

The Sabbath Recorder.

EDITED BY GEO. B. UTTER AND THOMAS B. BROWN.

"THE SEVENTH DAY IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD."

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The Sabbath Recorder.

NOTES OF A VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA.

(From letters of Dr. J. D. B. STILLMAN to his friends in New York. We are permitted to take the accompanying extracts. The most interesting for the public eye, they give such glimpses of sea life, and such descriptions of places visited, as will be interesting to the general reader.)

SHIP PACIFIC, at Sea, Feb. 26th, 1849.

We have now been thirty-four days from New York; and as we shall be at Rio Janeiro in a few days, I will use the opportunity, while I have it, to write you a brief account of our voyage. I shall quote chiefly from my journal.

On the third day out, the wind freshened from the S. W., and continued to increase until night. As it increased, sail after sail was furled, until we were under double-reef. The Captain looked unconcerned, and it was not for me to worry; so I turned in, though not without some uneasiness, as the Captain told the mate, when leaving the deck, to let no one sleep on his watch. There were others, beside the watch, who did not sleep that night.

The next day was a very unhappy one. The gale still continued, the sea was rough, nine-tenths of the passengers were sick, and in all the ship there was not a cheering sound. On the following morning, the wind shifted to the N. E., but continued so severe that no more sail was carried. This state of things continued until Monday, when the wind died away, and in the morning there was a general turn-out. The sick were spread out on the cabin roof—reading, writing, music, &c., were the order of the day. The wet sails flapped against the mast, as the ship rolled lazily on the bosom of the Ocean, sobbing itself to sleep.

In the afternoon, the wind again sprang up from the S. W., and by the following morning we were again under close-reefed topsails. The gale continued to increase until Thursday about noon. This was by far the most exciting day that we have yet experienced. I shall not attempt to give you an idea of a full-grown storm, when others have failed to give me any conception of its magnificence. The barometer continued to fall, and the Captain, who had hardly left the deck for forty-eight hours, looked troubled. The ship rolled violently, and though running before the wind, she was so wet that we could make ourselves comfortable in no situation. About two o'clock, a dark line was visible in the N. W. horizon, and the Captain's quick eye caught the meaning. He took his place beside the capstan, and sent the first mate to the wheel. Twenty minutes had not elapsed, when a scene was presented that defies description. As the storm came driving on, the tops of the waves were lifted or cut off, and driven like drifting snow, filling the air with spray, so that we could not see twice the ship's length. It had seemed that the ship had already as much as could be borne, groaning through all her frame; and, at every plunge, it would appear that the next wave must bury us. Just before the squall struck us, the Captain called to the men at the wheel to "port," but so much noise did the wind make, that it was not heard, and before the ship could be put about, our lee scuppers were under water. I stood on some timber, holding on to the lee davits, when something coming over the roof, I let go my hold, instinctively, to protect myself, and was thrown across the deck; severely bruising me. We were now in the trough of the sea, our scuppers rolling alternately under water, and throwing every thing in the cabin into confusion.

In a few minutes, the wind again blew steady, and a most animated conversation was kept up for some time, when all took occasion to express the feelings that were pent up in the excitement of the moment.

Feb. 9th.—We are off the Cape de Verdes; the air is fresh and balmy; the trade winds are bearing us on at the rate of eight miles an hour. We are all lounging about in the shade, writing, musing, or reading. Few objects of interest present themselves. An occasional sail in the horizon; the nautilus, with its filmy sail, now scudding before the wind, and now tacking and running close to the wind, and though frequently capsize, as soon righting itself and going—no one knows where—thousands of miles from land, without chart or compass, he journeys on his little sail, and finds good roadstead in the blue regions below. Then you see something that looks like a swallow, skimming along the surface of the waves—its wings and body glisten like silver—a little splash in the water, and you have seen the flying fish. Birds we see only at long intervals—a solitary gull—and it goes as suddenly as the comet. The evenings are charming. The moon is so bright as to be dazzling, and forms what I never saw before—the lunar bow; and whenever a thin cloud passes over it, a circle is formed, with all the colors of the rainbow. I have wished you could look on on these moonlight evenings. We are well supplied with music, and are—bating thoughts of home, which come over us at times, like Swiss home-sickness—a very contented company.

Feb. 10th.—We are still driving on with the N. E. breeze. Our latitude yesterday was 12° 30' N., long. 28° W. Last evening the moon being very late, and the evening thick and dark, we had a narrow escape from a collision with a vessel.

I was sitting on the weather rail, watching the phosphorescence in the water. The Captain had just ordered the watch to keep a sharp look-out to windward. It was not five minutes, when the cry was given, "Sail, ho!" I raised my eyes from the water, and a large ship was bearing down on our weather bow within pistol shot. A collision seemed inevitable. The Captain, who was on deck at the time, called for a light, and ordered the helm to "port." A ball of turpentine gleamed in the air for a moment, and we passed so near that I could have thrown a biscuit on board. Another moment, and she was gone in the thick gloom. The whole passed in the space of thirty seconds. "D—n such a watch!" was all the Captain said, after the stranger passed. By this time all hands were on deck, and various were the surmises as to what could be the character of the strange intruder. It was the first vessel that had come within hailing distance since we left our pilot fish, Hook. The Captain thought she must be an East Indian bound to Europe, as the longitude was too far eastward to be an American. I think I express the sentiments of all who saw the ship, when I say that we had a narrow escape. It was late before I could recover sufficiently from the shock to sleep, and it is to-day the chief subject of conversation.

Feb. 13th.—We have had but little sunshine for several days, though for the most part the nights have been clear. The temperature has been very uncomfortably warm, especially in the morning. The thermometer stands 77° to 80°, and the most of our company complain of lassitude, with febrile symptoms. The wind blows from the great African desert.

Feb. 14th.—It is now three weeks since we weighed anchor in the bay of New York. Our way is still south—on, on, into the very eye of the sun. Our old familiar land-marks in the sky are changed or gone. "Polaris" no longer greets the eye of the wanderer. True to his trust, he still keeps his vigils over those who have been true to their natal star. "Orion" stretches his "giant form" directly over head. We are three degrees north of the equator, due south from the Cape de Verdes. The trades, that have been carrying us steadily on for fifteen hundred miles, are to-day dying away, and we are sweltering under the fierce heat of the sun. Games and reading seem to the chief means of killing time and trouble. Upon the whole, we are decidedly a reading community.

Feb. 16th.—While several passengers were bathing from the bows this morning, a large shark made his appearance among them. He has followed us all day. He refused to be hooked, and an attempt to spear him was equally unsuccessful. Night came, and we expected to see no more of the finny fiend. When it became dark, we looked over the taff-rail at the phosphorescent glow of the ship's wake, and there was our evil genius following us, enveloped in the blue light, as the evil one is said to appear to the wicked. He seems to be a shark of the species of us before he leaves.

Feb. 17th.—The night has been oppressive; thermometer 82° between decks. As I went on deck this morning, I witnessed the capture of the shark. He was struck with the "grains," and once hooked and liberated himself, yet was as voracious as ever, and seized another hook. He was raised along side, until killed, and then cut loose, as a thing too foul to touch the decks. At noon to-day we were fifty-five miles from the line. Thunder, lightning, and variable winds, have been the order of the day. To-night the lightning is very vivid, and schools of porpoise and other fish are playing about us, and may be seen by the lines of light more distinctly than by day. The sea is so phosphorescent that fish-like, when drawn up and rubbed with the hand, glow like phosphorus itself. Large luminous bodies are very numerous—the same as Wilkes saw in these regions. Some of these are so bright, in a night like this, as to be taken for signal lights. This day's performance closed with that beautiful electrical phenomenon, called by the sailors "corporeants," or Jack-o'-lantern—a ball of electrical light at the top of each mast.

Feb. 18th.—The wind has been fresh from the S. W. We crossed the line about daylight. The wind shifted, and at noon we were eight miles N. latitude, and at night we again stood south; so that we have crossed the line three times to-day.

Feb. 19th.—To-day we are again in the " doldrums," and no comfortable place. The sea is nearly of the same temperature as the air, and water gives us no relief. We are using a cask of water that was caught from the cabin roof, (which, in good weather, is a favorite resort for the tobaccoists of the ship,) and I find it difficult to drink it raw.

On that subject of tobacco I have a word to say. Waving the question of its physiological effects, or the right of a man to gratify his taste in his own way, the right of any man to render others uncomfortable in order to gratify that taste, is very questionable. You have found, perhaps, a very comfortable, shady place, where you wish to read, or give yourself up to thoughts of friends and home, when some one, cigar in mouth, plants himself directly by your side, and forthwith you are in a state of siege. Under the tranquilizing influence of the narcotic, he feels himself at peace with all the world, and wonders you are ill at ease. To remonstrate would be preposterous, as no one questions the right of any man to smoke on deck; and the right of compelling you to take it, at second hand, unless you choose to abandon your favorite retreat, is unimpugned; and as there is no alternative, you go to the main top—no smoking is allowed there, and there at least you may escape annoyance. A fellow passenger has encircled his seat with a strong decoction of the "sparrow-weed," and occupied the only "sparrow-room" on board. To fully appreciate the privileges to which the use of tobacco en-

titles you, make a voyage to sea with a hundred men, without your protection—woman. On board our ship it is a high crime to spit on the decks, unless the offender chews tobacco. That is allowed on the quarter deck and cabin roof, and goes into the water cask, for drinking and culinary purposes. The man who stands to windward, from sheer indifference, has discharged upon your person what ought to have gone overboard. The affair is honorably settled by an "Excuse me, sir," and he goes on with the same indifference as before. It is almost inconceivable how the taste and manners of gentlemen may be corrupted by the vile use of that villainous weed.

To-day we had a visit from a strange monster, called a "diamond-fish." Its general form was that of a bar, with a head like a beetle, and measured about five feet in length, and the same in breadth. It moved sluggishly about the ship, and was attended by the pilot fish, with zebra-like stripes, and several fish known as suckers, very white, and which attach themselves, like a parasite, to the great fish, and get their sustenance and protection through the same source. The diamond-fish was harpooned, and drawn along side; the instrument drew out, and we had the great disappointment of seeing them all disappear together. I witnessed the whole scene from the mizzen-top, and a very exciting one it was. Few of the seamen ever saw one of these fish before, and we were all very anxious to have a nearer inspection.

Feb. 20th.—A vessel lay becalmed about ten miles from us, and a couple of Francis' Life Boats were manned with volunteers from among the passengers to go to her; but a breeze springing up, we returned after having gone about two miles. We are now sixteen miles south of the Equator, long 24°. Yesterday the sky had a very remarkable appearance. A bank of clouds cloud level or base, about three degrees above the horizon, and reaching up about ten degrees towards the zenith, with summits of dazzling whiteness. They remained without material change from morning till night. This morning the sun rose with an equally novel appearance. The whole eastern sky seemed a mass of purple and gold. It would have done an artist good to have looked upon it. This evening a breeze has sprung up, and we are made glad at the prospect of getting away from these dreaded latitudes.

Feb. 22d.—Washington's birth-day was celebrated by firing at the birds and spearing the fish, that hover around the bows to prey upon the poor-flying fish, who seem to stand a small chance of escaping from both. One of these little fish struck me, as I stood at the ship's waist, this evening, and fell at my feet.

Feb. 26th.—At noon the sun's declination was four minutes north, so that we were four miles too fast to see the sun exactly vertical; but it was as nearly so as is often seen on board last night, of a beautiful brown and white plumage. It was killed, and prepared by an ornithologist on board.

Feb. 27th.—To-day, for the first time, we signalled a ship, bound home. You may imagine with what satisfaction we saw the reply from her, that she read our signal, and the assurance it gave that she would bear home news of our near arrival at Rio.

Sunday, March 4th.—To-day the cry of land was made. Our course for a week past has been interrupted by no event worthy of record. To-night the dew falls heavily on deck, and the smell of the shore is, at times, very strong.

March 6th.—Yesterday we saw the land off our lee bow, rising like a cone from the sea, and which was declared to be Cape Frio. We stood off, as the wind was unfavorable, in order to get to windward, and at night we were about five miles to southwestward of the Cape, with a high promontory bearing N. W. by West, when the wind fell off to a perfect calm. The swell rolled very heavily, and with our head to the shore, we seemed to be working on. The boats were got out, and held in readiness, in case the ship approached too near, to work her head off. In this way the night was passed. The Captain was constantly on deck, and the roar of the surf upon the rocks was distinctly heard. A light breeze sprang up this morning, and we stood off to clear the headland before us. About two o'clock to-day, the Captain discovered that the land he had made as Cape Frio was not that Cape, but was Cape Thomas, and that we had lain all night in a very critical position. We were now weathering the true Cape Frio. This is an island about 2 1/2 miles long, and a rising in the center nearly 1,570 feet. A British ship of war was wrecked here, about twenty years ago, with 800,000 dollars in silver. The most of this was uninhabited, the island, which before was uninhabited, became the residence of the company who undertook the recovery. They describe it as abounding in splendid plants and birds, and enormous serpents. Before us is the great saddle mountain; its twin summits have a cloud resting upon it—and near it is a rock rising from the sea, called the Sugar Loaf. It is just perceptible to us from the sea, and is seven miles from Rio.

March 9th.—We have been becalmed in the mouth of the harbor, and are just arrived. A boat from one of our ships of war is here, and takes our letters. I must close, and send again as soon as possible.

An anecdote, affording a good hint to young ministers, is told of Dr. Dwight, to this effect:—A young clergyman called upon him for advice as to the best method of treating a very difficult and abstruse point of mental philosophy, upon which he was preparing a sermon: "I cannot give you any information on the subject," the doctor replied, "I am not familiar with such topics, I leave them for young men."

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
Give me the man who'll say,
That, when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day.
We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait to-day.
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
There's much to do to-day.
That can never be accomplished,
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty—
Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till to-morrow
What to-day can do as well!

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do
We cannot do at last!
To-day it is the only time
For all on this frail earth;
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth.

THE JEWS OF EUROPE.

We are indebted to "The Independent" for the following extracts from a letter addressed to Mr. Moody Stuart, chairman of the Jews' Committee at Edinburgh, by the Rev. G. Schwartz, a Prussian minister, long resident in Germany, and now laboring among the Jews of Amsterdam. His letter bears date 9th of November last.

"The Jews—can it be expected that they will be idle spectators, and that their mode of thinking or acting will not be influenced by all that has been going on in these years past? O no! they have taken an active part in all these proceedings; and, cruelly treated by the Christian States, they have directed all their talents and means to overthrow the State and Christianity, believing that both are alike inimical to their political liberty. As editors and correspondents of almost all the influential newspapers, and as public speakers in the great assemblies, they have excited the middle and lower classes, have promised them great liberties and good payment for their work, and have represented the orthodox Christians as the great obstacle to all reform, and of course to the real happiness of the people. As men love darkness more than light, all such opinions were very acceptable to their hearers; the Jews became the heroes of the day, and led public opinion whereto they pleased. While, on the one hand, they influenced the Christians, they remained unmoved by all that was going on among the Christians. It is a very remarkable sign of the times, that while in former days the Jews did their utmost to keep up their nationality, and to remain separated from all contact with the Christians, Israel has long since begun to learn from the Gentiles; they wish to be mixed up with them, and everywhere they deny their nationality. It is a vain undertaking, for after the will of the Lord they shall never cease from being a nation before Him; but they endeavor to adopt all the manners they are, these Christians. In Germany hesitation to profess it publicly, with their lips and pens. The minister of the reform party in Berlin (he would be ashamed of being called their Rabbi) declares, therefore, that circumcision is quite unnecessary; for, argues he, this rite was originally instituted as a sign of the covenant made with Abraham, in order to distinguish him and his posterity from all the other nations, but that is the very thing we do not want now. The Jewish Sabbath needs not to be kept up; we can have our religious meetings on the Sunday. True, it is said, in the beginning of the second chapter of Genesis, that God has sanctified the seventh day, but what is that to us; all the three first chapters of Genesis are nothing but a mythos, and have therefore no great authority. Christians and Jews admire the clearness of his reasonings, and the great liberality he manifests in all his sermons and writings. In Magdeburg, a Jewish Rabbi has held public lectures on Judaism and Christianity, and they were attended by the wealthiest and noblest Christians of the town; and in the same place a Christian minister has written 'his confession,' wherein he distinctly declares that there is no real difference between him and a Jewish minister. In Holland such things would not be tolerated; such teachings of Jewish or Christian ministers would give offense to the Synagogue and the Church. The Jews here, like the Christians, are in general orthodox, and keep up their old forms and ceremonies, and would not venture to deny the authority of the Old Testament."

"In Amsterdam there are about 25,000 German Jews, and 2,000 Portuguese Jews. They have many synagogues, and the largest one of the Portuguese Jews is built in the form of the temple. Holland has ever been to them a place of refuge, and hence they have come here from all parts of the Continent; and, being strangers in a strange land, they probably felt drawn one to another, and have lived in the same parts of the town. Till this very day there exists a Jewish quarter, where almost all the Jews live together, though they are allowed to live in every part of the town. They are not very cleanly; and on a week-day it is not very pleasant to go through that part of the city, but it is quite different on the Jewish Sabbath. You see nothing but happy faces, nicely dressed, all enjoying the rest of the Sabbath day. I have been told that on Saturday evening the poor Jews give up their Sabbath dress to the leaders of the synagogue; a sum of money is lent to them to earn their livelihood during the week; on Friday morning they pay back the money and get their clothes for the Sabbath. Thus the poorer Jews are kept in continual dependence upon the munificence of the synagogue, and the Rabbis exercise great power over them. Alas! many of the Jews, and especially of the Jewesses, are very ignorant and bigoted; many of the latter are not able to read Hebrew or Dutch. Here they enjoy all political liberty, and yet they are

much more despised than in Germany. It is impossible to say how little real love is shown to them. Hence it comes that none cares for their spiritual welfare; their promises are not believed, and the clean Dutchman fears lest he should be polluted by coming into close contact with the filthy Jew. Six years ago a little interest was awakened on their behalf; but as the work was not carried on in the right spirit, even the former few friends have become lukewarm."

ANECDOTE OF REV. JOSEPH BUCKMINSTER.

Selected for the Sabbath Recorder from Mrs. Loe's Memoir. His biographer, speaking of his mother, says, "She was indeed an admirable woman, of that gentle and loving disposition, and devout heart, which were afterward so happily reflected in the character of her son. Him she consecrated to God on her death-bed; and the recollection that his lost mother had called him to be a minister would have been sufficient to determine his choice, even if the matter had not already been decided by his own feelings."

When Joseph was between five and six years old, his parents left home on a journey for a few weeks, and his father, when he took leave of the boy, said, rather jestingly, "Well, my son, you must have an eye to the family who I am absent, and see that every thing goes on in its accustomed regularity; never suspecting the extent to which his suggestion would be acted upon. Joseph, accordingly, as soon as the hours of school were over, repaired to his father's study, and spent the time alone with the books; and when the hour for the morning or evening devotions of the family arrived, he rang the bell, and, in his sweet childish voice, summoned the inmates of the house to prayer. He read a chapter, with the commentary, as usual, and concluded with an extemporaneous prayer; and this with so much gravity and solemnity that, instead of any approach to levity in the servants, they were impressed with a deep seriousness, and one of them was greatly affected. This was not done once or twice only, but continued during the absence of his parents.

Another somewhat singular circumstance is related as having occurred at the death of this remarkable youth, in the 28th year of his age, which is thus narrated by his biographer:—

The real union of spirit between the father and his richly gifted son was attested in an affecting manner by their deaths within twenty-four hours of each other, though at places too distant to allow the news to be carried from one to the other during this short interval. The father died at a little village near Bennington, Vermont, while on a journey to Saratoga Springs, that was undertaken in the hope of promoting his recovery from a serious attack of the malady which had hung about him ever since his college days. He had not shared in this hope, but had yielded to the advice of his wife, perfect composure. "My son Joseph is dead." As no news of that son's illness had reached them, she supposed he had been dreaming, and endeavored to convince him that it was so. "No," he replied, "I have not slept nor dreamed; he is dead." He was right; the son had died of brain fever in Boston the night before, and within a few hours the father followed him. As Mrs. Buckminster herself related the conversation which she had with him that morning, there can be no doubt of the truth of the story. The son had died prematurely, while the father was declining in years; but the fruit which had just appeared under the blossom, and that which had grown old on the stalk, were equally ripe for heaven.

THE INWARD WITNESS.

We learn from the Mirror, that the author of the following paragraph was a good minister who came over to this country not many years after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, having been driven by persecution from not less than seven places in England. He abode a short time at Dorchester, afterward at Weymouth, and finally at Rehoboth—perhaps he was the first settler of this last named place, as the name was given to him. He was accustomed to record the results of his personal examinations of the state of his heart. One of these entries has been preserved. It is as follows:—

"I find that I love God, and desire to love him more. I find a desire to requite evil with good. I find that I am looking up to God to see Him and his hand in all things. I find a greater fear of displeasing God than all the world. I find a love to such Christians as I never saw or received good from. I find a grief when I see the commands of God broken. I find a mourning when I do not find an assurance of God's love. I find a willingness to give God the glory of all my abilities to do good. I find a joy in the company and conversation of the godly. I find a grief when I perceive it goes ill with Christians. I find a constant love to secret duties. I find a bewailing of such sins as the world cannot accuse me of. I find I constantly choose suffering to avoid sin."

The man who can truly say this of himself is fitted for earth or heaven. There are test points in this record, very convenient for others to try themselves by.

One day, when Bunyan had been preaching with considerable warmth and enlargement, he was met by one of his congregation who complimented him upon the excellence of his discourse. "O!" replied the preacher, "you need not have told me so; the devil reminded me of that before I came out of the pulpit."

A CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

(From Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices.)

It is scarcely possible that the wildest romance could exceed the true history of Chief Justice Popham. He was born at Wellington, in the year 1531, of genteel, though not high parentage.

"While yet a child he was stolen by a band of gipsies, and remained some months in their society; whence some pretend to account for the irregular habits and little respect for the rules of propriety which afterwards marked one period of his life. His captors had disgraced him, and had burnt on his left arm a cabalistic mark which he carried with him to the grave. But his constitution, which had been sickly before, was strengthened by the wandering life he had led with these lawless associates, and he grew up to be a man of extraordinary stature and activity of body. We have no account of his schooling before he was sent to Balliol College, Oxford. Here he was very studious and well-behaved, and he laid in a good stock of classical learning and of dogmatic divinity. But when removed to the Middle Temple, that he might qualify himself for the profession of the law, he got into bad company, and utterly neglected his juridical studies. He preferred theatres, gaming-houses, and other haunts of dissipation, to 'readings' and 'moots'; and once, when asked to accompany a friend to hear an important case argued by great lawyers in Westminster Hall, he declared that 'he was going there he would see disputants whom he honored (more—to a bear-baiting in Alsatia)'. Unfortunately, this was not, as in a subsequent age, in the case of young Holt, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, merely a temporary neglect of discipline—a sowing of his wild oats. * * * It seems to stand on undoubted testimony, that at this period of his life, besides being given to drinking and gaming, either to supply his prodigal expenditure, or to show his spirit, he frequently sallied forth at night from a hotel in Southwark, with a band of desperate characters, and that, planting themselves in ambush on Shooter's Hill, or taking other positions favorable for attack and escape, they stopped travelers, and took from them not only their money, but any valuable commodities which they carried with them—boasting that they were always civil and generous, and that, to avoid serious consequences, they went in such numbers as to render resistance impossible."

All this seems singular enough; and that he should have continued these lawless courses, after he had been called to the bar, and married respectably, is more so. But the account of his reformation, as related by Aubrey, ousties the wildest fiction. "For several years he addicted himself but little to the studio of the lawes, but profigate company, and was wont to take a purse with them. His wife considered her and his condition, and at last prevailed with him, 'no, no, being men about'—merrit years old. He spoke to his wife to provide a good entertainment for his comrades to take his leave of them, and after that day fell extremely hard to his studie, and profited exceedingly. He was a strong, stout man, and could endure to sit at it day and night; became eminent in his calling, had good practice, was called to be a sergeant and a judge."

The result of his reformation was, 'that he became a consummate lawyer, and was allowed to be so by Coke, who depreciated all contemporaries, and was accustomed to sneer at the "book learning" of Francis Bacon.' Singularly enough, he rose rapidly—and in 1571 became 'Sergeant Popham.' 'His feast was on a scale of extraordinary magnificence, and he furnished some very fine old Gascoigny wines, which the wags reported he had intercepted one night as it was coming from Southampton, destined for the cellar of an alderman of London.' In 1581 he was elected speaker of the House of Commons; and he was subsequently made Attorney General—when he conducted the trials of Babington and his accomplices. In 1592 he became Chief Justice; but although he must have well known the temptations 'to life on the road,' there never was a more severe Judge; in all such cases. He was notorious as a 'hanging Judge'; and not only was he keen to convict in cases prosecuted by the government, 'but in ordinary larcenies, and above all in highway robberies, there was little chance of an acquittal before him.' Popham, however, was not always cruel. Though severe against common felons, he was touched by the misfortunes of the high-minded Essex; and his conduct afforded a most praiseworthy contrast to that of Coke and Bacon, who, though almost life-long enemies, could yet join in an actual 'baiting' of that gallant young nobleman. Popham recommended a pardon, which would have been extended, if the fatal ring had duly reached the hands of Elizabeth. He presided with much impartiality at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh. 'In examining the mode in which criminal trials were then conducted, our author remarks, 'it is curious to observe that the practice of interrogating the accused, which the French still follow and praise, prevailed in England. Many questions were put to Sir Walter on this occasion in the hope of entrapping him. On account of his great acuteness, they were rather of service to him; but they proved how unequally this mode of striving to get at truth must operate, and how easily it may be abused.' Popham tried Guy Fawkes and his associates; and his last appearance in a case of public interest was upon the trial of Garnet. The following year he died.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil on which virtue prospers.

