

the Groves of Academe beside classic Cam or Isis. But if this should meet his eye, I beg him to accept a gratitude which has lost none of its flavour by a little keeping. If he will favour us with a visit, my wife and I will make him welcome. He has never guessed it, but all this time he has been one of our Lares.

It was quite dusk when we turned to go back to Clement's Inn; and when we reached my chambers, Aunt Bertha and Sally were sitting in the gloom alone.

'Has your husband lost himself, Sally?' I inquired.

'He's took Johnny to the circus,' responded Sally. 'I didn't want to go away 'ithout seein' you again.'

'You have been away a pretty time, young people,' said Aunt Bertha with severity. But by this time and in this society, I was prepared to encounter reproof with a forehead as of brass.

'Aunt Bertha,' I answered, drawing Polly's arm through mine, 'you may be assumed to stand *in loco parentis* towards Polly. And Sally, who is the best and most faithful creature in the world, as everybody knows, may be assumed to stand in the same relationship towards myself. And in your presence, I confess that the two indiscreet young people whom you may now dimly behold'—

'Don't be prolix,' said Aunt Bertha. Sally had risen, and was standing near the window with her hands clasped. Now that I come to think of it, I do not believe that Sally understood one word I said, except perhaps her own praises; but she understood the situation, and shewed the fact by a gasp of genuine emotion. At that signal, Polly withdrew her hand—Aunt Bertha rose to meet her—and in less time than it takes to tell it, they were crying for joy in one another's arms. Sally of course was weeping over me; and for my own manhood's sake, I was thankful for the gloom.

'Troman,' said my aunt, 'what have you to cry for?'—Sally returned no answer.—'Do you think that Mr Campbell is throwing himself away?'

'O ma'am,' cried Sally, 'haven't I knowed and loved 'em both sence they was babies?'

'Troman,' said my aunt, advancing to her, 'you are a good creature, and you have a beautiful heart.' And with that commendation, Aunt Bertha positively kissed Sally, and made her, as I believe, the proudest woman in the United Kingdom. When we had all toned down again, I was about to light the lamp; but my aunt forbade me; and in a little time Sally took her leave, promising to call again on the morrow.

'Did Troman tell you anything, John?' asked my aunt, before Sally's footsteps had left the stairs.

'Yes,' I answered, sheltered by the friendly darkness, sitting with Polly's hand in mine; 'she told me to do what I have done.'

'Should you have done it, if she had not told you to do it?' asked my aunt.

'No,' I answered; 'I should not have dared.'

'Then for once,' said my aunt triumphantly, 'a match-making old woman was right. I ordered Troman to come and tell you. And now'—she hurried on, as if to prevent either of us from speaking—'I want to say a word about your future. My brother Robert will object.—Mary, be quiet. Your father will object. Well, if you

must know, he objects already. But I have saved a good deal of money, and I have my own fortune, and I have made my will, and left it all to John on condition that you marry.—Don't speak a word, but find my bonnet. I don't know whether you will ever think of dining any more, but I am starving. Let us go home, and ask Mrs Brand for some dinner. We are staying with Dr Brand, and you can come too, if you like, John.'

Two or three hours later, we were seated in Dr Brand's parlour. The Doctor was called away, and Mrs Brand followed him from the room.

Polly, rising, drew aside the blind. 'What lovely moonlight!' she said, after looking out for a minute or two. 'I don't think I ever saw moonlight look so beautiful before.'

'My dear,' said Aunt Bertha, rising and kissing her, 'the moonlight has grown brighter for happy lovers, ever since the world began.'

## THE REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

On the 27th April we got into the midst of a herd of buffaloes, and killed three, but only after a savage fight.

We had seen plenty of marks of rhinoceros and elephant, but had not come across the animals themselves. As we approached the head-waters of the river Ghine, O'Riley left us to look after some timber at a distance, and he was to meet us four days hence.

On the 17th May we were pushing our way through long grass some twenty feet high. Our progress was very slow, as the elephants had to break their way through reeds (stems of the grass) several inches in circumference. There was no game to be expected in such a jungle; but our animals shewed unaccountable signs of fear. We could not see an inch in front; the seeds and fluff of the grass nearly blinded us, and we were all but suffocated by the heat and dust. We were plodding along in single file, Tainton leading, when without the least warning, there was a shrill scream, a rush, and my friend's elephant was knocked over sideways, sending his riders and mahout flying! My elephant turned tail so suddenly that Thornton and the *shikarie* were thrown off, and I only saved myself by clinging to the mahout. We were carried away nearly a quarter of a mile before the mahout could stop his elephant; and neither persuasion nor force would induce him to return. I did not know what to do. I feared all my comrades were killed; for the noise of a savage fight between two animals could be heard, but not another sound. My heart was in my mouth; and in my anxiety to render help, I jumped off the elephant, and attempted to retrace my footsteps rifle in hand; but the nature of the jungle was such that I found I could not get along at all. The reeds, even along the path made by the elephant were, though broken, interlaced; the stumps sharp, innumerable, and close together; covered, moreover, with a fluffy dust resembling somewhat cowitch or cowage, and equally irritant, for it got up my legs, and nearly drove me mad. But by dint of great exertions and much suffering I made perhaps a furlong in a quarter of an hour. The perspiration was pouring down my face and



blinding me, and I was nearly crying with vexation and pent-up agony. All this while a terrific combat was going on between Tainton's elephant and some monster unseen; and suddenly looking up, I saw his elephant being driven down stern foremost towards me; and to avoid being crushed to death seemed impossible; for the reeds, except where they had been broken down by the elephants, were as impenetrable as a wall. To fire at the hind-quarters I knew would do no good; and I fully anticipated that within a few minutes I should be another victim to an unseen but terrible foe. Our elephant, a fine tusker, and of the largest size, should surely have been able to overpower any beast alive; but he seemed powerless before his foe, and was driven down closer and closer towards me. I attempted to go back; but gave it up in hopeless despair; seeing that, for one pace I took, the elephant came backwards a dozen. There were but a few paces between us, when a shot was fired, and some huge monster fell with a loud thud. Our elephant, still greatly excited, no longer retreated, but assumed the offensive, and with many a fiendish shriek and many a clumsy war-dance, kept prodding his fallen adversary. I knew it would not be safe for me, a stranger, to approach him in his excited state, and I begged my mahout to come up; but he would not budge an inch. Thinking it was my intrepid friend who had fired the shot, I called out: 'Is that you, Tainton? For heaven's sake, answer.'

Thornton replied: 'I fear Tainton is killed, as I have neither seen nor heard him. But pray, make your mahout secure this elephant, or we shall never get out of this horrible place.'

My mahout hearing our voices and the cessation of the din, now brought his elephant up. I scrambled up its back, and we pushed forward. No sooner did Tainton's elephant see mine than he became quiet, and allowed himself to be led to where Thornton and the *shikarie* were. They got up, the *shikarie* acting as mahout; and we found the cause of this disaster was a huge *must* (tuskleless) mucknah elephant. We rejoiced at his death, but wasted no time over him, proceeding to search for Tainton and his guide and mahout. We found the first-named just coming to. He had been thrown against a stump and stunned. The mahout had his thigh broken; but the *shikarie* was more frightened than hurt. We made the mahout as comfortable as we could on one elephant; and the four of us got on the other, and set out for our camp, which we knew was a long way off, and where we did not arrive till dark.

*En route* we had time to talk matters over, and to thank heaven for our escape. Wild elephants when *must*, lead, like many other brutes, especially gaur and buffaloes, a solitary life, and are then exceedingly savage and cunning, lying in wait, and endeavouring to kill any one or anything they can pounce upon. The one that attacked us was probably a foot higher than ours and nearly twice as massive. Fortunately, having no tusks, he had not done much injury to ours, beyond knocking him over at the first rush and bruising him a good deal about the shoulders; and though ours had a splendid pair of ivories, they had been blunted—that is, a piece had been sawn off, to prevent accidents; for even the quietest of elephants will sometimes give a vicious prod at

another male; so generally the tusks are cut every year or two; and though he had made a magnificent fight of it, he never had the least chance, as the superior size and weight of the other bore down all opposition; and if Thornton had not retained his presence of mind and my spare rifle, which he was holding when thrown off, and shot him dead with a ball behind the ear, as he passed by within a few yards, I should have been to a certainty trampled to death; our elephants killed one after the other, or driven far away; and not one of our party would ever have got out of the jungle alive.

We sent messengers to call O'Riley back; but I don't believe they ever went in search of him. We did the best we could for the poor mahout, whose leg we bandaged up with splints and strips of our sheets, which we tore up for that purpose. We wished to send him down the river on a raft; but the Karens refused to take him that way, as they said there were too many rapids, and they feared an upset. So we got a litter made, sent a Madras and a Burmese lad with him, and passed him on from village to village, until he reached a navigable part of the river, where he was put into a *dugout*, and reached Moulmein, as only a native would have done, in a far better state than any one could have expected; and eventually recovered.

All this occupied us a whole day; so it was not until the second day that we could go back to the scene of action, in the hope of recovering some trophy from the monster; but when we got within a quarter of a mile of him, we were forced to beat a precipitate retreat; for he was swollen to an enormous size, covered with filthy obscene birds; and already half putrid. So we left him, without even a hair out of his tail as a remembrance.

Thornton told us that an elephant four or five days defunct was a sure find for tigers; for every carnivorous brute for miles was attracted by the smell, and by the flight of innumerable vultures towards the carcass. 'Then is the time,' said he, 'to sit up; for tigers come too, and fight over the putrid flesh; and a friend of mine once killed three tigers thus in one day.'

The very thought of it nearly made us sick; and we vowed we would rather never shoot a tiger in our lives than do so under the circumstances mentioned.

The next day we moved camp towards the place where O'Riley was to meet us. Although, as a rule, rains set in early in May, scarcely any had fallen as yet, and the long grass was as inflammable as pitch; but this not being the season for burning, we anticipated no danger, especially as the inhabitants were few and far between. Thus taking our laden as well as riding elephants with us, we cut off a curve of the river, and marched across an uninterrupted plain covered with long grass, extending fully twenty miles in every direction. We had gone fully two-thirds of the way and had seen no game, when we descried some smoke to our right, which soon blazed out into flames; but as we were well to the windward, we thought nothing of it. Presently, it circled to our rear, spreading with amazing rapidity; and soon on two sides of us the vast plain was one sheet of fire, the flames curling heavenward, and licking the air with their fiery breath;



whilst darting amongst them could be seen kites, crows, and the little king-crows, though how they existed in such an atmosphere was a puzzle. Flakes of lighted reeds were floating about here and there; for as yet there was not a breath of air. Still, as our left and front were clear, and the flames in our rear appeared to be retreating rather than advancing, we thought nothing of it, beyond being a grand spectacle. We steadily pushed on, though the elephants were beginning to shew signs of fear, and would now and then spin round and face the flames, whence the reeds were bursting with reports like pistol-shots. Those conversant with fires must have noticed that often during an immense conflagration the wind gets up suddenly, and is most eccentric in its movements. At one moment there would not be sufficient air to move a feather; gradually a puff would come from our front; then a stronger one from the east; a stronger still from the west; then from the south—till in a few seconds there was a perfect tornado raging all round us, never consistent in its course for one second.

'Let us get on, for heaven's sake!' said Thornton. 'This is getting dangerous.'

If our elephants were restive before, they became almost unmanageable now; but our mahouts drove them on with the utmost speed towards the point we were making for, and we knew we still had two or three miles to go before we could be at our destination; but though the fire to our right and rear came now nearer, and again retreated, in accordance with the changes of the wind, our front and left were still clear. Presently, without any warning, flames broke out to our left, and spread with the speed of lightning, as it seemed to us, not only towards us, but to our front.

'Haste, haste!' cried my two brother-sportsmen, 'or we are dead men.'

The elephants seemed to know their danger, and swung along at their best pace. Thornton spoke to one of our *shikaries*, who was as pale as death, and whose teeth chattered in his head; and he muttered that there was a brake about a quarter of a mile ahead which in the rains was a vast swamp; and if we could get there before the flames, we should be safe from being burned to death, if we escaped being suffocated.

The fire now seemed to have surrounded us, and to bear down upon us from all quarters. Whichever way the wind now blew was equally deadly to us; the elephants shrieked aloud, and became almost unmanageable; for there is nothing they dread so much as fire. The situation was indeed critical. We were racing with death! We goaded on the elephants. It was a race for dear life. The hot wind and smoke obscured our vision, and almost choked us; our eyes were bloodshot, our lips parched; and as the flames came nearer and nearer, the heat was awful, and all but unbearable. Death, and such a death! stared us in the face. The flames licked up the very footsteps of our animals, who raced along screaming with agony. A forked tongue of flame, driven farther than the main body by a gust of wind, singed the sternmost elephant's back, and set the *guddie* on fire; our faces and hands were skinned, our hair singed, our clothes scorched; but not a word was uttered in our agony. It was the silence of death. Escape was impossible. The flames curl round our heads. We stoop forward to meet our doom, and pass

headlong into and through a fiery furnace. Our leading elephant going head-foremost into a hollow full of brambles and creepers, the others fall almost on the top of him, and their joint weight breaks down the obstruction, and we are safe, safe!—almost, but not quite. Much has to be done. The fire is close—too close. It is impossible to breathe the heated air and live.

'Dismount, and lie down,' shouts Thornton.

We all do so, to the best of our ability; but we are sore from many a burn, but thank heaven for the mercy vouchsafed to us. As heated air ascends, that near the ground is, comparatively speaking, cool. We feel instantaneous relief on measuring our length on mother-earth. The elephants force their way farther into the brake. The fire in the *guddie* has been extinguished. We remain long prostrate and helpless, and in vain long for water. No one is able to speak; our tongues are swollen, and glued to the roofs of our mouths—our lips parched and sore. We can scarcely see, our eyes are so inflamed with the heat and smoke. But at last the atmosphere clears up a bit, and a *shikarie* whispers that there used to be water in the middle of the brake; and under his guidance, we get up and stagger along in search of it, and, O joy inexpressible! we find a dirty pool, some ten feet in diameter and perhaps a foot deep, half mud, and in which, evidently at no remote period, a herd of buffaloes had been wallowing. But we think nothing of all this then; only rush into it frantically, drink it greedily, like nectar, and throw it over us; though I have little doubt the water which runs down the London gutters after a thaw would be filtered compared with it. But such as it is, we are thankful to get it. We look at each other for the first time since our escape, with wonder expressed in our eyes; for we are bereft of all hirsute appendages; eyebrows and eyelashes we have none; our hair is frizzled; the Europeans are burned black, the natives white; and so closely allied is the ridiculous to the sublime, that we laugh aloud in our misery!

Our elephants are in a pitiable state; the soles of their feet and their bodies are terribly scorched, their eyes sore. It is evident we cannot use them again after to-day. Allowing a few hours to elapse to cool the heated earth, we hit off a pathway, and make for the village we were bound for, and which we are assured is only a *dhine* or two miles off; and we crawl rather than walk there, only to find it a smoking mass of ruins; for the fire in which we so nearly perished had spread with such alarming speed, the poor people had been unable to arrest it, or to save a thing beyond the clothes they stood in. They had lost all they possessed. Their houses, with their granaries, had been burned, and they stood weeping and bewailing their fate. Happily no lives had been lost, as is but too frequently the case in these fires.

As if one element, fire, had not caused enough misery, another element, water, was now let loose upon us. The clouds gathered together, and the first storm of the season swept over us. Before we could adopt any measures to protect ourselves, we and everything belonging to us were wet through. As for the poor villagers, they huddled together in groups like drowned rats, vainly seeking shelter and warmth from one another. Only one build-



ing, a small *zyat* or rest-house, far away from the village, on a mudbank, almost in the middle of the river, had escaped; and into this we thrust all the women and children, whilst we coiled ourselves up in our blankets and lay down in the rain all night. As is so often the case in Burmah after a night's continuous downpour, the sun arose in all its glory, the clouds disappeared, and all was sunshine once more. We distributed the few rupees we possessed amongst the people; gave the most feeble a tot of brandy apiece, and sent to a large Karen village for rice and other necessities.

Though the Burmese and Karens are easily depressed, they are as easily elated. By twelve o'clock, a store of firewood and rice, cooking-pots, and the filthy *gnapee*—stinking salt-fish, which the Burmese consider a great relish—had been collected. The women were once more chattering merrily and cooking; whilst the men were searching among the debris for remains of coins, jewellery, &c., and setting aside such partially burned bamboos as would serve again to erect their frail structures.

Intent upon having some sport upon the river, we had to remain here two days, to get three rafts made—one for ourselves, one for cooking, and the other for our goods and chattels. The elephants we left where they were, as they were incapable of being moved.

O'Riley only arrived as we were ready to start. He had been detained longer than he had expected, and had heard nothing of our troubles. Rigging up a shelter over our heads, we made our raft very comfortable, and went at a great pace down stream, the Karens guiding the clumsy affairs capitally. We probably did from fifteen to twenty miles a day. On the 24th May we had reached an open part of the river, and anchored off a pretty spot. The bank on one side was steep—perhaps ten feet high—fringed with the pretty bamboo-like grass. The water was deep and slightly muddy. The shore opposite was shelving and pebbly, and it was said that occasionally animals came down to drink there; but none of us were pot-hunters, and cared little for night-shooting. The part of the Ghine where we were bore a bad reputation for man-eating crocodiles, called in the East *muggers*; but we had seen none, and thought nothing about them. We sat talking till about eleven p.m., when one by one we went to sleep. Tainton and I occupied the stern of the raft; O'Riley and Thornton the forepart. But this night O'Riley had his bed and mosquito-curtains rigged upon the shelving beach, telling us laughingly, not to allow him to be eaten up by tigers. The mosquitos were very bad; and probably about three in the morning, I awoke, and sat outside the shelter in an easy-chair, smoking a cheroot to keep off these pests. Tainton was lying down half dressed on a small camp-cot. I did not see Thornton. Presently I heard a slight noise on the bank on our side; and on looking up, saw first the huge ears, then the ugly muzzle of what I knew at once to be a two-horned rhinoceros. His chest was fully exposed as he looked down upon us; and without thinking, but chuckling at the chance, I quietly seized my rifle, which was lying beside me, and rapidly fired both barrels into him. Simultaneously with the report, the huge body toppled over, and we and all belonging to us were

ingulfed in the water. I was carried down amidst the debris of the raft a considerable distance before I could extricate myself; and being a good and powerful swimmer, struck out for the bank, when without the least warning, some monster seized me by the thigh, and notwithstanding my desperate struggles, dragged me under water. I fought hard. I knew I was in the clutches or rather the jaws of a *mugger*; and I endeavoured to turn round to gouge him, which I had read or heard of as having been done in America; but I was like a babe in his jaws; as the horrid brute kept dragging me down into the slimy depths, and I gave up all hope. But a greater monster than he made a rush at my captor, who, to defend himself, opened his jaws and set me free. I then quickly rose to the surface, and gave one despairing cry for help. I had barely taken a full breath, when I was again seized, this time by the ankle, and was again being dragged under water, when I felt a blow dealt at the reptile, and a strong arm thrown round me; and I was lifted to the surface and borne unconscious to the bank. When I came to, Tainton and O'Riley were by my side bandaging my thigh and leg, from which the flesh had been stripped off in great 'fids.'

And while my injuries were severe enough, the shock to my system was far greater. I was taken to Moulmein in a *dugout*. Brain-fever set in; I lingered for months between life and death; and for some time it was doubtful whether my leg should not be amputated; but youth and a naturally robust constitution carried me through, and I recovered sufficiently to be sent home for three years on medical certificate.

I found I owed my life to Tainton's courage and determination. When our raft was sunk by the falling rhinoceros, Tainton, as I before said, was lying down partially dressed and with his belt on, in which he always carried a favourite Arnachellum shikar knife. He sank with the raft; but coming to the surface, was swimming for a place where he could land, when I rose, and he beheld my despairing face and heard my appalling cry as I was dragged down again. He realised at once what had happened, dived knife in hand after me, drove his weapon into the mugger, and brought me out, as related.

What became of poor Thornton was never ascertained. Every search was made for him, and large rewards offered by Tainton and O'Riley; but in vain. I fear the rhinoceros fell on him and killed him on the spot, and that he was devoured by the crocodiles, which swarmed there. I have never ceased to accuse myself of being instrumental in his loss through my foolish and thoughtless act.

Before I embarked from Moulmein, O'Riley and Tainton presented me with the head of the rhinoceros, and that of the crocodile which my last-named friend had so gallantly killed. The former beast was found jammed between some rocks; and the latter floating down stream on its back, with the good Arnachellum blade buried to the hilt, behind the shoulder. But I cannot bear the sight of either, as I always think of poor Thornton's tragic fate, caused by my folly. But the trophies, together with the head of the gaur, found their way to my father's Hall, where



they are still preserved by my brother the Squire amongst his most precious relics.

Moulmein becoming hateful to Tainton after our disastrous trip, he threw up his appointment, and rejoined his regiment. My health never recovered its former robustness; but I was able to return to military duty, though with a game-leg; and six years and more elapsed before I met Tainton again. I was then in the Quarter-master-general's department, and we were on active service in the Southern Mahratta country. We resumed our intimacy; but alas! it did not continue long, for poor Tainton fell in action shortly afterwards. His death was so in keeping with his life, that I may as well relate it. We had been having constant desultory fighting, more skirmishing than pitched battles, and as usual, my gallant friend had kept with the advanced line, using his rifle with deadly effect on the enemy; for it was a chance if the wretched weapons our sepoy were armed with would go off, and the men depended a good deal on him. He was well—too well—known to the enemy, and they, in common with his own men, believed him to be possessed of a charmed life. At last one man determined to rid his race of this implacable enemy. He loaded his gun with bits of silver, iron, lead, and sundry charms, and stood behind a tree till the skirmishers, with Tainton at their head, were within a few paces; then stepping out, he shot the gallant leader full in the chest. Whilst in the act of falling backwards, Tainton instinctively raised his rifle and shot his foe dead. He himself died in Dr Mackay's arms a few seconds after. He was universally regretted; and every man and officer in camp off duty followed his remains to the grave. Thus died a man to whom I owe my life, and who was an ornament to the service he belonged to—a man who was indeed without fear or reproach.

I have little more to add. Changes which would not greatly interest the reader so disgusted me and many others, that we took the pensions offered us, and left a country which had been our home for the greater part of our lives. But of all my reminiscences, and they are many—for I served throughout the Mutiny, and witnessed its horrors—none is more vivid or frightful than that of my escape on the 25th May 1840 from the jaws of the crocodile in the Ghine. G. A.

#### POETIC PARALLELS.

THAT 'there is nothing new under the sun' is as trite as true; and possibly, when the Hebrew king said it, he was himself but repeating an ancient proverb. Boswell tells us that Dr Johnson was so convinced of the fact, that he thought of writing a book to demonstrate that the amount of invention in the world was very limited, and that really the same incidents and the same imagery, with but slight variation, have sufficed all the authors who have ever written. Unfortunately, the learned lexicographer never executed his idea; but the position he assumed was perfectly tenable. Thoughts are few, and run in grooves; and there can be no doubt that much which has been denounced as plagiarism is often quite as original, to the author himself, as the bulk of what the world receives as a genuine addition to its stock. Of course there is such a thing as real plagiarism,

or downright robbery; but with that it is not our present purpose to deal, our intention being to merely furnish some remarkable examples of poetic coincidences of thought; due, apparently, to that unconscious process of assimilation to which Johnson evidently referred.

The greatest poets have always been deemed the greatest offenders by the public; and no man's ideas have been more severely scrutinised by the critics than Shakspeare's. His contemporaries declared he had decked himself in their plumage; and their successors have traced many of his golden opinions to another origin; but unlike too many of his craft, nearly all he touched he improved. Shakspeare's similarities are too well known to call for instances.

Gray's *Elegy* has afforded much occupation for the coincidence-seekers, who declare it to be a mere piece of mosaic-work, in which every idea may be traced to former writers; and they prove their assertion. In some of the same writer's other poems, many curious similarities have been detected. If Gray, however, benefited by his predecessors' ideas, many of his successors have resorted to him for theirs. The Koran spoke of the angel Israfil's heartstrings as 'a lute;' the *Elegy* alludes to the heart as 'the living lyre;' Moore likens it to 'the harp of a thousand strings;' Edgar Poe, to 'the trembling living wire;' Charlotte Brontë to 'the human lyre;' and Béranger to 'a lute.'

Scarcely second to Gray in these unlucky parallels was Pope; indeed some one went so far as to assert that he was the greatest of all plagiarists. In support of this terrible accusation, much evidence can be adduced. In *Eloisa and Abeldard* is—

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven;  
which is suspiciously like Davenant's—

Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far  
Than in the sleep forgiven hermits are.

Pope's line—

I have not yet forgot myself to marble,

reads too like Milton's 'Forget thyself to marble,' to be purely accidental; whilst Sir Thomas Browne's words, in his dear old *Religio Medici*, 'Nature is the art of God,' sounds suggestive of the Twickenham bard's, 'All nature is but art.' Young, it may be remarked, apparently preferred the old form, as he reproduced it in his *Night Thoughts*, verbatim. Denham spoke of

The foul guilt  
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,  
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

Then Orrery followed with the simile:

Poets are sultans, if they had the will;  
For every author would his brother kill.

Whereupon Pope wrote:

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.

The close resemblance of the lines beginning

Vital spark of heavenly flame,

to some that were written by Flatman, an almost unknown versifier of Charles II.'s time, has often been commented upon; whilst the well-quoted words—

The proper study of mankind is man,