mother-tongue, by itself, other linguistic attainments are apt only to spoil the student's native idiomatic speech, by giving it a foreign,

pedantic, and consequently obscure air. This is clearly shown in Cobbett's "Six Lessons," in which he gives amusing specimens of the wretched English then used by the University-bred, Greek-and-Latin-crammed magnificos of England.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHARM OF COBBETT'S STYLE.

There is such a strong flavor of egotism, of the personality of the author, in all Cobbett's writings, even those on agriculture and political economy, that they at once attract attention, and create a desire to know more of the man who writes, as well as of the subject of which he writes. And he does not speak of himself because he likes to speak of himself; not at all; but, as Hazlitt says, "because some circumstance that has happened to himself is the best possible illustration of the subject, and he is not the man to shrink from giving the best possible illustration of the subject from a squeamish delicacy. He places us in the same situation with himself, and makes us see all that he sees. There is no blindman's-buff, no conscious hints, no awkward ventriloquism, no testimonials of applause, no abstract senseless self-complacency, no smuggled admiration of his own person by proxy; it is all plain and above board." This entire freedom from affectation or pretence is what makes his egotism so pleasing. It is as natural as the talk of a child, and he is so interesting and pleasing in what he says, that we cannot take offence at it.

His style has been compared to that of Swift, of Defoe, of Franklin, of Paine; but, as the same critic well observes, no great man is exactly like another, and his style is not exactly like any one of these, although it has per-