

of intentional offence. His reputation and credit were very great in the kingdom, and much was supposed to depend on his conduct at this critical juncture. Archbishop Cranmer, therefore, urged every argument that could be devised to persuade him to compliance, and promises were profusely made to him from the King; but neither argument nor promises could prevail. We will give the last of these attempts to shake his determination, in the words of his son-in-law, Mr. Roper:—

“Mr. Rich, pretending friendly talk with him, among other things of a set course, said this unto him: ‘Forasmuch as is well known, Mr. More, that you are a man both wise and well learned, as well in the laws of the realm as otherwise, I pray you therefore, sir, let me be so bold as of good-will to put unto you this case. Admit there were, sir, an act of parliament that the realm should take me for King; would not you, Mr. More, take me for King?’ ‘Yes, sir,’ quoth Sir Thomas More, ‘that would I.’ ‘I put the case further,’ quoth Mr. Rich, ‘that there were an act of parliament that all the realm should take me for Pope; would not you then, Master More, take me for Pope?’ ‘For answer, sir,’ quoth Sir Thomas More, ‘to your first case the parliament may well, Master Rich, meddle with the state of temporal princes; but to make answer to your other case, I will put you this case. Suppose the parliament would make a law that God should not be God; would you then, Master Rich, say that God were not God?’ ‘No, sir,’ quoth he, ‘that would I not; sith no parliament may make any such law.’ ‘No more,’ quoth Sir Thomas More, ‘could the parliament make the King supreme head of the Church’ Upon whose only report, was Sir Thomas indicted of high treason on the statute to deny the King to be supreme head of the church, into which indictment were put these heinous words, *maliciously, traitorously, and diabolically.*”

Sir Thomas More in his defence alleged many arguments to the discredit of Rich's evidence, and in proof of the clearness of his own conscience; but all this was of no avail, and the jury found him guilty. When asked in the usual manner why judgment should not be passed against him, he argued against the indictment as grounded on an Act of Parliament repugnant to the laws of God and the Church, the government of which belonged to the see of Rome, and could not lawfully be assumed by any temporal prince. The Lord Chancellor, however, and the other Commissioners gave judgment against him.

He remained in the Tower a week after his sentence, and during that time he was uniformly firm and composed, and even his peculiar vein of cheerfulness remained unimpaired. It accompanied him even to the scaffold, on going up to which, he said to the Lieutenant of the Tower, “I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself.” After his prayers were ended, he turned to the executioner and said, with a cheerful countenance, “Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short, take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry for thine own credit's sake.” Then laying his head upon the block, he bid the executioner stay till he had removed his beard, saying, “My beard has never committed any treason;” and immediately the fatal blow was given. These witticisms have so repeatedly run the gauntlet through all the jest-books, that it would hardly have been worth while to repeat them here, were it not for the purpose of introducing the comment of Mr. Addison on Sir Thomas's behaviour on this solemn occasion. “What was only philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his manners.”

He was executed on St. Thomas's eve in the year 1555. The barbarous part of the sentence, so dis-

graceful to the Statute-book, was remitted. Lest serious minded persons should suppose that his conduct on the scaffold was mere levity, it should be added that he addressed the people, desiring them to pray for him, and to bear witness that he was going to suffer death in and for the faith of the holy Catholic Church. The Emperor Charles V. said, on hearing of his execution, “Had we been master of such a servant, we would rather have lost the best city of our dominions than such a worthy councillor.”

No one was more capable of appreciating the character of Sir Thomas More than Erasmus, who represents him as more pure and white than the whitest snow, with such wit as England never had before, and was never likely to have again. He also says, that in theological discussions the most eminent divines were not unfrequently worsted by him; but he adds a wish that he had never meddled with the subject. Sir Thomas More was peculiarly happy in extempore speaking, the result of a well-stored and ready memory, suggesting without delay whatever the occasion required. Thuanus also mentions him with much respect, as a man of strict integrity and profound learning.

His life has been written by his son-in-law, Roper, and is the principal source whence this narrative is taken. Erasmus has also been consulted, through whose epistolary works there is much information about his friend. There is also a life of him by Ferdinando Warner L. L. D., with a translation of his Utopia, in an octavo volume, published in 1758.

#### THE COUNTESS POTOZKA.

MR. TWEDDELL visited a remote corner of Europe—Tulczyn, in the Ukraine, where he passed some time at the seat of the Countess Potozka, and in the company of her numerous guests, and her neighbours the distinguished family of the Duke de Polignac. He thus describes the princely hospitality of the Countess Potozka:—

“The Countess has indeed a princely establishment, about 150 persons daily in family. The Marshal Suwarow, and a great number of his officers occupy a wing of the palace, which is a very large and magnificent building. I have an apartment of three rooms, to myself. The family never unites before dinner-time. Each person orders breakfast in his own apartment, and has all the morning to himself; this is very convenient; a perfect liberty of conduct upon all occasions. The Countess sends a servant to me every morning to ask if I want anything, and at what hour I choose to ride out. I have a carriage and four horses, and one of her servants to attend me whenever I please. We are just restored to tranquillity after a mighty bustle. There has been a great wedding in the family. We have had a great crowd of Russian Princes; and all the feet of the Ukraine have been summoned to dance.

“Marshal Suwarow, the hero of Ismael, is a very extraordinary character. He dines every morning about nine o'clock. He sleeps almost naked. He affects a perfect indifference to heat and cold; and quits his chamber, which approaches to suffocation, in order to review his troops, in a thin linen jacket, while the thermometer of Reaumur is at ten degrees below freezing. His manners correspond with his humours: he finds that it suits his troops, and the people he has to deal with. I asked him, if after the massacre at Ismael, he was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the day? He said he went home and wept in his tent!

“I have seldom passed my time so pleasantly as in the Ukraine. But the greatest treasure to me was the society of the Polignacs, with whom I dined three or four times a week, and spent the whole day. It is truly a rare thing to see women who have always lived in the great world, and on its very pinnacle, and who, while they appeared made only for that, so highly possessed of every charm that gives a relish to private life.”