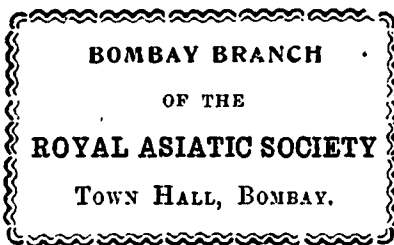


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# A N E C D O T E S

OF SOME

DISTINGUISHED PERSONS,

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THE PRESENT AND TWO PRECEDING  
CENTURIES.

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ADORNED WITH SCULPTURES.

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V O L. II.

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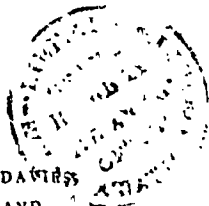
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## E R R A T A .

- Page 127. line 6. for *think*, read *say*.  
129. line 6. from bottom, for *Duke of Bourbon*, read  
*Duc d'Enguien*.  
170. line 4. instead of a *femicolon*, and line 7. instead  
of a *period*, put *marks of interrogation*.  
174. line 17. for *commence*, read *s'avance*.  
4. from bottom, for *fera*, read *sera*.  
235. line 3. after *addressees*, insert *it to*.  
287. line 6. for *Clennel*, read *Clennard*.





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# A N E C D O T E S

O F

SOME DISTINGUISHED PERSONS,

&c. &c. &c.

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## CHARLES THE SECOND.

THE original of the following curious letter from Charles the Second to Mrs. Lane\*, is in the possession of JOHN LEIGH PHILIPS, Esq. of Manchester.

“ MRS. LANE;

“ I HAVE hitherto deferred writing to you in  
“ hope to be able to send you some what else  
“ besides a letter, and I believe it troubles me  
“ more, that I cannot yett doe it, than it does  
“ you, though I doe not take you to be in a

\* Mrs. Lane, with great dexterity, managed the escape of Charles after the battle of Worcester through the midland counties to the sea.

“ good condition longe to expect it, the truth is.  
 “ my necessities are greater than can be imagined,  
 “ but I am promised they shall be shortly supplied,  
 “ if they are you shall be sure to receive a share,  
 “ for it is impossible I can ever forgett the great  
 “ debte I owe you, w<sup>ch</sup> I hope I shall live to pay,  
 “ in a degree that is worthy of me, in the meane  
 “ time I am sure all who love me will be very  
 “ kind to you, else I shall never think them so to  
 “ Your most affectionat frind

“ CHARLES R.

“ Paris, Novr. 23, 1652.”

Charles had pardoned a person of quality, who  
 had killed his antagonist unfairly in a duel.—  
 Some time afterwards, the person upon whom he  
 had so improperly exercised one of the noblest  
 prerogatives of royalty, having murdered another  
 man, Lord Rochester told the King, “ Sir, it  
 “ was not Lord ——— but your Majesty that  
 “ killed this man.”

The author of the “Richardsoniana” gives the  
 following instance of that readiness of reply which  
 this lively Monarch possessed.—His Majesty  
 asking Dr. Stillingfleet one day, “ How it happened  
 “ that he always read his sermons before him, when  
 “ he was informed that he always preached with-  
 “ out book elsewhere? ” the Doctor told the King,  
 “ That the awe of so noble an audience, where he  
 “ saw

“ saw nothing that was not greatly superior to  
 “ him; but chiefly the seeing before him so great  
 “ and so wise a Prince, made him afraid to trust  
 “ himself. But, in return; will your Majesty  
 “ give me leave to ask you a question too:—  
 “ Why you read your speeches, when you can  
 “ have none of the same reasons ?” “ Why  
 “ truly, Doctor,” replied the King, “ your  
 “ question is a very pertinent one, and so will be  
 “ my answer: I have asked my subjects so often,  
 “ and for so much money, that I am ashamed to  
 “ look them in the face.”

Count Zinzendorf, in his “ Lecteur Royal,”  
 says, “ That when Charles the Second quitted  
 “ Brussels, he desired his Spanish agent there to  
 “ send him occasionally the news: ‘ Of what  
 “ kind, Sire; would you have your news ?’ As  
 “ the King appeared surpris’d at the question, the  
 “ Spaniard replied, ‘ Alas, Sir, my master Don  
 “ Juan, the Governor of the Low Countries, has  
 “ given me precise orders always to send him good  
 “ news, whether it be true or false.”

---

### LORD CLARENDON.

THE following Letter from Princess Elizabeth,  
 daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, to this illustrious

trious Nobleman, is in the possession of Dr. HARRINGTON, of Bath.

“ Frankfort, July 28, 1662.

“ MY LORD,

“ HAVING entrusted Sir Wm. Sandys to  
 “ folicite the confirmation of a Pattend, which I  
 “ received from the late King of blessed memory for  
 “ my allowance, I hope you will be so juste and  
 “ favourable as to afford me your countenance  
 “ therein; and do make my addressses to you with  
 “ more confidence, considering the real affection  
 “ you have most generously expres’d towards the  
 “ Queen my mother during her life, in persuasion  
 “ that it is not altogether extinct, and may be  
 “ deriv’d on me, as my relation to her Majesty  
 “ obligeth me to be

“ Your affectionate friend to serve you,  
 “ ELIZABETH.”

---

EXTRACTS RELATIVE TO LORD CLARENDON,  
 FROM SOME VERY CURIOUS MEMOIRS IN MS.  
 WRITTEN BY A LADY ABOUT THE YEAR  
 1682.

“ 1650. THE two parties in Scotland, being  
 “ dissatisfied with each other’s Ministers, and Sir  
 “ Edward Hyde and Secretary Nicholas being  
 “ excepted against and left in Holland, it was pro-  
 “ posed (the State wanting a Secretary for the  
 “ King) that Sir Richard Fanshawe should be im-  
 “ mediately

“ mediately sent for from Holland, which was done  
 “ accordingly, and he went with letters and presents  
 “ from the Princess of Orange and the Princess  
 “ Royal.

“ Here I will say something of Sir Edward  
 “ Hyde’s nature. He being surpris’d with this  
 “ news, and suspecting that Sir Richard might  
 “ come to greater power than himself, both because  
 “ of his parts and integrity, and because he had  
 “ been some time absent on the Spanish Embassy;  
 “ he, with all the humility possible, and earnest  
 “ passion, begged Sir Richard to remember the  
 “ King often of him to his advantage, as occasion  
 “ should serve, and to procure leave that he might  
 “ wait on the King, promising with all the oaths  
 “ that he could express, to cause belief that he  
 “ would serve Sir Richard’s interest in whatsoever  
 “ condition he should be in. Thus they parted,  
 “ with Sir Richard’s promises to serve him in  
 “ what he was capable of; upon which account  
 “ many letters passed between them.

“ The King promised Sir Richard that he should  
 “ be one of the Secretaries of State (at the Resto-  
 “ ration), and both the Duke of Ormond and Lord  
 “ Chancellor Clarendon were witnesses of it; yet  
 “ that false man made the King break his word,  
 “ for his own accommodation, and placed Mr.  
 “ Morrice, a poor country gentleman of about

“ 200l. a-year, a fierce Presbyterian, and one who  
 “ never saw the King’s face; but still promises  
 “ were made of the reversion to Sir Richard.—  
 “ Now it was the business of the Chancellor to put  
 “ Sir Richard as far from the King as he could,  
 “ because his ignorance in state affairs was daily  
 “ discovered by Sir Richard, who shewed it to the  
 “ King; but at that time the King was so content  
 “ that he, Lord Clarendon, should almost alone  
 “ manage his affairs, that he might have more  
 “ time for his pleasures, that his faults were not so  
 “ visible as otherwise they would have been, and  
 “ afterwards proved.

“ 1665. The Articles concluded on between  
 “ England and Spain by Sir Richard Fanshawe,  
 “ and the Articles for the adjustment between Spain  
 “ and Portugal, were cavilled at by Lord Chan-  
 “ cellor Clarendon and his party, that they might  
 “ have an opportunity to send the Earl of Sand-  
 “ wich out of the way from the Parliament which  
 “ then sat, and as he and his friends feared would be  
 “ severely punished for his cowardice in the Dutch  
 “ fight. He neither understood the customs of the  
 “ Court nor the language, nor indeed anything but  
 “ a vicious life; and thus was he shuffed into Sir  
 “ Richard’s employment, to reap the benefit of his  
 “ five years negotiation of the peace of England,  
 “ Spain, and Portugal, and after above thirty years  
 “ studying

“ studying state affairs, and many of them in the  
 “ Spanish Court, So much are Ambassadors slaves  
 “ to the public Ministers at home, who often  
 “ through ignorance or envy ruin them.”

Charles the Second wrote to the Duke of Ormond, giving his reasons for dismissing Lord Clarendon from his service. This letter Mr. Carte could never find amongst those written to that illustrious nobleman. It has been said, that Lord Clarendon's temper was bad and peevish, and that Charles was glad to get rid of him on that account.

..

---

*SIR RICHARD FANSHLAWE.*

THIS most excellent and faithful servant of a careless and profligate master, on receiving his dismissal from him as his Minister at Madrid, wrote the following letter, which is now first published from the original MS.

“ Madrid, Thursday 3d June 1666. St. Loci,

“ BY the hands of my Lord of Sandwich, who  
 “ arrived in this Court upon Friday last, was  
 “ delivered to me a letter of revocation from your  
 “ Majesty, directed to the Queen Regent, and at  
 “ the same time another with which your Majesty  
 “ honoured

“ honoured me for myself; implying the principal  
 “ (if not the only) motive of the former to have  
 “ been, some exceptions that had been made re-  
 “ lative to the papers \* which I signed with the  
 “ Duke of Medinas de los Torres, upon the 17th  
 “ of December last past; a consideration sufficient  
 “ to have utterly cast down a soul less sensible than  
 “ hath ever been mine of your Majesty’s least  
 “ show of displeasure, though not accompanied  
 “ with other punishments, if your Majesty (ac-  
 “ cording to the accustomed tenderness of your  
 “ Royal disposition, in which you excell all  
 “ Monarchs living), to comfort an old servant, had  
 “ not yourself broken the blow in the descent, by  
 “ this gracious expression in the same letter:—  
 ‘ That I may assure myself your Majesty believes  
 ‘ I proceeded in the Articles signed by me as  
 ‘ aforesaid, with integrity and regard to your Royal  
 ‘ service, and that I may be further assured the same  
 ‘ will justify me towards your Majesty, what-  
 ‘ ever exceptions may have been made to my  
 ‘ papers.’

“ In obedience to your Majesty’s letter above-  
 “ mentioned, I make account, God willing, to be  
 “ upon my way towards England some time next

\* Relating to the commerce of Spain, and to the esta-  
 blishing a truce between that Crown and Portugal.

“ month,



“ month, having in the interim performed to my  
 “ Lord Sandwich (as I hope I shall to his full satisf-  
 “ faction) those offices which your Majesty com-  
 “ mands me in the same, whose Royal person,  
 “ councils, and undertakings, God Almighty pre-  
 “ serve and prosper many years; the daily fervent  
 “ prayers of

“ Your Majesty’s

“ Ever loyal subject,

“ Ever faithful and

“ Most obedient servant,

“ RICHARD FANSHAWE.”

His recall is said to have broke his heart; he died  
 soon afterwards. Sir Richard was a scholar in the  
 ancient and modern languages. He translated the  
 Pastor Fido of Guarini in the spirit of the origi-  
 nal, of which Sir John Denham thus speaks,  
 after having censured servile translations:

A new and nobler way thou dost pursue  
 To make translations and translators too;  
 They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,  
 True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

Sir Richard translated into Latin verse that  
 beautiful modern pastoral Fletcher’s “ Faithful  
 “ Shepherds;” and wrote some original poems  
 and letters during his embassies in Spain and  
 Portugal.

Sir

Sir Richard's person and disposition are thus described in the MS. Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, which are addressed by her to her only son, and begin in this exquisitely tender and affecting manner ;

“ I HAVE thought it convenient to dis-  
 “ course to you, my most dear and only son,  
 “ the most remarkable actions and incidents of  
 “ your family, as well as those eminent ones of  
 “ your father's and my life; and necessity, not  
 “ delight nor revenge, hath made me insist upon  
 “ some passages which will reflect on their own-  
 “ ers, as the praises of others will be but just  
 “ (which is my intent in this narrative). I would  
 “ not have you be a stranger to it, because, by  
 “ your example, you may imitate what is applica-  
 “ ble to your condition in the world, and endea-  
 “ vour to avoid those misfortunes we have pass'd  
 “ through, if God please.

“ Endeavour to be innocent as a dove, but as  
 “ wise as a serpent; and let this lesson direct you  
 “ most in the greater extremes of fortune:—  
 “ Hate idleness, and avoid all passions. Be true in  
 “ your words and actions. Unnecessarily deliver  
 “ not your opinion; but when you do, let it be  
 “ just, consistent, and plain. Be charitable in  
 “ thought, word and deed, and ever ready to  
 “ forgive

“ forgive injuries done to yourself; and be more  
 “ pleased to do good than to receive good. Be civil  
 “ and obliging to all (dutiful where God and  
 “ nature command you), but a friend to *one*; and  
 “ that friendship keep *sacred*, as the greatest tie  
 “ upon earth; and be sure to ground it upon  
 “ *virtue*, for *no* other is either happy or lasting.

“ Endeavour always to be content in that state  
 “ of life to which it hath pleased God to call you;  
 “ and think it a *great fault* not to improve your  
 “ time, either for the good of your soul, or the  
 “ improvement of your understanding, health, or  
 “ estate; and as these are the most *pleasant pastimes*,  
 “ so it will make you a chearful old age,  
 “ which is as necessary for you to design, as to  
 “ make provision to support the infirmities which  
 “ decay of strength brings; and it was never seen  
 “ that a vicious youth terminated in a contented  
 “ chearful old age, *but perished out of countenance*.

“ Ever keep the best *qualified* persons company,  
 “ out of whom you will find advantage; and  
 “ reserve some hours daily to examine yourself and  
 “ fortune; for if you embark yourself in *perpetual*  
 “ *conversation* or recreation, you will certainly  
 “ shipwreck your mind and fortune. Remember  
 “ the proverb, ‘ Such as his company is, such is  
 “ the man;’ and have glorious actions before your  
 “ eyes, and think what will be your portion in  
 “ heaven,

“ heaven, as well as what you may desire upon,  
 “ earth. Manage your fortune prudently, and  
 “ forget not that you must give God an account  
 “ hereafter, and upon all occasions.

“ Remember your father; whose true image  
 “ though I can never draw to the life, unless God  
 “ will grant me that blessing in you, yet because  
 “ you were but ten months old when God took  
 “ him out of this world, I will for your advan-  
 “ tage shew you him with all truth, and without  
 “ partiality.

“ He was of the biggest size of men, strong, and  
 “ of the best proportion; his complexion fan-  
 “ guine, his skin exceeding fair; his hair dark-  
 “ brown, and very curling, but not long; his eyes  
 “ grey and penetrating; his nose high, his coun-  
 “ tenance gracious and wise, his motion good,  
 “ his speech clear and distinct. He used no  
 “ exercise but walking, and that generally with  
 “ some book in his hand (which oftentimes was  
 “ poetry, in which he spent his idle hours):  
 “ sometimes he would ride out to take the air, but  
 “ his most delight was to go with me in a coach  
 “ some miles, and there discourse of those things  
 “ which then most pleased him (of what nature  
 “ soever). He was very obliging to all, and  
 “ forward to serve his **master** (his King), his  
 “ country, and friend. **Cheerful** in his conversa-  
 “ tion,

tion, his discourse ever pleasant, mixed with  
the sayings of wise men, and their histories  
repeated as occasion offered; yet so reserved,  
that he never shewed the thought of his heart,  
in its greatest sense, but to myself only; and *this*  
I thank God with all my soul for, that he never  
discovered his trouble to me, but he went away  
with perfect cheerfulness and content; nor re-  
vealed he to me his joys and hopes, but he would  
say they were doubled by *putting them in my*  
*breast*. I never heard him hold dispute in my  
life, but often he would speak against it, saying  
it was an uncharitable custom, which never  
turned to the advantage of either party. He  
could never be drawn to the *faction* of any party,  
saying, he found it sufficient honestly to perform  
that employment he was in. He loved and used  
cheerfulness in all his actions, and *professed* his  
religion in his life and conversation. He was a  
true Protestant of the Church of England, and  
so brought up and died. His conversation was  
so honest, that I never heard him speak a word  
in my life that tended to God's dishonour, or  
encouragement of any kind of debauchery or sin.  
He was ever much esteemed by his two masters  
(Charles the First and Second), both for great  
parts and honesty, as well as for his conversation,  
in which they took great delight, he being so  
free

“ free from passion that it made him beloved by all  
 “ that knew him. Nor did I ever see him *moved*  
 “ but with his *master's* concerns, in which he  
 “ would hotly pursue his interest through the  
 “ greatest difficulties. He was the tenderest father  
 “ imaginable; the carefullest and the most gene-  
 “ rous master I ever knew. He loved hospitality,  
 “ and would often say, it was wholly *essential for*  
 “ *the Constitution of England.*

“ He loved and kept order with the greatest  
 “ decency possible; and though he would say I  
 “ *managed* his domestics wholly, yet I ever  
 “ governed them and myself by *his commands*; in  
 “ the managing of which I thank God I found his  
 “ approbation and content.

“ Now, my son, you will expect that I  
 “ should say something that may remain of us  
 “ jointly (which I will do, though it make my  
 “ eyes gush out with tears, and cuts me to the  
 “ soul to remember), and in part express the joys  
 “ with which I was blessed in *him*. *Glory be to*  
 “ *God*, we never had but *one mind* throughout our  
 “ lives; our souls were wrapped up in each  
 “ other; our aims and designs were *one*; our  
 “ loves *one*; our resentments *one*. We so studied  
 “ one the other, that we knew each other's minds  
 “ by our looks. Whatever was real happiness,  
 “ God gave it to me in him. But to *commend* my  
 “ better half (which I want sufficient expression  
 “ for),

“ for), methinks is to commend *myself*, and so may  
 & bear a censure. But might it be permitted, I  
 “ could dwell eternally on his praise most justly.  
 “ But thus without offence I do, and so you may—  
 “ imitate him in his patience, his prudence, his  
 “ chastity, his charity, his generosity, his perfect  
 “ resignation to God’s will; and praise God for  
 “ him as long as you live here, and be with him  
 “ hereafter in the kingdom of Heaven.”

### LADY FANSHAWE.

THIS incomparable woman wrote the Memoirs of her Life, which contain many curious anecdotes of herself and her husband and of the great personages of the times : unfortunately, however, for the lovers of truth, of nature, and of simplicity, they remain in MS. The following beautiful picture of connubial affection blended with good sense and good-humour, might well be appended as an additional chapter to Xenophon’s excellent Treatise on “*Œconomics*; or, the Duties of a Wife.”

“ One day in discourse, Lady ——— tacitly  
 “ commended the knowledge of State affairs, and  
 “ that some women were very happy in a good  
 “ understanding thereof, as my Lady A. Lady S.  
 “ Mrs.

“ Mrs. T. and divers others, and that for it  
 “ nobody was at first more capable than myself—  
 “ That in the night she knew there came a post  
 “ from Paris from the Queen\*, and that she  
 “ would be extremely glad to hear what the  
 “ Queen commanded the King in order to his  
 “ affairs; saying, that if I would ask my husband  
 “ privately, he would tell me what he found in the  
 “ packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young  
 “ and innocent, and to that day never had in my  
 “ mouth ‘What news?’ began to think there  
 “ was more in enquiring into business of public  
 “ affairs than I thought of, and that being a  
 “ *fashionable* thing it would make me more beloved  
 “ of my husband (if that *had* been possible) than I  
 “ was. After my husband returned home from  
 “ Council, after welcoming him (as my custom  
 “ ever was), he went with his hand full of papers  
 “ into his study for an hour or more. I followed  
 “ him—He turned hastily; and said, ‘What  
 “ wouldst thou have, my life?’ I told him; I  
 “ heard the Prince had received a packet from the  
 “ Queen, and I guessed it that in his hand, and I  
 “ desired to know what was in it. He smiling  
 “ replied, ‘My love, I will immediately come to  
 “ thee; pray thee go, for I am very busy.’ When  
 “ he came out of his closet, I resumed my suit;

\* Henrietta Maria, wife to Charles I.



“ he kissed me, and talked of other things. At  
 “ supper I would eat nothing. He (as usually)  
 “ sat by me, and drank often to me (which was  
 “ his custom), and was full of discourse to com-  
 “ pany that was at table. Going to bed I asked  
 “ him again, and said, I could not believe he loved  
 “ me, if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he  
 “ said nothing, and stopped my mouth with kisses;  
 “ so we went to bed.—I cried, and he went to  
 “ sleep. Next morning very early (as his custom  
 “ was) he called to rise, but began to discourse  
 “ with me first, to which I made no reply. He  
 “ rose, came to the other side of the bed, and  
 “ kissed me, and drew the curtain softly, and went  
 “ to Court. When he came home to dinner, he  
 “ presently came to me (as was usual); and  
 “ when I had him by the hand, I said, ‘ Thou dost  
 “ not care to see me troubled.’ To which he  
 “ (taking me in his arms) answered, ‘ My dearest  
 “ soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that,  
 “ and when you asked me of my business, it was  
 “ wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my  
 “ life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought  
 “ of my heart in which the trust I am in may not  
 “ be revealed; but my honour is *mine* own, which  
 “ I cannot preserve if I communicate the Prince’s  
 “ affairs; and pray thee, with this answer rest  
 “ satisfied.’ So great was his reason and goodness,  
 “ that,

“ that, upon consideration, it made my folly  
 “ appear to be so vile, that from that day until the  
 “ day of his death I never thought fit to ask him  
 “ any business but what he communicated to me  
 “ freely, in order to his estate or family.”

The following exquisitely tender incident took place between Lady Fanshawe and her husband, in a voyage they made together from Galway to Malaga, in the spring of the year 1649.

“ We pursued our voyage with prosperous  
 “ winds, but a most tempestuous master, a Dutch-  
 “ man (which is enough to say), but truly, I  
 “ think, the greatest beast I ever saw of his kind.  
 “ When we had just passed the Straits, we saw  
 “ coming towards us, with full sails, a Turkish  
 “ galley well manned, and we believed we should  
 “ be carried away slaves; for this man had so laden  
 “ his ship with goods for Spain, that his guns were  
 “ useless, though the ship carried 60 guns. He  
 “ called for brandy, and after he had well drunken  
 “ and all his men, which were near 200, he called  
 “ for arms, and cleared the deck as well as he could,  
 “ resolving to fight rather than lose his ship,  
 “ which was worth 30,000*l*. This was sad for us  
 “ passengers, but my husband bid us be sure to  
 “ keep in the cabin, and not appear, which would  
 “ make the Turks think we were a man of war;  
 “ but

“ but if they saw women, they would take us for  
“ merchants, and board us. He went upon deck  
“ and took a gun, a bandelier, and sword, expect-  
“ ing the arrival of the Turkish man of war.  
“ This Beast-Captain had locked me up in the  
“ cabin.--I knocked and called to no purpose  
“ until the cabin-boy came and opened the door.  
“ I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to  
“ give me his thrum cap and his tarred coat, which  
“ he did, and I gave him half-a-crown, and put-  
“ ting them on, and flinging away my night-  
“ clothes, I crept up softly, and stood upon the  
“ deck by my husband’s side, as free from sickness  
“ and fear as, I confess, of discretion, but it was the  
“ effect of that passion which I could never master.  
“ By this time the two vessels were engaged in  
“ parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight  
“ of each other’s force, that the Turks man of  
“ war tacked about, and we continued our course.  
“ But when your father saw it convenient to  
“ retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and  
“ snatched me up in his arms, saying, ‘ Good  
“ God, that love can make this change!’ and  
“ though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh  
“ at it as often as he remembered that voyage.”

This excellent woman, in another part of her Memoirs, says :

“ About July this year (1645), the plague  
 “ increased so fast at Bristol, that the Prince  
 “ (Charles the Second) and all his retinue went to  
 “ Barnstaple (which is one of the finest towns I  
 “ know in England), and your father and I went  
 “ two days after the Prince; for during all the  
 “ time I was in Court, I never journeyed but  
 “ either before him or after he was gone, nor  
 “ ever saw him but at church; for it was not in  
 “ those days the fashion for *honest* women (except  
 “ they had business) to visit a *man's Court*.”

These Memoirs contain several very curious particulars relative to the Civil Wars, the fate of the exiled Cavaliers, Lord Clarendon, &c. They are exquisitely entertaining, and, differing from most of the celebrated French Memoirs, evince most clearly, that the trifling and foppish resource of intrigue is not necessary to render a narrative interesting. The French Memoirs, indeed, abound with histories of this kind; and perhaps one of the most productive causes of the ill behaviour of our women in high life may be attributed to the early and the constant reading of these productions,

where

where adultery and intrigue are universally stiled gallantry, and are never treated as crimes. It is much to be wished, that one of the descendants of the antient and illustrious family of Sir Richard Fanshawe who possesses the most perfect copy of these Memoirs, would cause them to be printed, for the amusement and instruction of mankind.

---

*REV. WM. MOMPESON.*

ANTIEN<sup>T</sup> France may, with justice, boast of a Prelate in "Marseilles' good Bishop\*," who was the benefactor and the preserver of mankind; England, however, may congratulate herself in having cherished in her bosom a Parish-Priest, who, without the dignity of character, and the extent of persons over whom M. de Belsunce distributed the blessings of his pastoral care, watched over the smaller flock committed to his charge at no less risque of life, and with no less fervour of piety and activity of benevolence.

\* His name was J. DE BELSUNCE, of an antient family in Guienne in France. He was brought up amongst the celebrated society of the Jesuits, and had taken the vows of their Order.

The Rev. Mr. Mompeffon was Rector of Eyam in Derbyshire during the time of the Plague that nearly depopulated the town in the year 1666, the year after the Plague of London. He married Catherine the daughter of Ralph Carr, Esq. of Couper, in the county of Durham, by whom he had two children living at the time of this dreadful visitation. He in vain intreated Mrs. Mompeffon to quit Eyam at the time of the Plague, and to take her two children with her.— He told her, that though it was his duty to stay amongst his parishioners during their affliction, it was by no means her's, and that she by these means would save her children from being infected with the reigning distemper. She said that she would live and die with him. The children were at last sent away. A monument has been erected to her with this inscription :

“ Catherina,  
 “ Uxor Guliel. Mompeffon,  
 “ Hujus Ecclesiæ Rectoris;  
 “ Filia Rodolphi Carr,  
 “ Nuper de Couper in Comit. Dunelm. Armig,  
 “ Sepulta est xxiii. Die Mens. August.  
 “ Anno Domini 1666.”

Under

Under a Death's-Head on one side of the tomb is this inscription :

“ Mors mihi lucrum.”

On the other is an Hour-Glass, with these words :

“ Cavete ! Nescitis horam.”

Mr. Mompesson, who appears to have been an ailing man, never caught the Plague, and was enabled, during the whole time of the calamity, to perform the functions of the Physician, the Legislator, and the Priest of his afflicted parish, assisting the sick with his medicines, his advice, and his prayers. Veneration, no less than curiosity, must lament that so little is known of this venerable Pastor after the Plague. Tradition still shews a cavern near Eyam, called at this day Cucklett's Church, and formerly called Cucklett's Fields, where this respectable man used to preach and to pray to those of his parishioners who had not the distemper. This fatal disease visited seventy-six families, out of which two hundred and fifty-six persons died. The church-yard not being able to contain the bodies of those that perished by the Plague, many persons were buried in the hills and the fields adjoining. Many of the tomb-stones erected to their memory are still visible, particularly those of the family of Hancock, one of whom is

said to have set on foot the Plating Trade at Sheffield. The Plague broke out in the Spring of 1666, and ceased at the beginning of October in the same year. It was supposed to have been brought from the metropolis in some woollen cloths that were purchased in that city soon after the Plague of 1665, and which had not been sufficiently ventilated and fumigated.

To prevent the contagion from spreading into the neighbourhood of Eyam, the Earl of Devonshire, then resident at Chatsworth, six or seven miles from Eyam, caused provisions and the necessaries of life to be placed upon the hills at regular times, and at appointed places, to which the inhabitants resorted, and carried off what was left for them. By the persuasion and authority of the excellent Rector, the inhabitants were prevailed upon to remain within a certain district.—Mr.

Seward, the last Rector, the father of the elegant Poetess of his name, preached a Centenary Sermon upon the Plague in 1766, in the parish-church of Eyam, composed with such power of description and such a pathetic appeal to the feelings of his auditors (many of whom had lost their ancestors by that dreadful visitation), that he was continually interrupted by the exclamations and tears of his audience.

By



By the kindness of a Gentleman of Eyam, the Public is presented with Three Original Letters of the Rev. Mr. Mompesson written during the time of the Plague. I hope that neither I nor my friends shall ever know that person who can read them without tears.

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### L E T T E R I.

TO MY DEAR CHILDREN, GEORGE AND ELIZABETH MOMPESSEON, THESE PRESENT WITH MY BLESSING.

Eyam, August 1666.

“ DEAR HEARTS,

“ THIS brings you the doleful news of your  
 “ dear Mother’s death, the greatest loss that ever  
 “ yet befel you ! I am not only deprived of a  
 “ kind and loving comfort, but you also are  
 “ bereaved of the most indulgent mother that  
 “ ever dear children had. But we must comfort  
 “ ourselves in God with this consideration, that  
 “ the loss is only *ours*, and that what is *our* sorrow  
 “ is *her* gain : the consideration of her joy  
 “ which

“ which I do assure myself are unutterable,  
 “ should refresh our drooping spirits.

“ My dear hearts, your blessed mother lived  
 “ a most holy life, and made a most comfortable  
 “ and happy end, and is now invested with a  
 “ crown of righteousness. I think that it may  
 “ be useful to you to have a narrative of your  
 “ dear mother’s *virtues*, that by the knowledge  
 “ thereof you may learn to *imitate* her excellent  
 “ qualities.

“ In the first place, let me recommend to you  
 “ her piety and devotion (which were according  
 “ to the exact principles of the Church of  
 “ England). In the next place, I can affirm of  
 “ her, that she was composed of modesty and  
 “ humility, which virtues did possess her dear  
 “ soul in a most eminent manner. Her discourse  
 “ was ever grave and meek, yet pleasant withal ;  
 “ a vaunting immodest word was never heard to  
 “ come out of her mouth. Again, I can set  
 “ out in her two other virtues, *i. e.* *Charity* and  
 “ *Frugality*. She never valued any thing she  
 “ had, when the *necessity of her poor neighbours*  
 “ did require it, but had a bountiful heart to all  
 “ indigent and distressed persons. And again,  
 “ she was never lavish or profuse, but was *com-*  
 “ *mendably frugal* ; so that I profess in the pre-  
 “ sence of God, I never knew a better *housewife*.

“ She

“ She never delighted in the company of *tattling*  
 “ women, and abhorred as much a *wandering*  
 “ temper, of going from house to house to the  
 “ spending of precious time, but was ever busied  
 “ in *useful* occupation. In all her ways she was  
 “ extremely prudent, kind, and affable; yet  
 “ to those from whom she thought no *good* could  
 “ be reaped from their company, she would not  
 “ unbofom herself, but in civility would dismiss  
 “ their society.

“ I do believe, my dear hearts, upon sufficient  
 “ grounds, that she was the *kindest wife in the*  
 “ *world*; and I do think from my soul that she  
 “ loved me *ten times more than herself*. Of this  
 “ I will give you a notable instance: Some  
 “ days before it pleased God to visit my house,  
 “ she perceived a green matter to come from the  
 “ issue in my leg (which she fancied to be a  
 “ symptom of the raging *distemper* amongst us),  
 “ and that it had got *vent*, and that I was past the  
 “ *maturity* of the disease, whercat she rejoiced  
 “ exceedingly. Now I will give you my thoughts  
 “ of this business: I think that she was mistaken  
 “ in her apprehensions of the matter, for certainly  
 “ it was the *salve* that made it look so green;  
 “ yet her rejoicing on that account was a strong  
 “ testimony of her love to me; for I am clear  
 “ that she cared not (*if I were safe*) though  
 “ her

“ her own dear self was in ever so much pain  
“ and jeopardy. Farther I can assure you, my  
“ sweet babes, that her love to *you* was little in-  
“ ferior to her’s to me ; for why should she be  
“ so desirous for my living in this world of sor-  
“ rows, but that *you might have the comfort of my*  
“ *life*. You little imagine with what delight she  
“ was wont to talk of you both, and the pains  
“ that she took when you *sucked on her breasts* is  
“ almost incredible. She gave a large testimony  
“ of her *love to you* upon her death-bed. For,  
“ some hours before she died, I brought her  
“ some cordials, which she plainly told me she  
“ was not able to take. I desired her to take  
“ them for your dear sakes. Upon the mention  
“ of your dear names she lifted up herself, and  
“ took them, which was to let me understand  
“ that (whilst she had any strength left) she  
“ would embrace any opportunity she had of  
“ testifying her affection to you.

“ Now I will give you an account of her  
“ death.—It is certain that she had a sad consump-  
“ tion upon her, and her body was then much  
“ wasted and consumed ; however, we being  
“ surrounded with infected families, she un-  
“ doubtedly got the distemper from them. Her  
“ bodily strength being much impaired, she  
“ wanted not to struggle with the disease, which

“ made her illness so very short, all which time  
 “ she shewed much sorrow for the errors of her  
 “ soul, and often cried out, ‘ One drop of my  
 “ Saviour’s blood to save my soul.’ At the be-  
 “ ginning of her sickness she intreated me not  
 “ to come near her, for fear that I should receive  
 “ harm thereby ; but I can assure you that I did  
 “ not desert her, but (thank God) I stood to my  
 “ resolution not to be from her in all her sickness,  
 “ who had been so tender a nurse to me in her  
 “ health. Blessed be God, that he enabled me to  
 “ be so helpful to her in her sickness, for which  
 “ she was not a little thankful. No worldly  
 “ business in her sickness was any disturbance to  
 “ her, for she minded nothing but *the making*  
 “ *her calling and election sure* ; and she asked for-  
 “ giveness of her maid for giving her sometimes  
 “ an angry word. I gave her several sweating  
 “ antidotes, which had no kind of operation, but  
 “ rather scalded and inflamed her more ; where-  
 “ upon her dear head became distempered, which  
 “ put her upon impertinences, and indeed I was  
 “ troubled thereat ; for I propounded several  
 “ questions in divinity to her ; as—by whom,  
 “ and on what account she expected salvation ?  
 “ and, what assurance she had of the certainty  
 “ thereof ? Though in other things she talked  
 “ at random, yet at the same time to such ques-  
 “ tions

" tions as these she gave me as good an answer  
 " as I could possibly desire or expect ; and at  
 " these times I bid her repeat after me certain  
 " prayers and ejaculations, which she always did  
 " with much devotion, which was no little com-  
 " fort and admiration to me, that God should be  
 " so good and gracious to her.

" A little before her dear soul departed, I was  
 " gone to bed ; she sent for me to pray with  
 " her : I got up and went to her, and asked her  
 " how she did. Her answer was, that she was  
 " but looking when *the good should come*, and  
 " thereupon we went to prayers.

" She had her answers in the Common Prayer-  
 " Book as perfect as if she had been in perfect  
 " health, and an Amen to every pathetic ex-  
 " pression. When we had ended our prayers  
 " for the Visitation of the Sick, we made use of  
 " those prayers which are in the book called  
 " 'The Whole Duty of Man,' and when I  
 " heard her say nothing, I urged her, and said,  
 " 'My dear, dost thou mind?'—'Yes,' was  
 " the last word which she spoke. I question not,  
 " my dear hearts, but that the reading of these  
 " lines will cause many salt tears to spring from  
 " your eyes. Yet this may be some comfort to  
 " you, to think (as I conclude) your dear mo-  
 " ther a glorious Saint in Heaven.

“ I could have told you of many more of  
 “ your dear mother’s excellent virtues, but I  
 “ hope that you will not in the least question  
 “ my testimony, if in a few words I tell you  
 “ that she was pious and upright in her conver-  
 “ sation.

“ Now to that God who bestowed these graces  
 “ on her, be ascribed all honour, glory, and do-  
 “ minion, *the just tribute of all created beings*,  
 “ for evermore.—Amen.

“ WILLIAM MOMPESON.”

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## L E T T E R II.

TO SIR GEORGE SAVILLE, BARONET \*.

Eyam, Sept. 1, 1666.

“ HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“ THIS is the saddest news that ever my pen  
 “ could write ! The Destroying Angel having  
 “ taken up his quarters within my habitation, my  
 “ *dearest Dear* is gone to her eternal rest, and is

Patron of the Living of Eyam.

“ invested

“ invested with a crown of righteousness, having  
 “ made a happy end.

“ Indeed, had she loved *herself* as well as me,  
 “ she had fled from the pit of destruction with  
 “ her sweet babes, and might have prolonged her  
 “ days, but that she was resolved to die a martyr  
 “ to *my* interest. My drooping spirits are much  
 “ refreshed with her joys, which I think are un-  
 “ utterable.

“ Sir, this paper is to bid you a hearty farewell.  
 “ for ever, and to bring you my humble thanks  
 “ for all your noble favours (and I hope that you  
 “ will believe a *dying man*). I have as much  
 “ love as honour for you, and I will bend my  
 “ feeble knees to the God of Heaven, that you,  
 “ my dear Lady, and your children, and their  
 “ children, may be blest with external and eternal  
 “ happiness, and that the same blessing may fall  
 “ upon my Lady Sunderland and her relations.

“ Dear Sir, let your *dying Chaplain* recommend  
 “ *this truth* to you and your family, that *no*  
 “ *happiness* nor solid comfort can be found in this  
 “ vale of tears like *living a pious life*; and pray  
 “ ever retain this rule, *Never to do any thing upon*  
 “ *which you dare not first ask the blessing of God*  
 “ *upon the success hereof.*

“ Sir, I have made bold in my will with your  
 “ name for an executor, and I hope that you will



“ not take it ill. I have joined two others with  
 “ you, that will take from you the trouble.  
 “ Your favourable aspect will, I know, be a  
 “ great comfort to my distressed orphans. I am  
 “ not desirous that they may be *great*, but *good*;  
 “ and my next request is, that they may be  
 “ brought up in the fear and admonition of the  
 “ Lord.

“ Sir, I thank God I am contented to shake  
 “ hands with all the world, and have many com-  
 “ fortible assurances that God will accept me upon  
 “ the account of his Son; and I find God more  
 “ good than ever I thought or imagined, and I  
 “ wish, from my soul, that his goodness were  
 “ not so much abused and contemned.

“ I desire, Sir, that you will be pleased to  
 “ make choice of an humble pious man to succeed  
 “ me in my parsonage; and could I see your face  
 “ before my departure from hence, I would in-  
 “ form you which way I think he may live *comfort-*  
 “ *ably amongst his people*, which would be some  
 “ satisfaction to me before I die.

“ Dear Sir, I beg your prayers, and desire  
 “ you to procure the prayers of all about you,  
 “ that I may not be daunted by all the powers of  
 “ Hell, and that I may have *dying graces*; that  
 “ when I come to die, I may be found in a dying  
 “ posture; and with tears I beg, that *when you*

“ *are praying for fatherless infants, that you*  
 “ *would then remember my two pretty babes.* ”

“ Sir, pardon the rude style of this paper,  
 “ *and if my head be discomposed, you cannot won-*  
 “ *der at me. However, be pleased to believe that*  
 “ I am,

“ Dear Sir,  
 “ Your most obliged, most affectionate,  
 “ and grateful servant,  
 “ WILLIAM MOMPESON.”

### L E T T E R III.

TO JOHN BEILBY, ESQ. OF ——— IN YORK-  
 SHIRE.

Eyam, November 20, 1666.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I SUPPOSE this letter will seem to you no  
 “ less than a miracle, that my habitation is  
 “ *inter vivos*. I was loth to affright you with a  
 “ letter from my hands, therefore I made bold  
 “ with a friend to transcribe these lines.

“ I know that you are sensible of my condition,  
 “ *the loss of the kindest wife in the world (whose*  
 “ *life*

“ life was truly imitable, and her end most com-  
 “ fortable). She was in an *excellent posture*  
 “ when Death came with his summons, which  
 “ fills me with many comfortable assurances  
 “ that she is now invested with a crown  
 “ righteoufness.

“ I find this maxim verified by too sad expe-  
 “ rience: *Bonum magis carendo quam fruendo*  
 “ *cernitur*. Had I been so thankful as my con-  
 “ dition did deserve, I might yet have had my  
 “ *dearest Dear in my bosom*. But now farewell  
 “ all happy days, and God grant that I may repent  
 “ my sad ingratitude !

“ The *condition of this place has been so sad,*  
 “ that I persuade myself it did exceed all history  
 “ and example. I may truly say that our town  
 “ is become a Golgotha, the place of a scull ;  
 “ and had there not been a small remnant of us  
 “ left, we had been as Sodom, and like unto  
 “ Gomorrah. My ears never heard such doleful  
 “ lamentations—my nose never smelled such  
 “ horrid smells, and my eyes never beheld such  
 “ ghastly spectacles! Here have been seventy-  
 “ six families visited within my parish, out of  
 “ which two hundred and fifty-nine persons  
 “ died !

“ Now (blessed be God) all our fears are  
 “ over, for none have died of the infection since

“ the eleventh of October, and all the pest-houſes  
 “ have been long empty. I intend (God willing)  
 “ to ſpend moſt of this week in ſeeing all woollen  
 “ cloaths fumed and purified; as well for the  
 “ ſatisfaction as for the ſafety of the country.

“ Here hath been ſuch burning of goods,  
 “ that the like, I think, was never known;  
 “ and indeed in this I think that we have been too  
 “ precise. For my part, I have ſcarce left my-  
 “ ſelf apparel to ſhelter my body from the cold,  
 “ and have waſted more than needed merely for  
 “ example.

“ As to my own part, I cannot ſay that I had  
 “ ever better health than during the time of the  
 “ dreadful viſitation; neither can I ſay that I  
 “ have had any ſymptoms of the diſeaſe. My  
 “ man had the diſtemper, and upon the appear-  
 “ ance of a tumour I gave him ſeveral chemical  
 “ antidotes, which had a very kind operation,  
 “ and, with the bleſſing of God, kept the venom  
 “ from the heart, and after the riſing broke he  
 “ was very well. My maid hath continued in  
 “ health, which is as great a temporal bleſſing as  
 “ could befall me; for if ſhe had quailed\*, I  
 “ ſhould have been ill ſet to have waſhed, and to  
 “ have gotten my own proviſions.

Quailed (old English), fell ſick.

“ I know

“ I know that I have your prayers, and  
 “ question not but I have fared the better for  
 “ them. I do conclude that the prayers of good  
 “ people have rescued me from the jaws of death;  
 “ and certainly I had been in the dust, had not  
 “ Omnipotency itself been *conquered by some holy*  
 “ *violence.*

“ I have largely tasted the goodness of the  
 “ Creator, and (blessed be his name) the grim  
 “ looks of Death did never yet affright me. I  
 “ always had a firm faith, that my dear babes  
 “ would do well, which made me willing to  
 “ shake hands with the unkind froward world;  
 “ yet I hope that I shall esteem it a mercy, if I  
 “ am frustrated of the hopes I had of a translation  
 “ to a better place, and (God grant) that with  
 “ patience I may wait for my chance, and that I  
 “ may make a right use of his mercies; as the  
 “ one hath been tart, so the other hath been  
 “ sweet and comfortable.

“ I perceive by a letter from Mr. Newby,  
 “ that you concern yourself very much for my  
 “ welfare. I make no question but I have your  
 “ unfeigned love and affection. I can assure you,  
 “ that during all my troubles you have had a great  
 “ deal of room in my thoughts.

“ Be pleased, dear Sir, to accept of the pre-  
 “ sentments of my kind respects, and impart them

“ to your good wife, and all my dear relations.  
 “ I can assure you that a line from your hand  
 “ will be welcome to

“ Your sorrowful and  
 “ affectionate Nephew  
 “ WILLIAM MOMPESON.”

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## JEREMY TAYLOR,

BISHOP OF DOWN.

THIS pious and eloquent prelate said one day to a lady of his acquaintance, who had been very neglectful of the education of her son, “ Madam, “ if you do not chuse to fill your boy’s head with “ something, believe me the Devil will \*.” The Bishop, from the fertility of his mind, and the extent of his imagination, has been, not improperly, stiled the Shakspeare of our Divines. He seems no less intitled to the appellation of the Fletcher of that learned order, from the following elegant

\* The Spanish proverb says strongly, “ The Devil “ tempts every man, but an idle man ever tempts the “ Devil.”

“ and

and tender sentiments, which are extracted from his Sermon on the Blessedness of the Marriage Ring.

“ Marital love is a thing as pure as light, sacred as

“ a temple, lasting as the world. That love that

“ can cease, as said an Ancient, was never true.

“ Marital love contains in it all sweetness, all

“ society, all felicity, all prudence, and all wis-

“ dom. It is an union of all things excellent ;

“ it contains proportion, satisfaction, rest, and

“ confidence. The eyes of a wife are then,”

says this elegant and learned writer, “ fair as the

“ light of Heaven ; a man may then ease his

“ cares, and lay down his \* sorrows upon her

“ lap, and can retire home as to his sanctuary

“ and refectory, and his garden of sweetness

“ and of chaste refreshment.”

His comparison between a married and a single life, in the same sermon, is equally beautiful.

\* This passage reminds us of an anecdote that is told of Peter the Great, Czar of Russia. He was a man of a most savage and ferocious temper ; and when he became angry, his eyes flashed fire, he foamed at the mouth, and his whole frame was convulsed : yet no sooner did his lovely Empress Catharine appear, than he used to throw himself at her feet, and lay his head in her lap. Under the pressure of her soft and beautiful hands, the throbbing of his temples ceased, and he immediately became calm and composed.

“ Marriage,” says the Bishop, “ was ordained  
“ by God himself, instituted in Paradise, was the  
“ relief of natural necessity, and the first blessing  
“ from the Lord : he gave to man, not a friend,  
“ but a wife (that is, a friend and a wife too).  
“ It is the seminary of the Church, and daily  
“ brings forth sons and daughters unto God ; it  
“ was ministered to by angels, and Raphael  
“ waited upon a young man, that he might have  
“ a blessed marriage, and that that marriage  
“ might repair two sad families, and bless all their  
“ relations. Marriage is the mother of the world,  
“ and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, churches,  
“ and even heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly  
“ in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual  
“ sweetness ; but sits alone, and is confined, and  
“ dies in singularity : but marriage, like the  
“ useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness  
“ from every flower, and labours and unites into  
“ societies and republics, and sends out colonies,  
“ and fills the world with delicacies, and obeys  
“ their King, keeps order, and exercises many  
“ virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind,  
“ and is that state of good things to which God  
“ hath designed the present constitution of the  
“ world. Marriage hath in it the labour of love,  
“ and the delicacies of friendship ; the blessings  
“ of society, and the union of hands and hearts.  
“ It



“ It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety  
“ than a single life ; it is more merry and more  
“ sad, is fuller of joys, and fuller of sorrow ;  
“ it lies under more burthens, but is supported  
“ by all the strength of love and charity, and these  
“ burthens are delightful.”

With what exquisitely elegant imagery Dr. Taylor describes the early quarrels between Man and Wife, “ which unless they are prevented by good sense or good temper, are but too apt to blast the felicity of that union ! Man and wife adds he, “ are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom, and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine ; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun, and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of the tempest, and yet never be broken. So is the early union of an unforced marriage, watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society ; and it is not  
“ choice

“ choice or weakness (when it appears at first),  
 “ but it is want of love or prudence, or it will  
 “ be so expounded; and that which appears ill at  
 “ first usually affrights the unexperienced man or  
 “ woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and  
 “ fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of  
 “ the new and early unkindness.”

From the Sermons of no Divine whatever  
 could a selection be made of the brilliant and use-  
 ful passages with greater success than from those  
 of this learned and eloquent Prelate, as he is  
 occasionally ingenious and pedantic, luminous  
 and obscure, mystical and pious, sublime and low,  
 embracing such a variety of matter, and concen-  
 trating such a mass of knowledge and of learning,  
 that even the acute Bishop Warburton himself,  
 who had no very contemptible idea of his own  
 understanding, might well say, “ I can fathom the  
 “ understandings of most men, yet I am not  
 “ certain that I can always fathom the under-  
 “ standing of Jeremy Taylor.

Dr. Rust, in his funeral sermon upon the death  
 of the Bishop of Down, says, “ that he was ripe  
 “ for the University long afore custom would allow  
 “ of his admittance; but by the time he was  
 “ thirteen years of age he was entered of Caius  
 “ College, and as soon as he was a graduate, he  
 “ was

“ was chosen Fellow. He was a man long afore  
“ he was of age, and knew little more of the  
“ state of childhood than its innocency and  
“ pleasantness. From the University, by the  
“ time he was Master of Arts, he removed to  
“ London, and became public Lecturer in the  
“ church of St. Paul, where he preached to  
“ the admiration and astonishment of his audi-  
“ tory; and by his florid and youthful beauty,  
“ and sweet and pleasant air, and sublime and  
“ raised discourse, he made his hearers take him  
“ for some young angel newly descended from  
“ the realms of glory. The fame of this new  
“ star, that outshone all the rest of the firmament,  
“ quickly came to the notice of the great Arch-  
“ bishop of Canterbury, who would needs have  
“ him preach before him, which he performed  
“ not less to his wonder than to his satisfaction.  
“ His discourse was beyond expression, and be-  
“ yond imitation; yet the wise prelate thought  
“ him too young; but the great youth humbly  
“ begged his Grace to pardon that fault, and  
“ promised if he lived that he would mend it.”

*ISAAC BARROW, D. D.*

the precursor of Sir Isaac Newton in mathematics, a great scholar, and a most able Divine, was a most violent Cavalier; and on Charles the Second's return, nothing being done for him, he wrote this distich:

Te magis optavit rediturum, Carole, nemo,  
Et nemo sensit te rediisse minus.

O how my breast did ever burn  
To see my lawful King return!  
Yet, whilst his happy fate I bless,  
No one has felt its influence less.

Mr. Williams, in a Letter addressed to Archbishop Tillotson, which is prefixed to the folio edition of Dr. Barrow's Works, says, " His first  
" schooling was at the Charter-house, London,  
" for two or three years; when his greatest  
" recreation was such sports as brought on fighting among the boys. In his after-time a very  
" great courage remained, whereof many instances  
" might be set down; yet he had perfectly subdued all inclination to quarrelling; but a negligence of cloaths did always continue with him.  
" For his book he minded it not, and his father had  
" little

“ little hope of success in the profession of a scho-  
 “ lar, to which he had designed him. Nay, there  
 “ was then so little appearance of that comfort  
 “ which his father afterward received from him,  
 “ that he often solemnly wished, that if it pleased  
 “ God to take away any of his children from him,  
 “ it might be his son Isaac. So vain a thing is  
 “ man’s judgment, and our providence unfit to  
 “ guide our own affairs !”

When Charles the Second made him Master of  
 Trinity College in Cambridge, he said he had  
 given that dignity to the best scholar in the king-  
 dom.

His Biographer says, “ For our Plays, he was an  
 “ enemy to them, as a principal cause of the  
 “ debauchery of the times (the other causes he  
 “ thought to be the French education, and the ill  
 “ examples of great persons). He was very free  
 “ in the use of tobacco, believing it did help to  
 “ regulate his thinking.”

In his person he was very thin and small, but had  
 a mind of such courage, that “ one morning going  
 “ out of a friend’s house, before a huge and fierce  
 “ mastiff was chained up (as he used to be all the  
 “ day), the dog flew at him, and he had that pre-  
 “ sent courage to take him by the throat, and,  
 “ after much struggling, bore him to the ground,  
 “ and held him there till the people could rise and  
 part

“ part them, without any other hurt than the  
 “ straining of his hands, which he felt some days  
 “ after.”

Charles the Second, who was a man of a most excellent understanding whenever he thought fit to exert it, used to say of Dr. Barrow, that he exhausted every subject which he treated. How well-founded this observation was, let the following quotation, containing a definition of Wit, evince. It is taken from his Sermon “ Against Foolish Talking and Jestings.”

“ Wit is indeed,” says this great Divine,  
 “ a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in  
 “ so many shapes, so many postures, so many  
 “ garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes  
 “ and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to  
 “ settle a clear and certain notion thereof than to  
 “ make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the  
 “ figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth  
 “ in pat allusion to a known story, or in season-  
 “ ble application of a trivial saying, or in forging  
 “ an apposite tale ; sometimes it playeth on words  
 “ and phrases, taking advantage from the ambi-  
 “ guity of their sense, or the affinity of their  
 “ sound ; sometimes it is wrapped up in a dress of  
 “ humorous expression ; sometimes it lurketh  
 “ under an odd similitude ; sometimes it is lodged

“ in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a  
 “ quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or smartly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart crony or in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense; sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, gives it being; sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange, sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roving of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth, and proveth things by), which, by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression, doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a veracity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar, it seeming to  
 “ argue

“ argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can  
 “ fetch in remote conceits applicable, a notable  
 “ skill that he can dextrously accommodate them  
 “ to the purpose before him, together with a lively  
 “ briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sport-  
 “ ful flashes of imagination: whence, in Aristotle,  
 “ such persons are called *Ἐπίθεξιοί*, dextrous men,  
 “ and *Ἐκτροποι* (men of facile and versatile manners,  
 “ who can easily turn themselves to all things, or  
 “ turn all things to themselves). It also procureth  
 “ delight by gratifying curiosity with its rareness,  
 “ or semblance of difficulty (as monsters, not for  
 “ their beauty but for their rarity, as juggling  
 “ tricks, not for their use but for their abstruseness,  
 “ are beheld with pleasure), by diverting the mind  
 “ from its road of serious thoughts, by instilling  
 “ gaiety and airyness of spirit, by provoking to  
 “ such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or  
 “ complaisance, and by seasoning matters other-  
 “ wise distasteful or insipid with an unusual and  
 “ thence grateful tang.”

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*D R. S O U T H,*

one of the ablest and most forcible Divines of the  
 English Church. His Sermons have great energy



of thinking, and a nervousness of language, tainted however now and then by a vulgar expression, a ludicrous simile, and a play of words. Swift appears occasionally to have copied him; and Dr. Johnson always supposed, that Dr. Bentley had him in his mind when he wrote his famous Sermons against the Free-thinkers. Dr. South, in early life, went into Poland, as Chaplain to our Ambassador at that Court, and has published a very entertaining account of that country, and of its King, the great John Sobiesky, in a Letter. Dr. South was a man of great spirit and vivacity of mind; a most decided Tory; and not many days before his death (which happened when he was turned of eighty); on being applied to for his vote for the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford, he cried out with great vehemence, "Hand and heart for the Earl of Arran!"

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*DR. BUSBY.*

IT was the boast of this great instructor of youth, that at one time sixteen out of the whole bench of bishops had been educated by him.—The unnecessary severity with respect to discipline that has in general been imputed to Dr.

Busby, is supposed, like many other scandalous stories, to have arisen from the prejudices and malignity of party. Several letters from the scholars of Dr. Busby have been lately discovered, by which it appears that he was much beloved by them. Busby is said to have allowed no notes to any classical author that was read at Westminster. The late Dr. Johnson said, that Busby used to declare that his rod was his sieve, and that whoever could not pass through that was no boy for him. He early discovered the genius of Dr. South, lurking perhaps under idleness and obstinacy: "I see," said he, "great talents in that sulky boy, and I shall endeavour to bring them out." This indeed he effected, but by means of very great severity.

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### DR. SYDENHAM.

THIS great observer of nature still keeps his well-earned and long-acknowledged medical fame, amidst the modern wildness of theory and singularity of practice. "Opinionum commenta delet dies," says Tully, very beautifully, "naturæ judicia confirmat."

Sydenham

Sydenham had a troop of horse when the King, Charles the First, had made a garrison town of Oxford, and studied medicine by accidentally falling into the company of Dr. Coxe, an eminent physician, who, finding him to be a man of great parts, recommended to him his own profession, and gave him directions for his method of pursuing his studies in that art. These he pursued with such success that in a few years afterwards he became the chief physician of the metropolis.

Sir Richard Blackmore says of him, “ that he  
 “ built all his maxims and rules of practice upon  
 “ repeated observations on the nature and properties  
 “ of diseases, and on the power of remedies;  
 “ that he compiled so good a history of distempers,  
 “ and so prevalent a method of cure, that he has  
 “ advanced the healing art more than Dr. Wallis,  
 “ with all his curious speculations and fanciful  
 “ hypotheses.”

In the Dedication of one of his Treatises to his friend Dr. Mapletoft, Sydenham says, “ that the  
 “ medical art could not be learned so well, and so  
 “ surely, as by use and experience; and that he who  
 “ should pay the nicest and most accurate attention  
 “ to the symptoms of distempers, would succeed  
 “ best in finding out the true means of cure.”  
 He says afterwards, “ that it was no small sanction  
 “ to his method that it was approved by Mr.

“ Locke, a common friend to them both, who had  
 “ diligently considered it; than whom,” adds  
 he, “ whether I consider his genius, or the acute-  
 “ nefs and accuracy of his judgment, and his  
 “ ancient (that is the best) morals, I hardly  
 “ think that I can find any one superior, cer-  
 “ tainly very few that are equal to him \*.”

Sydenham had such confidence in exercise on  
 horseback, that in one of his medical treatises  
 he says, “ that if any man were possessed of  
 “ a remedy that would do equal service to the  
 “ human constitution with riding gently on  
 “ horseback twice a day, he would be in possession  
 “ of the Philosopher’s Stone.”

The very extraordinary case mentioned by this  
 great physician, of the cure of a most inveterate  
 diarrhœa, in a learned prelate, by slow jour-  
 nies on horseback, was that of Seth Ward,  
 the Bishop of Sarum, a great mathematician,  
 and one of the first members of the Royal Society.  
 It is mentioned in the Life of the Bishop by  
 Dr. Walter Pope.

Sydenham died of the gout; and in the latter part  
 of his life is described as visited with that dreadful  
 disorder, and sitting near an open window, on the  
 ground-floor of his house in St. James’s Square, re-

\* Mr. Locke appended a copy of Latin verses to Dr.  
 Sydenham’s “ Treatise upon Fevers.”

spiring the cool breeze on a summer's evening, and reflecting with a serene countenance, and great complacency on the alleviation to human misery that his skill in his art enabled him to give. Whilst this divine man was enjoying one of these delicious reveries, a thief took away from the table, near to which he was sitting, a silver tankard filled with his favourite beverage, small-beer in which a sprig of rosemary had been immersed, and ran off with it. Sydenham was too lame in his feet to ring his bell, and too feeble in his voice to give the alarm after him.

Sydenham has been accused of discouraging students in medicine from reading on their very complicated art. When Sir Richard Blackmore asked what books he should read on his profession, he replied, "Read Don Quixote; it is a very good book—I read it still." There might be many reasons given for this advice: at that time, perhaps, the art of medicine was not approaching so nearly to a science as it is at present. He, perhaps, discovered that Sir Richard had as small a genius for medicine as he had for poetry, and he very well knew, that in a profession which peculiarly requires observation and discrimination, books alone cannot supply what nature has denied.

*SIR JOHN TABOR, Knt.*

WHEN Sir John went to Versailles, to try the effects of the bark upon Louis the Fourteenth's only son, the Dauphin, who had been long ill of an intermitting fever, the physicians who were about the Prince did not chuse to permit him to prescribe to their Royal Patient till they had asked him some medical questions: amongst others, they desired him to define what an intermitting fever was. He replied, "Gentlemen, it is a disease which I can cure, and which you cannot."

Louis, however, employed him to prescribe for his son, which he did with the usual success attendant upon the heaven-descended drug which he administered. The bark was called for a long time afterwards, at Paris and at Versailles, the "English Remedy;" and La Fontaine himself, much out of his common method of writing, has written a poem, addressed to Madame de Bouillon, one of Cardinal Mazarine's nieces, entitled "Le Quinquina." It commemorates her recovery from a fever by the use of the bark, then called by that name.

*JOHN*

## JOHN LOCKE.

THIS great philosopher is buried in the church-yard of a small village in Essex, called Oates. The inscription on his tomb-stone that is appended to the side of the church, is nearly obliterated. An urn has been lately erected to his memory in the gardens of Mrs. More's very elegant cottage near Ricton, in Somersetshire, with this inscription:

“ This Urn,  
 “ sacred to the memory  
 “ of John Locke,  
 “ a native of this village,  
 “ was presented to Mrs. Hannah More  
 “ by Mrs. Montague.”

It is much to be wished that the gratitude of a lady to her instructor should be imitated upon a larger scale by a great nation, whose envied system of government he analysed with the same accuracy and sagacity with which he unravelled the intricacies of the human intellect, and that it should honour his memory with a magnificent memorial in one of its public repositories of the illustrious dead.

Mr. Locke's celebrated "Treatise on the Reasonableness of Christianity" is well known. It is, perhaps, known only to few that he wrote some letters to his pupil Lord Shaftesbury on the Evidences of Christianity. They are still in MS. Two gentlemen, who had perused them, declared that they were written in so affecting a manner, and with such an earnest desire to interest the young nobleman for whose sake they were written, that they could not refrain from tears whilst they were reading them.

Mr. Locke, in that small but excellent treatise of his "On the Conduct of the Understanding," chapter 'Fundamental Verities,' says, "Our Saviour's great rule, that we should love our neighbour as ourselves, is such a fundamental truth for the regulating human society, that by that alone one might, without difficulty, determine all the cases and doubts in social morality."

Mr. Locke, in one of his Letters, speaking of the advantages of conversation, says, "There are scarcely any two men that have perfectly the same views of the same thing, till they come with attention, and perhaps mutual assistance, to examine it; a consideration that makes conversation with the living a thing much more desirable."



“desirable than consulting the dead, would the  
“living but be inquisitive after truth, apply their  
“thoughts with attention to the gaining of it,  
“and be indifferent *where* it was found, so they  
“could but find it.”

In a letter of Mr. Locke's, not generally known, addressed to Mr. Bold, who in a letter to him had complained that he had lost many ideas by their slipping out of his mind, the former tells the  
“latter, I have had sad experience of that my-  
“self; but for that Lord Bacon has provided a sure  
“remedy. For, as I remember, he advises some-  
“where never to go without pen and ink, or some-  
“thing, to write down all thoughts of moment that  
“come into the mind. I must own I have often  
“omitted it, and have often repented of it. The  
“thoughts that come unsought, and (as it were)  
“drop into the mind, are commonly the most  
“valuable of any we have, and therefore should be  
“secured, because they seldom return again.—  
“You say also, that you lose many things because  
“your thoughts are not steady and strong enough  
“to pursue them to a just issue. Give me leave  
“to think, that herein you mistake yourself and  
“your own abilities. Write down your thoughts  
“upon any subject, as far as you have pursued  
“them, and then go on again some other time,  
“when you find your mind disposed to do it, and  
“so

“ so till you have carried them as far as you can,  
 “ and you will be convinced, that if you have lost  
 “ any, it has not been for want of strength of mind  
 “ to bring them to an issue, but for want of me-  
 “ mory to retain a long train of reasonings, which  
 “ the mind having once beat out, is loth to be at  
 “ the pains to go over again; and so your connec-  
 “ tion and train having stopped the memory, the  
 “ pursuit stops, and the reasoning is neglected  
 “ before it comes to the last conclusion.”

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LORD CHANCELLOR  
 SHAFTESBURY

was a man of such talents and sagacity, that at  
 twenty years of age he carried a proposal of his  
 own for settling the differences between the King  
 (Charles I.) and his Parliament to his Majesty,  
 who told him, that he was a very young man for  
 such an undertaking. “ Sir,” said he, “ that will  
 “ not be the worse for your affairs, provided I do  
 “ the business.” It met, however, with no suc-  
 cess; nor would, perhaps, a proposal made by  
 Machiavel himself have succeeded better, when the  
 sword was once drawn.

In the reign of Charles II. after having filled some great offices, he was appointed to that very dignified and illustrious one of Lord Chancellor, though he had never studied the law, and had never been called to the Bar. On that account he used to preside in the Court of Chancery in a brown silk instead of a black silk gown. Dryden himself praises his conduct whilst he administered this great office, saying of him,

Yet fame deserv'd no envy can grudge,  
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.  
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin  
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean;  
Unbrib'd, unfought, the wretched to redress,  
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.

Yet in another place he calls him,

For close designs and crooked counsels fit,  
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;  
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,  
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace;  
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.

*Abfalom and Achitophel.*

Lord Shaftesbury was, perhaps, one of the ablest debaters that ever sat in parliament; no one understood how to lead and to manage a question better than himself. Mr. Locke, who was

was an intimate friend of Lord Shaftesbury's, thus describes him :

“ I never knew any one penetrate so quick into  
 “ men's breasts, and from a small opening survey  
 “ that dark cabinet, as he would. He would  
 “ understand men's true errand as soon as they had  
 “ opened their mouths, and begun their story, in  
 “ appearance, to another purpose. Sir Richard  
 “ Onslow,” says Mr. Locke, “ and Lord  
 “ Shaftesbury were invited by Sir J. D. to dine  
 “ with him at Chelsea, and were desired to come  
 “ early, because he had an affair of concernment to  
 “ communicate to them. They came at the  
 “ time, and being sat, he told them, that he made  
 “ choice of them both, from their known abilities  
 “ and particular friendship to him, for their advice  
 “ in a matter of the greatest moment to him that  
 “ could be. He had (he said) been a widower  
 “ for many years, and began to want somebody that  
 “ might ease him of the trouble of housekeeping,  
 “ and take some care of him under the growing  
 “ infirmities of old age, and to that purpose he had  
 “ pitched upon a woman very well known to him  
 “ by the experience of many years—in fine, his  
 “ house-keeper. These gentlemen (who were not  
 “ strangers to his family, and knew the woman  
 “ very well, and were besides very great friends to  
 “ his son and daughter, grown up and both fit for  
 “ ma.

“ marriage, to whom they thought this would be  
“ a very prejudicial match) were both in their  
“ minds opposite to it, and to that purpose Sir  
“ Richard Onslow began the discourse, wherein,  
“ when he came to that part, he was entering upon  
“ the description of the woman, and going to set  
“ her out in her own colours, which were such as  
“ could not have pleased any man in his wife —  
“ Lord Shaftesbury, seeing whither he was going,  
“ to prevent any mischief, begged leave to interrupt  
“ him, by asking Sir J. one question (which, in  
“ short, was this) ‘ Pray, Sir John, are you not  
“ already married?’ Sir J. after a little demur,  
“ answered, ‘ Yes, truly, my Lord, I was married  
“ the day before.’ ‘ Well then, replied Lord Shaftes-  
“ bury, there is no more need of our advice; pray  
“ let us have the honour to see my Lady, and to  
“ wish her joy, and so to dinner.’ As they were  
“ returning to London in their coach, ‘ I am  
“ obliged to you, my Lord Shaftesbury, says Sir  
“ Richard for preventing my running into a  
“ discourse which could never have been forgiven  
“ me, if I had spake out what I was going to say:  
“ but as for Sir J. he methinks ought to cut your  
“ throat for your civil question. How could it  
“ possibly enter into your head to ask a man, who  
“ had solemnly invited us on purpose to have our  
“ advice about a marriage he intended, had gravely  
“ proposed

‘ proposed the woman to us, and suffered us  
 ‘ seriously to enter into the debate, whether he  
 ‘ were already married or not.’ ‘ The man and  
 ‘ the manner, replied Lord Shaftesbury, gave  
 ‘ me a suspicion that, having done a foolish thing,  
 ‘ he was desirous to cover himself with the autho-  
 ‘ rity of our advice. I thought it good to be sure  
 ‘ before you went any farther, and you see what  
 ‘ came of it.’

“ I shall give,” says Mr. Locke, “ another  
 “ instance of his sagacity. Soon after the Resto-  
 “ ration of King Charles the Second, the Earl  
 “ of Southampton and he were dining together  
 “ at the Lord Chancellor’s (Lord Clarendon).  
 “ As they were returning home, he said to Lord  
 “ Southampton, ‘ Yonder Mrs. Hyde (meaning  
 ‘ the Chancellor’s daughter) is certainly married  
 ‘ to one of the Royal Brothers.’ The Earl, who  
 “ was a friend to the Chancellor, treated this as a  
 “ chimera, and asked Lord Shaftesbury how so  
 “ wild a fancy could get into his head. ‘ Assure  
 ‘ yourself, Sir,’ replied Lord Shaftesbury, ‘ it is  
 ‘ so. A concealed respect, however suppressed,  
 ‘ shewed itself so plainly in the looks, voice, and  
 ‘ manner, wherewith her mother carved to her,  
 ‘ and offered her of every dish, that it was impossi-  
 ‘ ble but it must be so.’ Lord Southampton,”  
 adds Mr. Locke, “ who thought it a groundless  
 “ conceit

“ conceit then, was not long after convinced, by  
“ the Duke of York’s owning her, that Lord  
“ Shaftesbury was no bad gueffer.”

Mr. Locke was wonderfully struck with Lord Shaftesbury’s acuteness upon every subject; and though he was not a man of much reading, yet nothing, in Mr. Locke’s opinion, could be more just than the judgment he passed upon the books which fell into his hands. He presently saw through the design of a work; and, without much heeding the words (which he ran over with great rapidity), he immediately found whether the author was master of his subject, and whether his reasonings were exact. But, above all, Mr. Locke admired in him that penetration, that presence of mind, which prompted him with the best expedients in the most desperate cases; that noble boldness which appeared in all his public discourses, always guided by a solid judgment, which, never allowing him to say any thing that was improper, and regulating his least word, left no hold to the vigilance of his enemies. Lord Shaftesbury had ever been supposed to have assisted Mr. Locke very much in his celebrated “ Treatise upon Toleration.” The outline, however, of that great work was found some years ago in Lord Shaftesbury’s hand-writing.

Bishop Burnet supposes him addicted to judicial astrology. It has been said, that his Lordship  
affected

affected to believe this folly when in company with the Bishop, to prevent his endeavours to wind out of him his political intentions.

Lord Shaftesbury was concerned in all the political transactions in the Reign of Charles the Second. He advised the King to shut up the Treasury, and afterwards united himself to Opposition against the schemes of the Court. The latter part of his life was spent in plots and conspiracies, and from fear of punishment he quitted the kingdom and retired to Holland. He died in exile at Amsterdam, in the sixty-second year of his age, a striking instance of the little utility of great talents, either to the possessor of them or to the world in general, when they are not directed by just and good principles.

Lord Shaftesbury was a complete instance of the truth of one of his own maxims, which was, “that wisdom lay in the heart and not in the head, and that it was not the want of knowledge, but the perverseness of the will, that filled men’s actions with folly, and their lives with disorder.”

According to Mr. Locke, Lord Shaftesbury used to say, comically enough, “that there were in every one two men, the wise and the foolish, and that each of them must be allowed his turn. If you would have the wise, the grave, and the serious, always to rule and to have the way,



“ sway; the fool would put the wise man out  
 “ of order, and make him fit for nothing; but  
 “ he must have his times of being let loose to  
 “ follow his fancies and play his gambols, if  
 “ you would have your business go on smoothly.”

### G O U R V I L L E,

who was in England in Charles the Second's time, from the Court of France, says, “ How  
 “ happy a King of England may be, and how  
 “ powerful, if he will be content with being  
 “ the first man of his people. If he attempts to  
 “ be more than that, he is nothing.”

In his Memoirs he mentions a very curious instance of the intrigues of the Court of France in England—of that Court which has been so renowned for its interference in the intrigues and cabals of other Courts for this last century: “ In  
 “ London,” says he, “ I became acquainted  
 “ with the Duke of Buckingham, who since  
 “ that time addressed himself to me with respect  
 “ to some propositions that he had been making  
 “ to the King of France, in regard to his inter-  
 “ meddling in some cabals of the English Par-  
 “ liament.

“ liament.—These propositions were much approved of, and for a certain space of time he received from me a great deal of money, that I gave him at Paris, in two journies that he made thither incognito.”

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*J A M E S,*

FIRST DUKE OF ORMOND.

THIS illustrious nobleman, according to Carte, permitted no severity of weather or condition of health to serve him as a reason for not observing that decorum of dress, which he thought a point of respect to persons or places. “ In winter time,” says the Historian, “ persons used to come to Charles the Second’s Court with double-breasted coats, a sort of undress: the Duke would never take advantage of that indulgence, but, let it be never so cold, he always came in his proper habit; and this was indeed the more meritorious, and required the greater effort in his Grace, as his first question in the morning ever was, which way the wind fat, and he called for his waistcoat and drawers accordingly. His dress was always suited to the weather: for this end,” adds the Historian, “ in our uncertain clime, he had ten different sorts of waistcoats and drawers, satin, silk,  
“ plain

“ plain and quilted cloth, &c.” The Duke, though a man of great spirit, was a most excellent and a most honourable politician, taking matters as he found them, *in fœce Romuli et non in Republicâ Platonis*; “ for though,” according to Carte, “ he detested making low court to any of the King’s (Charles the Second’s) mistresses, yet he was not averse to the keeping of measures with them, when it might be useful to the public service, the great end by which he regulated his own conduct in public affairs.”

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### INIGO JONES.

THIS great Architect, though a pupil of Palladio, appears occasionally in point of grandeur to have been his rival. Lord Burlington venerated his genius so much that he published a complete collection of his works; and was so impressed with the beauty of the portico which Inigo Jones had added to the old Gothic fabric \* of St. Paul’s, that on seeing the completion of the present church by Sir Christopher Wren,

\* “ It was the fashion,” says Osborne, “ in James the First’s time, for the principal gentry, Lords, Courtiers, and men of all professions, to meet in St. Paul’s church by eleven, and walk in the middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six; during which time some discoursed of business, some of news.”

he cried out, "When the Jews saw the second Temple, they reflected on the beauty of the first, and could not refrain from tears."

The intercolumniation of Inigo Jones's portico most probably gave the idea of that of the celebrated façade of the Louvre at Paris. The original design for that of St. Paul's is at Chiswick House. The decoration of the inside of the Church of St. Catharine Cree, in Leadenhall-street, is supposed to have been the first attempt of Inigo Jones in architecture after his return from Italy.

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### SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

IN the Library of All Souls College, in Oxford, there are several volumes of original drawings of this great architect. They were, I believe, presented to the College by his son. The title of one of them is, "Delineationes Novæ Fabricæ Templi Paulini juxta tertiam Propositionem et ex Sententiâ Regis Caroli Secundi sub Privato Sigillo expressæ 14 Maii Ann. 1678." Sir Christopher appears to have floated very much in his designs for St. Paul's Cathedral. One of them is very much like that of San Gallo for St.

St. Peter's at Rome. In another, the dome is crowned with a pine-apple, and it is curious to observe how every design for the present beautiful dome excels the other. The favourite design, however, of the great architect himself was not taken. In one of his manuscript letters to a person who was desirous to build some great work, Sir Christopher says, "A building of that consequence  
" you goe about deserves good care in the designe,  
" and able workmen to performe it; and that he  
" who takes the general management may have a  
" prospect of the whole, and make all parts, out-  
" side and inside, correspond well together: to this  
" end I have comprised the whole design in fix  
" figures." In another of his letters, speaking of his progress in building St. Paul's, he says,  
" I have received a considerable sum, which,  
" though not proportionable to the greatnesse of  
" the work, is notwithstanding sufficient to begin  
" the same; and with all the materials and other  
" assistances which may probably be expected,  
" will put the new quire in great forwardness." The "Parentalia," written by Sir Christopher's son, giving an account of his father's works, is a very curious and entertaining book. There is in it a very learned dissertation on Gothic Architecture, written by Sir Christopher himself.

Sir Christopher used to tell his friends with great pleasure, "that whilst he was building St. Paul's, he told one of the workmen to bring him a piece of stone for some purpose or other. The workman brought him an old grave-stone, on which was inscribed, 'RESURGAM.'" The painting that adorns the cupola he intended to have been done in mosaïc. He was not allowed stone to fill up the piers of the cupola, in consequence of which there are some settlements in the fabric.

When Sir Christopher built the church of St. Dunstan's in the East, the noblest monument of his geometrical skill, he had most certainly in his eye the High Church of Edinburgh, and St. Nicholas's Church at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His towers that adorn the front of Westminster Abbey were taken from those of Beverley Minster in Yorkshire. Sir Christopher intended a spire for the middle of the church, but gave it up, from apprehension that the fabric would not bear it.

Sir Christopher was much impeded and harassed in his great work of St. Paul's by the care of expence in the Curators of it. He had designed a very fine Baldaquino at the altar, like that of St. Peter's at Rome. Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, had sent for the marbles for its composition ;

sition; or rather, as the "Parentalia" says, the specimens were shewn to the architect by that prelate. Sir Christopher not approving of them, the design was given up. The present excellent Chapter of the Cathedral having admitted sculpture into it, in the monuments of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Howard, it is to be hoped that the illustrious architect of the fabric will partake of the honour of a statue in his own Cathedral. The effect of decoration on the interior of this church, may be observed by inspecting a plate, published some years ago by Mr. Gwynne, in which the dome and the parts under it are seen as ornamented according to the intention of Sir Christopher. To make the perspective of the church appear with the greatest picturesque effect, the heavy and immense organ that crosses the entrance into the choir should be placed on one side, as is done at Winchester, and painted glass should be inserted into the East window.

" Hic jacet

" CHRISTOPHORUS WREN, Eques.

" Si Monumentum quæris

" Circumspice,"

is the inscription on the sarcophagus that contains

the remains of this great Geometer and celebrated Architect. This, however, should have been engraven upon the stone that is in the middle of the pavement directly under the dome of St. Paul's, and not placed in the vault beneath it.

A design for decorating the inside of St. Paul's with Pictures, by the first Artists of this country, was very generously adopted some years ago by them. It failed from the objections that the Bishop of London of the time made to it.

Sir Christopher Wren was a man of small stature. When Charles the Second came to see the hunting-palace he had built for him at Newmarket, he thought the rooms too low. Sir Christopher walked about them, and looking up, replied, "Sir, and please your Majesty, I think they are high enough." The King squatted down to Sir Christopher's height, and creeping about in this whimsical posture, cried, "Aye, Sir Christopher, I think they are high enough."

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### *Dr. HARVEY.*

IT has been said, that this acute physician on becoming blind destroyed himself by poison. There



There is no foundation for thus calumniating the memory of this great honour to our country. Dr. Harvey died of the gout at the age of seventy-nine, and to the last possessed such tranquillity and firmness of mind, that not many hours before he died, he felt his own pulse, and made observations on the state of it, in order, as his learned biographer says, "that he who whilst alive and in health had taught to others the beginnings of life, might himself, at his departing from it, become acquainted with the preludes of death."

Dr. Harvey is buried in the church-yard of the obscure village of Hempstead, in Essex. In the church there is a monument erected to him, with a long Latin inscription. It appears, by the size of his coffin now remaining in the vault under the church, that he was a man of very short stature. The portraits of him all agree in representing him as a man of a very sagacious and penetrating countenance, and of a body much extenuated by mental labour and fatigue.

*SAMUEL BUTLER.*

IT seems strange that Charles the Second and his Ministers should have taken no notice of Butler, whose writings have contributed more than the efforts of all the other writers of that time to make the Puritans ridiculous. Wood says, "that Lord Clarendon gave Mr. Butler reason to hope for places and emoluments of value and of credit, which, alas, he never saw."

In the "Mercurius Publicus" for Nov. 20, 1663, is this very singular advertisement: "Newly published, The Second Part of Hudibras, by the Author of the Former, which, (if possible) has outdone the First. Sold by John Mertin and James Allestry, at the Bell, St. Paul's Church-yard."

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*JOHN SELDEN.*

THIS great scholar, whom Grotius calls the glory of England, took for his motto, "Liberty above all things." This little word, which has occasionally afforded so much good, and done so much

much harm to mankind, Mr. Selden took, according to Tully's definition of it, to be the power of doing that which the laws permit. For in that very entertaining book, "Selden's Table-Talk," a kind of Ana made from his conversations, he says, respecting two great features of our establishment in Church and State, article "Liturgy," "There is no church without a liturgy, nor indeed can there be conveniently, as there is no school without a grammar. One scholar, indeed, may be taught otherwise, but not a whole school. One or two that are piously disposed, may serve themselves their own way, but not a whole nation." In the article "King" he says, "A King is a thing which men have made for their own sakes, for quietness sake, just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat. If every man should buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so, there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to one, he, according to his discretion, pleases all. If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

*WILLIAM PRYNNE.*

OF the malignity and unfairness of politicians this learned man exhibits a singular instance. Prynne's "Histriomastix, or Treatise against the Acting of Plays," was licensed by Archbishop Abbot. In that book there is a very strong passage against women actors. Six weeks after the publication of it, Henrietta-Maria, Queen of Charles the First, acted a part in a pastoral at Somers-House, Archbishop Laud, whom Prynne had angered by some of his theological writings, the next day after the Queen had acted, shewed his book to the King, and dwelt more particularly upon that passage of it in which women actors, as he calls them, are stigmatized by a very opprobrious appellation, and, according to Whitelocke, told the King that Prynne had purposely written this book against the Queen and her pastoral. In consequence of this information Prynne was punished with the most savage cruelty by the Court of Star-Chamber. On the restoration of Charles the Second, to effect which he had shewn so much zeal that even Monk himself advised him to be more temperate, some one asked the King what should be done with Prynne to make him quiet. "Why," said he, "let him amuse himself

“himself with writing against the Catholics, and  
“in poring over the Records in the Tower.”  
To enable him to do the latter, Charles made  
him Keeper of the Records in the Tower, with  
a salary of five hundred pounds a-year. Prynne  
was, perhaps, one of the hardest students that  
ever existed. He read or wrote nearly the whole  
day, and that his studies might not be interrupted  
by attending to regular meals, bread, cheese, and  
ale, were placed upon a table before him, and to  
these he had recourse as he found his spirits ex-  
hausted by his mental labour. Marchamont  
Needham calls Prynne one of the greatest paper-  
worms that ever crept into a library. His works,  
presented by himself to the Library of Lincoln’s-  
Inn, make forty volumes in folio and quarto.  
Prynne appears to have been a perfectly honest  
man. He equally opposed Charles, the Army, and  
Cromwell, when he thought they were betrayers  
of the Country; and after having accurately  
observed, and sensibly felt, in his own person,  
the violation of law occasioned by each of them,  
he gave his most strenuous support to the legal  
and established government of his country,  
effected by the restoration of Charles the Second  
to the crown of these kingdoms.

## JAMES THE SECOND

said to Mr. Clifton one day, "I do not know how  
 " it is, but I never knew a modest man make his  
 " way at Court." "Please your Majesty,  
 " whose fault is that?" replied Mr. Clifton.

James's feelings during the apprehensions of  
 the landing of the Prince of Orange are thus  
 described by a contemporary writer, M. Miffon,  
 who was at that time in England.

"October 2, 1688.

"James publishes a proclamation to remove all  
 " teams of horses and other beasts of burden  
 " twenty miles from the coasts."

"October 22.

"James calls an extraordinary Council, at which  
 " were present fifty peers of the kingdom, &c.  
 " and there he produces forty-one witnesses to  
 " prove that the pretended Prince of Wales  
 " is really the son of the Queen. The same  
 " day the child is baptized and called, James-  
 " Francis-Edward, by the Pope's nuncio and  
 " a Bishop *in partibus*; the one representing  
 " the Pope, and the other the Most Christian  
 " King."

James

“ October 23.

“ James the Second being extremely restless  
 “ and uneasy, ordered a weathercock to be  
 “ placed where he might see it from his apart-  
 “ ment, that he may learn by his own eyes,  
 “ whether the wind is Protestant or Popish \*.

“ October 31.

“ I was present when James received letters  
 “ from Newport, informing him, with extrava-  
 “ gant exaggerations, of the dispersion of the  
 “ Prince of Orange’s fleet. At his din-  
 “ ner he said to M. Barillon, the French  
 “ Ambassador, laughing, ‘ At last the wind has  
 “ declared itself Popish;’ and added, resuming his  
 “ serious air, and lowering his voice, ‘ You know  
 “ that for these three days I have caused the holy  
 “ sacrament to be carried in procession.”

King James, not long before he died, visited  
 the austere convent of La Trappe in Normandy,  
 and on his taking leave of the Abbot, said to

\* “ This, says Misson, was the way of talking, both at  
 “ Court and in the City. The East wind was called Pro-  
 “ testant, and the West Popish. The weathercock,  
 “ large, handsome, and high, is still to be seen, 1719. It  
 “ is at one end of the Banqueting-House.”

him,

him, "Reverend Father, I have been here to perform a duty which I ought to have done long before. You and your monks have taught me how to die, and if God spares my life, I will return to take another lesson."

James wrote a Diary of his Life, which, together with some other very curious MSS. relating to the History of Great Britain, was in the Scotch College at Paris.

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### EDMUND WALLER.

KING JAMES the Second took Mr. Waller one day into his closet, and asked him how he liked one of the pictures in it. "My eyes, Sir," said Waller, "are dim, and I do not know it." The King said it was the Princess of Orange. "She is," said Waller, "like one of the greatest Princesses in the world." The King asked who she was, and was answered, "Queen Elizabeth." "I wonder," said the King, "you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise Council." "And pray, Sir," said Waller, "did you ever know a fool chuse a wise one?"

Waller



Waller took notice to his friends of King James's conduct, and said, "that he would be left like a whale upon the strand."

On his death-bed Waller told Dr. Birch, his son-in-law, who attended him in his last illness, that he "was once at Court when the Duke of Buckingham spoke profanely before King Charles the Second, and that he told him, "My Lord, I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your Grace did. But I have lived long enough to see that there is nothing in them, and I hope your Grace will."

The following Original Letter from Waller to Hobbes appeared in the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE for January 1790. It appears to have been written before the Restoration.

" SIR,

" ON Saterday last I was att y<sup>r</sup> Lodging by  
 " 9 a clocke in the morning (having ben by some  
 " urgent occasions prevented in my intention to  
 " wayt on you the day before) but came a little  
 " too late to tell you what I hope you will ad-  
 " mitt this to doe, That I æsteeme y<sup>r</sup> Booke,  
 " not only as a present of the best kinde (pre-  
 " ferring w<sup>h</sup> Soloman wisdome to any other  
 " treasure) but as the best of that kinde: Had  
 " I gone (as by this tyme I had done) to the  
 " VOL. II. C " greene

“ greene dragone \* to fetch it I could not have  
 “ written *ex dono auctoris* upon it as a wittnes to  
 “ posterity that I was not only in y<sup>r</sup> favor but in y<sup>r</sup>  
 “ esteeme too (gifts being proportioned to the use  
 “ and inclination of the receaver) and that w<sup>ch</sup>  
 “ bought would have been my cheifest delight  
 “ only is now that and my honor too : (St) One  
 “ shewed mee this morning D<sup>r</sup>. Lucy’s Cen-  
 “ sure † upon your Leviathan ; He subscribes  
 “ himself in his Epistle to the Reader William  
 “ Pike which (as his freind tells me) is because  
 “ his name in Latine is Lucius, wherein he con-  
 “ fesses what he is offended with you for observ-  
 “ ing that a man must have something of a Scoller  
 “ to be a verier coxcomb then ordinary, for what  
 “ Englishman that had not dabbled in latine would  
 “ have changed so good a name as Lucy for that  
 “ of a fish ; besides it is ominous that he will prove  
 “ but a pike to a Leviathan, a narrowe river fish  
 “ to one which deserves the whole ocean for his  
 “ Theater ; All that I observed in the preface

\* William Crooke, at the Green Dragon without  
 Temple Bar, was publisher of most of Mr. Hobbes’s  
 works.

† Published first in 1657, 4to. and afterwards in 1663.  
 See Wood’s Athenæ Oxon. 596. Lucy was made Bishop  
 of St David’s at the Restoration.

“ of

“ of this Pickrill was that he says y<sup>r</sup> doctrine  
 “ takes us country gentlemen &c : sure if wis-  
 “ dome comes by leasure we may possibly be as  
 “ good judges of Philofophy as country parsons  
 “ are, all whose tyme is spent in saluting those  
 “ w<sup>o</sup> come into the world att gossipings, takeing  
 “ leave of those that goe out of it att funerals,  
 “ and vexing those that stay in it w<sup>th</sup> long-winded  
 “ haranges ; For Wallis and his fellowe \* you  
 “ have handeled them so well already that I will  
 “ say nothing of them, for<sup>t</sup> if I should say all I  
 “ approve in you or finde ridiculous in your Ad-  
 “ versarys I should requite your booke w<sup>th</sup> ano-  
 “ ther ; confident I am that all they write will  
 “ never be read over once nor printed twise, so  
 “ unlucky are they to provoake you

—Che reggefe & fe governa

Qual si governa & regge l'huom che certo

Con i posterì haver pratica eterna ;

Who in this age behave yourself and walke

As one of whom posterity must talke ;

“ with well applying, and ill translating of w<sup>th</sup>  
 “ verses I conclude the first and come now to

\* Probably alluding to Hobbes's " Six Lessons to the  
 " Professors of Mathematics of the Institution of Sir  
 " Henry Saville" (viz. Wallis and Ward.) 4to.  
 1656.

“ to the second part of what I should have  
 “ troubled you with if I had found you in your  
 “ Lodging viz: To charge you w<sup>th</sup> my most  
 “ humble service to the noble Lord \* w<sup>th</sup> whom  
 “ you are as also w<sup>th</sup> my acknowledgment of the  
 “ kinde message I lately received from his Lo<sup>p</sup>  
 “ letting him knowe that because I could write  
 “ nothing safely w<sup>th</sup> he might not finde in print, I  
 “ went to your Lodging perposely to have  
 “ troubled you with my conjectures of what is so  
 “ to befall us in order to satisfy his Lo<sup>p</sup>s curiosity  
 “ who honored me with his commands there-  
 “ in.

“ Here is much talke of change both of Coun-  
 “ cills and of Councillors and both is believed  
 “ but what or who will be next is very incertayn  
 “ and this incertenty proceeds not so much from  
 “ secrecy as from irresolution, for rowling our-  
 “ selves upon Providence (as formerly) many  
 “ things have been debated but perhaps no one  
 “ thing yet absolutely intended. To me it seems  
 “ that his Highness † (who sees a good way be-  
 “ fore him) had layd some time since a perf. &  
 “ foundation of Government; I mean by the  
 “ Ma: Gen<sup>l</sup> reducing us to provinces and ruling

\* The Earl of Devonshire. † Oliver Cromwell.

" us by those provincials with the newe levied  
 " army, &c. but fayling of the good success hoped  
 " for abroad and these arrears and want of money  
 " att home may perhaps give occasion and op-  
 " portunity to such as are enemys to a Settlement.  
 " to retard and shooke his deseins: The generall  
 " voyse att present goes for a selected (not an  
 " elected) Parl<sup>mt</sup> and that we shall very shortly  
 " see somthing done there, in the mean tyme de-  
 " firing pardon for this tædious scribbling (as if I  
 " were infected w<sup>th</sup> the stile of y<sup>r</sup> frends Lucy and  
 " Wallis) I rest

" Y<sup>r</sup> humble and obliged servant,

" WALLER."

### LORD CHANCELLOR JEFFERIES.

A LEARNED and ingenious Collector in  
 London has in his possession the patent for creating  
 this insolent and cruel Magistrate Earl of Flint.  
 Jefferies wished to have this title, not as corres-  
 ponding to his general character, but as having an  
 estate in the county of Flint. Jefferies early dis-  
 tinguished himself by his brutal treatment of pri-  
 soners, and of practitioners of the law whom he

disliked \*. At the end of the "Ninth Collection  
 "of Papers relative to the present Juncture of Affairs  
 "in England," Quarto, 1689, there is this singular  
 advertisement: "Lately published, The Trial of  
 "Mr. Papillon; by which it is manifest that the  
 "then Lord Chief Justice (Jefferies) had neither  
 "learning, law, nor good manners, but more  
 "impudence than *ten carted whores* (as was said  
 "of him by King Charles the Second), in abusing  
 "all those worthy citizens who voted for Mr.  
 "Papillon and Mr. Dubois, calling them a parcel  
 "of factious, pragmatical, sneaking, whoring,  
 "canting, sniveling, prick-eared, crop-eared,  
 "atheistical fellows, rascals and scoundrels, as in  
 "page 19, and other places of the said Trial, may  
 "be seen. Sold by Michael Janeway, and most  
 "Bookfellers." Yet Jefferies, amidst all his  
 cruelties, was a lover of buffoonery. Sir J.  
 Retelby says, that he once dined with Jefferies  
 when he was Lord Chancellor, and that the Lord  
 Mayor was a guest, with some other Gentlemen:  
 that Jefferies, according to custom, drank deep

\* His scandalous behaviour to one attorney cost him  
 very dear. This gentleman seeing him in a cellar, in the dis-  
 guise of a sailor's dress, at Wapping (in which he was at-  
 tempting to quit the kingdom), laid hold of him, and  
 took him before the Lord Mayor, who was so frightened  
 on seeing his old acquaintance Jefferies, who had most  
 violently bullied him, that he fell into a fit.

at

at dinner, and called for Mountfort, one of his Gentlemen, who had been a comedian and an excellent mimic, and that to divert the company, adds Sir John (as he was pleased to term it), he made him plead before him in a feigned cause, during which heaped all the great lawyers of the age in their tone of voice, and in their action and gesture of body.

When that exquisite congeries of musical instruments the present Temple organ was to be tried previous to its being set up in the church in which it is now placed, Jefferies was the umpire between the merit of it and the organ now in the New Church at Wolverhampton; and gave his judgment in favour of the first. Jefferies said of himself, that he was not near so sanguinary on the Western Circuit, as his employer James the Second wished him to have been. On that execrable business, Jefferies exhibited a striking instance of the power of virtue upon a mind the most vicious and profligate. He had no sooner retired to his lodgings at Taunton, to prepare himself for the opening of his bloody commission, than he was called upon by the \* Minister of the

\* This Clergyman, who thus nobly distinguished himself in the cause of virtue and humanity, was Tutor to the Rev. Walter Hart, who addressed to him, under the title of *Macarius*, or the Blessed, a copy of verses in his Miscellany called *The Amaranth*.

church of St. Mary Magdalen in that town, and who, in a very mild manner, remonstrated with him upon the illegality and barbarity of that business upon which he was then going to proceed. Jefferies heard him with great calmness, and soon after he returned to London, sent for him, and presented him to a stall in the cathedral of Bristol. Jefferies was committed to the Tower, on the flight of James the Second from England. He is said to have died in that fortress of a disease occasioned by drinking brandy, to lull and to hebetate the compunctions of a terrified conscience.

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### CONGREVE.

THIS sprightly Writer has been in general supposed to have written his comedies without any reference to life or nature. The following transcript from a manuscript letter of Mr. Dryden to Mr. Walth (Mr. Pope's friend), will shew how ill this observation is founded :

“ Congreve's *Double Dealer* (says he) is much  
 “ censured by the greater part of the Town, and  
 “ is defended only by the best judges, who, you  
 “ know, are commonly the fewest ; yet it gains  
 “ ground



“ ground daily, and has already been acted eight  
 “ times. The women think he has exposed their  
 “ bitchery too much, and the gentlemen are of-  
 “ fended with him for the discovery of their follies,  
 “ and the way of their intrigues, under the notion  
 “ of friendship to their ladies’ husbands.”

• Dr. Johnson objects to the plots of Congreve’s comedies, in some of which the play terminates with a marriage in a mask. This excellent and acute critic did not, perhaps, recollect, that till the beginning of Queen Anne’s reign women used to come to the theatres in a mask. This practice was forbidden by a proclamation of that Queen, in the first year of her reign.

Mr. Congreve, after having been at the expence of the education of the young representative of his ancient and illustrious family, left nearly the whole of his fortune to Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough.

An Essay on the Difference between Wit and Humour, in a Letter to Mr. Dennis the Critic from Mr. Congreve, is printed in the Baskerville edition of this comic writer’s works. It is very short, but very well done.

## MR. DRYDEN

has been said by some persons to have written his Tragi-comedies upon his own judgment of the excellence of that neutral drama. In a manuscript letter of his, however, he says, "I am afraid you  
 " discover not your own opinion concerning my  
 " irregular way of Tragi-comedy (or my Doppia  
 " Favola). I will never *defend* that practice, for  
 " I know it distracts the hearers: but I know  
 " withal that it has hitherto pleased them, for the  
 " sake of variety, and for the particular taste  
 " which they have to Low Comedy."

The scene between Malecorn and Melanax, in Dryden's Tragedy of the Duke of Guise, appears to be taken from the story of Canope, in "Histoires Tragiques et Estranges de Nostre Temps par Roffet," 12mo. 1620.

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 ROBERT NELSON, ESQ.

THIS learned and pious Gentleman was peculiarly splendid in his dress and appearance. He was not willing to render the practice of piety more difficult than was necessary; and to attract  
 mankind

mankind to goodness, submitted to embellish the charms of virtue by the graces of elegance; thinking perhaps with Virgil,

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

Virtue more pleasing in a pleasing form.

Dr. Johnson always supposed that Mr. Richardson had Mr. Nelson in his thoughts, when he delineated the character of Sir Charles Grandison.

The following Letters of this very exemplary person to a friend of his, will shew what early sentiments of wisdom and of virtue he entertained.

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## L E T T E R I.

MR. ROBERT NELSON TO DR. MAPLETOFT.

“ London, the 12 Dec. 1679.

“ DEAR AND HONOURED SIR;

“ AS soon as I came to town, which was about  
 “ ten days ago, I made a strict enquiry concern-  
 “ ing your welfare, which I counted myself not  
 “ a little concerned in, by reason your many fa-  
 “ vours and obligations, besides the just value of  
 “ your person, have engaged me to a particular  
 “ respect and esteem for yourself, so that my own  
 “ hap-

"happinefs will be much increafed by any addition  
 "to your fatisfaction. I was foon informed of  
 "the alteration of your condition, and that you  
 "had made the grand experiment of human life,  
 "which feldom admits of any mean, but carries  
 "us to the utmoft boundaries of happinefs or  
 "mifery; and being well fatisfied that your great  
 "prudence would fecure the former of the two  
 "extremes---for *nullum numen abeft, fi fit pru-*  
 "*dentia*---I thought it no ways difagreeable to  
 "congratulate your prefent enjoyment; nay,  
 "friendfhip and affection obliged me to exprefs  
 "my juft refentment, and be affured that the  
 "news of your great felicity under your prefent  
 "circumftances finds a welcome reception from  
 "no one more than from myfelf, the only reafon  
 "that forbids my regret for your abfence here  
 "in town. I heartily wifh thofe ideas and no-  
 "tions you framed of matrimony may be ex-  
 "ceeded in the poffeffion, that propriety and en-  
 "joyment may whetten the edge of your affec-  
 "tions, and that no part of your happinefs may  
 "leave you now it ceafes to be imaginary; and  
 "though Thales, who was a wife man, would  
 "feem to infinuate as if marriage was never con-  
 "venient for the wife; yet, as Alex. ab Alex. ob-  
 "ferves well, "*licet hâc ambage verbor. fapienti*  
 "*nunquam uxorem ducendam demonftraret, verun-*  
 "tamen

“ *tamen qui hæc propenso judicio explorare vult,*  
 “ *profectò in conjugiiis multa inveniet commoda usui.*  
 “ *vitæ necessaria, sine quibus vix homini sapienti*  
 “ *cœlibem vitam ducere expediat, &c.* Nay all  
 “ nations have honoured those that are married,  
 “ and punished celibacy. Even the Utopians,  
 “ that seem to have the most refined and ab-  
 “ stracted notions of things, would have those that  
 “ lived single punished, as useles in a common-  
 “ wealth. The creation of the world would be  
 “ to little purpose without it, for *humano generi*  
 “ *immortalitatem tribuit;* and therefore *indignè*  
 “ *vivit per quem, ò vivit et alter:* nay, it is the  
 “ opinion of some, that it is impossible to be saved  
 “ without it. It would be endless to prosecute all  
 “ the arguments, and enumerate all the authorities  
 “ in its behalf; though I am sensible there has a  
 “ great deal been said on the other side: however,  
 “ if it consisted with my interest and conveniency,  
 “ and the object gratified my inclinations, it is  
 “ not the rant and satyre of a Poet, or the decla-  
 “ mation of an Orator, that should prevail so far  
 “ as to make me suspend the execution of that,  
 “ for which my motives were so specious and  
 “ plausible: but for all my zeal I am still *mi juris*  
 “ free as ever, and have yet no prospect of being  
 “ otherwaies; and shall always pray, that all the  
 “ advantages of your condition may center in  
 “ your

“ your match ; that you may be long happy in  
 “ the embraces of an excellent wife, blessed with  
 “ a prosperous offspring, which may inherit your  
 “ virtues as well as estate, and then all other in-  
 “ conveniencies may be well dispensed with. As  
 “ to news, what we now most talk of, is the pro-  
 “ rogation of the Parliament till the 11th of Nov.  
 “ with a proviso, that the King may call them  
 “ sooner if he pleases. It is their petitioning has  
 “ enraged him, and he swears by God they may  
 “ knock out his brains, but shall never cut off  
 “ his head. For all this, they say they will still  
 “ go on in getting subscriptions; the consequence  
 “ I am afraid may be bad. I cannot enlarge be-  
 “ cause Mrs. Firmin sends for my letter, and  
 “ says, it will be too late, if it does not go pre-  
 “ sently. My humble service to your Lady, Mr.  
 “ Dent, and my Lady Brograve and all the good  
 “ company, and be assured that I am

“ Your obliged humble servant,

“ ROBERT NELSON.”

“ All your devout friends are much your  
 “ servants.

“ My mother presents her humble service to  
 “ you and your Lady.

“ *To my worthy friend the much*  
 “ *honoured Dr. Mapletoft, att*  
 “ *Hamwelby, in Hartfordshire.*”

LET-

## L E T T E R II.

MR. ROBERT NELSON TO DR. MAPLETOFT.

“ London, 2d January 1679.

“ WORTHY SIR,

“ I AM very sensible that the true ground and  
 “ reason of most of the disappointments many  
 “ men meet with in the grand transactions of  
 “ their lives, proceeds not soe much from the  
 “ nature of things themselves, as from those ex-  
 “ travagant conceptions they form of them; and  
 “ that the chiefest ingredient of their unhappiness,  
 “ is the false opinion they have entertained of  
 “ sublunary enjoyments, whereby their expect-  
 “ tations are raised to so high a pitch, that as  
 “ 'tis not in the capacity of things to gratify, so  
 “ they were never designed for that purpose;  
 “ which gave occasion to that noble saying of  
 “ Epictetus, *homines perturbantur non rebus, sed*  
 “ *iis quas de rebus habent opinionibus* \*; and to  
 “ that of Seneca to the same sense, *sæpius opinione*  
 “ *quàm re laboramus* †. Now a wise man, that

\* Men are not disturbed by things themselves, but by the opinions they entertain of things.

† The opinion of the thing often gives us more trouble than the thing itself.

“ takes

“ takes a true estimate of all those things which  
 “ make the greatest figure in the world, will  
 “ never promise himself complete satisfaction, be-  
 “ cause they are not the adequate objects of his  
 “ desires. He knows that the best state of things  
 “ here has a great mixture, and he is the happy  
 “ man whose condition admits of the least incon-  
 “ veniency, a total exemption being no wise the  
 “ privilege of human nature. And hereupon I  
 “ could lay a sure foundation for your happiness,  
 “ since those notions I have observed you to en-  
 “ tertain, will never tend to diminish it. Besides,  
 “ your present circumstances must greatly en-  
 “ hance it; for according to the Italians (for  
 “ whose acquaintance I must always acknowledge  
 “ myself debtor to yourself) *senza moglie al lato,*  
 “ *l’uomo non e’ beato.* Sir, I was lately to wait  
 “ upon Madam Hcublon, who made strict en-  
 “ quirys after you. Your letter enabled me to  
 “ give her full satisfaction in all points; though  
 “ she says she reckons you so discreet a person,  
 “ that now you are married, you’ll never com-  
 “ plain of any inconveniencies, but make the  
 “ best of a bad market; however, I look upon  
 “ this as measuring other people’s corn by our  
 “ own bushell, imagining our sentiments must be  
 “ the rule for others to steer by: notwithstand-  
 “ ing, I was so far obliged as to be esteemed  
 “ among



“ among your friends and acquaintance; which  
 “ is no small addition to my own character. Ac-  
 “ cording to the company men keep in town,  
 “ you well know we have our apprehensions of  
 “ public affairs. In some places we are told, the  
 “ petition for the parliament’s setting goes on,  
 “ and that ’tis countenanced by men of credit and  
 “ reputation: in another place, you shall hear it  
 “ exposed, and confidently affirmed, that none but  
 “ the rascality and fanaticks are engaged in it. I  
 “ heard from pretty good hands yesterday, that  
 “ the parliament wou’d be dissolved before the  
 “ 26th January: ’tis hoped, in order to call a  
 “ new one. We expect the Duke of York here  
 “ in ten days: the design of his sudden return is  
 “ not known. We talk mightily of a letter the  
 “ Prince of Orange has sent to the King; some  
 “ say, to persuade him to a strict alliance with  
 “ Holland; others, to forewarn him of the designs  
 “ of the Monsieur against him, who has, ’tis said,  
 “ drawn down many of his men to Dunkirk and  
 “ Calice; but I think every spring of late years  
 “ has afforded us discourse of a French invasion.  
 “ Your friend and school-fellow Mr. Dryden  
 “ has been severely beaten, for being the sup-  
 “ posed author of a late very abusive lampoon.  
 “ There has been a good sum of money offered  
 “ to find who set them on work: ’tis said, they

“ received their orders from the Duchefs of Portf-  
 “ mouth, who is concerned in the lampoon.  
 “ My humble fervice pray to your lady, who I  
 “ am glad to hear thrives fo bravely, as to give  
 “ hopes of an *haus en helder*; the like to the reft  
 “ of the good company; and be affured that I  
 “ am

“ Your obliged humble fervant,

“ ROBERT NELSON.

“ My mother’s fervice attends you and your  
 “ lady.

“ *To the worthy Dr. Maple*

“ *toft, att Hamels, in*

“ *Hartfordshire.*”

### KING WILLIAM THE THIRD.

SIR JOHN RERESBY, in his Memoirs, tells  
 the following ftory of King William: “ One  
 “ night, at a fupper given by the Duke of  
 “ Buckingham, the King (Charles the Second)  
 “ made the Prince of Orange drink very hard.  
 “ The Prince was naturally averfe to it, but being  
 “ once entered, was more frolic and gay than the  
 “ reft of the company; and now the mind

. . . . .

“ him to break the windows of the chambers belonging to the Maids of Honour, and he had got into their apartments; had he not been refused.” Reresby’s Memoirs, Year 1670.

Bishop Burnet very scandalously and very ungenerously accuses his patron, and the patron of the liberties of this country, of being guilty of one vice in which he was secret. The vice which tainted the character of this great man, is now well known to have been that of dram-drinking. William’s constitution was naturally feeble, and having impaired it by immense fatigue, both of body and of mind, he had recourse to that dangerous and unsuccessful expedient to renovate the powers of them. William was in general so feeble, that he was lifted on horseback, but when he was once seated, no one knew better how to manage a charger than himself; his eyes flamed, and his natural dryness and coldness of manner immediately forsook him. William, on his arrival in this country, received a very elegant, and at the same time a very heart-felt compliment from one of the persons from whom it would come with the greatest propriety. Serjeant Maynard, one of the ablest lawyers of his time, waited upon him, with the rest of that learned body, to address his safe arrival in England. William not only politely but very honestly told Serjeant Maynard,

Maynard, that he had out-lived all the great lawyers of his time. "Sir," replied the Serjeant, "I should have out-lived the Law itself, if Your Majesty had not come hither."

The following speech of this great Prince, soon after his landing in England, breathes the same spirit of manliness, firmness, and good sense, that ever seems to have dictated his words and instigated his actions. The speech of William is copied from a very scarce pamphlet, entitled, "A Collection of Papers relative to the present Juncture of Affairs in England. Part the *Fourth*, quarto; London, sold by Rich. Janeway, Paternoster-row, 1688."

THE SPEECH OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE TO SOME PRINCIPAL GENTLEMEN OF SOMERSETSHIRE AND DORSETSHIRE, ON THEIR COMING TO JOYN HIS HIGHNESS AT EXETER, THE 15 OF NOV. 1688.

"THO' we know not all your persons, yet we have a catalogue of your names, and remember the character of your worth and interest in your country. You see we are come according to your invitation and our promise: our duty to God obliges us to protect the Protestant Religion; and our love to mankind, your liberties and properties. We expected you that dwelt

" so

To near the place of our landing, wou'd have  
 " joyn'd us sooner: not that it is now too late,  
 " nor that we want your military assistance so  
 " much as your countenance and presence, to  
 " justify our declar'd pretensions, rather than ac-  
 " complish our good and gracious designs. Tho'  
 " we have brought both a good fleet and a good  
 " army to render these kingdoms happy, by res-  
 " cuing all Protestants from Popery, Slavery,  
 " and Arbitrary Power, by restoring them to their  
 " Rights and Properties established by Law; and  
 " by promoting 'of peace and trade (which is the  
 " soul of Government, and the very life-blood  
 " of a Nation), yet we rely more on the goodness  
 " of God and the justice of our cause, than on  
 " any human force and power whatever. Yet  
 " since God is pleas'd we shall make use of hu-  
 " man means, and not expect *miracles* for our  
 " preservation and happiness, let us not neglect  
 " making use of this gracious opportunity, but  
 " with prudence and courage put in execution our  
 " so honourable purposes. Therefore, Gentle-  
 " men, Friends and Fellow-Protestants, we bid  
 " you and all your followers most heartily wel-  
 " come to our Court and Camp. Let the whole  
 " world now judge, if our pretensions are not  
 " just, generous, sincere, and above price; since  
 " we might have even a *Bridge of Gold* to return  
 " H 3 " back;

“ back ; but it is our principle and resolution  
 “ rather to dye in a good cause than live in a bad  
 “ one, well knowing that virtue and true honour  
 “ are their own rewards, and the happiness of man-  
 “ kind our great and only design.”

Whilst as Prince of Orange, and the Champion of the Liberties of these kingdoms, he was at Lord Bristol's, near Sherbourn, in his way from Torbay to London, Prince George of Denmark, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, and Colonel Trelawney, came to him. On seeing them, the Prince exclaimed in the words of *The Chronicles*, “ If ye be come  
 “ peaceably to me, to help me, mine heart shall  
 “ be knit unto you : but if ye be come to betray  
 “ me to mine enemies (seeing that there is *no*  
 “ *wrong* in my hands), the God of our Fathers  
 “ look thereon and rebuke it.” One of them replied in the words of Amasai, in the same chapter (the twelfth of the First Book of Chronicles),  
 “ Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou  
 “ Son of Jesse. Peace, peace be unto thee, and  
 “ peace be unto thine helpers, for thy God help-  
 “ eth thee.” The chapter goes on, “ Then  
 “ David received them, and made them Captains of  
 “ the Band.”—The Prince of Orange, whilst at Exeter, took up his lodgings at the Deanery, and on quitting that City said of the Mayor, ██████████

continued loyal to the Sovereign to whom he had sworn allegiance, James the Second, that he was worthy to be trusted, for being faithful to his trust. The Prince of Orange's army is thus described in a letter written from Exeter, November 24, 1688 :  
 " We conclude the Prince's army to be about ten  
 " thousand men. They are all picked men ; most  
 " of them were at the siege of Buda. They are  
 " well disciplined, stout, and some of them of an  
 " extraordinary stature ; their civil deportment,  
 " and their honesty in paying for what they have  
 " (and the *strictness of their discipline* hinders them  
 " from being otherwise), winning not a little the  
 " affections of the countrymen, who resort hither  
 " forty or fifty in a gang to him."

Bishop Burnet preached the sermon at the Coronation of this illustrious Prince from the twenty-third Chapter of the Second Book of Samuel :  
 " The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake  
 " to me : He that ruleth over men must be just,  
 " ruling in the fear of God, and he shall be as the  
 " light of the morning when the sun riseth, even  
 " as a morning without clouds ; as the tender  
 " grafs springeth out of the earth, by clear shining  
 " after rain."\* The reverse of the Medal struck for William's Coronation, represents Phaeton whirled from the chariot of the Sun by Jupiter,

with this motto, "*Ne totus absumatur orbis*—To prevent the destruction of the universe."

William never appeared in spirits but when he was at the head of his troops. To some dragoon who was running away in an engagement, he gave a blow with his sword in the face, saying, "Now I shall know where to find a coward." William, though by no means a sanguinary prince, would never extend mercy to a house-breaker; he thought that bright jewel of the crown sullied, when it shed its benignant rays upon those who prophane with terror and with rapine the security of that solemn and peaceful hour in which labour recreates its dissipated and fatigued spirits, and when anxiety forgets its cares and misery its woes; thinking with the elegant La Motte,

When Heav'n-descended Mercy is misplaced,  
The People suffer, and the King's disgraced;  
'Tis Pity's self that stops the falling tear,  
'Tis Clemency that bids us be severe:  
And Punishment with reason we may bless,  
That more chastising, still chastises less.

William, like many other great men, had not long enjoyed the splendid situation of government, the supposed compensation for all his labours, before he found it embittered by difficulty and disappointment.



pointment. More indeed is ever expected from man in that situation than he can possibly perform; those whom he has already loaded with favours, think they have a right to that addition to them; which is neither honourable for themselves, or for their benefactor; whilst those who have not yet tasted of his bounty, endeavour to wrest it from him by clamour, by violence, and by an unprincipled opposition to all his measures; even to those in which the safety of the country is involved. William, too sensibly experiencing these necessary concomitants upon greatness, entertained serious thoughts of quitting that country, which he had entered at the hazard of his own possessions, and of his own life, to save from slavery and superstition; and had prepared a speech to the Parliament, requesting them to name such persons as they should think fit to manage that government, which himself was resolved no longer to hold. By the kindness of a Gentleman \*, “whom all must love, for he loves all,” and never thinks his time and his talents so well employed as in the assistance of his friends and in the service of the public, the Compiler is enabled to give a Copy of the Minutes of the Speech which this excellent and ill-treated Prince intended to make to both Houses of Par-

\* JOS. PLANTA, ESQ. of the British Museum.

liament, some time in the year 1698, from the original in his Majesty's own hand-writing, and in his own spelling :

M<sup>L</sup>. & G<sup>e</sup>

Je suis venu ici dans ce Royaume au desir de cette Nation pour la sauver de ruine et pour preserver vostre Religion vos Loix et Libertés, et pour ce sujet J'ai été obligé de soutenir une longue et tres onereuse Guerre pour ce Royaume laquelle par la grace de Dieu et la bravoure de cette Nation est a present terminée par une bonne paix, dans laquelle vous pouries vivre heureusement et en repos si vous voulies contribuer a votre propre seureté ainsi que Je vous l'avois recommandé a l'ouverture de cette session.

\* que vous avez si peu d'égard a mes advis et

\* des seuls et uniques moyens que pouroit servir, & ne pouvant rien faire de mon costé pour l'eviter

Mais voyant au contraire \* que ne <sup>auqu'un</sup> vous prenez si peu de soin de votre seureté et vous exposez a une ruine evidente vous destituant \* des moyens ne-

cessaire pour votre defense, il ne seroit pas juste ou ~~raisonnable~~

étant

appre

étant hors d'état de vous  
défendre et protéger

\* ce qui a été la seule veu  
que j'ay eu en venant en  
ce pays

\* auxquels Je puisse laisse  
l'administration du

\* et que Je jugerés la pou-  
voir entreprendre avec  
succes

\* vous vous mesteres en etat  
que

que Je fusse temoia de vostre  
perte sans vous pouvoir de-  
fendre ou protéger \* ainsi Je  
dois vous requerir de choisir

me  
et nommer telles personnes  
que vous jugereres capable

\*  
pour administrer le Gouverne-  
ment en mon absence. Vous  
asseurant que quoy que Je suis

forcé  
obligé a present de me retirer  
hors du Royaume Je con-  
serverés toujours la meme in-  
clination pour son avantage et

prosperité. \* Et que quand Je  
poures juger que ma presence

y seroit necessaire pour vostre  
defence \* Je feres tout porté

a y revenir et hasarde ma vie  
pour vostre seureté comme Je

l'ai fait par le passé Priant le  
bon Dieu de benir vos delibe-

rations et de vous inspirer ce  
qui est necessaire pour le bien  
et la seureté du Royaume.

### QUEEN MARY.

IT appears, by the "Account of the Death of Queen Mary, written by a Minister of State," that a letter of her's to King William, dissuading him from continuing to keep a Mrs. Villers as his mistress, was found in her strong box, to be delivered to her husband when she was dead. The character of Queen Mary, written by Bishop Burnet, contains a delineation of every female virtue, and of every female grace. He makes her say, that she looked upon idleness as the great corrupter of human nature, and believed, that if the mind had no employment given it, it would create some of the worst to itself; and she thought, that any thing that might amuse and divert, without leaving a dreg and impression behind it, ought to fill up those vacant hours that were not claimed by devotion or business. "When her eyes," says Bishop Burnet, "were endangered by reading too much, she found out the amusement of work \*; and

\* Dr. Johnson, with his usual acuteness of remark and strength of language, says in one of the papers of his Rambler, "I have always admired the wisdom of those by whom our female education was instituted, for having contrived that every woman, of whatever condition, should be taught some arts of manufacture, by which

“ and in all those hours that were not given to  
 “ better employments, she wrought with her own  
 “ hands, and that sometimes with so constant a  
 “ diligence, as if she had been to earn her bread  
 “ by it. Her example soon wrought on not only  
 “ those that belonged to her, but the whole town,  
 “ to follow it, so that it was become as much the  
 “ fashion to work, as it had been to be idle.”

King William has been supposed not to have  
 been a very kind and tender husband to his excel-  
 lent Queen. He was, however, much affected by  
 her death, and said, “ she had never once given  
 “ him any reason to be displeas'd with her, during

“ which the vacuities of recluse and domestic life may be  
 “ fill'd up. Whenever,” adds he, “ chance brings with-  
 “ in my observation a knot of young ladies busy at their  
 “ needles, I consider myself as in the school of virtue;  
 “ and though I have no extraordinary skill in plain-work  
 “ or embroidery, I look upon their operations with as  
 “ much satisfaction as their governess, because I regard  
 “ them as providing a security against the most dangerous  
 “ insnarers of the soul, by enabling themselves to exclude  
 “ Idleness from their solitary moments; and with Idle-  
 “ ness, her attendant train of passions, fancies, chimeras,  
 “ fears, sorrows, and desires. Ovid and Cervantes will in-  
 “ form them, that love has no power but over those whom  
 “ he catches unemployed; and Hector, in the Iliad, when  
 “ he sees Andromache overwhelmed with terror, sends  
 “ her for consolation to the loom and the distaff.”

“ the

“ the course of their marriage.” After his death, a locket, containing some hair of Queen Mary, was found hanging near his heart.

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### *BISHOP BURNET*

was a great gossip, of a very inquisitive turn in conversation, and of so much absence of mind, that he would occasionally mention in company circumstances that could not fail to be displeasing to persons that were present. He seized several of his friends to introduce him to Prince Eugene, whom he soon very much offended, by asking him some questions about his mother, the Countess of Soissons, who was tried as suspected of having poisoned her husband; and he mentioned to the Prince his own evasion from France in early life, for having ridiculed Louis XIV. in some intercepted letters. Lord Godolphin he represents as a continual card-player, who, it seems, always took care to play at cards when he was in company with the Bishop, lest he should put to him impertinent and leading questions. The first Lord Shaftesbury he represents as addicted to judicial astrology, who used to talk on that subject before the Bishop merely to prevent his talking politics to him. Bishop Burnet,

at

at the age of eighteen, wrote a Treatise on Education in very wretched language, but in which there is this curious observation: "That the  
 " Greek language, except for the New Testa-  
 " ment, is of no very great use to gentlemen, as  
 " most of the best books in it are translated into  
 " Latin; English, or French."

According to Dr. Cockburn, when Bishop Burnet was presented to Charles the Second by the Duke of Lauderdale, he said to his Majesty, " Sir, I bring a person to you who is not capable  
 " of forgetting any thing." The King replied, " Then, my Lord, you and I have the more  
 " reason to take care what we say to him, or  
 " before him."

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### LORD SOMERS.

THIS great Lawyer, to whom every Englishman who feels the blessings of that Constitution of Government under which he has the happiness to live, owes the highest obligations, for the excellent and spirited defences he made of the two great bulwarks of it, the limited succession to the crown, and the trial by jury, is thus splendidly yet justly delineated by the nervous and spirited pencil of Lord Orford, in his " Catalogue  
 " of

“ of Royal and Noble Authors.”—“ He was  
 “ one of those *divine* men, who like a chapel  
 “ in a palace remain unprofaned, whilst all the  
 “ rest is tyranny, corruption and folly. All  
 “ the traditionary accounts of him,” adds the  
 noble writer, “and the historians of the last age re-  
 “ present him as the most incorrupt lawyer, and  
 “ the honestest statesman; as a master orator, a  
 “ genius of the finest taste, and as a patriot of  
 “ the noblest and most extensive views; as a  
 “ man who dispensed blessings by his life, and  
 “ planned them for posterity.”

The following Anecdotes of Lord Somers  
 were copied many years ago from a manuscript  
 in the possession of the late Dr. Birch:

“ April 26, 1716, died John Lord Somers:  
 “ Burnet hath done him justice in several places;  
 “ and Addison has given us his character in co-  
 “ lours so strong, that little remaineth to be  
 “ added.

“ His application and capacity were equally  
 “ great and uncommon. At his first going to  
 “ school, he never gave himself any of the di-  
 “ versions of children of his age; for at noon  
 “ the book was never out of his hand. To the  
 “ last years of his life a few hours of sleep  
 “ sufficed; at waking, a reader attended, and  
 “ enter-



“ entertained him with the most valuable authors.  
 “ Such management raised him to the highest emi-  
 “ nency in his own profession, and gave him a  
 “ superiority in all kind of useful knowledge and  
 “ learning.

“ Natural strength and clearness of understand-  
 “ ing thus improved, was the distinguishing pé-  
 “ culiarity which appeared in all his performances.  
 “ Every thing was easy and correct, pure and  
 “ proper. He was unwearied in the application  
 “ of all his abilities for the service of his country.  
 “ As a writer, he greatly assisted the cause of  
 “ liberty in the days of its utmost peril. As an  
 “ advocate, a judge, a senator, and a minister;  
 “ the highest praises and the most grateful ré-  
 “ membrance are due to his merit.

“ He was invariable and uniform in the pursuit  
 “ of right paths. As he well understood, he  
 “ was equally firm in adhering to the interest of  
 “ his country while in its service, and when in a  
 “ private station. To this uniformity the calumnies  
 “ and reproaches of his enemies may be truly as-  
 “ cribed. They envied him his superiority; and as  
 “ their wishes and designs were far from being en-  
 “ gaged for the real welfare of society, a man so  
 “ upright and able naturally became the object of  
 “ their hatred; and they had too easy and too  
 “ much credit. What greater misfortune can be

“ entailed on popular government, than forward-  
 “ nefs in receiving all the impreffions of malevo-  
 “ lence !

“ When I had finished my letter, it came into  
 “ my head to add Somers’s character, which was  
 “ uniform, to Shrewsbury, which was all deformity.

“ I have been fo very fhort, not only for the  
 “ reafons prefixed, but in expectation of your  
 “ having additions from your truly worthy friend  
 “ Mr. Yorke. The account of his behaviour  
 “ at fchool I had many years ago from a fchool-  
 “ fellow. I think Walfall in Staffordfhire was  
 “ the place where they learned their grammar  
 “ together. I remember very well his account  
 “ of Johnny Somers being a weakly boy, wearing  
 “ a black cap, and never fo much as looking on  
 “ when they were at play, &c.

“ Mr. Winnington’s account is, that by the  
 “ exactnefs of his knowledge and behaviour he dif-  
 “ couraged his father, and all the young men who  
 “ knew him. They were afraid to be in his company.”

Towards the clofe of Lord Somers’s Treatife \*  
 on the Succeffion, there is this very remarkable

\* The title runs thus: “A Brief History of the Succeffion,  
 “ collected out of the Records, and the moft Authentic  
 “ Historians, written for the Satisfaction of the Earl of  
 “ ———.” It was written in favour of the attempt  
 to exclude the Duke of York about the year 1679, and  
 reprinted in 1714.

passage: " I will not (though I safely might)  
 " challenge these men to tell me wherever  
 " any settled nation, which had laws of their  
 " own; and were not under the immediate  
 " force of a Conqueror, did ever admit of  
 " a King of another religion than their own.  
 " I will not insist on it, that the crown is  
 " not a bare inheritance, but an inheritance ac-  
 " companying an office of trust, and that if a  
 " man's defects render him incapable of that  
 " trust, he has also forfeited the inheritance."

In another place of this golden Treatise, he says;  
 " I need not say how far a nation is to be  
 " excused for executing justice summarily,  
 " and without the tedious formalities of law,  
 " when the necessity of things requires haste, and  
 " the party flies from justice, and the confede-  
 " rates are numerous and daring; and the Prince's  
 " life in danger."

A pretender to literature having owned a copy of  
 verses which Lord Somers wrote, was asked by  
 his Lordship, when he was presented to him as  
 Lord Chancellor, whether he was really the author  
 of the lines in question. " Yes, my Lord," replied  
 the pretended Poet, " it is a trifle, I did it off-  
 " hand." On hearing this, Lord Somers burst  
 out into a loud fit of laughter, and the gentleman  
 withdrew in the greatest confusion.

“ The King (George the First),” says Lord Bolingbroke, in a manuscript letter, “ set out from  
 “ Hanover in the resolution of taking the Whigs  
 “ indeed into favour, but of oppressing no set of men  
 “ who acknowledged the government; and sub-  
 “ mitted quietly to it. As soon as he came to  
 “ Holland, a contrary resolution was taken by the  
 “ joint importunity of the Allies and of some of  
 “ the Whigs.

“ Lord Townshend came triumphantly to acquaint  
 “ Lord Somers with all the measures of proscrip-  
 “ tion and of persecution which they intended,  
 “ and to which the King had at last consented.  
 “ The old Peer asked him what he meant, and  
 “ shed tears on the foresight of measures like  
 “ to those of the Roman Triumvirate.”

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### *EARL OF WARRINGTON.*

THIS learned and valiant nobleman, who contributed no less by his pen than by his sword to bring about that glorious epoch in the constitution of England, the Revolution under William the Third, in one of his Charges to the Grand Jury of Wilts thus forcibly describes the advantages of that form of government which he had laboured to procure for his countrymen.

“ Gentle-

“ Gentlemen, there is not a better form of  
 “ government under the sun than that of England\*.  
 “ Yet, excellent as it is, I find that many are im-  
 “ patient under it, and thirst, extremely after  
 “ that which is called a Commonwealth; think-  
 “ ing, no doubt, to enjoy greater privileges and  
 “ immunities than now they do. But I am apt  
 “ to believe, that they who are not contented  
 “ under this form of government have not con-  
 “ sidered aright what a Commonwealth is. A  
 “ Commonwealth makes a sound and a shadow of  
 “ liberty to the people, but in reality is but a  
 “ Monarchy under another name; for if Monar-  
 “ chy be a tyranny under a single person, a Com-  
 “ monwealth is a tyranny under several persons.  
 “ As many persons that govern, so many tyrants.  
 “ But let it be the best that can be, yet the  
 “ people under a Commonwealth enjoy not that  
 “ liberty which we do.

“ Gentlemen, as the excellency of this  
 “ government is an argument sufficient to dis-  
 “ suade any of us from the least attempt of alte-

\* That honest and upright Historian Philip de Comines, who was in England so early as in the reign of Edward the Fourth, says, that of all the Governments with which he was acquainted, that of England was the Government in which there was most regard paid to the common good.

“ration, so experience has taught us, that no  
 “fort of government but that under which we now  
 “live, will suit or agree with England. Let us  
 “but consider the late troubles (the civil  
 “wars between Charles the First and his Parlia-  
 “ment); let us but consider how many several  
 “kinds of government were then set up one  
 “after the other; all ways were tried, but  
 “nothing would do, until we were returned to  
 “our old and ancient way.”

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*SHEFFIELD,*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

IN the quarto edition of the works of this  
 Nobleman, there is an unfinished relation of the  
 Revolution in 1688, which contains some very  
 curious particulars as far as they go. His Grace  
 was one of the last Noblemen that quitted his old  
 master James the Second, and replied very nobly  
 to King William, who asked him, How he would  
 have behaved if he had been made privy to the  
 design of bringing in the Prince of Orange?  
 “Sir, I should have discovered it to the King  
 “whom I then served.” “I should not then,  
 “Sir, have blamed you,” was the honourable  
 answer of William.

*SAVILLE,*

*S AV I L L E,*

MARQUIS OF HALIFAX,

had a failing but too commonly incident to persons who have some wit but more vanity. The Marquis, according to Bishop Burnet, let his wit but too often turn upon matters of religion, so that he passed for a bold and a determined atheist; "though," adds the Bishop, "he often protested to me that he was not one, and said, he believed that there was not one in the world." The Marquis wrote "Memoirs of his own Life;" the manuscript was in the possession of the late Earl of Burlington.

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*JOHN EVELYN, ESQ.*

HAD this excellent and learned man left behind no other memorials of his integrity and observation, than that recorded, at his own request, upon his tomb-stone at Wotton in Surrey, he would have been entitled to the praises and to the gratitude of posterity. "Living," says he, "in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions,

“ I have learned this truth, *that all is vanity which is not honest*, and that there is no solid wisdom “ but in true piety.” The Translator of the Life of the learned Peyresc, by Gassendi, styles Mr. Evelyn “ the English Peyresc;” and indeed, no countryman of his ever better deserved that honourable appellation than the person thus designated; no one ever more resembling the illustrious Counsellor of the Parliament of Provence, in the extent of his knowledge, in his readiness of communicating that knowledge, and in the general modesty and simplicity of his manners, than Mr. Evelyn.

The philosophical Editor of the last edition of Mr. Evelyn’s Sylva has thus truly and elegantly delineated the character of the Author, on a blank leaf of his copy of that valuable Work :

To the memory

Of JOHN EVELYN, Esq.

A man of great learning, of sound judgment,  
and of extensive benevolence.

From an early entrance into public life,  
to an extreme old age,

He considered himself as living only for  
the benefit of Mankind.

Reader,

Do justice to this illustrious character,

And be confident,

That



That as long as there remains one page of his  
 voluminous writings,  
 And as long as Virtue and Science hold their  
 abode in this Island,  
 The memory of the illustrious EVELYN will  
 be held in the highest veneration.

Mr. Evelyn was one of the earliest Members of the Royal Society, and had the singular honour and felicity, in spite of his numerous writings, of being but once engaged in controversy. Mr. Evelyn, at his death, had made collections for a very great and a very useful Work, which was intended to be called "A General History of all Trades."

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*ANN OF AUSTRIA,*

QUEEN OF FRANCE.

THIS Princess, in spite of the cruel treatment she had received from Cardinal Richelieu, was still so conscious of his great talents for governing, that on seeing a picture of him, soon after she became Regent of France, she exclaimed, "If Richelieu had lived to this time, he would have been more powerful than ever." Madame de  
 Baviera.

Bavière, in her Letters, says, “ Abbé — was detected in an intrigue : Ann of Austria however did much worse ; she was not contented with intriguing with Cardinal Mazarin, she married him.” This she could do, as the Cardinal had not taken priest’s orders. Mazarin, however, became very soon tired of the Queen, and used her very ill, the usual consequence of such a marriage. Yet when Mazarin founded this Queen respecting the marriage of her son Louis the Fourteenth with one of his nieces, she nobly replied, “ If the King was capable of degrading himself so far, I would put myself with my second son at the head of the whole French Nation against the King and against you.”

The following Impromptu of Voiture to this Queen, who, on seeing him walking alone, asked him of what he was thinking, gives some foundation to the report of her taking in very good part the gallantry of the Duke of Buckingham to her :

Je pensois (car nous autres Poetes,  
 Nous pensons extravagamment),  
 Ce que, dans l’humeur où vous êtes  
 Vous seriez, si dans ce moment  
 Vous aviez en cette place  
 Venir le Duc de Buckingham ;  
 Et lequel seroit en disgrace,  
 De lui, ou du Pere \* Vincent.

\* The Queen’s Confessor,

At

At the Duchefs of Norfolk's feat at Holme, near Hereford, there is a whole-length portrait of this Princess, with this inscription, "Anne Reine de France, grosse de six mois; fait par Beaubrun 1638:" and indeed the Queen's pregnancy is pretty visible in the picture.

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*ANTONIO PRIULI*

was a Venetian Gentleman who held some employment in the Duke of Longueville's family. He wrote, in Latin, the "History of the Troubles during the Minority of Louis the Fourteenth." He thus describes the French Wits of his time: "They haunt great men's tables, frequent their own academies, and trick and trim their native tongue without end. They run about this way and that way to make visits, but do not delight in secret solitude, the only ferment of studies\*."

\* From the Translation of Christopher Ware, London 1671, octavo.

*DUC DE LONGUEVILLE.*

WHEN this high-minded Nobleman was one day seized by some of his sycophants to prosecute some neighbouring Gentlemen who had shot upon his manor, he replied, "I shall not follow your advice, I assure you: I had rather be in possession of friends than of hares." The Duke, from friendship to the Prince of Condé, engaged with him in the intrigues against Mazarin, and prevented him from calling in the assistance of England against his country and his sovereign.

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*MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE*

seems completely to have answered the description given of the French Ladies of his time by Antonio Priuli, in his "History of the Troubles of France during the Minority of Louis the Fourteenth." "The Ladies," says he, "following scholars, would make use of detraction in their streets, and in their circles, curiously unravelling the mysteries of Government, and catching at the words and actions of the Cardinal (Mazarin). Some of them prostituting themselves

“ selves to get at the secrets of the state, and  
 “ making rebels of their husbands. They doing  
 “ more hurt by their lives than good by their  
 “ exertions, set all France in a combustion:  
 “ Afterwards, when their designs failed, they  
 “ pre-condemned themselves, became nuns by  
 “ a false semblance of religion and a gross su-  
 “ perstition, the door being shut to their vices,  
 “ now grown out of season, and when sickly old  
 “ age, condemned by the looking-glass, and by its  
 “ peremptory sentence, death, doth dread itself.”

Madame de Longueville took a very decided part  
 in the troubles of the Fronde against Cardinal  
 Mazarin, and by the power of her charms  
 brought over the celebrated Duc de Rochefoucault  
 to take part with the Princes, and had even pre-  
 vailed upon the god-like Turenne to make the  
 army revolt which he commanded. La Roche-  
 foucault said indeed in the words of Racine,

*Pour satisfaire son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,  
 J'ai fait la guerre aux Rois, je l'aurois fait aux dieux.*

After the death of the Duke of Longueville, and  
 when the troubles of France ceased, she retired to  
 a Convent, where she ended her days in penitence  
 and austerity. In the zenith of her charms and of  
 her consequence, Madame de Longueville was taken  
 to pass some days at a nobleman's house in the  
 country.

country. She was asked, as usual, how she intended to entertain herself there, whether in walking, in reading, or in any of the amusements of the field. She put the negative on these, and frankly answered, "*Je n'aime point les amusemens honnetes.*" Her brother the Prince of Condé was one day reading to her part of an Epic Poem; and asked her what she thought of it. "*Il est très beaux, en verité, mais très ennuyeux*—It is very fine to be sure, but it is very tiresome." Madame de Longueville became quite another personage, when she became religious. For her first advances to that disposition of mind she was indebted to her aunt the Duchess of Montmorency; the widow of the Duke of that name (who was beheaded by the sanguinary Richelieu), and who had taken the veil, and was made the Abbess of a Convent at Moulins \*, to consecrate the remainder of her life to lament the loss and to pray for the soul of her accomplished and beloved husband. Madame de Longueville was observed one day, at the Convent of Port Royal, sitting and conversing with a gentleman who belonged to that celebrated seminary of learning and of piety; and who was

\* At the Convent of the Ursulins of that Town, in the Church of which Convent she erected a most magnificent Mausoleum to the memory of this illustrious Nobleman.

the gardener of the place. The gentleman said to her, "What would the world say of your Highness, if they saw a gardener conversing familiarly with you, and seated in your presence?" "The world," replied Madame de Longueville, "would think that I am much altered." At the conference between Cardinal Mazarin and Don Louis de Haro, that took place previous to the celebrated treaty of the Pyrenees, whilst the latter negociator was telling the Cardinal, that one woman, meaning Madame de Longueville, could not possibly disturb the tranquillity of a great kingdom like that of France: "Alas, Sir," replied Mazarin, "Your Excellence talks much at your ease upon these matters. Your women in Spain meddle with no intrigues but those of gallantry; but it is not so in France; we have there three women that are capable either of governing or of destroying three great kingdoms—Madame de Longueville, the Princess Palatine, and the Duchess of Chevreuse."

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### *GASTON, DUKE OF ORLEANS.*

POSTERITY will not readily forgive this Prince for not exerting himself sufficiently to save his friend, the illustrious Montmorency, from the scaffold;

scaffold; the same feebleness of mind infecting him in this, as on most other occasions. During the time of the Fronde, had his mind been sufficiently steady and determined, he might have been the arbiter of his divided and distracted country. Antonio Priuli gives this melancholy account of the latter years of a Prince of the blood, brother to one Monarch, and uncle to another: "Gaston," says he, "on the King's (Louis the XIVth) triumphant return into Paris, with his mother Ann of Austria and the Cardinal, set out for his palace near Blois, without seeing or taking leave of his Sovereign; and having been in the former part of his life wholly managed by his servants, he gave himself entirely up in the latter part of it to the management of his wife, Margaret of Lorraine. He became a great sportsman and a great botanist; and not only became devout himself, but inspired the whole city of Blois with the same spirit. He died (as is supposed) of a lethargy, having had antimony improperly administered to him; and after having figured away as a Leader of a Party and a Prince, was buried in the Royal Abbey of St. Denis, with a private funeral, the Heralds who attended the corpse being barely paid their charges. Thus ended," says Priuli, "Gaston Duke of Orleans, who having been a *hopeful* child, passed  
 " his



“ his youth in pleasure, always under the direction  
 “ of his own servants, and never at his own dis-  
 “ posal.”

Gaston, who was a man of parts though not of understanding, left behind “ Memoirs of French  
 “ History from the Year 1608 to 1635.” They are printed.

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### PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

THE term *petits maîtres* was first applied to this great General and his followers, who, flushed with the victories of Sens, &c. which he had gained, on their return from the army to Paris, gave themselves a great many airs, and were insufferably impertinent and troublesome. Richelieu, a very good judge of men, was much struck with the precocity of talents that appeared in this Prince when he was very young. He told Chavigny, “ I  
 “ have been just now having a conversation of  
 “ two hours with the young Duke of Bourbon upon  
 “ the art military, upon religion, and upon the  
 “ interests of Europe: he will be the greatest  
 “ General in Europè, and the first man of his  
 “ time, and perhaps of the times to come.”  
 Louis XIV. who could never forgive the part Condé

took against him in the Fronde, seems never to have entirely given him his confidence, or to have made that use of the talents of this Prince which he should have made. The Prince of Condé was a striking illustration of the observation made by the acute Dr. Johnson, that in public speaking there was often more of knack and of habit than of real talent or knowledge: for whilst Condé never rose to speak in the Parliament of Paris but to disgrace himself, Gaston his cousin, with a mind very inferior to his in every respect, was very well heard in that Assembly. His sovereign Louis XIV. once paid him a very handsome compliment. The Prince, in the latter part of his life, was very lame with the gout, and was one day in that situation apologizing to him for making him wait for him at the top of the great stair-case at Versailles, which he was ascending very slowly. "Alas! my cousin," replied he, "who that is so loaded with laurels as yourself can walk fast?"

The Prince was a man of some learning himself, and extremely fond of the conversation of learned and ingenious men. Moliere, Boileau, and the celebrated writers of their time were frequently with him at Chantilly. He however expected as much deference from these great men in literary matters, as he had been used to exact from his officers at a council of war. Boileau, however, had

## DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

had once the spirit to contradict him on some subject of literature, of which most probably he knew more than the Prince. Condé soon fired, and darted his eyes upon him, sparkling with rage and indignation. "Upon my word," said the satirist, "in future I will take particular care to be of the same opinion with the Prince of Condé when he is in the wrong."

Pains had been early taken by some of the Prince's supposed friends to shake his belief in christianity; he always replied, "You give yourselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble; the dispersion of the Jews will always be an undeniable proof to me of the truth of our holy religion."

Some writer says, that the disposition of a man is to be known by his hand-writing. This observation seems realized in this great Prince, who was a man of a very violent and hasty temper. Segrais says of him, "The Prince of Condé used to write without taking his pen from the paper till he had finished a sentence, and without putting any points or adjuncts to his letters."

*DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.*

THE Author of the celebrated Maxims was not a man of learning, says Segrain, but he was a man of extreme good sense, and had a perfect knowledge of the world. "This," adds he, "put him upon making reflections, and upon reducing into aphorisms what he had been able to discover in the heart of man, with which he was most intimately acquainted." M. de la Rochefoucault was so accurate in the composition of his little book, that as he finished a Maxim, he used to send it to his friends for their opinion upon it. Segrain says, that some of his Maxims were altered thirty times. The Maxim, "that it shews a wretched poverty of mind to have but one sort of understanding," took its rise from Boileau and Racine, who were extremely ignorant of every thing except poetry and literature. "M. de la Rochefoucault," says Segrain, "would have made a better Governor for the Dauphin, Louis the Fourteenth's only son, than the Duke of Montausier;" M. de la Rochefoucault being a man of great sweetness of temper, extremely insinuating in his address, and exceedingly agreeable in conversation. M. de la Rochefoucault could never belong to the French Academy. He could  
never

never procure courage enough to deliver to the Academy the speech that it was necessary to make in order to be admitted into that body.

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### *CARDINAL DE RETZ.*

HENAULT applies this passage in Tacitus to this celebrated Demagogue: “ Non tam præntiis  
 “ periculorum, quàm ipsis periculis, lætus pro  
 “ certis et olim partis, nova ambigua ancipitia  
 “ mallebat.” The sagacious Richelieu early discovered the disposition of De Retz, and according to Segrais, though he was of an ancient and an illustrious family, never intended to give him a benefice of any value or consequence. In very early life De Retz wrote the “ History of the  
 “ Conspiracy of Fiesqui against the Aristocracy  
 “ of Genoa,” in which he took the part of the Conspirator. De Retz seems by nature to have had all the qualities requisite to become a favourite with the people. Brave, generous, eloquent, full of resources, and fettered by no principle, he dazzled the multitude of Paris, who seem ever to have been more taken with actions of éclat and of enterprize, than all the efforts of modest and humble virtue. The Cardinal, on seeing one day

a carbine levelled at him by some one he did not know, had the presence of mind to cry out, " If your father, sir, were now seeing what you were about ! " This speech immediately disarmed the fury of the assassin. De Retz seems nearly to have made an ample compensation for the follies and irregularities of his youth by the honest confession he made of them in his *Memoirs*. He appears in them to have been a man of great talents, and of good natural disposition, perverted by vanity, and the desire of that distinction, which, if not acquired by honest means, disgraces instead of dignifying those who are so unfortunate as to possess it. Had the Cardinal directed his great powers of mind in endeavours to unite, instead of efforts to divide his unhappy and distracted country, he would have endeared himself most effectually to his countrymen, and would have deserved the praises of posterity, by exhibiting an example that too rarely occurs, of a politician sacrificing his resentment to the good of the State.

The *Memoirs* of this celebrated Personage, written by himself, are extremely scanty and imperfect : they give no account either of the early or of the latter part of his life. The Cardinal entrusted the manuscript to some nuns of a convent near Comerci in Lorraine, who garbled them. James the Second, however, told the last Duke of Ormond,

Ormond, that he had seen a perfect copy of them, which was lent to him by Madame Caumartin. Joli, his secretary, describes him in his retreat at Comerci in no very favourable manner; as idling away his time, or hunting, going to puppet-shows, now and then pretending to administer justice amongst his tenants, writing a page or two of his own life in folio, and settling some points in the genealogy of his family—that of Gondi. The Cardinal's reply to Joli's remonstrances to him on this subject was a curious one: "I know all this as well as you do, but I don't think you will get any one else to believe what you say of me." An opinion so highly advantageous to the Cardinal's talents and character had gone out into the world, that the people of France could not bring themselves to think ill of one who had been a very popular demagogue amongst them. On the day in which he was permitted to have an audience of Louis the Fourteenth at Versailles, the court was extremely full, and the highest expectations were formed of the manners and appearance of the Cardinal: when however they saw an hump-back'd, bow-legg'd, decrepid old man, who perhaps did not feel much elevated with his situation, their expectations were sadly disappointed; and particularly so, when his Sovereign merely said to him, "Your Eminence is grown

"very grey since I last saw you." To this the Cardinal replied, "Any person, Sire, who has the misfortune to be in disgrace with your Majesty, will very readily become so."

St. Evremont has preserved an anecdote of the Cardinal's nobleness and liberality during his retreat at Comerci. As he was riding out on horseback, he was surrounded by some Spanish soldiers that were in the neighbourhood. The officer however, on being told his name, ordered him to be released, and dismounting from his horse, made an apology for the behaviour of his soldiers. The Cardinal, taking a valuable diamond ring from his finger, presented it to the officer, saying, "Pray, Sir, at least permit me to render your little excursion not entirely useless to you." De Retz resigned the Archbishopric of Paris, and procured in exchange for it the rich Abbey of St. Denis. He lived long enough to pay all his debts, and divided his time between Paris and St. Denis: at the latter place he died at a very advanced age, and in the strongest sentiments of piety and devotion. He is occasionally mentioned in Madame de Sevigné's Letters, as a man of great talents for conversation, and much afflicted with the head-ach. He had the honesty to say of himself, "Mankind supposed me extremely enterprising and dauntless when I was young, and I  
" was



“ was much more so than they could possibly “ imagine;” and this may be readily acknowledged, from an answer which he made to some one who reproached him, when he was young, with owing a great deal of money. “ Why, man,” replied he, “ Cæsar, at my age, owed six times “ as much as I do.” No one knew better how to manage and cajole the multitude than Cardinal de Retz did, yet he complains that they left him at the Angelus’ bell to go to dinner. One of his maxims respecting the assembling of that many-headed monster should be diligently considered both by the Leaders of Parties and by the Governors of Kingdoms: “ *Quitonque assemble le* “ *peuple, l’emeut* — Whoever brings the people “ together, puts them in a state of commotion.”

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### CARDINAL MAZARIN,

on his triumphant return to Paris, after the peace of the Pyrenees, created a great number of Dukes; and on being asked why he was so profuse of that honour, he replied, “ I will make such a number, “ that it shall be disgraceful to be a Duke and “ not to be a Duke.” Though a very able, he was still a very timid Minister. His brother the Cardinal

Cardinal of Aix used to say of him, "Only make a little bustle, and he will desist." One of Mazarin's favourite measures was procrastination. "Time and I against any other two personages," was his reply, when urged to brisk and violent measures. Mazarin was an extremely handsome man, and had a very fine face: this he was so anxious to preserve, that not many days before he died, he gave audience to the foreign Ministers with his face painted. This made the Spanish Minister say, "*Voilà un portrait que ressemble à M. le Cardinal.*" As Tacitus says of Tiberius, though now his strength and his constitution began to fail, yet his dissimulation continued as perfect as ever. He sent for the Prince of Condé, and told him something confidentially, which the Prince was the more inclined to believe, as he saw the dying state in which his Eminence was. A little time after the Cardinal's death, to his great astonishment, he found that even in that awful situation the Cardinal had not told him one word of truth. Mazarin exhibited in himself a singular instance of the vicissitudes of fortune. He was of a very low extraction, had been a gambler, became Prime Minister of a great Country, was afterwards banished and a price set upon his head, and then returned triumphantly to his administration with greater power than ever. Madame de  
Baviere

Baviere says, that he was married to his sovereign Ann of Austria, and that he treated her extremely ill. Mazarin was by no means a sanguinary Minister; he let the people talk and write as they pleased, and he acted as he pleased. A collection of the satires written against him was preserved in the Colbert Library at Paris: it consisted of forty-six volumes in quarto. Mazarin, when he laid any new tax, used to ask his confidants what the good people of Paris were doing, whether they were ridiculing him, and making songs and epigrams upon him. When he was answered in the affirmative, he used to say, "I can never have any reason to fear a nation that vents its spleen so very gaily; let them laugh on."

When the Cardinal was obliged to quit Paris, his effects were sold at a public auction; his very valuable library was bought for the Court of Brunswick, and is at present in the capital of that Duchy. Mazarin appears once in his life to have been in a very enviable situation. When the French and Spanish armies were drawn up in order of battle near Casal, in the spring of the year 1631, and were about to engage, Mazarin galloped between them with his hat in his hand, exclaiming loudly, "Paix, paix!" The armies immediately halted, and in a few days afterwards peace was signed at Querasque, under the mediation of Urban  
the

the Eighth, whose nephew, the Cardinal Legate, Mazarin attended on that happy occasion. The talents displayed by the latter in the negociation, and the good offices he rendered the French Nation, recommended him to Louis the Thirteenth and the Cardinal de Richelieu. Mazarin, when Minister, caused a Medal to be struck in commemoration of this event, in which he is represented galloping between the two armies. On the reverse is this motto, "*Nunc orbi servire labor;*" and how indeed can a man serve the world better than by procuring it the blessings of peace; by stopping the sighs of the widow, the tears of the orphan, and the anguish of the parent; by checking the ravages of disease, of pestilence, and of famine; and by preventing the devastation of the universe, and the destruction of the human race! To any Prime Minister may we not say, *Hæ tibi sint artes?*

Don Louis de Haro, the Spanish Minister, said of Mazarin, that he had one insuperable defect as a politician, that he always meant to \* deceive those with whom he was treating, and of course put every one upon their guard against his tricks and finesses. Not many days before Mazarin died, a comet appeared in France. Some of the Cardinal's syc-

\* The Spanish Proverb says acutely, "A man is a fool who does not consider, that whilst he is thinking, twenty persons are thinking likewise."

phants,

phants, who were in his bed-chamber, told him, that as it was impossible for a man of his rank and talents to go out of the world in an ordinary way, this awful phenomenon of the heavens was to announce to the world the death of so great a statesman and so consummate a politician as himself. Mazarin coolly replied, "*En verité, Messieurs, la comete me fait trop d'honneur.*" Mazarin, by way of saving his estate to his heirs, and of quieting his conscience, made a donation to his sovereign Louis the Fourteenth of all his immense property. The King very nobly returned it to his heirs. The Cardinal, besides one Bishopric, possessed, as Commendatary Abbot, nine rich Abbeys in France.

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### OMER TALON,

ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE PARLIAMENT  
OF PARIS.

THIS intelligent and inflexible Magistrate having, in a speech that he made in the Parliament of Paris to Ann of Austria, during the minority of Louis the Fourteenth, touched gently upon the distresses of the common people of the kingdom of France,

France, found himself treated with slight and coolness by her Majesty at the next audience he had of her. "This," says he, "was owing to the misrepresentation of the Ministers, and some of the vermin that frequent palaces." Talon having on some occasion taken a part that pleased the Queen and the Court, Cardinal Mazarin sent for him, and after paying him some compliments on his behaviour, offered him an Abbey for his brother. M. de Talon very politely refused it, adding, that as his late conduct had nothing in view but the service of the King and the satisfaction of his own conscience, he should be extremely unhappy, if there was the least suspicion afforded to the world at large that he had acted from other motives. "I love," added this honest Frenchman, "both the King and the Parliament, without being under any apprehension that this apparent contradiction should do me any prejudice with mankind." Mazarin sent for him another time, to request him to speak in the Parliament of Paris in favour of some Edicts of the King, that were to be presented by himself in person to be registered by that Assembly. M. de Talon replied, that he should do his duty—that the presence of the Sovereign on such occasions caused always trouble and discontent—that it was therefore the more necessary that he should exercise properly the  
the

the functions of his office without fear and without partiality. M. Talon's reasons for quitting public affairs were those which but too often have inspired men as honest and as well-intentioned as himself. "All resistance and contradiction," says he, "to the Governing Powers was ineffectual and useless, who carried every point they wished to gain by violence and constraint. I was, however," adds he, "very much astonished that many honest men, who wished well to the public peace, still attended the Parliament, in which they were certain that every thing must be carried as it pleased the Princes; so that in the situation in which matters were, it would have been more for their honour, that what was done should have been done by the voices of a few persons only, whose partiality might well have been suspected, than by the majority of the Parliament, who had not the power either to do the good, or to prevent the evil, as they wished. Nevertheless the general timidity was so great, that many persons were afraid of being suspected, if they did not attend that Assembly; and the majority of those that went there did not consider so much what opinion they should give, as how their persons should be secure, even when they had betrayed their conscience, and had voted on the same side with the Princes."—

David

David Hume says in his *Essay upon Eloquence*, that during the disputes of the Parliament of Paris in the time of the Fronde, there appeared many symptoms of ancient eloquence. “The Avocat-  
 “General Talon,” says he, from De Retz, “in  
 “an oration, invoked on his knees the Spirit of  
 “St. Louis to look down with compassion on his  
 “divided and unhappy people, and to inspire them  
 “from Heaven with the love of concord and  
 “unanimity.”

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M O L É,

PRESIDENT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

DE RETZ says, that no ancient Roman ever possessed the virtues of courage and of public spirit in a degree superior to this great Magistrate. In the time of the Fronde at Paris, a man presented a dagger to his breast, threatening him with instant death if he would not consent to some decree proposed in the Parliament which M. Molé thought prejudicial to his country. “Know, my  
 “friend,” said he, looking sternly at him, “that  
 “the distance is infinite from the dagger of an  
 “assassin to the heart of an honest man.”

FOUCQUET,



## F O U C Q U E T,

SURINTENDANT OF THE FINANCES OF FRANCE.

FOR the honour of letters, Pelisson and the good La Fontaine remained faithful to the Surintendant during his disgrace. Pelisson sent petitions to Louis XIV. in his favour, and La Fontaine wrote verses in commiseration of his hard fate, in a style of the highest pathos, a style totally dissimilar from his usual manner. Mademoiselle Deshoulières, the celebrated poetess, whom he had patronised, contrived to send him intelligence even into that inaccessible fortress the Bastille. The Great, who had condescended to partake of his favours whilst he was in power, completely forsook him when he had no longer any thing to give them, and after he had so far attended even to their vices, as at all the entertainments he gave to put money under their plates to enable them to pay their losses at play.

Fouquet was confined many years in the fortress of Pignerol, where he composed some devotional treatises. It is not known whether he was ever permitted to return to Paris. St. Simon, in his Memoirs, gives a very curious account of the meeting between him and his fellow-prisoner the Duke of Lausun at Pignerol.

## P E L I S S O N.

THIS elegant Writer contrived to be sent to the Bastille, to give his patron M. Foucquet intelligence of what had been done respecting his trial. Whilst he was confined there, he wrote a poem called "Eurymedon ;" "persuaded," says his biographer, "that by a great effort of application of mind to a particular subject, he should alone be able to soften the rigours of confinement." He wrote the following lines on the walls of his cell :

Doubles grilles à gros cloux,  
 Triples portes, forts verroux,  
 Aux ames vraiment *mechantes*  
 Vous representez l'enfer,  
 Mais aux ames innocentes  
 Vous n'êtes que du bois, des pierres, et du fer.

Voltaire says, there are no compositions in the French language, which in style and manner more resemble the orations of Tully than the remonstrances of Pelisson to Louis XIV. in favour of M. Foucquet.

MARSHAL

*MARSHAL RANTZAU.*

WAAT contrarieties often occur in the same person! How the indulgence of one vice often prevents the exertion and the advantage of many good qualities, and of many virtues! Aubert du Maurier, in his "Memoires de Hambourg," thus describes the celebrated Marshal Rantzau—"He was a German of high birth, and a General of such great note, that Mazarin used to oppose him to the Prince of Condé, when that great Commander had the misfortune to be in arms against his country and his Prince." M. Rantzau possessed admirable qualities both of body and mind. He was tall, fair, and very handsome. To see him only, one would say he was born to command. He was the finest horseman ever beheld. He would hit a single piece of money with a pistol at a hundred paces distant. He was invincible with the small-sword. He spoke the principal languages of Europe, and had a general taste for the sciences. He was acquainted with all the great Generals of the age, having made war under them from the moment he was able to bear arms. He said in conversation many lively things; and as an infallible proof of the force of his eloquence in any council of war in which he ever sat, he always

drew over the other members to be of his sentiments, so ably did he support them with powerful reasons. If he spoke well, he wrote still better. To his courage nothing was impossible. He possessed perfect coolness in the greatest danger, and found expedients under the greatest misfortunes. His liberality procured him the love and esteem of his soldiers, and no General knew how to give his orders so well. But so many excellent and rare virtues were effaced by his great vices. Never was there a more determined debauchee. He loved wine and women to excess, and the most seasoned drinkers were afraid of him. He sought their company from all parts, and no one could equal him in this species of vice. He sometimes remained in a state of insensibility for whole days. The disorder that reigned in his private affairs was inconceivable. He gave away whatever he had about him without discrimination, and he always had much money in his pocket, which he was robbed of during his inebriety. Thus, like a cask without a bottom, all the riches of India would not have been sufficient for him, and he found himself compelled to sell all his effects for little or nothing. He often lost his best friends for a bon môt. Du Maurier, who was Rantzau's great friend, told this extraordinary man one day, that his excesses and irregularities would destroy his health, and that they

they would prevent his rising to the principal employment in the state. "I would not," answered he, darting a most ferocious and haggard look upon Du Maurier, "I would not give up my pleasures to become Emperor of Germany." His excesses, during the siege of Dunkirk by the Spaniards, are thought to have lost that place. He was, however, confined for some time in the castle of Vincennes for this supposed neglect, and was cleared from any imputation of treachery or of cowardice. He died soon after his release. During the siege of Gravelines, he had one day appointed the Duke of Orleans, and some of the principal French nobility, to sup with him. He went, however, in the morning to pay a visit to the famous Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, where he got so drunk with Malaga wine, that he fell under the table as if he was dead, and was obliged to be put to bed. His aid-du-camp made an apology to the Duke of Orleans for his master's not being able to attend him at supper, and put it upon an excessive swell of the sea, which had prevented his leaving the Admiral's ship.

To shew the dangers of ebriety, the Catholic Legends tell us of some Hermit to whom the Devil gave his choice of three crimes; two of them of the most atrocious kind, and the other

to be drunk. The poor Saint chose the last, as the least of the three; but when drunk, committed the other two.

The baneful effects of this pernicious vice upon the body are described by the ingenious Dr. Darwin, in his "Zoonomia," under an allegory that would not have disgraced the splendid imagination of Lord Bacon himself.

"Prometheus," says the Doctor, "was painted as stealing fire from Heaven, that might well represent the inflammable spirit produced by fermentation, which may be said to animate or enliven the man of clay; whence the conquests of Bacchus, as well as the temporary mirth and noise of his devotees. But the after-punishment of those who steal this accursed fire, is a vulture gnawing the liver, and well allegorizes the poor inebriate lingering for years under painful diseases." And that the graces and energies of poetry may come in aid of the figure so strongly depicted in prose, the same great Physiologist, in his "Botanic Garden," in the most sublime imagery, and with the greatest strength of personification, has composed a picture which should be painted and hung up in every chamber dedicated to Bacchanalian festivity.

Dr. Dar-

Dr. Darwin personifies the Goddess of Wine under the name of *VITIS*, who thus addresses her votaries :

“ Drink deep, sweet Youths,” seductive *Vitis* cries,  
 The maudlin tear-drop glistening in her eyes ;  
 Green leaves and purple clusters crown her head,  
 And the tall thyrsus stays her tottering tread ;  
 “ Drink deep,” she carols, as she waves in air,  
 “ The mantling goblet, and forget your care.”  
 O'er the dread feast malignant *Chymia* scowls,  
 And mingles poison in the nectar'd bowls.  
 Fell Gout peeps grinning thro' the limsy scene,  
 And bloated Dropsy keeps behind unseen.  
 Wrapp'd in her robe, white *Lepra* hides her stains,  
 And silent Frenzy, writhing, bites his chains.

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### *D E S C A R T E S.*

THIS great Philosopher, who was one of the profoundest thinkers the world ever knew, used to lay in bed sixteen hours every day with the curtains drawn and the windows shut. He imagined, that in that easy and undisturbed situation he had more command over his mind than when it was interrupted by external objects. Descartes in very early life served as a volunteer in the army at the siege of Rochelle, and in Holland under Prince

**Maurice.** He was in garrison at Breda, when Blerman proposed his celebrated mathematical problem. He gave the solution of it, and returned to Paris, where he continued his studies in mathematics and moral philosophy. The philosophy of Aristotle being then the philosophy in vogue in France, Descartes, who was dissatisfied with it, and who intended to attack it, retired to Amsterdam, to avoid any persecution he might suffer in his own country for not sacrificing to the old and long-revered idol of Peripateticism. This produced the following letter to the celebrated Balzac, who had recommended to him to retire into some Convent in the country, to pursue at his ease his heterodox intention. The letter from this great Philosopher to his ingenious friend, admirably describes the peace and tranquillity that then prevailed in the metropolis of Holland, the emporium of the world, and the seat of liberty and security.

“ SINCE you have been inspired with a desire  
“ to quit the world, my dear Balzac, and to bid  
“ adieu to a servile Court, you must excuse my  
“ zeal if I invite you to come and settle at Am-  
“ sterdam, and to prefer the residence of that city  
“ to any one of the famous Franciscan or Carthu-  
“ sian Monasteries (in which there are many good  
“ and pious men), to any of the most pleasant and sa-  
“ lubrious



“lubrious situations of Italy, or even to that  
 “beautiful hermitage in which you were last year.  
 “However perfect your hermitage was, yet there  
 “were several things wanting to it, which are only  
 “to be found in great cities. To begin with only  
 “one defect, it cannot possibly possess that com-  
 “plete and \* perfect solitude, which is never to be  
 “met with out of a great city. You will in your  
 “hermitage, perhaps, find a stream that will com-  
 “pel the most talkative person to be silent, and a  
 “valley so secluded as to excite even the most  
 “inattentive person to meditation or to extacy.  
 “But you must still have there many neighbours,  
 “who teize you with their offensive visits, and  
 “who are continually inviting you to return to  
 “Paris; whilst, on the contrary, I, who am  
 “perhaps the only person in this city who have no  
 “concern in trade or commerce, (every other  
 “person being so taken up with business) can pass  
 “my whole life here without being known to  
 “any one. I walk every day as undisturbed  
 “amidst the crouds of the anxious and hurrying  
 “multitude, as you can possibly do in your soli-

\* It should be remembered in favour of Descartes' opi-  
 nion of the retirement of a metropolis, that three of the  
 greatest efforts of the human mind were produced in Lon-  
 don—the Essays of Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton's Op-  
 tics. and Milton's Paradise Lost.

“ tary

“ tary avenue of trees. Nor do I take any more  
“ notice of the men that I meet than you do of the  
“ trees in your woods, or of the animals feeding  
“ amongst them : the hum of the busy multitude  
“ no more disturbs me than the murmuring of a ri-  
“ vulet. If ever I chance to turn my thoughts  
“ to the actions of the persons who surround me,  
“ I receive the same pleasure from them that you  
“ do from those who cultivate the land about you  
“ in your neighbourhood, as I see that all their  
“ labours tend to the decoration of the place where  
“ I live, that nothing may be wanting to my plea-  
“ sure or convenience. If it is any pleasure to  
“ you to see fruit growing in your garden or in  
“ your orchard, and that present itself to the eyes  
“ of those who walk in them, do you think that I  
“ enjoy less pleasure in beholding the ships that ride  
“ in this port, bringing with them all the fruits of  
“ the Indies, and whatever is rare or precious in  
“ Europe ? What place in any part of the world  
“ can you chuse, in which every convenience of  
“ life, and in which even every thing that nicety  
“ itself can dignify with the name of curious, can  
“ be more easily procured ? In what other situa-  
“ tion is there greater liberty ? Where is there  
“ safer sleep ? Where is there less occasion for  
“ troops to keep order and regularity ? Where  
“ are poisoning, treachery, calumny, less known  
“ than

“ than with us, where there are even ves-  
 “ tiges of the simplicity of the Golden Age? I  
 “ cannot guess why you continue so transported  
 “ with the climate of Italy, where the plague but  
 “ too often makes its ravages, where the heat in  
 “ the middle of the day is intolerable, where the  
 “ cool of the evening is unwholesome, and where  
 “ the silent hour of midnight is polluted with mur-  
 “ der and with robbery. If you are afraid of the  
 “ coldness of the Netherlands, pray tell me what  
 “ shade, what springs, can so completely remedy  
 “ the fervid heat of your summer sun, as our  
 “ stoves and our grates defend us from the rigour  
 “ of the cold. I hope then to see you here soon.  
 “ I have a small collection of my meditations to  
 “ shew you, which perhaps you may like to see.  
 “ Whether you come or not, believe me to be

“ Your most humble,

“ and obedient servant,

“ DESCARTES.”

“ *Amsterdam, Sept. 30, 1638.*”

Count D'Avaux offered Descartes a pension,  
 which he refused, telling this great Negotiator,  
 after returning thanks for his generous offer,  
 “ The public alone should pay what I do for the  
 “ public.” His biographer says, that Descartes  
 became rich by diminishing his expences, and that  
 whilst

whilst he remained in Holland, he always wore a plain suit of black cloth. "At his table," adds he, "in imitation of the good-natured Plutarch, he always preferred fruits and vegetables to the bleeding flesh of animals. His afternoons were spent in the conversation of his friends, and in the cultivation of a small garden, when the weather permitted. After having in the morning," adds he, "settled the place of a planet, in the evening he would amuse himself with watering a flower." His health was naturally delicate, and he took care of it, without being enslaved by that care. "Though," says he, in one of his letters, "I have not been able to find out a method of preserving life, yet I have arrived at one point of no less consequence, and that is, not to be afraid of death." Descartes, who was naturally of a warm and lively disposition, took great pains to command his temper, and used to say, that to the controul under which he had been able to bring his passions by early and continual attention to the regulation of them, he was indebted for that serenity and tranquillity of mind which contributed so greatly to his happiness. Descartes' favourite device was, "*Benè qui latuit, benè vixit;*" and he used to say perpetually, "I value my independence at so high a rate, that all the Sovereigns  
" reigns

“ reigns in the world cannot purchase it from “ me.” Yet so difficult it is even for Philosophers not to be flattered by the attention of Princes, that Descartes was prevailed on by the solicitations of Christina Queen of Sweden, at an advanced age, and in very delicate health, to transport himself to the rude \* climate of Stockholm, to become the preceptor of that singular Princess. His residence in that cold country, joined to his being obliged to attend the Princess every morning in her library, even in the winter, at five o’clock, to give her lessons, undermined a health too precious to be wasted upon a vain and capricious woman. He was soon seized with an inflammatory fever, in consequence of this change in his manner of living, and became delirious; exclaiming in that situation, when the Physicians proposed to let him blood, — “ *Messieurs, épargnez*

\* This appears the more extraordinary, as Descartes had written to M. Chanut, the French Ambassador at the Court of Sweden, (who was the negociator between Christina and the Philosopher) in the following terms: “ A man,” says he, “ born in the Gardens of Touraine, “ and settled in a country (that of Holland) where there “ is indeed less honey, yet more milk than in the Land of “ Promise, cannot easily bring himself to quit that coun- “ try, to go and live in one inhabited by bears, and sur- “ rounded with rocks and ice.”

“ *le sang Francois; je vous en supplie.*” Descartes is described by one who knew him, as a man of small stature, rather of a dark complexion, with a countenance of continual serenity, and a very pleasing tone of voice. He was extremely liberal, an excellent friend and a kind master, and so little sensible to resentments, that he used to say, “ When any person does me an injury, I endeavour to elevate my mind so high, that the injury cannot reach it.” Descartes, like many other ingenious men, had applied himself a little to the study of medicine, and like many other ingenious men, who do not make a regular profession of an art so complicated and so highly useful to mankind, and which depends so much upon experience and observation, occasionally fell into gross errors. The stomach he used to compare to the reservoir of a corn-mill, which if not continually supplied with fresh aliment, is destroyed by the trituration of its own muscles. He was therefore, in order to prevent this supposed mischief, continually masticating some light and innutritious substance.

That sublime genius and excellent man Pascal, in speaking of the philosophy of Descartes, says, “ I can never forgive Descartes; he was very anxious throughout the whole of his philosophy to do without a First Cause; yet,”  
adds

adds he, "he could not prevent himself from giving it a gentle fillip, in order to put the world in movement, and there he leaves it." Father Paulian, an Ex-Jesuit of Aignon, wrote a book intitled "Le Paix entre Descartes et Newton," but like most other negociators who are not in the secret of those for whom they negotiate, and more especially when they are not commissioned by them, by no means carries his kind intentions into execution.

Descartes had for his pupils three Princesses, and though he died in the service of Christina, he ever preferred the Princess Palatine\*, daughter of Frederic the Fifth, to her; at which the vain and insolent Christina was not a little offended. Descartes dedicated his "Principia" to the Electress, and tells her in his Dedication, that he had never found any one except herself who completely understood his philosophy.

\* Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Frederic V. Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, by Ann, daughter of James the First, King of England. She refused to marry Ladislaus the Seventh, King of Poland. She was Abbess of the rich Protestant Abbey of Hervorden, which, under her influence, became one of the first schools of the Cartesian Philosophy. She died in 1680, greatly regretted by the men of learning of her time, whom she patronized, without distinction of country or of religion.

On the execution of Charles the First, uncle to this accomplished and excellent Princess, Descartes wrote to her as follows:

“ MADAM,

“ AMIDST much bad news that I have been  
 “ so unfortunate as to hear nearly at the same  
 “ time, that which has the most affected me, has  
 “ been the illness of your Royal Highness. And  
 “ though I have been made acquainted with your  
 “ recovery, I cannot quite efface from my me-  
 “ mory the sorrow which the account of your  
 “ illness gave me. The desire that you felt within  
 “ you to make verses during the time of your in-  
 “ disposition, reminds me of Socrates, who, ac-  
 “ cording to Plato, had the same desire whilst he  
 “ was in prison. And I think that the inclination  
 “ to make verses, arises from a strong agitation of  
 “ the animal spirits, which may entirely derange  
 “ the imagination of those who have not a strong  
 “ and a steady mind, but which only in a certain  
 “ degree animates and illumines persons of a sound  
 “ head, and disposes them to become poets. And  
 “ I take this enthusiasm to be the mark of an un-  
 “ derstanding more strong and more exalted than  
 “ the common run of understandings. If I were  
 “ not well assured that your’s was of that descrip-  
 “ tion, I should have been much afraid that you  
 “ would



" would have been extremely afflicted with the  
 " news of the dreadful catastrophe of the tragedies  
 " of England. But I can promise to myself, that  
 " your Highness, so long accustomed to reverses  
 " of fortune, and having so lately incurred the  
 " risk of losing your life, will not be so much  
 " surprized and troubled at hearing of the death  
 " of one of your near relations, as if you had not  
 " been before acquainted with misfortune. And  
 " although the death of the King of England  
 " (however *violent and unprecedented*) seems to  
 " bear an aspect much more horrid than if his  
 " Majesty had died in his bed; yet, taking all the  
 " circumstances together, it is much more glorious,  
 " it is much more fortunate, and it is much more  
 " pleasant; so that the very thing which particularly  
 " afflicts the bulk of mankind, affords consolation to  
 " you. For surely it is very glorious to die in such a  
 " manner as to make oneself generally lamented,  
 " praised, and regretted, by all those who have  
 " any sentiments of humanity. And it is very  
 " certain, that without this cruel trial, the cle-  
 " mency and the virtues of the deceased King  
 " would never have been so noticed nor so es-  
 " teemed as they are at present, and ever will be  
 " by those who read his sad history. I am well  
 " convinced, that the consciousness of his own  
 " innocence

“innocence gave him more satisfaction in the last  
 “moments of his life, than his indignation (which  
 “they say was the only passion observed in him)  
 “gave him concern. As for the pain of his death,  
 “I put that out of the account, his pain was of  
 “such short duration. For if murderers could  
 “employ a fever, or any other of the diseases  
 “with which nature is accustomed to send man-  
 “kind out of the world, one should have good  
 “reason to think them more cruel than they really  
 “are when they destroy life by a stroke of the  
 “axe. But I dare no longer dwell upon so me-  
 “lancholy a subject, and add only, that it is much  
 “better to be delivered from a false hope, than to  
 “be fruitlessly encouraged in it.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“As for myself, most excellent Princess, who  
 “am attached to no particular spot, I would  
 “readily change Holland, or even France, for any  
 “country whatever, could I be assured to find it  
 “in peace and security, and had no other reason  
 “for particularly settling there but the beauty of  
 “the country. But there is no place in the world,  
 “however unpleasant and inconvenient, in which  
 “I should not think myself happy to spend the  
 “remainder of my days, if your Highness resided  
 “in

“ in it, and in which I was capable of rendering  
 “ you any service, as I am entirely, and without  
 “ reserve;

“ Your Highness's very obedient servant,

“ DESCARTES.”

Descartes had continually in his mouth these lines from Seneca the Tragic Poet :

*Illi mors gravis incubat,  
 Qui notus nimis omnibus,  
 Ignotus moritur sibi.*

On him Death heavily must fall,  
 And double terror own,  
 Who known, alas ! too well to all,  
 Dies to himself unknown.

### ABBÉ RUCELLAI.

THE effect of motive upon the human frame was perhaps never better illustrated than in the account of Abbé Ruçellai, thus described in that entertaining book, written by Dom Noel d'Argonne, a Cartusian friar of Gallion in Normandy, entitled, “ *Melanges d'Histoire et de la*  
 “ *Literature, par Vigneuil de Merveille.*”—

“ This Abbé was the great nephew of the celebrated  
“ Monsignor de la Casa, so well known by the  
“ excellence of his Italian writings : he came from  
“ Rome to Paris with Mary de Medicis, wife of  
“ Henry the Fourth, where he lived in great splen-  
“ dor and profusion. He used to have served up  
“ at his table, during the dessert, basons enamelled  
“ in gold full of essences, perfumes, of gloves,  
“ fans, and even pistoles, for his company to play  
“ with. By these circumstances one may readily  
“ judge what sort of a person M. Ruçellai was.  
“ His delicacy in every thing was excessive : he  
“ drank nothing but water, but it was a water  
“ that was brought from a great distance, and  
“ which was to be drawn drop by drop (if one may  
“ so express it). The least thing in the world dis-  
“ tressed him : the sun, the dew, heat, cold, the  
“ least change in the atmosphere seemed to have  
“ an effect upon his constitution. The mere ap-  
“ prehension of becoming ill would make him keep  
“ his room and put himself to bed. It is to him  
“ that our Physicians are obliged for the invention  
“ of that disease without a disease, called Va-  
“ pours, which makes the employment of those  
“ persons who are idle, and the fortunes of those  
“ who attend them. The poor Abbé groaned  
“ greatly under the weight of these trifles, daring  
“ to undertake nothing where there was the le

“ troub

“ trouble or fatigue. At last however, goaded  
 “ by ambition, or rather perhaps from a desire to  
 “ revenge himself upon some person who he  
 “ thought had not used him well, he undertook  
 “ to serve his old mistress, Mary de Medicis, in  
 “ some state intrigues which were very compli-  
 “ cated, and which required great activity. At  
 “ first, the sight of that trouble which had al-  
 “ ways appeared to him to be so dreadful a thing,  
 “ was very near making him abandon his under-  
 “ taking; but getting the better of his fears, he  
 “ became so hardy and so active, that his friends,  
 “ who saw him work hard all the day and take  
 “ no rest at night, who saw him riding post upon  
 “ the most execrable horses, and not caring what  
 “ he ate or drank, but contented always with what  
 “ he found, used in joke to ask him news of the  
 “ Abbé Ruçellai, pretending not to know what  
 “ was become of him, or what person had changed  
 “ situations with him, or in what other body the  
 “ Abbé’s soul had transmigrated.”

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### R E G N A R D.

THE life of this celebrated French Comic Poet  
 appears to have been a life of real romance. He  
 was born at Paris in 1647. His great passion  
 M 3 throughout

throughout life was that of travelling. In returning from Italy to France by an English merchant ship, he was taken prisoner by an Algerine vessel, and carried with the rest of the crew to Algiers, where he was sold for a slave to one of the principal persons of that city. Regnard, being a very good cook, was in consequence of his knowledge in that very useful art taken notice of by his master, and treated with great lenity. He was however detected in an \* intrigue with one of the women of his master's seraglio, and was sentenced either to be impaled, or to turn Mahometan. The French Consul at Algiers, who had just received a very considerable sum of money to purchase Regnard's liberty, made use of it to procure him both that and his life. Regnard, again a free man, returned to France: having however the *gout de la vie vagabonde* (as he calls it), he travelled into Flanders and Holland, and from thence to Denmark; the Sovereign of which country advising him to visit Lapland, he and two other Frenchmen (whom he chanced to meet at Copenhagen) went together into Lapland as far as the extremity of the Gulph of Borneo, and extended their travels even to the Frozen Sea. Stopping here, as they could

\* The principal circumstances of this intrigue Regnard has worked up into a Novel called "La Provençale."

- not possibly go any farther, Regnard had these lines engraved upon a stone on a mountain near that immense repository of ice :

Gallia nos genuit, vidit nos Africa, Gangem  
 Hausimus, Europamque oculis lustravimus omnem.  
 Casibus et variis acti terræque marique  
 Siftimus hic tandem quæ nobis defuit orbis.

In Gallia born, by scorching Afric view'd,  
 And bath'd in Ganges' consecrated flood,  
 We have seen whate'er of nature and of art,  
 To wond'ring eyes, all Europe can impart;  
 By Fate's kind power enabled to withstand  
 The various perils of the sea and land.  
 Here then we stop; here fix our last retreat;  
 Where the world closes on our wandering feet,

No one seems to have felt more sensibly, or to have described more forcibly, the miseries of an idle and undesignated life than M. Regnard. In some port in which he was becalmed, he thus expresses his sensations on the subject:—"The whole time in which we were becalmed," says he, "was not entirely lost to me. Every day I went to the top of some high and pointed rock, from which the view of the sea, and of the precipices that surrounded it, corresponded perfectly well with my meditations. In these conversations with myself, I laid open my own self to myself. I endeavoured to discover, in the very  
 M 4 " inmost

“ inmost recesses of my heart, the sentiments that  
 “ had been before concealed from me; and I saw  
 “ them as they were in reality, and without dis-  
 “ guise. I threw my eyes back upon the agitations  
 “ of my past life, where I saw designs without  
 “ execution, and enterprizes without success. I  
 “ considered my present state of life, my continual  
 “ change of place, my constant though useless  
 “ travels, and the continual emotions with which  
 “ I was harrassed. I recognized myself but too  
 “ well under every one of these situations, into  
 “ which mere caprice, mere fickleness had directed  
 “ me, without being able to allow even my vanity  
 “ and self-love to tell me any thing in my favour.  
 “ I then began to make a just estimate of what  
 “ I had been doing; I became but too sensible  
 “ how contrary all that I had ever done was to  
 “ the proper business of life, which consists in  
 “ quiet and in tranquillity; and that that happy  
 “ state of mind is only to be found in some agree-  
 “ able profession or business, which arrests the hu-  
 “ man mind in the same manner as an anchor stops  
 “ a vessel in the midst of a storm.

“ There is perhaps,” adds M. Regnard, “ no-  
 “ thing more difficult in human life than the choice  
 “ of a profession. Hence it happens, that there  
 “ are so many persons who live without any pro-  
 “ fession.



“ fession, and who exist in a perpetual and disgrace-  
“ ful indolence, not spending their time in the  
“ way in which they would wish to spend it, but  
“ as they have been accustomed to spend it, whe-  
“ ther from their apprehension of difficulty, from  
“ their love of idleness, or their dislike to labour.  
“ The life of these miserable persons is a state of  
“ perpetual agitation; and if, at an advanced pe-  
“ riod of life, they seem to be fixed to any thing,  
“ it is not the dislike to motion, but their inability  
“ to move, that is the cause of it. These per-  
“ sons are continually accusing fortune of having  
“ treated them ill: they are continually com-  
“ plaining of the badness of the times, and the  
“ wickedness of the age. They are continually  
“ flying from one place to another, and are never  
“ pleased with any. In winter they are too cold,  
“ in summer they are too hot. If they make a  
“ voyage by sea, they are soon tired of the incon-  
“ veniencies of being on ship-board; if they  
“ travel by land, they are incommoded by dust,  
“ by bad horses, by bad inns. If they go to any  
“ place, they are soon tired of it, and go to some  
“ other place. Thus flying ever from themselves,  
“ they always carry with them their own incon-  
“ stancy of mind, yet appear to forget, that the  
“ ~~cause of~~ their wretchedness is within themselves,  
“ and

“ and do not remember what Horace has long  
 “ ago told them,

—————Patriæ quis exul,  
 Se quoque fugit ;

or, as Mr. Hastings has exquisitely translated it,

What vagrant from his native land  
 E'er left himself behind.

One of the most striking pictures that was ever made of the wretchedness and misery of an idle and unappropriated life is to be met with in Lord Clarendon's Dialogue on the Want of Respect due to Old Age, in the volume of his Tracts, where he gives the following melancholy account of one of his country neighbours :

“ When I visited this Gentleman in the morn-  
 “ ing I always found him in his bed, and when I  
 “ came in the afternoon he was asleep, and to most  
 “ men besides myself was denied, but was very  
 “ willing to be called when I came, and always  
 “ received me with cheerfulness. Once walking  
 “ with him, I doubted he was melancholy, and by  
 “ spending his time so much in his bed, and so  
 “ much alone, that there was something which  
 “ troubled him, otherwise that it could not be,  
 “ that a man upon whom God had poured down  
 “ so many blessings, in the comfort of so excellent  
 “ a wife,

“ a wife; who had brought him so many hopeful  
“ children, and in the possession of so ample an  
“ estate, should appear in the course of his life,  
“ and in the spending of his time, to be so little  
“ contented as he appeared to be. To which,  
“ with a countenance a little more erect and  
“ chearful, he answered, that he thought himself  
“ the most happy man alive in a wife, who was all  
“ the comfort he could have in this world; that  
“ he was at so much ease in his fortune, that he  
“ could not wish it greater. But, he said, he  
“ would deal freely with me, and tell me, if he  
“ were melancholy (which he suspected himself  
“ of), what was the true cause of it: that *he had*  
“ *somewhat he knew not what to do with; his time*  
“ *he knew not how to spend*, which was the reason  
“ he loved his bed so much, and slept at other  
“ times, which, he said, he found did already do  
“ him no good in his health. I told him, that I  
“ had observed in his closet many books finely  
“ bound, which I presumed he might find good  
“ divertisement in reading. To which he replied,  
“ that they were all French romances, which he  
“ had read enough, and never found himself the  
“ better, for want of *some kind of learning*, which  
“ was necessary to make those observations which  
“ might arise even from these books useful; and  
“ he confessed that he could not read any book for  
“ half

“ half an hour together without sleeping. All  
“ which, he said with a deep sigh, was to be im-  
“ puted to the ill education he had had, which  
“ made him spend that time in which he ought to  
“ have laid up a *stock of knowledge*, which would  
“ have made his age delectable to him, in dancing  
“ and such other trifles, the skill and perfection  
“ wherein men grow weary of as soon as they are  
“ grown perfect men, and yet when it is too late  
“ to cultivate their minds with nobler studies,  
“ which they are unapt then to enter upon, be-  
“ cause they see what progress much younger men  
“ have made in those studies before they begin,  
“ and so chuse rather to flatter themselves in their  
“ ignorance.” In the course of the narration, it  
appears that the father of this unhappy man had,  
from a foolish notion that his son might learn some  
vices at the English Universities, sent him to one  
of the French Academies, where, as himself told  
Lord Clarendon, “ Trust me, neighbour,” said  
he, “ all that is learned in these Academies is  
“ riding, fencing, and dancing, besides some  
“ wickednesses they do not profess to teach, and  
“ yet are too easily learnt, and with difficulty  
“ avoided, such as I hope our Universities are not  
“ infected with. It is true,” added he, “ they  
“ have men there who teach arithmetic, which  
“ they call philosophy; and the art of fortification,  
“ which

“ which *they* call mathematics ; — but what  
 “ learning they have there I might easily imagine,  
 “ when he assured me, that in three years which he  
 “ spent in the Academy, he never saw a Latin book,  
 “ nor any master that taught any thing there, who  
 “ would not have taken it very ill to have been  
 “ suspected to speak or understand Latin. Oh  
 “ neighbour,” continued he, “ I do promise you,  
 “ that none of my children shall have that  
 “ breeding, lest when they come to *my age*, they  
 “ know not better to spend their time than I  
 “ do.” Lord Clarendon adds, “ that this un-  
 “ happy gentleman’s melancholy daily increased  
 “ with the agony of his thoughts, till he con-  
 “ tracted those diseases which carried him off at  
 “ the age of thirty-six years.”

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S E N E C A I.

THIS celebrated French Epigrammatist was  
 valet-de-chambre to Maria-Theresa, the Queen  
 of Louis XIV. In early life he had been long  
 wavering with respect to the choice of the pro-  
 fession he was to follow ; he however, at last,  
 beautifully, and very wisely, deferred to the  
 opinion

opinion of his father \*, who chose for him the profession of the Law: Whilst he remained in his state of uncertainty he wrote the following lines; to which, from the peculiar neatness and felicity of expression contained in them, it would be difficult to do justice in a translation.

## L'IRRÉSOLU.

Pendant que Luc delibere  
 Sur ce qu'il doit devenir,  
 Et s'il est bon de se faire,  
 Homme d'église ou d'affaire,  
 Avocat ou mousquetaire,  
 Plus vite qu'un souvenir,  
 Le temps a l'aile legere  
 Part, pour ne plus revenir,  
 Ses beaux jours vont s'embrunir,  
 Et la vieillesse commence  
 Auparavant qu'il commence  
 Il seroit temps de finir.  
 Flottant dans l'incertitude,  
 Luc reste insensiblement,  
 Inutile également  
 Pour la guerre, pour l'étude,  
 Le monde & la solitude.  
 Quant à moi, je prévois bien  
 Que cherchant trop à se connoître,  
 Ce qu'il peut ce qu'il veut être,  
 Enfin Luc ne fera rien.

Senécal

\* On the subject of the choice of a profession, Dr. Johnson with his usual sagacity of remark says, "I have ever  
 " thought those happy that have been fixed from the first  
 " dawn

Seneçai used to call cheerfulness of temper  
 “ la beaume de la vie.” He wrote some Memoirs  
 of Cardinal de Retz, which are now procured  
 with difficulty, and which differ in some respects  
 from those published by his Eminence.

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*COUNT OLIKAREZ.*

WHEN this Minister was once reproached by  
 his sovereign, Philip the Fourth of Spain, for  
 not having done for him what Cardinal Richelieu

“ dawn of thought to some state of life, by the choice of  
 “ one whose authority may preclude caprice, and whose  
 “ influence may prejudice them in favour of his opinion.  
 “ The general precept of consulting the genius is of little  
 “ use, unless we can tell how that genius is to be known.  
 “ If it is only to be discovered by experiment, life will be  
 “ lost before the resolution can be fixed. If any other in-  
 “ dications are to be found, they may, perhaps, be easily  
 “ discerned.—At least, if to miscarry in an attempt be a  
 “ proof of having mistaken the direction of the genius,  
 “ men appear not less frequently mistaken with regard to  
 “ themselves than to others; and therefore no one has  
 “ much reason to complain, that his life was planned out  
 “ by his friends, or to be confident that he should have  
 “ had either more honour or more happiness, by being  
 “ abandoned to the choice of his own fancy.”

had

had done for his master Louis XIII. and for having lost him one kingdom, that of Portugal, whilst Richelieu had extended the dominions of Louis; he replied, "The Cardinal, Sire, had no scruples." Olivarez, in one thing at least, imitated the Cardinal. He caused himself to be stiled the Count Duke, because Richelieu had taken the title of the Cardinal Duke. Olivarez seems to have made some wise regulations for his country. He freed from the charge of public offices, for four years, all newly-married men, and exempted from taxation all those persons who had six male children. To increase the population of his country he had recourse to one very dangerous and shameful expedient, he permitted marriages between young people without the consent of their parents. On being displaced from the post of Prime Minister, he retired to his estate at Loches, where, according to Vittorio Siri, he died completely of chagrin and disappointment.

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### G R O T I U S.

THIS great civilian and this general scholar is thus described by Auberi du Maurier, who was intimately acquainted with him :

“ Grotius



“ Grotius was a very good poet in the Greek  
“ and in the Latin languages, and knew per-  
“ fectly well all the dead and the living languages.  
“ He was, besides, a profound lawyer, and a  
“ most excellent historian. He had read all the  
“ good books that had ever been published; and  
“ what is astonishing, his memory was so strong,  
“ that every thing which he had once read, was  
“ ever present to it, without his forgetting the  
“ most trifling circumstance. . . It has been often  
“ remarked, that persons of great memories have  
“ not always been persons of good and of sound  
“ judgment, But Grotius was extremely ju-  
“ dicious, both in his writings and in his conver-  
“ sation. I have often,” adds Du Maurier,  
“ seen this great man just cast his eye upon a  
“ page of a huge folio volume, and instantaneously  
“ become acquainted with the contents of it. He  
“ used to take for his motto, *Hora ruit*, to put  
“ himself in continual remembrance that he  
“ should usefully employ that time which was  
“ flying away with extreme rapidity.

“ Grotius was born at Delft in Holland; was  
“ a tall, strong, and a well-made man, and had a  
“ very agreeable countenance. With all these ex-  
“ cellencies of body his mind was still as excellent.  
“ He was a man of openness, of veracity, and of  
“ honour, and so perfectly virtuous, that through-

“ out his whole life, he made a point of avoïding  
 “ and of deserting men of bad character, but of  
 “ seeking the acquaintance of men, of worth,  
 “ and persons distinguished by talents, not only  
 “ of his own country, but of all Europe, with  
 “ whom he kept up an epistolary correspondence.”

Grotius escaped from the castle of Louvestein, where he had been confined on account of his connection with the illustrious and unfortunate Barneveldt, by the address of his wife. She was permitted to send him books, and she sent them in a trunk large enough to hold her husband. She made a pretence to visit him, and stayed in the fortress till her husband was out of the reach of his persecutors.

Grotius took refuge in France, and was accused by some of his countrymen of intending to change his religion and become a Catholic. “ Alas,” replied he to one of his friends who had written to him on the subject, “ whatever  
 “ advantage there may be to quit a weaker party  
 “ that oppresses me, to go over to a stronger one  
 “ that would receive me with open arms, I  
 “ trust that I shall never be tempted to do so.  
 “ And since,” added he, “ I have had courage  
 “ enough to bear up under imprisonment, I  
 “ trust that I shall not be in want of it to enable  
 “ me to support poverty and banishment.”

Louis

Louis XIII. gave Grotius a very considerable pension. He was, however, no favourite with his Minister, the Cardinal de Richelieu, whom it is said he did not sufficiently flatter for his literary talents, and the pension was soon stopped. Grotius, however, met with a protectress in Christina, Queen of Sweden, who made him her Ambassador at Paris. Here again he was harassed by Richelieu, who was angry with him for not giving him that precedence as a Prince of the Church, to which Grotius thought himself intitled as a representative of a crowned head. This dignity, however, was so little agreeable to a man of Grotius's great and good mind, that in a letter which he wrote to his father from Paris he tells him, " I am really quite tired out  
" with honours. A private and a quiet life  
" alone has charms for me, and I should be  
" very happy if I were in a situation in which I  
" could only employ myself upon works of piety,  
" and works that might be useful to posterity. His celebrated work upon the Truth of the Christian Religion, has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and into some of those of the East. This great scholar in early life composed a Devotional Treatise in Flemish verse, for the use of the Dutch sailors that made voyages to the East and West Indies.

His countrymen, who had persecuted him so violently in his life-time, struck a medal in honour of him after his death, in which he is stiled the "Oracle of Delft, the Phoenix of his Country." It may be seen in the "Histoire Medallique de la "Hollande," and verifies what Horace said long ago,

Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes  
Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.

The man whose life wise Nature has design'd  
To teach, to humanize, to sway his kind,  
Burns by his flame too vivid and too bright,  
And dazzles by excess of splendid light.  
Yet when the hero seeks the grave's sad state,  
The vain and changing people, wise too late,  
O'er his pale corpse their fruitless honours pour,  
Their friend, their saviour, and their guide deplore ;  
And each sad impotence of grief betray,  
To reillumine the Promethean clay.

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### SALMASIUS.

THE lovers of literature must much regret that M. Lantin, who had conversed a good deal with that great scholar, and man of general knowledge, Salmasius, did not make, as he had once thought of doing, a "Salmasiana."  
Salmasius

Salmasius used to read and write in the midst of his menage, in company with his wife and children, completely unaffected by their noise. By way of saving himself the trouble of turning the paper, he used to write upon rolls of paper; and when he was asked how near he was to finishing any work, he used to say, not that he had so many sheets, but that he had so many rolls of paper to finish. Vossius tells an anecdote of Salmasius which shews how high an opinion he entertained of his own talents and learning.

“ M. Gaulmin and Mauffac meeting Salmasius one day in the King’s Library at Paris, M. Gaulmin said, ‘ I think that we three are a match for all the learned men in Europe taken together.’ ‘ Add to them all,’ replied Salmasius, ‘ yourself and M. de Mauffac, and I could be a match for you all.’

“ The last time,” says M. Lantin, “ that Salmasius was at Dijon, I had some conversation with him respecting the troubles and the civil war of England between Charles the First and his Parliament. He seemed to be of the opinion of the High Presbyterian party, who seemed to wish that the King should be neither deposed nor brought to the scaffold; but that his power should be in some respects curtailed and reduced. Salmasius thought an union of the

“ Catholic and of the Protestant church impossible, and that the plan of Grotius on that subject would never succeed.”

Salmasius was born at Saumur in France, in the town and on the day in which the Duke and Cardinal of Guise were massacred by order of Henry the Third. On being asked one day when he was born, he replied, in allusion to these massacres,

Cum cecidit fato consul uterque pari.

Salmasius used to say he had once seen the Journal of Meyric Casaubon, which he kept in Latin; and that amongst other entries was the following: “ *Deus bone, hodie catellus meus* “ *peccine meo pexus est.*” Salmasius had made collections for the history of the European surnames, which he said were in general derived either from baptismal names, from the names of provinces and towns, from the names of trades and professions, or from peculiarities of person. At the time of the death of Cardinal Richelieu, a friend of Salmasius was soliciting a pension for him from that Minister, in order to keep in France a person of his (Salmasius’s) talents. Salmasius said, “ that he believed he “ should with difficulty be prevailed upon to “ receive a pension from the Court of France, “ as so much time and pains were employed in “ procuring

“procuring the payment of it.” He said, however, “he would very willingly receive the profits of some landed property, if the King would have the kindness to grant it him;” and having afterwards understood that this offer was made him on the condition that he should write the history of the administration of Richelieu, he said, “that he perhaps should not deserve it, as he was not a man to sacrifice his pen to flattery.”

Madame de Saumaize was a great shrew, and led her husband a weary life; she however used to say of him, “that he was the best gentleman amongst the scholars, and the best scholar amongst the gentlemen of his time.”

Salmasius, after having quitted France on account of his religion, he being a Protestant, resided in Holland. Sorbier, in a letter to M. de Marre, thus describes his manner of receiving his literary friends:

“Every Sunday night he had a circle of fifteen or twenty persons of note; such as M. L’Empereur, De Laet, Grotius, &c. whose conversation afforded both instruction and amusement. The chief part of the time that we were with him we sat round a great fire, one corner of which he kept to himself, and Madame de Saumaize had the other. She occa-  
sionally

“ sionally mixed in the conversation, and took  
 “ especial care that not one of the company  
 “ should go away without having received a  
 “ sharp word or two from her. Salmasius was  
 “ not naturally inclined to talk, but when once  
 “ he began, he displayed a wonderful fertility of  
 “ mind and an immense erudition. I remember  
 “ once, that I took to Salmasius’ circle a  
 “ French gentleman who had never seen him;  
 “ and as we were going thither, we agreed to  
 “ make him talk about the amusements of the  
 “ Field. We put him upon that subject, and my  
 “ friend told me on his return, that himself,  
 “ who was an old sportsman, could not have  
 “ talked more pertinently upon the matter. He  
 “ was astonished that a man of letters who had  
 “ spent so much time in his study, and who was  
 “ besides so bad a horseman, had been able to  
 “ pick up such variety of information upon a  
 “ subject not peculiarly interesting to him, for he  
 “ told us not only what he had been able to get  
 “ from those who had expressly written upon  
 “ the subject, but what he could not know,  
 “ unless he had really been upon the ground, and  
 “ had himself killed a great quantity of game.  
 “ Our conversation was often infested,” says  
 Sorbriere, “ if I may so use the word, to ex-  
 “ press more strongly our indignation, by a  
 “ Scotch



“ Scotch Professor, by name David Stuart, who  
 “ in the dullest and most insipid manner con-  
 “ tradicted every thing that was advanced; and  
 “ this tiresome fellow made us lose much of  
 “ the conversation of Salmasius, to whom in-  
 “ deed we afterwards complained, that he, who  
 “ was in general pretty apt to be violent, did not  
 “ repress the pedantry of the Scotch Professor;  
 “ repeating to him,

Oro qui reges consuevis tollere, cur non

Hunc regem jugulas. Operum hoc mihi crede tuorum est.

Salmasius, not contented with attacking Milton's  
 arguments in defence of the execution of Charles  
 the First, attacked the Latinity of his verses.  
 He begins his Apology for Charles the First  
 in this singular manner:

“ O ye English, who toss about the heads of  
 “ Kings as if they were tennis-balls, and play  
 “ at bowls with crowns, and treat scepters with  
 “ no more regard than if they were toys!”—

*FATHER BOUSSIERES.*

ONE of the most singular dedications, perhaps, in the world, is that of this learned Monk's "Parterre Historique" to the Virgin Mary, whom he thus addresses :

" MATRI DEI REGINÆ MUNDI."

" To the Mother of God and the Queen of  
" the World.

" After such august titles, O great Queen,  
" I am nearly ashamed to offer to you such a trifle  
" as this book is; but have so strong a desire to let  
" mankind know that I owe you every thing,  
" that I am tempted to do it, without paying that  
" respect which I ought to do to your greatness;  
" though indeed, to speak truly, I diminish not  
" a tittle of your greatness, when I have recourse  
" to your kindness. Permit me then, O great  
" Queen, again to renew the offering which I  
" make to you in consecrating to you the first-  
" fruits of my studies, hoping that this work  
" of mine (however inconsiderable in itself)  
" will be in some degree esteemed by the world  
" on account of your adorable name, which it  
" bears

“ bears inscribed on the first page of it, and that  
 “ the Author chose expressly to procure for it  
 “ safety and protection.”

“ La Parterre Historique,” Lyon, 1672.

*S E G R A I S.*

THE Author of the celebrated Romance of  
 “ Zaide,” who lived in the reign of Louis the Thir-  
 teenth of France, and in the early part of that of  
 Louis the Fourteenth, says, “ I find myself much  
 “ more happy in France under its present  
 “ Government, than a Dutchman is with all his  
 “ pretended liberty. He pays so many taxes, that  
 “ supposing he had six thousand livres a-year, he  
 “ must pay two thousand out of them; whilst I,  
 “ by paying sometimes for the register of my coat  
 “ of arms, and occasionally some other small sum  
 “ for the necessities of the State, live in peace  
 “ and security. A Dutchman has no idea how  
 “ any man can bear a Government so despotic as  
 “ that of France. But with us, at present, indi-  
 “ viduals are more happy than they were before,  
 “ when the least bit of a Gentleman would play  
 “ the petty-tyrant upon his estate. In our whole  
 “ province of Normandy, we had only two or  
 “ three

“ three Noblemen who behaved themselves like  
 “ brave and honest Gentlemen. The rest of them,  
 “ who used to tyrannize over their Farmers, and  
 “ beat them, are all gone to the Devil. Was it  
 “ not a shameful and a scandalous thing, that a  
 “ miserable Counsellor of Parliament had it in  
 “ his power to make every-body within twelve  
 “ miles afraid of him !”

“ Cardinal de Retz,” says Segrais, “ told as a truth  
 “ something of which I knew positively the con-  
 “ trary. To avoid mentioning that his Eminence  
 “ had told a lie, I observed to him, that he ought to  
 “ do as the late Madame de Montpensier did,  
 “ who used to say, that she never told an untruth,  
 “ but that she made use of her imagination to  
 “ supply the defect of her memory.”

“ When I was young,” says Segrais in his  
 Memoirs, “ I was fond of making verses, and of  
 “ reading them indifferently to all sorts of persons,  
 “ But I perceived, that when M. Scarron, who  
 “ was however my intimate friend, took out his  
 “ portefeuilles, and read me some of his verses, he  
 “ bored me excessively, although his verses were  
 “ very good. I then began to reflect, that as my  
 “ verses were not near so good as his, I must in  
 “ a greater degree bore my friends (who most  
 “ probably did not like poetry as well as I did) ;  
 “ and I then laid myself down a resolution, never  
 “ to

“ to read my verses except to those who asked me,  
 “ and even then to take care that I did not give  
 “ them too many of them.” Segrais, speaking  
 of the disturbances at Paris in his time called  
 La Fronde, says, “ The party that opposed the  
 “ Court had no real reason for doing so. It was  
 “ to them an agreeable amusement, in which there  
 “ was a good deal of laughing, and in which every  
 “ thing was made fun of in doggerel verses.”  
 Would to Heaven that the late Frondeurs in that  
 Country had been as harmless and as pleasant !

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L U L L I.

THIS great Musician was one day reproached  
 with setting nothing to music but the languid verses  
 of Quinault. He ran immediately to his harpsi-  
 chord, and after having for a few minutes run  
 over the keys in a most violent manner, and with  
 great violence of gesture, sang from Racine's  
 tragedy of “ Iphigenie” the following terrific  
 lines :

Un Prêtre environné d'une foule cruelle  
 Portera sur ma fille, une main criminelle  
 Dechirera son sein, et d'un œil curieux  
 Dans son cœur palpitant consultera les Dieux.

Lulli,

Lulli thinking himself dying, sent for his Confessor, who would not give him absolution unless he burnt the last Opera he had composed, and which was in manuscript. Lulli disputed for some time, but all in vain; at last he threw it into the fire before the Priest's face, and received absolution. On his getting better, the Prince of Condé came to see him, and told him what a simpleton he had been to destroy one of his finest compositions. "Do not condemn me, Sir, unheard," replied the Musician to the Prince, "I knew very well what I was about: I have another copy." Lully died at last of a wound which he had given himself in his foot, by beating time with too much violence with his cane. Agitated by the extremest remorse for the free life which he had led, he ordered himself to be placed upon ashes, and a rope to be put about his neck, and with tears in his eyes expired, chanting from the "Prosa Ecclesiastica" of the Romish Church, "Oh wretched sinner, you must die!"

When Cardinal d'Estrées was at Rome, he praised Corelli's Sonatas very much before that exquisite Author. "Sir," replied Corelli, "if they have any merit, it is because I have studied Lulli." Handel himself has imitated Lulli in many of his Overtures.

*MALHERBE.*

## MALHERBE.

THIS great Poet was apt to be a little caustic in conversation. Some one was talking before him of the nobility of his family. "Alas! my good friend," replied he, "it is in the power of one woman to taint the blood of Charlemagne himself." Speaking one day of the wickedness of mankind, he said, "Why, when there were only three or four persons in the world, one of them killed his brother." Malherbe, though perhaps the first good poet that France ever produced, thought so slightly of the merit of his productions, that he used to say, "a good poet was of no more use to a State than a good player at quoits." Malherbe observed, "that the test of good verses was, when they were got by heart." Every one remembers that celebrated stanza of Malherbe's upon the certainty of death:

La pauvre en sa cabane  
 Est sujet à ses loix,  
 Et la garde que vieille aux barrières de Louvre,  
 N'en defend pas nos Rois.

*BOUCHARDON.*

A MORE unbiassed and more unequivocal testimony was never afforded to the merit of the Iliad of Homer, than that given by this sculptor. By some accident he stumbled on the old miserable translation of Homer into French verse, and the images which it afforded to a man of his ardent imagination struck him so forcibly, that he told one of his friends soon afterwards, "I met the  
 " other day with an old French book that I had  
 " never seen before. It is called Homer's Iliad, I  
 " think. I do not know how it is, but since I  
 " have read it, men appear to me to be fifteen feet  
 " high, and I cannot get a wink of sleep at night."  
 D'Alembert, who mentions this anecdote, says, that he once heard an artist talk nearly the same language to him, "and who," adds he, "in speaking  
 " like Bouchardon, did not speak after him."  
 The speech of Bouchardon to his friend respecting Homer, engaged the celebrated Count Caylus to set about a little work, of great use to painters and to sculptors, entitled, "Tableaux tirées d'Homere," octavo.—"Subjects for Artists, taken  
 " from the Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer."

*PASCAL*



## P A S C A L

exhibits a striking instance of the earliest designation of the human mind to a particular pursuit, and the futility of an attempt to thwart and repress it. Pascal's father was a man of science, and was occasionally visited by the great mathematicians of his country. Pascal, who was then quite a child, was present at their visits, and heard their conversation, which chiefly turned upon science, and more particularly upon that which they professed. He was very attentive to what they said, and conceived such a passion for mathematics, that he pressed his father very much to permit him to study them. This the father refused, as thinking it better that his son's early years should be given to the knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages; and put out of his way all the books he might happen to have that treated of mathematics. Pascal (then eleven years of age), at his leisure-hours, used to retire to an upper chamber in his father's house, where he employed himself in tracing, with sand upon the floor, the figures of triangles, of parallelograms, of circles, &c. without knowing the names of them. "There he compared," says his biographer, Madame du Perrier, who was his sister, "the relations that

“ these lines bear one to another when they meet ;  
“ he then compared the size of the figures. His  
“ reasonings were deduced from definitions and  
“ from axioms that himself had verified. By de-  
“ grees he came to conclude, that the three  
“ angles of a triangle should be measured by the  
“ half of its circumference, that is to say, should  
“ equal three right angles, and which is in fact  
“ the thirty-second proposition of the first book  
“ of Euclid. He was thus employed when his  
“ father burst in upon him, who discovering what  
“ he was about, and the progress and result of his  
“ exertions, remained for some time quite insen-  
“ sible, equally surprized and pleased, and ran to  
“ one of his intimate friends to tell him what he had  
“ seen. He afterwards encouraged his son in the pur-  
“ suit of his favourite study with such success, that  
“ at the age of sixteen young Pascal had composed  
“ his celebrated Treatise upon Conic Sections.”

Pascal was perhaps one of the best men that ever lived ; his time was bestowed on works of piety and utility, and his money was expended on those who had occasion for his assistance. His Provincial Letters will immortalize him as one of the finest writers that the French have ever possessed. One knows not what to admire most in them, his depth of learning, his strength of reasoning, the delicacy of his satire, or the purity  
of

of his intention. In his "Pensées," with an honesty perhaps only pardonable in a man of his known virtue and simplicity, he says, "I am asked, If I do not repent that I have written the Lettres Provinciales? I answer, that so far from repenting that I have written them, I would, if I were to write them over again, make them still stronger. I am then asked, Why I have mentioned the names of the Authors from whom I have taken all the abominable positions which I have quoted in them? I answer, That if I were in a town where there were twelve springs of water, and I was certain that one of them had been poisoned, I should think myself obliged to advise the inhabitants not to get their water at that spring; and as what I said might be taken for a matter of mere imagination, I should think myself obliged to tell the name of the person who poisoned the spring, rather than suffer the inhabitants of the town to be poisoned."

In speaking of Epigrams, with what goodness of heart; and with what *bonhomie*, he says,

"The Epigram of Martial on short-sighted persons is good for nothing. It does not console them, and it shews only the wit of the writer. All that makes only for the writer is

“ good for nothing——*ambitiosa recidet orna-*  
 “ *menta.*---One should endeavour to please only  
 “ those that possess sentiments of humanity and  
 “ kindness, and not persons of a cruel and bar-  
 “ barous disposition.”

Pascal, in the latter part of his life, retired to that illustrious seminary of science, learning, and piety, Port Royal. Many of the persons that composed it were men of learning and of rank who thought it right to follow some trade or manufacture, and perform some manual operation for the good of their souls, as well as for that of their bodies; thinking with the celebrated Abbé du Rancé, the disciplinarian reformer of the famous Abbey of La Trappe, that manual labour was the first punishment inflicted upon sin, a proper exercise for the condition of a penitent, and a most powerful means of sanctification.

Pascal's employment was that of a maker of wooden shoes; this gave rise to the following witticism of Boileau: A Jesuit having one day asked Boileau with a sneer, whether his good friend Pascal was making shoes at Port Royal: “ *Je ne*  
 “ *sçais pas s'il fait à présent des souliers, mais je*  
 “ *sçais bien qu'il vous a poussé un bonne botte.*”  
 was the satirist's reply.

Pascal had, in common with many other learned men, some weaknesſes, upon which humanity will ever drop a tear. A book has been written upon the quackery of learned men, and in the opinion of ~~the~~ present learned and excellent Father of Medicine in this country, (a Character as ſuperior to frailty as to vice) an entertaining book might be made of the follies of learned men. He moſt aſſuredly could never enter into the compoſition of it: the work might however, at leaſt, conſole the ignorant and the fooliſh.

Pascal, like many excellent and ſtudious men, ſeems to have had a horror of politics. “ In a Re-  
 “ publican Government, as that of Venice, it would  
 “ be a great crime,” ſays he, “ to attempt to introduce  
 “ a King \*, or to oppreſs the liberty of any people  
 “ to

\* Gui du Four de Pibrac, the celebrated Author of the Quatrains, ſeems to be of the ſame opinion :

Aime l'état tel que tu le vois être :  
 S'il eſt Royal, aime la Royauté ;  
 S'il ne l'eſt point, s'il eſt Communauté,  
 Aime-le auſſi, quand Dieu t'y a fait naître.

Whate'er its Government, thy Country love ;  
 Thy lawful Monarch willingly obey ;

And let the State thy ready homage prove,  
 Should Few or Many bear the ſovereign ſway ;  
 Convinced that God's paternal care  
 Had thought it fit to place thee there.

“ to whom God has given it. In a Monarchical  
 “ Government, it is not possible to violate the  
 “ respect that is owing to the Sovereign, without  
 “ a species of sacrilege. Besides,” adds this  
 great man, “ a civil war, which is the general  
 “ consequence of the alteration of a form of  
 “ government, being one of the gréatest crimes  
 “ that can be committed against the happiness of  
 “ mankind, it is impossible to speak against it  
 “ with too much indignation.” Pascal subjoins  
 in a note with great simplicity, “ I have as great  
 “ a dread of this crime as of murder and of rob-  
 “ bing on the highway. There is nothing, I am  
 “ sure, that is more contrary to my nature than  
 “ this crime, and to commit which I should be  
 “ less tempted.”

No one can suspect this great man of servility and passive  
 obedience, when the following Quatrain, written by him,  
 prevented his being made Chancellor of France under  
 Henry the Third :

Je haïs ces mots de Puissance absolue,  
 De plein pouvoir, de propre mouvement ;  
 Aux saints decrets, ils ont premièrement  
 Puis à nos Loix, la puissance tollue.

## GODEAUX,

BISHOP OF VENCE,

used to say, that to compose, was an Author's Heaven; to correct his Works, an Author's Purgatory; but to correct the Press, an Author's Hell.

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## LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

FROM a conversation the great Prince of Condé had with this Prince when he was very young, he said of him to Cardinal Mazarin, "There is stuff enough in him to make three Kings and one honest man." The flattery and servility of his subjects destroyed in Louis the kingly part of his character; that of the honest man remained, as Louis was supposed, during his very long reign, never to have broken any promise which he had made, nor ever to have betrayed a secret confided to him.

Louis, from a very early age, appears to have been modest and prudent. Segrain says, that when this Month was about seventeen years of age, he followed

lowed him and his brother, the Duke of Orleans, out of the play-house, and that he heard the Duke ask the King, what he thought of the play they had just then been seeing, and which had been well received by the audience. “ Brother,” replied Louis, “ do not you know that I never pretend “ to give my opinion on any thing that I do not “ perfectly understand ?”

In Pelisson’s Works there are some notes of a conversation that passed between Louis, himself, and three noblemen, at the siege of Lisle in 1667. Louis, after mentioning the difficulties and dangers that had occurred during the siege of this town, adds, “ All these circumstances have only served to “ render my courage stronger ; and as they are “ in general known to my army, I was afraid that “ they would intimidate my soldiers ; and seeing “ that our success would depend upon our extreme “ vigilance and activity, and in our preventing “ the inhabitants of the place from becoming “ soldiers, which they would do, if they were to “ gain the least advantage over us, I thought “ that there was nothing but my example, and “ that of my officers, and of my nobility, that “ could inspire my army with an extraordinary “ courage, that at first astonished the enemy. On “ these accounts, I have been anxious that my “ prudence



“ preference should animate every action of my  
“ soldiers ; and that nothing whatever might ef-  
“ cape me, I have passed every night with the ad-  
“ vanced guard, at the head of my squadrons, and  
“ ~~I have spent~~ every day in the trenches, so that  
“ if the enemy were to make any attempt upon  
“ my lines, or if they were to make any sortie  
“ from the town, I might be ready to charge upon  
“ them with all my Court. These then are the  
“ true reasons that have made me appear perhaps  
“ a little more active at the head of my army  
“ than a King ought to be, who had not all these  
“ motives, and who is better pleased with being  
“ a little too rash, when he sees the enemy, than  
“ with being a little too prudent. Yet still you  
“ see the enemy have so far respected my  
“ person hitherto, that they have not yet fired at  
“ me, as they could easily have done ; and I hope  
“ that God will yet preserve my life a long time,  
“ for the good of my kingdom, and that I may  
“ live to acknowledge your services and your  
“ friendship.”

“ I know well,” added Louis, “ that calumny  
“ attacks the person of Kings as well as that of  
“ other men ; and though its arrows are more  
“ concealed, they do not fail to penetrate the  
“ heart of every one, when they are only defended  
“ by the external marks of royalty. When a King  
“ is

“ is pleased with hearing himself continually  
 “ praised, and when his heart is as little nice as  
 “ his ears, he is not unusually the only person in  
 “ his kingdom that is satisfied with himself. Our  
 “ sacred person alone does not render our reputa-  
 “ tation sacred; and though I know very well,  
 “ that there ought to be a great deal of difference  
 “ between the courage of a King and that of a  
 “ private person, our good actions and our virtues  
 “ can alone insure us immortality.”

“ Kings are more cruelly treated with respect  
 “ to their conduct than other men, as their hearts  
 “ are not, like their actions, exposed to the eyes  
 “ of their subjects. Subjects in general  
 “ judge of the actions of Princes from their  
 “ own interests and their own passions, and very  
 “ rarely according to candour and justice. Thus it  
 “ happens that Kings are often blamed for what  
 “ they ought to be praised, and when perhaps, to  
 “ perform their duty properly, they are forced to  
 “ sacrifice every thing to the good of their people.  
 “ I have always thought, that the first virtue in  
 “ a Sovereign is that of firmness of mind, and  
 “ that he should never permit his resolution to be  
 “ shaken either by blame or by praise; and that  
 “ to govern well the kingdom entrusted to his  
 “ care, the happiness of his subjects should be  
 “ the pole to which his actions should point,  
 “ without

“ without taking the least notice of the storms  
 “ and the different tempests that may agitate  
 “ his ship.”

Louis, when he was thirty-three years of age, wrote ~~some~~ directions for his son (*le Grand Dauphin*, as he was called), which are preserved in the King's Library at Paris. Pellisson is supposed to have corrected them. They begin thus:

“ You will find nothing, my son, so completely  
 “ laborious as great idleness, if you have the mis-  
 “ fortune to fall into that vice; disgusted in the  
 “ first place with business, afterwards with your  
 “ pleasures, and at last with the idleness itself, and  
 “ looking in vain for that which you can never  
 “ find, the sweets of repose and of leisure, without  
 “ some occupation or some fatigue that must  
 “ always precede that happy state.

“ The principal business of a King is to let  
 “ good sense have fair play in every thing. Good  
 “ sense acts naturally, and without any great effort.  
 “ What employs us properly is very often at-  
 “ tended with less fatigue than that which would  
 “ merely amuse us, and the utility of it is always  
 “ evident. A King can have no satisfaction equal  
 “ to that of being able to observe every day how  
 “ much he has increased the happiness of his sub-  
 “ jects, and how those excellent projects succeed.  
 “ ~~It is with~~ himself gave the plan and the design.”

“ Consider

“ Consider after all, my dear son, that we  
 “ not only are deficient in gratitude and in  
 “ justice, but in prudence and in good sense;  
 “ when we do not pay the proper degree of  
 “ veneration to that Being whose ~~viceroy~~  
 “ (*lieutenans*) only we are.”

In these observations the natural good sense and good intentions of the Monarch break out, in spite of the wretched and confined education which Mazarin gave him, in order completely to govern him, and of which he and his people ever afterwards felt the ill effects. Abbe de Longuerue says of Louis, “ that he was naturally  
 “ a great friend of justice, and of good intentions, but that he was extremely ignorant; or,  
 “ as he puts it more strongly, *il ne sçavoit rien de rien*. So,” says he, “ his Majesty was continually deceived. He was really afraid of  
 “ men of parts. *Il craignit les esprits*, that  
 “ was his expression. A Foreign Minister,” adds the Abbé, used to say, “ that there were most  
 “ assuredly in Louis the Fourteenth’s time many  
 “ men of merit in France, but that really he  
 “ never saw one of them in place.”

Louis had a violent passion for building, and preferred, it seems, the marshy and low situation of Versailles to the dry and elevated site of St. Germain, that he might not see from his  
 windows

windows the steeples of the Royal Abbey of St. Denis, in which his predecessors had been buried, and in which himself was to rest. How mortified would this Prince have been, had he known, that in all the public and private edifices taken together, which he had caused to be built, there are, according to the calculation of a celebrated Scotch Antiquary at Rome, fewer cubic feet of masonry than in the single fabrick erected by a Roman Emperor, the Amphitheatre of Vespasian.

Louis had the merit of knowing his own ignorance in literary matters; for when once on his passage to the Army in Flanders he had occasion to spend some time at a small Abbey of Benedictines, the Prior talked to his Majesty about the charters it contained. "Alas, Sir," replied Louis, "you are much too learned for me! My cousin the Prince of Condé will be here in a few days; you may tell all this to him; he is the Doctor of our family."

Louis one day asked Racine, who was the French writer that had done most honour to his reign. Racine replied, "Moliere, Sire." "I did not think so," answered Louis, "but you are a better judge of these matters than I am."

As

As Louis's walk was different from that of his courtiers, so was his pronunciation: *François*; the name of his subjects, he always pronounced like the name of the Saint.

Louis, on hearing some public speaker make use of these words, "*Le Roi & l'Etat*," exclaimed loudly, "*L'Etat! c'est Moi.*" And well indeed might he make that exclamation; for when in the distresses of his kingdom, in the latter part of his life, he consulted the Doctors of the Sorbonne whether he might raise taxes by his own authority, without the formality of their being registered by the Parliaments of his kingdom, they answered in the affirmative.

In an Inscription under his statue he was thus stiled: "The glory of Kings, the delight of the human race, the terror of his enemies, the idol of his subjects, and the admiration of all."

———— nihil est, quod credere de se  
Non possit, cum laudatur diis æqua potestas.

Ye shameless flatterers of a mortal's pride,  
Your Monarch's power with that of Jove divide.  
Crush'd by his dire and arbitrary sway,  
Yourselfes shall curse th' idolatry ye pay.

Segrais says, "that some young noblemen  
" who were about the person of Louis the  
" Four-

“ Fourteenth, were talking one day before  
 “ him (when he was about eleven years  
 “ old) of the despotic power of the Empe-  
 “ rors of Turkey, and what great things  
 “ they did in consequence of it.” “ Aye,”  
 said the young Prince, “ this may be called  
 “ reigning indeed.” The Marshal d’Estrées,  
 who happened to be present, said, “ Your  
 “ Majesty perhaps does not know, that even in  
 “ the course of my life I have known three or  
 “ four of these Emperors put to death by the  
 “ bow-string.” Marshal de Villeroi, Go-  
 vernor to the young King, immediately arose from  
 his seat, went up to d’Estrées, and thanked  
 him for the excellent lesson which he had given  
 to his royal pupil.

Louis seems to have had one part of an  
 honest and ingenuous mind: he was inclined  
 to take advice, and to alter his conduct when he  
 was convinced it was wrong. His person was  
 very beautiful, and he was very fond of exhibiting  
 it. He very often danced upon the stage  
 of Versailles in some of Quinault’s Operas.  
 Racine in the tragedy of Britannicus had the  
 boldness and the kindness to say of Nero,

Il excelle à conduire un char dans sa carriere,  
 A disputer des prix indignes de ses mains,  
 A se donner lui-même en spectacle au Romains.

With

With futile skill and ill-directed grace  
 He pants to outstrip the chariots in the race.  
 Gaz'd at by millions of plebeian eyes,  
 From his own subject's hands he seeks the prize  
 A prize that but proclaims the victor's shame ;  
 How far below a Monarch's nobler aim !

The judicious Monarch took the hint, and never afterwards appeared upon the stage.

Louis, who had excellent natural sense, and who was by no means sanguinary, was most probably led into the cruelties which he permitted to be exercised against his Protestant subjects, by his fanatical Chancellor Le Tellier, and his Confessor of the same name; for in the Instructions to his Son before mentioned in this article, he tells him, "It appears to me, my son, that those persons who wish to employ extreme and violent measures do not understand the nature of this evil, occasioned, in part, by the heat of the imagination; which should rather be suffered to die away, and to extinguish itself insensibly, than to be inflamed afresh by strong opposition; more particularly when the corruption is not confined to a small number of persons who are known, but diffused through all parts of the State. And besides, these Reformers speak truth upon many subjects. The best method, then, to reduce by degrees the number of the Huguenots in my kingdom, was  
 " most



“ most certainly not that of continually harrassing  
 “ them with some new and rigorous edict.”

“ *Opuscules Littéraires,*” Paris 1767.

Louis, who affected to style himself “ *le Doyen*  
 “ *des Rois,*” the Father of the Kings of his time,  
 “ on account of his age, and the number of  
 years in which he had reigned, used occasionally  
 to make this very melancholy observation :  
 “ When I bestow a favour, I make one per-  
 “ son ungrateful and nineteen persons discon-  
 “ tented.”

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### DUKE OF ORLEANS,

BROTHER OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

ABBE DE LONGUERUE thus describes  
 this Prince :

“ He was continually talking, without ever  
 “ saying any thing. He never,” adds he, “ had  
 “ but one book, which was his Mass-Book, and  
 “ his Clerk of the Closet used always to carry it  
 “ in his pocket for him.”

He was a Prince of greater bravery than his brother, and in engagements, exposed his person much more. This made Louis say one day to him, after a battle, "*Mon frere, vous voulez donc devenir sac-à-terre.*" The celebrated Mothe-le Vayer was Preceptor to this Prince. His son, the Abbé de Vayer, printed in 1670 a translation of Florus into French, made, as he said, by this Prince. It was most probably the work of the Preceptor.

The Duke of Orleans married Henrietta-Maria, sister of Charles the Second. His brother, after the most strict enquiry that he was able to make into the death of that accomplished Princess, was perfectly convinced that the Duke of Orleans was not in the smallest degree implicated in it.

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### MADAME DE LA VALIERE.

THIS beautiful and gentle-minded woman seems, differently from the other mistresses of that Prince, to have loved the man and not the sovereign, in Louis the Fourteenth. When the death of the son she had by that Monarch was announced to her "Alas," said she, "I have  
 .. " greater

It greater reason to be grieved for his birth than "for his death." Many years before she died she retired into the Convent of the Carmelites at Paris, where she endeavoured to expiate her faults by the rudest and most exemplary penitence. Not long before she expired, she exclaimed, after having refused every consolation that was offered to her, "It is fit that so great a sinner as myself should die in the greatest torments."

Whilst she was in the Convent she wrote a small devotional Treatise, entitled, "Reflections upon the Mercy of God." The eloquent Bossuet preached the sermon upon her taking the veil, at which were present Louis the Fourteenth's Queen and all the Court. He took his text from the following passage in the Apocalypse: "And he that sat upon the throne said, I will renew all things."

The celebrated picture of the Magdalen, painted by Le Brun for the Convent in which Madame de La Valiere resided, has been falsely supposed to have been that of this beautiful and sincere penitent. The features are entirely dissimilar.

### MADAME DE MAINTENON.

ABBE DE CHOISY dedicated his Translation of Thomas-à-Kempis to this celebrated lady, with this motto from the Psalms :

“ Hear my Daughter, and see, and incline thine ear,  
“ and the King shall desire thy beauty.”

The edition was soon suppressed.

Madame de Maintenon used to say of herself,  
“ I was naturally ambitious. I fought against  
“ that passion. I really thought that I should be  
“ happy, when the desires that I had were  
“ gratified. That infatuation lasted only three  
“ days.”

“ Alas,” says she in one of her letters to her  
niece, “ why cannot I give you my experience ?  
“ why cannot I shew you how the great are de-  
“ voured by ennui, and with what difficulty  
“ they get through their day ? Do not you see that  
“ I die of misery in a situation so much beyond  
“ my most extravagant wishes ? I have been young,  
“ and pretty, and was a general favourite. In a  
“ more advanced age, I spent my time in culti-  
“ vating my understanding by reading and by con-  
“ versation. At last I have procured the favour  
“ of my Sovereign, and I can assure you that all  
“ these

“ these different situations leave a terrible void  
“ in the mind.”

“ Could any thing,” says Voltaire, “ unde-  
“ ceive mankind with respect to ambition, this  
“ letter would have that effect.”

Madame de Maintenon one day asked Louis the  
Fourteenth for some money to distribute in alms.  
“ Alas, Madam,” replied that Prince, “ what  
“ I give in alms are merely fresh burdens upon my  
“ people. The more money I give away the  
“ more I take from them.” “ This, Sire, is  
“ true,” replied Madame de Maintenon, “ but  
“ it is right to ease the wants of those whom  
“ your former taxes to supply the expences of  
“ your wars and of your buildings, have re-  
“ duced to misery. It is truly just that those who  
“ have been ruined by you, should be supported by  
“ you.”

Madame de Maintenon was most assuredly mar-  
ried to Louis. She survived him some years,  
and the Regent Duke of Orleans took care that  
the pension the King had left her should be regu-  
larly paid. Peter the Great, when he came to  
Paris, was very anxious to see Madame de Main-  
tenon. She was very infirm, and in bed when  
he visited her. He drew aside the curtains to  
look at that face which had captivated her Sove-  
reign. A blush o’erspread her pale cheeks for  
for an instant. The Czar retired.

### MASQUE DE FER.

THE following account of this celebrated personage is given on the authority of M. Falconet, a learned and eloquent Counsellor of the last Parliament of Dauphiné :

“ IN the manuscript Memoirs of M. de la Reinterie, lately in the possession of the Marquis de Mesnon-Roman, at Paris, M. de la Reinterie says, That when he commanded in the fortress of Pignerol, a prisoner who was confined in the citadel of that place one day shut the door of his room with great violence upon the officer who waited upon him, and ran immediately down stairs, in order to escape from his confinement: he was, however, stopped by the centinel at the bottom of the stairs. The officer in the mean time cried out from the window, that the prisoner was making his escape, and requested the assistance of the garrison. The officer upon guard immediately came up and laid hold of the prisoner, who was scuffling with the centinel. The officer drew his sword; when the prisoner cried out, in a very commanding tone of voice, ‘ *Songez à ce que vous faites, Monsieur: Respectez le sang de vos Souverains—* Take care what you do, Sir: Respect the blood

“ of

of your Sovereigns.' In the mean time the  
 " officer who had been locked in came down  
 " stairs, and, on hearing what the prisoner had  
 " said, put his hand upon his mouth, and desired  
 " all the persons present never to mention what  
 " they had heard him say; who was imme-  
 " diately reconducted to his old apartment, and  
 " guarded with more care than before.

" M. de la Reinterje says, that he told the story  
 " to a few confidential persons about the Court  
 " of Versailles, whose names he mentions in his  
 " Memoirs, and that, except to them, he always  
 " preserved the most profound secrecy of this very  
 " extraordinary circumstance."

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### C O L B E R T.

SOON after this great Minister came into the  
 management of the finances of France, he sent  
 for the principal merchants of that kingdom, and,  
 to ingratiate himself with them, and to acquire  
 their confidence, asked them what he could do  
 for them. They unanimously replied, " Pray, Sir,  
 " do nothing! *Laissez nous faire*—Let us do for  
 " ourselves."

M. d'Argenson says, that a person un-  
 known to M. Colbert requested an audience of

him, as having something of great importance to communicate to him. Being admitted to see M. Colbert, he with great gravity advised him to encourage the trade and manufactures of his own country, which was large enough to supply itself and the other countries of Europe with what they wanted, and to give up all the French colonies in the East and West Indies to the Dutch and the English, who had very little territory of their own. Colbert did not deign to make any reply, but turned his extraordinary counsellor out of the room.

Colbert ordered Chapelain, the Author of the Epic Poem of the "Pucelle," to make him out a list of the men of learning and talents in France who either wanted or deserved pensions from the Sovereign, and at the end of each name to append the character of their merit. Moliere was thus described:—"He is acquainted with the true  
 " character of comedy, and he executes it na-  
 " turally. The story of his best pieces is in  
 " general imitated from others, but imitated with  
 " judgment. His plots are good, and he has only  
 " to avoid buffoonery."

Of that elegant, voluminous, and inaccurate historian Varillas, Chapelain says: "He is full of know-  
 " ledge, particularly that of theology and history.  
 " He has written an Account of the Rise of the  
 " House



“ House of Austria, that is very curious, and has  
 “ been very much read. His style is neither po-  
 “ lished nor ornamented, but it is sound.”

Louis the Fourteenth, at the instigation of Colbert, pensioned several men of learning and of science in the different Courts of Europe. Colbert, by his orders, wrote the following letter to the younger Vossius ;

“ SIR,

“ ALTHOUGH the King is not your sove-  
 “ reign, he is still very desirous to become your  
 “ benefactor, and has ordered me to send you the  
 “ inclosed bill of exchange as a mark of his esteem,  
 “ and as a pledge of his protection. Every one  
 “ knows how worthily you follow the example  
 “ of your father, the celebrated Isaac Vossius, and  
 “ that having received from him a name which  
 “ he rendered illustrious by his writings, you still  
 “ maintain the glory of it by your own. This  
 “ being known to his Majesty, he has great plea-  
 “ sure in rewarding your merit, and I have the  
 “ more satisfaction in being ordered by his  
 “ Majesty to make you that recompence, as at  
 “ the same time I can assure you how much I  
 “ am, Sir,

“ Your very humble and affectionate servant,

“ COLBERT.”

“ Paris, June 2, 1663.”

It

It has been computed, that Louis's well-judged liberality did not amount to more than eight thousand pounds a-year. Fifty or a hundred pounds a-year, was the usual amount of each pension. Chapelain got something more for himself, and that, amongst other reasons, procured him the hatred and envy of his contemporaries and countrymen.

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### JOHN THE FOURTH,

DUKE OF BRAGANZA, AFTERWARDS KING OF  
PORTUGAL.

THE Portuguese, tired of the tyranny which Philip the Second and his successors exercised over them, offered the crown of that kingdom to John Duke of Braganza. He refused it at first, but his wife, the illustrious Louisa de Gusman, prevailed upon him to comply with the wishes of his countrymen. "Accept, Sir," said she, "the crown that is offered to you. It is a noble thing to die a King, even though you should not enjoy your dignity half an hour."

John

John was proclaimed King of Portugal in 1630; without the least tumult, and, as some writer says, as quietly as a son succeeds to the inheritance of his father.

The Duchess of Mantua, the Governess of Portugal for the King of Spain, wished to harangue from the windows of the palace the people who were assembled before it, and who there had just murdered Vasconcellos, her secretary of state. Marogne endeavoured to dissuade her from speaking, by hinting his apprehensions of what might happen. "And pray, Sir, what can they do to me?" said the Duchess. "Only throw your Royal Highness out of the window perhaps." She took the hint, retired into an inner chamber, and was soon afterwards sent well guarded to Madrid.

The Princes and States of Europe soon after this revolution recognized the Duke of Braganza as King of Portugal, sent Ambassadors to him, and received in their turn his Ambassadors; following the maxim of the learned Grotius, "that a Prince does not stipulate for himself, but for the people under his government; and that a King deprived of his kingdom, loses the right of sending Ambassadors."

Algernon Sidney, in speaking of this event, says, that the English Court, though then in amity with  
with

with Spain, and not a little influenced by a Spanish faction, gave example to others, by treating with the Duke of Braganza and not with Spain, touching matters relating to that State. "Nay," continues Sidney, "I have been informed by those who well understood the affairs of that time, that the Lord Cottington advised the late King (Charles the First) not to receive any persons sent from the Duke of Braganza (rebel to his ally the King of Spain) in the quality of Ambassadors. The King answered, "that he must look upon that person to be King of Portugal *who was acknowledged by the Nation*. And I am much mistaken," adds Sidney, "if his Majesty now reigning (Charles the Second) did not find all the Princes and States of the world to be of the same mind, when he was *out of his kingdom*, and could oblige no man but himself and a few followers by any treaty which he could make."

"Discourses on Government," Quarto, page 442.

CHARLES

## CHARLES THE FIFTH,

DUKE OF LORRAINE.

THIS great and unfortunate Prince, according to Henault, succeeded to his uncle Charles the Fourth, not so much in his Duchy as in the hopes of recovering it, it having been wrested from him by Louis the Fourteenth. He took as the motto to his standards, "*Aut nunc, aut nunquam;*" but was not the more successful, the Marshal Crequi continually preventing his entrance into his own kingdom. He was more fortunate, however, when he fought for others, and gained for his relation Leopold Emperor of Germany (whose cause he had espoused) many victories, both over his rebellious subjects and over the Turks. He was a Prince of great honour and piety, and, according to Marshal Berwick, so disinterested, that when the Emperor was disposed to go to war with France (which was the only chance the Duke had of recovering his Duchy), he wrote to him to tell him, that he ought to prefer the general good of Christianity to his private animosities, and that if at that particular period he would employ all his forces in Hungary against the Turks, he could nearly promise him to drive those Infidels out of Europe.

The

The Emperor agreed to this magnanimous proposal of the Duke of Lorraine, and sent to him to come to him at Vienna, to take the command of his armies. On his journey he was taken ill of a fever, and, a few hours before he died, wrote the following letter to the Emperor, which breathes the spirit of a Man, a Hero, and a Christian:

“ SIRE \*,

“ AUSSITOT que j’ai reçu vos ordres, je  
 “ suis parti d’Inspruk pour me rendre à Vienne,  
 “ mais je me trouve arrêté ici par les ordres d’un  
 “ plus grand maître. Je pars, et je vais lui rendre  
 “ compte d’une vie que j’aurois consacrée à votre  
 “ service. Souvenez-vous, Sire, que je quitte  
 “ une femme qui vous touche, des enfans auxquels  
 “ je ne laisse que mon épée, et mes sujets dans  
 “ l’oppression.

“ CHARLES.”

“ SIRE,

“ As soon as I received your commands, I set out for  
 “ Inspruck, on my way to Vienna; but I find myself  
 “ stopped in that city by the orders of a greater master.  
 “ I depart, and I am going to give him an account of a  
 “ life, that I would otherwise have consecrated to your  
 “ service. Remember, Sire, that I leave behind me  
 “ a wife who is your relation, children to whom I have  
 “ nothing to give but my sword, and my subjects in a  
 “ state of oppression.

“ CHARLES.”

LOUIS

Louis the Fourteenth, on hearing of the death of the Duke of Lorraine, nobly exclaimed: "I have then lost the bravest and the fairest enemy I ever had. His least excellence was that of being a Prince."

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### INNOCENT' X.

WHEN this Pope was at Paris, as Monsignor Pamphili, in the train of the Nuncio from the Papal Court to that of France, he went with the Nuncio and his suite to see the library of a famous Collector of Books. The Collector, who had a pretty sharp eye upon what was rare in his Collection, soon missed a small scarce volume on the Liberties of the Gallican Church. He taxed the Nuncio immediately with having purloined it. The Nuncio defended himself by saying, that he did not care much for a scarce book; that he was more of a politician than a scholar; and that if any one in his train had taken the book, it must be Pamphili, who was a curious and reading man. Fortified with this authority, the Collector accused Pamphili, who denied the fact very stoutly.

The Collector, however, by the aid of his servants; and after much scuffling and bustling; threw him upon the ground, and took out the little book from under his long gown. Amelot de la Houssaie; who relates the anecdote; says, “that the hatred  
“this Pope entertained against Louis the Fourteenth and the French Nation; very probably  
“took its rise from his having been thus roughly  
“treated at Paris.”

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### MARSHAL TURENNE.

THIS great General was originally intended by his parents for the Church; in spite of his very early disposition to a military life. The reason that was assigned for thus thwarting his natural genius, was the supposed feebleness of his constitution. Turenne, to shew them how completely they were mistaken in that respect, at the age of fourteen stole away one night from his tutor, and was found the next morning asleep upon a cannon,  
on



on the ramparts of Sedan, the seat of the court of his father the Duke of Bouillon. He was then permitted to follow his inclination, and served as a volunteer under his uncle the Prince of Orange, with great distinction; and by the usual gradations rose to the honour of being a Marshal of France, and a Commander of the Armies of that Nation. To the greatest prudence and courage, Turenne added the most perfect integrity and simplicity of character; so that Madame de Sevigne, in one of her letters, does not hyperbolically describe him as one of those men who are to be met with only in Plutarch's Lives.

The cannon ball that killed Turenne took away the arm of the Marquis de St. Hilaire, who was on a reconnoitring party with him. St. Hilaire's son, a young lad, burst into tears on seeing his father's arm shot off; when the father exclaimed, "Weep not for me, my dear, but grieve for the death of that great man who is killed by the same ball that disabled me."

Turenne was easily distinguished from the rest of his army by a pyped horse, of which he was very fond, and on which he constantly rode. One of the officers in the army of the enemy knowing this, procured a Swiss officer in their service, a celebrated Engineer, to level a cannon particularly at Turenne.

Turenne's soldiers, on seeing their General dead, furrounded his body, which they covered with a cloak, and watched over it the whole night: It was afterwards carried in great pomp to the Royal Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, and interred with those of the Kings of France. In the late general wreck and ravage in that country, of every thing that has hitherto been deemed distinguished and sacred among mankind, it was torn from its peaceful and honourable sepulture, and was found entire and perfect.

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### MONTECUCULI.

THIS celebrated General used to say, that a great number of Generals is as pernicious to an army, as a great number of Physicians is to a sick man. He entertained no very high opinion of the efforts of allied armies in general. "They come together," said he, "without properly understanding what each other means; they have different interests to pursue, which they will not sufficiently explain to each other; their language is different, their manners not the same, and their discipline dissimilar. Defensive war," adds he, in his Commentaries, "requires more  
" knowledge

“ knowledge and precaution than offensive war.  
 “ The least failure is mortal, and the want  
 “ of success is exaggerated by fear, which acts  
 “ always as a microscope to calamities.”

Montecuculi was called by some of his rash and unexperienced officers, the Temporizer; for knowing but too well the uncertainty and the misery of war, he was never in a hurry to risk a battle, unless he was well assured of its success. He however told those who were dissatisfied with his conduct, “ I glory in a name which was that  
 “ given to the Roman General who saved his  
 “ country,

*Qui cunctando restituet rem.*

On being told of the death of the “god-like” Turenne, he said, “ I lament, and I cannot too  
 “ much lament the loss of a man above the rest  
 “ of mankind, and who did honour to human  
 “ nature---*Je regrette, et je ne saurois assez re-*  
 “ *gretter, un homme au dessus de l'homme, et qui*  
 “ *faisoit honneur à la humanité.*”

Montecuculi wrote “ Commentaries on the  
 “ Art of War,” in Italian. They have been translated into French.

*DUC DE MONTAUSIER.*

THIS excellent Nobleman was the original of the celebrated Misanthrope of Moliere. He was a man of learning, of honour, and of virtue. His disposition was a little caustic and severe, which made Madame de Choisy compare him to a bundle of nettles, which, in whatever way it is turned, always stings.

Montausier was the only one of the courtiers of Louis the Fourteenth who had the honesty and the spirit to remonstrate with him on the subject of his ruinous and oppressive wars. Louis, on these occasions, used merely to say to those about him, "I cannot be displeas'd at any thing the Duc of Montausier tells me, for I know he always wishes me well." Louis, however, still persisted in his fatal system; yet such attractions does integrity possess, even for the mind of a despotic and a flattered sovereign, that Louis entrusted the care of the education of his only son (*le Grand Dauphin*, as he was called) to M. de Montausier, and appointed him his Governor. The Duke discharged the high trust confided to him with equal ability and honesty; and in this situation his memory will ever be held dear by scholars, as he procured the celebrated Delphin Editions of the Latin Classics

to be made for the use of his Royal pupil ; in which design he was ably seconded by the learned Huet, who was one of the preceptors to the Dauphin. Montausier gave very often practical lessons of virtue to his pupil. He took him one day into the miserable cottage of a peasant near the superb palace of Versailles. " See, Sir," said he, " see, Sir, that it is under this straw roof, and in this wretched hovel, that a father, a mother, and their children exist, who are incessantly labouring to procure that gold with which your palace is decorated, and who are nearly perishing with hunger, to supply your table with dainties." On the day in which M. de Montausier resigned his situation of Governor to the Dauphin, on his coming of age, he said to him, " If your Royal Highness is a man of honour, you will esteem me : if you are not, you will hate me ; and I shall but too well know the reason of your dislike."

Louis the Fourteenth told M. de Montausier one day, that he had at last given up to public justice a man of rank who had killed nineteen persons. " Sire," replied he, " he only killed one person, your Majesty killed the other eighteen. My ancestors, sir," added he, " were always faithful servants to their sovereigns your predecessors, but they never were their

“ flatterers. Your Majesty sees therefore, that  
“ the honest liberty of sentiment which I possess  
“ is a right inherent in my family, a kind of en-  
“ tailed estate, and that truth descends from father  
“ to son, as a part of my inheritance.”

Montausier was Governor of the extensive Province of Normandy, and was setting out for the capital of it, as soon as he was informed that the plague had begun to make its appearance in it. His family endeavouring to prevail upon him to desist from his intention, as his health might be endangered by his residence in an infected city; he nobly replied, “ I have always been firmly  
“ convinced in my mind, that Governors of  
“ Provinces, like Bishops, are obliged to resi-  
“ dence. If, however, the obligation is not quite  
“ so strict on all occasions, it is at least equal, in  
“ all times of public calamity.”

Montausier represented one day to his sovereign Louis the Fourteenth, the poverty of the learned Madame Dacier, and requested a pension for her. Louis told him that she was a Protestant, and that on that account he did not like to distinguish her. “ Well then, Sir,” replied the Duke, “ I will  
“ myself give her three hundred louis d’ors in  
“ your Majesty’s name, and, when you think fit,  
“ you shall return me the money.”

Louis,

Louis, who was not fond of books, asked Montausier why he was always reading, and what good it did him. "Sire," replied he, "Books have the same effect upon my mind, that the partridges your Majesty is so good as occasionally to send me, have upon my body: they support and nourish it."

"M. de Montausier," says his biographer, "died in 1691, at the age of fourscore, regretted by his virtuous Countrymen, to whom he was the model; and by the men of letters, of whom he was the protector." "

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### *CARDINAL DE POLIGNAC.*

THIS celebrated scholar and negotiator is thus described by Madame de Sevigne:—"Cardinal de Polignac is a man of the most agreeable understanding that I have ever known. He knows every thing, he talks upon every thing; and he has all the softness, all the vivacity, and all the politeness, that one can wish to find in the conversation of any man."

Louis the Fourteenth said of M. de Polignac when he was very young, "I have just been talking with a man, and a very young one too, who  
 Q 4 " has

“ has never once been of the same opinion with  
 “ myself, yet he has never once offended me by  
 “ his difference of opinion.”

“ I do not know how it is,” said Pope Alexander  
 the Eighth to Polignac, “ you always appear to  
 “ be of my way of thinking, and yet your opinion  
 “ at last gets the better.”

At the conferences of Gertruydenberg, so mortifying to the pride of Louis the Fourteenth, Buys, the head of the Dutch deputation, interrupted the reading of the preliminaries that were to be settled between his nation and that of France, by saying in barbarous Latin (alluding to the towns taken by Louis in Flanders), “ *Non dimittetur peccatum nisi tolletur ablatum.*” Polignac with great indignation replied, “ Gentlemen, you talk too much like persons who have not been accustomed to be victorious.” However, at the negotiations previous to the treaty of Utrecht, when the Dutch, at the instance of their Allies, were obliged to consent to a peace, Polignac took ample revenge on them, and told them, “ Gentlemen, we shall not stir from this place; we shall negotiate in the very heart of your Provinces: we shall negotiate respecting you; and we shall negotiate without you.” The success of this negotiation procured Polignac a Cardinal’s hat. Soon afterwards, being concerned in some intrigues against  
 the



the Regent Duke of Orleans, he was banished to one of his Abbeys, where, verifying the sentiment of Aristotle, "that a good education enables a man well to employ his leisure," he composed his celebrated Latin Poem against the system of Epicurus, called "Anti-Lucretius." The natural philosophy it contains is that of Descartes, which was at that time in vogue in France, that of Newton not being then sufficiently known in that kingdom\*.

Cardinal de Polignac remained at Rome many years, Ambassador from the King of France to the Pope. While he was in that city, the capital of the fine arts, he had a project for turning the course of the Tiber for a short time, and to dig in the bed of that river for the remains of antiquity which he supposed had been thrown into it. "In all the civil wars of the Roman Republic," said he, "the party that prevailed threw into the Tiber the statues of the opposite party. They must still remain there," added he: "I have never heard that any of them have been taken out, and they are of too heavy materials to have been carried away by the stream of the river." Polignac used to complain, that he was not rich enough to put his project in exe-

\* Benedict Stay, a German, has since put the system of Sir Isaac Newton into Latin verse.

cution, even if the Pope, by whom he was much beloved, would have given him all the necessary powers.

The Cardinal was no less a man of dignity of mind than of wit; he was the protector of the English at Rome; and when one day, at his table, an English Gentleman was very witty at the expense, of the House of Stuart, the Cardinal put an end to his improper and ill-timed conversation, by telling him, "Sir, I have orders to protect your person, but not your discourse."

The Cardinal used to say, that as he passed through Rotterdam in his way to Poland, he paid a visit to the celebrated Bayle, and on asking him, of what religion he then was (Bayle having changed his religion three times before he was five-and-twenty), that ingenious and celebrated writer told him, that he was a Protestant. "You know, Sir," added he, "that I protest against every thing that is said, and every thing that is done."

## CHRISTINA,

QUEEN OF SWEDEN,

THIS singular Princess left behind her in manuscript an account of her life, dedicated to the Great Author of it himself. It is to be met with  
in

in the third volume of the ponderous Memoirs of Christina published by M. Archenholtz. She says in it, "that she addresses the Author of her  
 " Being, as having been, by his grace, the one of  
 " his creatures that he has the most favoured;  
 " that he has made subservient to his glory and to  
 " her happiness, the vigour of her mind, and that  
 " of her body, fortune, birth, and greatness, and  
 " every thing that can result from so noble an  
 " assemblage of eminent qualities; and that to  
 " have made her an absolute Sovereign over the  
 " most brave and the most glorious Nation upon  
 " earth, is most assuredly the smallest of the  
 " obligations she has to him; since, after having  
 " bestowed upon her all these blessings, he had  
 " called her to the glory of making the most per-  
 " fect sacrifice (as she ought to do) of her fortune  
 " and of her splendor, to restore gloriously to him  
 " what he had with so much goodness lent to her."

Christina wrote several Centuries of Maxims, from which the following are extracted:

" A wife and a good man will forget the past,  
 " will either enjoy or support the present, and re-  
 " sign himself to the future."

" The Salique law, which excludes women from  
 " the Throne, is a wise law."

" Every favourite or Minister that is not be-  
 " loved by his Sovereign, is always in danger."

" The

“ The world is deceived when it supposes that  
 “ Princes are governed by their Ministers. How-  
 “ ever weak a Prince is, he has always more  
 “ power than his Minister.”

“ Every thing that destroys the esteem and  
 “ respect which mankind naturally bear towards  
 “ Princes, is mortal to their authority.”

“ Those persons who pretend to govern Princes  
 “ resemble the keepers of Lyons and Tygers, who  
 “ most assuredly make these animals play the tricks  
 “ they wish them to play. At first sight, one  
 “ would imagine that the animals were ~~com-  
 “ pletely~~ pletely subservient to their keepers; but when  
 “ they least expect it, a pat of the claw, not of  
 “ the gentlest kind, fells the keepers to the ground,  
 “ who then begin to find, that they can never be  
 “ perfectly certain that they have completely tamed  
 “ the animals.”

“ The greater part of those who frequent the  
 “ courts of Princes, have no other intention but to  
 “ please them, in order the better to deceive them.”

“ If mankind would but take the trouble to  
 “ consider attentively the important duties that  
 “ it is incumbent on a Prince to perform, no one  
 “ would ever envy them their situation.”

“ When men of rank become coachmen,  
 “ grooms, and cooks, they plainly shew that they are  
 “ in the situation for which nature intended them.”

Christina

Christina raised Salvius, a man of low birth but of great talents in negotiation, to the rank of Senator of Stockholm, a dignity at that time conferred only upon the Nobility of the country. The Senate murmured: Christina replied, "When good advice and wise counsel is wanted, who looks for sixteen quarters? In your opinion, Salvius only wanted to have been nobly born; and he may be well satisfied, if you have no other reproach to make him: the part requisite in all employments of state is capacity."

A manuscript containing doubts of the sincerity of her conversion from Lutheranism to Popery, was one day sent to her. She wrote upon the back of it, what may be well applied by the principal actors on many other occasions: "*Chi lo sa non scrive: Chi lo scrive non sa.*—The person who knows it, does not write; he who writes, knows nothing of the matter."

When she heard of the persecutions and of the dragonades permitted by Louis the Fourteenth against the Protestants of France, she said, "Soldiers are very strange missionaries indeed! France," added she, "is like a wounded person who suffers that arm to be cut off, which patience and gentle treatment would have cured."

"Death," says Christina, in a letter which she wrote to Mademoiselle Scudery, a few months before

before she died, “ that is making his approaches  
 “ towards me, and is always sure of his blow,  
 “ gives me no uneasiness. I expect it, without  
 “ either braving or fearing it.”

Christina ordered these words only to be put  
 upon her monument :

D. O. M.

VIXIT CHRISTINA ANN. LXII.

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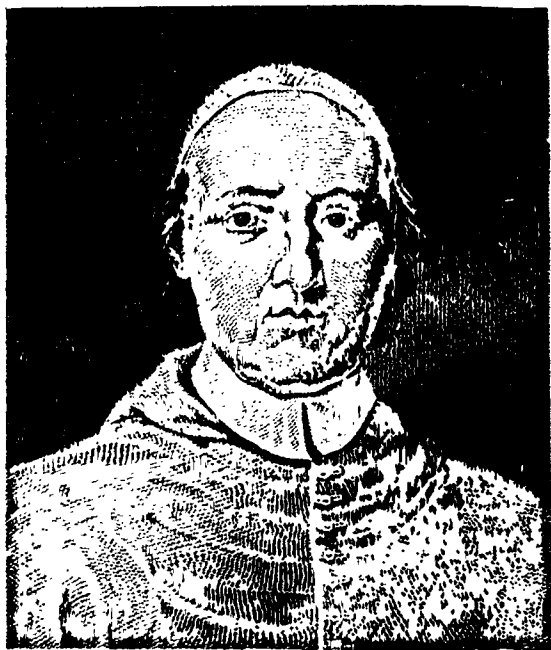
### *CARDINAL ALBERONI*

was the son of a gardener near Parma, and when a boy, officiated as bell-ringer, and attended upon the parish-church of his village. The Rector finding him a shrewd sharp lad, taught him Latin. Alberoni afterwards took orders, and had a small living, on which he resided, little thinking of the great fortune that was one day to await him. M. Campistron, a Frenchman, Secretary to the Duke of Vendôme, who commanded Louis the Fourteenth's armies in Italy, was robbed, and stripped of his cloaths, and of all the money that he had about him, by some ruffians, near Alberoni's village. Alberoni hearing of his misfortune,

tune,



THE  
BRANCH  
OF THE  
ATLANTIC



*Trivisani Pinx.<sup>t</sup>*

*Noble Sculp.<sup>t</sup>*

**CARDINAL ALBERONI.**



tune, took him into his house, furnished him with cloaths, and gave him as much money as he could spare for his travelling expences \*.

Campiftron, no less impressed with his strength of understanding than with the warmth of his benevolence, took him to the head-quarters, and presented him to his General, as a man to whom he had very great obligations. M. de Vendôme

\* With good and generous minds a kind action is never lost. The following anecdote is an additional proof of the truth of this opinion :

“ An English Gentleman, when he was at — Hall, in Oxford, as a Gentleman-Commoner, was very kind to a worthy young man, whose circumstances obliged him to be a Servitor of the same College.

“ The Servitor taking orders, had some preferment in America given him by his friend’s recommendation. On the breaking-out of the unfortunate war between this and that country, he was accidentally informed that the estate of the person to whom he had been so much obliged was in danger of being confiscated, as being supposed to belong to a British subject. On hearing this, he took horse immediately, and rode to the place where the Assembly for the discussion of the point was to be held, and proved to the satisfaction of the Members, that his friend was not a British subject. The estate of his friend, by this exertion, was effectually saved, and he had the satisfaction of being able thus essentially to serve a person to whose kindness he had been so greatly indebted.”

finding

finding Alberoni to be a man of parts, gave him a petty employment under him, and took him with him to Spain. By degrees he obtained the Marshal's confidence, and proposed the daughter of his Sovereign the Duke of Parma to him, as a fit match for the King of Spain. Alberoni's proposal was attended to, and the Princess was demanded in marriage by that Monarch, then Philip the Fifth. The Duke of Parma consented with great readiness to a match that was to procure for his daughter the sovereignty of so great a kingdom as that of Spain. When every thing was settled, and immediately before the Princess was to set out for her new dominions, the Ministry of Spain had heard that the Princess was a young woman of a haughty imperious temper, and extremely intriguing and ambitious. They therefore prevailed upon the King to write to the Duke, to request another of his daughters in marriage, to whose quiet disposition they could not possibly have any objections. The King did as he was desired, and sent his letter by a special messenger. Alberoni, who was then at Parma, hearing of this, and afraid that all his projects of ambition would come to nothing, unless the Princess whom he recommended, and who of course would think herself highly obliged to him for her exalted situation, became Queen of Spain,

had

had the messenger stopped at one day's journey from Parma, and gave him his choice, either to delay his coming to Parma for a day, or to be assassinated. He of course chose the first of these alternatives, and the Princess set out upon her journey to Spain, and became Queen of that country.

Alberoni was soon made Prime Minister of Spain; a Cardinal, and Archbishop of Valentia; and exercised his Ministry with the most complete despotism. One of Alberoni's projects was to dispossess the Duke of Orleans of the Regency of France, and to bestow it upon his own Sovereign, as the oldest representative of the House of Bourbon; to put the Pretender on the Throne of England, and add to Spain the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily. His project was however discovered by the Regent, and one of the conditions he made with the King of Spain was, the banishment of Alberoni from his councils and his kingdom. With this he was obliged to comply, and the Cardinal received orders to leave Madrid in twenty-four hours, and the kingdom of Spain in fifteen days.

Alberoni, who took with him great wealth, was upon the second day of his journey, when it was perceived that he was carrying out of the kingdom with him the celebrated will of Charles

the Second of Spain, which gave that kingdom to its then Sovereign. Persons were detached from Madrid to wrest this serious and important document from him, which it was supposed he intended to take to the Emperor of Germany, to ingratiate himself with him. With some violence they effected their purpose; and the Cardinal proceeded on his journey to the frontiers of France, where he was received by an officer, sent by the Regent to conduct him through that kingdom as a state prisoner. As a true politician, however, yields to circumstances, and is never embarrassed by any change of affairs; Alberoni, on his arrival in France, wrote to the Regent, to offer him his services against Spain. To this letter, however, his Highness disdained to return any answer. \*

The Cardinal's disgrace happened in 1720, and he retired to Parma for some time, till he was summoned by the Pope to attend a Consistory, in which his conduct was to be examined by some of the Members of the Sacred College, respecting a correspondence he was supposed to have kept up with the Grand Seignior. He was sentenced to be confined one year in the Jesuits College at Rome. After this he returned to Parma, near which city he founded, at a very great expence, an establishment for the instruction of young men destined for the Priesthood. In the  
disastrous

disastrous campaign of 1746, the buildings were destroyed by the three armies that were in the neighbourhood; and as the Cardinal was not supposed to have been over-delicate in his acquirement of the means by which his establishment was to have been supported, his countrymen did not appear to express much dissatisfaction at the demolition of it. Alberoni, soon after this, went to Rome, and was made Legate of Romagna, by Clement the Twelfth. He died at Rome in 1752, at the age of eighty-seven years. He preserved intire, to the last, the powers of his mind and of his body. He is thus described in his old age by a person who was well acquainted with him;

“ He was very chatty in conversation, and  
 “ talked in so lively and so agreeable a manner,  
 “ that it made even the very curious facts he had  
 “ to tell, more interesting to those who heard  
 “ him. His stories were interlarded with French,  
 “ Spanish, or Italian, as the circumstances re-  
 “ quired. He was continually applying some  
 “ maxim of Tacitus, in Latin, to corroborate  
 “ his own observations, or to come in aid of  
 “ those of others. His general topics of conver-  
 “ sation were, either the campaigns in which he  
 “ attended M. de Vendôme, his Ministry in

“ Spain, or the common political events of the day. He was rather impatient of contradiction, and expected that in argument or in narration the company should defer to him.”

Alberoni's spirit was always very high, and his temper very violent. During the time that he was Prime Minister of Spain, Lord Harrington, the English Minister, carried him a list of the ships of his country that were then before Barcelona, and would act against it, if he persisted in his endeavours to embroil the peace of Europe, by arming the Porte against the Emperor, and by making the Czar and the King of Sweden go to war with England, in order to establish the Pretender upon the throne of that country. Alberoni snatched the paper which contained the numbers out of the Minister's hands, and tore it in a thousand pieces. Lord Harrington, nothing abashed, went on coolly with the thread of his conversation, “ *Et comme je disois, Monseigneur.*”

When the Marshal de Maillebois commanded the French troops at Parma, in the year 1746, Alberoni waited upon him upon some business, but was refused admittance to him by his Secretary, who told him the Marshal was engaged with some affairs of importance, and could not see him, “ *Mon ami,*” replied the Cardinal, very indignantly, and opening the door of the Marshal's  
apart-

apartment at the same time, “*sachez que M. de Vendôme me recevoit sur sa chaise percée.*”

When the celebrated Cardinal de Polignac, a man who with the extremest polish of manners united the more solid *fond* of benevolence, was Minister from the Court of France to that of Rome, he met with Alberoni living in that city in no very great opulence. He procured for him a very handsome present in money from his sovereign Louis the Fifteenth, and afterwards prevailed upon Louis to settle a pension of 17000 livres a-year upon him; with great reluctance, however, on the part of Alberoni to accept it. Polignac had in vain endeavoured to put the Court of Spain in good-humour with Alberoni, and to procure him from that Court a pension upon his rich benefice of the Archbishopric of Málaga, which he had been obliged to give up.

Alberoni's amusement, whilst he was at Rome, consisted in building, and managing a small estate he had in the Campagna.

Alberoni had written a letter of thanks to Voltaire for the handsome manner in which he had spoken of him in his General History. Voltaire in answer says, “The letter with which your Eminence has honoured me, is as flattering a reward of my works as the esteem of all Europe is of your actions. You owe me no

“ thanks: I have been only the organ of the  
“ public in speaking of you. That liberty and  
“ that truth which have always guided my pen  
“ have procured me your good opinion. These  
“ qualities must ever please a man of a genius  
“ like yours. Whoever does not esteem them,  
“ may very probably be a man of consequence,  
“ but he can never be a great man.”

As a politician is ever recurring to his old trade, Alberoni, when he was Legate of Romagna, and at the age of seventy, endeavoured to bring the little REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO, which confined upon his government, under the dominion of the Pope. The Cardinal had intrigued so successfully with some of the principal inhabitants, that the day was fixed on which these Republicans were to swear allegiance to the Sovereign under whose protection they had put themselves. On the day appointed, Alberoni rides up the mountain with his suite, and is received at the door of the principal church by the priests and the principal inhabitants of the place, and conducted to his seat under a canopy, to hear High Mass and *Te Deum* sung; a ceremony usual in all Catholic countries upon similar occasions. Unluckily however for poor Alberoni, the Mass began, as usual I suppose in that Republic, with the word *Libertas*. This word had such an effect upon



upon the minds of the hearers, who began then, for the first time perhaps, to recollect that they were about to lose the thing itself, that they fell upon the Cardinal and his attendants, drove them out of the church, and made them descend the very steep mountain of San Marino with more rapidity than that with which they had ascended it, and the Popes have ever since that time left the inhabitants of San Marino to their old form of Government. This singular event took place in the year 1740. A bon-mot of Benedict the Fourteenth on the occasion was current in every mouth :—“ Alberoni is like a  
 “ glutton, who after having eaten a large salmon,  
 “ cannot help casting a wistful eye at a minnow.”

The following account of this little State, extracted from the manuscript *Travels of the acute and learned Historian of ancient Greece*, whose reflections in describing the most brilliant periods Republicanism has to boast, must inspire every Briton with the strongest attachment to the Constitution and Government of his own Country, that of a limited Monarchy, is permitted, by the kindness and liberality of the Writer, to embellish this Collection.

“ AT the distance of twelve miles from Rimini  
 “ and the Hadriatic Sea, we beheld a cloud-capt  
 “ mountain, steep, rugged, and inhospitable, yet

“ to Britons, whose affection for their own happy  
 “ island cherished even the faintest image of con-  
 “ genial liberty, more attractive and more en-  
 “ gaging than all the gay luxuriance of Tuscan \*  
 “ plains. A black expansion of vapour partly  
 “ concealed from our view the territory of what  
 “ the Greeks would have called a Nation, seldom  
 “ visited by strangers, though assuredly most de-  
 “ serving of that honour. Liberty brightens and  
 “ fertilizes the craggy rocks of St. Marino; and  
 “ instead of paradises inhabited by Devils (for thus  
 “ the recollection or supposition of better times  
 “ indignantly characterises the countries through  
 “ which we had just travelled), this little State,  
 “ we were told, would exhibit rugged hills and  
 “ savage precipices cultivated and adorned by

“ \* The epithet Tuscan is justified by the authority of  
 “ Polybius, l. ii. c. 14. and c. 17. He describes that ex-  
 “ tensive plain bounded by the Alps, the Apennines, and  
 “ the Hadriatic, and also the plains about Mola and  
 “ Capua, called the Phlegræan Fields, as anciently in-  
 “ habited by the Tuscans. The territory of this people,  
 “ he says, formed incomparably the finest portion of  
 “ Europe. Before Polybius wrote his History, the do-  
 “ minion of the Tuscans had contracted to a narrow  
 “ span; and according to the saying of the modern Ita-  
 “ lians, while the Pope possesses the marrow, the Great  
 “ Duke of Tuscany has now only the bones, of Italy.”

“ the

“ the stubborn industry of free men, who labour  
“ with alacrity, because they reap with security.  
“ We panted at the thoughts of taking a nearer  
“ survey of this political wonder, and were im-  
“ patient to leave Rimini ; but the country ad-  
“ jacent to that city was deluged with rain ; the  
“ rivers continued to overflow ; horses could not  
“ safely clamber over rocks ; and Rimini could  
“ not furnish us with mules. But they are delicate  
“ travellers whom such puny difficulties could  
“ restrain from visiting this illustrious mountain,  
“ where Liberty, herself a mountain goddess, has  
“ upwards of fourteen centuries fixed her rural  
“ throne. Careless of mules, or horses, or car-  
“ riages, to which last the Republic of St. Marino  
“ is at all times inaccessible, we adopted a mode  
“ of travelling which in a country where pomp is  
“ immoderately studied, because wealth is too  
“ indiscriminately prized, might possibly have  
“ excluded unknown wanderers from the proud  
“ mansions of nobles and princes, the Palaces of  
“ Bishops, and the Vineas of Cardinals, but  
“ which, we rightly conjectured, would recom-  
“ mend us as welcome guests to the citizens of  
“ St. Marino, whose own manliness of character  
“ must approve the congenial hardihood of  
“ humble pedestrians.

“ The

“ The distance from Rimini to the Borgo, or  
“ suburbs of St. Marino, for the Città, or city,  
“ stands half a mile higher on the hill, is computed  
“ at only ten Italian miles. But the badness of  
“ the weather and of the roads would have en-  
“ creased the tediousness of our fatiguing journey,  
“ had not our fancies been amused by the ap-  
“ pearance and conversation of several persons  
“ whom we occasionally met or overtook, and  
“ who, notwithstanding that hardness of features  
“ which characterises mountaineers, displayed in  
“ their words and looks a certain candour and  
“ sincerity, with an undescribed mixture of hu-  
“ manity and firmness, which we had rarely seen  
“ portrayed on the face of an Italian. Such  
“ virtues, perhaps, many Italians may possess;  
“ such virtues Raphael and Guido probably  
“ discerned in their contemporaries; unless it be  
“ supposed that the *Antique* not only ennobled  
“ and exalted, but originally inspired, their con-  
“ ceptions. Yet whatever might be the pre-  
“ eminence of Roman beauty, during the splen-  
“ dour of the *Cinque Cento*, it must be confessed  
“ of the Italians of our days, that the expression  
“ indicating virtues of the mild or generous cast,  
“ seldom breaks through the dark gloom and  
“ sullen cares which contract their brows and  
“ cloud their countenances.

“ At

“ At the distance of five miles from Rimini, a  
“ small rivulet, decorated by a disproportionably  
“ large stone bridge, that at another season of  
“ the year would have exemplified the Spanish  
“ proverb of a bridge *without water*, separates  
“ the territories of St. Marino from those of the  
“ Pope. Proceeding forward, we found the road  
“ extremely narrow, much worn by the rain,  
“ alternately rough and slippery, and always so  
“ bad, that we congratulated each other on re-  
“ jecting the use of the miserable Rips that were  
“ offered to us at Rimini. In the midst of a heavy  
“ shower we clambered to the Borgo, situate on  
“ the side of the hill, and distant (as already said)  
“ half a mile from the Città, on its summit. The  
“ former is destined for the habitation of peasants,  
“ artizans, and strangers; the honour of inha-  
“ biting the latter is reserved for the nobles, the  
“ citizens, and those who, in the language of  
“ antiquity, would be stiled the public guests of  
“ the Commonwealth. In the whole territory  
“ there is but one inn; and that of course in the  
“ Borgo; for lone houses are rare in all parts of  
“ the Continent, the British dominions alone, by  
“ their native strength and the excellence of their  
“ government, being happily exempted from the  
“ terror of banditti in time of peace, and marauders  
“ in time of war. We discovered the inn at St.  
“ Marino,

“ Marino, as is usual in Italy, by the crowd  
 “ before the door. Having entered, we were  
 “ civilly received by the landlord, seated by the  
 “ fire-side in company with several other strangers,  
 “ and speedily presented with a bottle of sparkling  
 “ white wine, the best we had tasted in Italy,  
 “ and resembling Champagne in the characteristic  
 “ excellencies of that sprightly liquor.

“ We had not remained long in this Caravanera,  
 “ (for such is the proper name for the place of  
 “ hospitality in which we were received), when  
 “ the dress, manners, and conversation of our  
 “ fellow-travellers strongly excited our attention,  
 “ and afforded scope for boundless speculation.  
 “ They were the most savage-looking men that I  
 “ had ever beheld; covered with thick capottas\*,  
 “ of coarse dark-brown woollen, lined with black  
 “ sheep’s skin. Their hats, which they kept on,  
 “ their heads, were of an enormous size, swelling  
 “ to the circumference of an ordinary umbrella.  
 “ With their dress and appearance their words  
 “ and gestures bore too faithful a correspondence.  
 “ Schioppi” and “coltellate” (gun-shots and dagger-  
 “ thrusts) were frequently in their mouths. As  
 “ the wine went briskly round, the conversation  
 “ became still more animated, and took a turn

\* Great coats.

“ more

“ more decidedly terrible. They now talked of  
 “ nothing but fierce encounters, hair-breadth es-  
 “ capes, and hideous lurking-places. From  
 “ their whole behaviour, there was reason to ap-  
 “ prehend, that we had unwarily fallen into com-  
 “ pany with Rinaldo’s party: but a few hints  
 “ that dropped from him who was most intoxi-  
 “ cated finally undeceived us, and discovered, to  
 “ our satisfaction and shame, that instead of a band  
 “ of robbers, we had only met with a party of  
 “ smugglers. Their maffy capottas and broad-  
 “ brimmed hats formed their defensive armour  
 “ against Custom-house-officers and Sbirri \*;  
 “ and the narratives which they heard or related  
 “ with such ardour and delight, contained the acts  
 “ of prowess by which they had repelled the bravery  
 “ of the Romans, and the arts of stratagem by  
 “ which they had deceived the cunning of the  
 “ Tuscans. From the intermediate situation of  
 “ St. Marino between the dominions of Tuscany  
 “ and those of the Pope, its territory is continually  
 “ infested by visits from those unlicensed traffickers,  
 “ who being enemies by trade to those who ad-  
 “ minister the laws and collect the revenues of  
 “ their country, naturally degenerate into daring  
 “ and disorderly ruffians, the terror of peaceful

\* Those who execute the orders of civil magistrates.

“ men,

“ men, and both the disgrace and the bane of  
 “ civilized society.

“ From the company of the smugglers we  
 “ longed to separate, the more because they  
 “ eagerly solicited our stay, promising to conduct  
 “ us safely across the mountains, and to defend  
 “ our persons and properties against robbers and  
 “ assassins ; but we thought it a piece of good  
 “ fortune, that our most valuable property, as  
 “ we shewed to them, consisted in our swords  
 “ and pistols. Having called our St. Marino  
 “ host, we paid him for his wine and his sausage  
 “ (prosciutti) ; and were pleased to find, that  
 “ contrary to our universal experience of Italian  
 “ landlords, he was uncommonly thankful for a  
 “ very moderate gratification ; a singularity  
 “ which, though it probably proceeded from his  
 “ being little conversant with English and other  
 “ opulent travellers, we treasured with delight,  
 “ as a conspicuous proof of Republican \* virtue,  
 “ that

\* “ The words “ Republican virtue” must sound harsh  
 “ to modern ears, so shamefully has a wild Democracy  
 “ abused and profaned the name of Republick. Yet  
 “ according to Machiavelli and Montesquieu, and their  
 “ master Aristotle, Republicks require more virtue than  
 “ Monarchies, because in Republicks the Citizens make  
 “ laws to govern themselves, whereas in Monarchies the  
 “ subjects



“ that had escaped pure and unfulled from the  
“ contagion of those worthless guests, with whom  
“ the nature of his trade condemned him often to  
“ associate.

“ About two o'clock in the afternoon, we left  
“ the Borgo, to climb up to the Città, carrying  
“ our swords in our right hands; a precaution  
“ which the company we had just left warranted  
“ in this modern Republick, but which, as Thu-  
“ cydides informs us in his proem, would have  
“ exposed us to be branded with the appellation  
“ of Barbarians in the Republicks of ancient  
“ Greece. Before we had reached the summit of  
“ the hill, the cloud had dispersed, the sun shone  
“ bright, we breathed a purer air, and the clear  
“ light which displayed the city and territory of  
“ St. Marino, was heightened by contrast with the  
“ thick gloom which involved the circumjacent  
“ plains. Transported with the contemplation  
“ of a landscape which seemed so admirably to

“ subjects are compelled to obey the laws made by the  
“ Prince. In Republican Governments, therefore, the  
“ Citizens ought, in the words of Aristotle; and of a still  
“ higher authority, “to be a law unto themselves.” How  
“ few Nations therefore are qualified, in modern times, for  
“ living happily under a Republick; and least of all, that  
“ Nation which has shewn itself the least virtuous of all.”

“ accord

“ accord with the political state of the mountain,  
 “ a bright gem of Liberty amidst the darkness of  
 “ Italian servitude, we clambered chearfully over  
 “ the precipices, never reflecting that as there  
 “ was not any place of reception for strangers in  
 “ the Città, we might possibly be exposed to the  
 “ alternative of sleeping in the streets, or return-  
 “ ing to the Caravanfera, crouded with smugglers,  
 “ whose intoxication might exasperate their na-  
 “ tural ferocity. From all our past remarks, we  
 “ had concluded that the vice of drunkenness was  
 “ abominated even by the lowest classes of the  
 “ Italians. We dreaded their fury and their knives  
 “ in this unusual state of mind; but amidst all our  
 “ terrors could not forbear philosophising \* on  
 “ what we had seen, and conjecturing, from the  
 “ tumultuous merriment and drunken debauchery  
 “ of the smugglers, that the famed sobriety of the  
 “ Italian Nation is an artificial virtue arising from  
 “ situation and accident, not depending on tem-  
 “ perament, or resulting from character. Drink-

\* “ This word requires an apology; for the sacred  
 “ name of Philosophy has been as shamefully polluted in  
 “ modern times, by sophists and sceptics, as the word  
 “ Republick by madmen and levellers. The present  
 “ generation must pass away, before either of these terms  
 “ can resume its pristine and native honours.”

“ ing

“ ing is the vice of men whose lives are chequered  
 “ by vicissitudes of toil and ease, of danger and  
 “ security: It is the vice of soldiers, mariners,  
 “ and huntsmen; of those who exercise boisterous  
 “ occupations, or pursue dangerous amusements;  
 “ and if the modern Italians are less addicted to  
 “ excess in wine than the Greeks and Romans in  
 “ ancient, or the English and Germans in modern  
 “ times, their temperance may fairly be ascribed  
 “ to the indolent monotony of their listless lives;  
 “ which, being never exhausted by fatigue, can  
 “ never be gladdened by repose; and being never  
 “ agitated by the terrors of danger, can never be  
 “ transported by the joys of deliverance.

“ From these airy speculations, by which we  
 “ fancied that we stripped Italy of what some  
 “ travellers have too hastily concluded to be the  
 “ only virtue which she has left, we were  
 “ awakened by the appearance of a venerable  
 “ person, in a bag wig and sword, cautiously  
 “ leading his \* Bourrique down the precipice.  
 “ He returned our salute with an air of courtesy,  
 “ bespeaking such affability, that we quickly  
 “ entered into conversation with him, and dis-  
 “ covered to our surprize and joy, that we were  
 “ in company with a very respectable personage,

\* Afs.

s

“ and

“ and one whom Mr. Addison has dignified with  
“ the appellation of the fourth man in the State.  
“ The stipendiary physician of St. Marino (for  
“ this was the person with whom we were con-  
“ versing) told us, that we might be accommo-  
“ dated with good lodging in the Convent of  
“ Capuchins; and as we were strangers, that he  
“ would return, shew us the house, and present us  
“ to Father Bonelli. We expressed our unwill-  
“ ingness to give him the trouble of again as-  
“ cending the hill; but of this trouble the deeply-  
“ wrinkled mountaineer made light, and we  
“ yielded to his proposal with only apparent re-  
“ luctance; since, to the indelicacy of introducing  
“ ourselves, we preferred the introduction of a  
“ man whom we had even casually met with on  
“ the road. To the Convent we were admitted  
“ by a *frate servente*, or lay friar, and conducted  
“ to the *Padre Maestro*, the Prior Bonelli, a man  
“ sixty years old, and, as we were told by the  
“ Physician, descended from one of the noblest  
“ families in the Commonwealth. Having re-  
“ ceived and returned such compliments as are  
“ held indispensable in this ceremonious country,  
“ the Prior conducted us above stairs, and shewed  
“ us two clean and comfortable chambers, which  
“ he said we might command, while we deigned to  
“ honour the Republic (such were his expressions)  
“ with

“ with the favour of our residence. As to our  
“ entertainment, he said we might, as best pleased  
“ us, either sup apart by ourselves, or in company  
“ with him and his monks. We told him, our  
“ happiness would be complete, were we permitted  
“ to enjoy the advantage of his company and  
“ conversation. “ My conversation ! You shall  
“ soon enjoy better than *mine* ; since within half  
“ an hour I shall have the honour of conducting  
“ you to the house of a charming young Lady (so  
“ I must call her, though my own kinswoman),  
“ whose *conversazione* assembles this evening.” Du-  
“ ring this dialogue a servant arrived, bringing our  
“ portmanteau from Rimini, and thereby enabling  
“ us with more decency of appearance to pay our  
“ respects to the Lady, in company with the Prior  
“ her uncle. The Signora P—— received us po-  
“ litely in an inner apartment, after we had passed  
“ through two outer rooms, in each of which there  
“ was a servant in waiting. Above a dozen  
“ Gentlemen, well dressed and polite after the  
“ fashion of Italy, with six other Ladies, formed  
“ this agreeable party. Coffee and Sorbettis  
“ being served, cards were introduced ; and in  
“ quality of strangers, we had the honour of losing  
“ a few sequins at Ombre with the Mistress of  
“ the House. The other Ladies present took up,  
“ each of them, two Gentlemen ; for Ombre is

“ the universal game, because in Italian Assemblies  
 “ the number of men commonly triples that of  
 “ women: the latter, when unmarried, seldom  
 “ going abroad; and when married, being am-  
 “ bitious of appearing to receive company every  
 “ evening at home. During the intervals of play,  
 “ we endeavoured to turn the conversation on the  
 “ history and present state of St. Marino, but  
 “ found this subject to be too grave for the com-  
 “ pany. In this little State, as well as in other  
 “ parts of Italy, the social amusements of life,  
 “ consisting chiefly in what are called *Conver-*  
 “ *sazioni*, have widely deviated from the *Sym-*  
 “ *posia* of the Greeks and the *Convivia* of the  
 “ Romans. Instead of philosophical dialogues  
 “ and epideiktic orations; and instead of those  
 “ animated rehearsals of approved works of his-  
 “ tory and poetry, which formed the entertain-  
 “ ment and delight of antiquity, the modern  
 “ Italian *Conversazioni* exhibit a very different  
 “ scene; a scene in which play is the business;  
 “ gallantry the amusement; and of which avarice,  
 “ vanity, and mere sensual pleasure form the  
 “ sole connecting principle and chief ultimate  
 “ end. Such insipid and such mercenary As-  
 “ semblies are sometimes enlivened by the jokes  
 “ of the buffoon; the *Improvvisatore* sometimes  
 “ displays in them the powers of his memory  
 “ rather

“ rather than the elegance of his fancy; and  
 “ every entertainment in Italy, whether gay or  
 “ serious, is always seasoned with music; but  
 “ chiefly that soft voluptuous music which was  
 “ banished by Lycurgus, proscribed by Plato, and  
 “ prohibited by other Legislators, under severe  
 “ penalties, as unfriendly to virtue and destructive  
 “ of manhood. The great amusements of life are  
 “ commonly nothing more than images of its  
 “ necessary occupations; and where the latter,  
 “ therefore, are different; so also must be the  
 “ former. Is it because the occupations of the  
 “ Ancients were less softened than those of the  
 “ Moderns, that women are found to have acted  
 “ among different nations such different parts in  
 “ Society? and that the contrast is so striking  
 “ between the wife of a citizen of St. Marino,  
 “ surrounded with her card-tables, her music, and  
 “ her admirers, and the Roman Lucretia, *nocte*  
 “ *serâ deditam lanæ. inter lucubrantes ancillas,*  
 “ (Tit. Liv. i. 57.) or the more copious descrip-  
 “ tions of female modesty and industry given by  
 “ Ischomachus in Xenophon’s Treatise on Do-  
 “ mestic Economy? In modern Italy this con-  
 “ trast of manners displays its greatest force.  
 “ Though less beautiful and less accomplished than  
 “ the English and French, the Italian women  
 “ expect superior attention, and exact greater  
 “ assiduities,

“ affiduities. To be well with the Ladies, is the  
 “ highest ambition of the men. Upon this prin-  
 “ ciple their manners are formed; by this their  
 “ behaviour is regulated; and the art of conver-  
 “ sation, in its utmost sprightliness and highest  
 “ perfection, is reduced to that playful wantonness,  
 “ which touching slightly on what is felt most  
 “ sensibly, amuses with perpetual shadows of de-  
 “ sired realities.

“ To the honour of St. Marino, it must be  
 “ observed, that neither the Prior Bonelli, nor  
 “ two Counsellors who were present, took any  
 “ considerable part in this too sportive conver-  
 “ sation; and the Gentlemen at the Signora P—’s  
 “ were chiefly Romans and Florentines; men,  
 “ we were told, whom sometimes misfortune and  
 “ sometimes inclination, but more frequently ex-  
 “ travagance and necessity, drive from their res-  
 “ pective countries, and who, having relations  
 “ or friends in St. Marino, establish themselves  
 “ in that cheap city, where they subsist on the  
 “ wreck of their fortunes, and elude the pursuit  
 “ of their creditors.

“ Next morning Bonelli having invited several  
 “ of his fellow-citizens to drink chocolate, we  
 “ learned from them, that the morality and piety  
 “ which had long distinguished St. Marino, daily  
 “ suffered



“ suffered decline through the contagious influence  
“ of those intruders, whom good policy ought never  
“ to have admitted within the territory, but whom  
“ the indulgence of humanity could not be pre-  
“ vailed on to expel.

“ After breakfast, our good-natured landlord  
“ kindly proposed a walk, that his English guests  
“ might view the city and adjacent country. The  
“ main street is well paved, but narrow and steep.  
“ The similarity of the houses indicates a happy  
“ mediocrity of fortune. There is a fine cistern  
“ of pure water; and we admired the coolness  
“ and dryness of the wine-cellars, ventilated by  
“ communications with caverns in the rock.  
“ To this circumstance, as much as to the quality  
“ of the soil and careful culture of the grape, the  
“ wine of St. Marino is indebted for its peculiar  
“ excellence.

“ The whole territory of the Republic extends  
“ about thirty miles in circumference. It is of  
“ an irregular oval form, and its mean diameter  
“ may be estimated at six English miles. The  
“ soil, naturally craggy and barren, and hardly  
“ fit for goats, yet actually maintains (such are  
“ the attractions of Liberty) upwards of seven  
“ thousand persons; and being every-where  
“ adorned by mulberry-trees, vines, and olives,

“ supplies the materials of an advantageous trade;  
 “ particularly in silk, with Rome, Florence, and  
 “ other cities of Italy.

“ In extent of territory, St. Marino, incon-  
 “ siderable as it seems, equals many Republics  
 “ that have performed mighty achievements and  
 “ purchased immortal renown. The independent  
 “ States of Thespiæ and Platæa were respectively  
 “ less extensive; and the boundaries of the mo-  
 “ dern Republic exceed those of Ægina and  
 “ Megara; the former of which was distinguished  
 “ by its commerce and its colonies in Egypt and  
 “ the East; and the latter, as Lysias and Xeno-  
 “ phon inform us, could bring into the field,  
 “ besides proportional bodies of light troops;  
 “ 3000 hardy pikemen, who with the service of  
 “ Mars united that of Ceres and of Bacchus;  
 “ extracting from bleak hills and rugged moun-  
 “ tains rich harvests and teeming vintages.

“ The remembrance of our beloved Republics  
 “ of Greece, ennobled by the inestimable gifts of  
 “ unrivalled genius, endeared to us St. Marino  
 “ even by its littleness. In this literary enthusiasm,  
 “ we could willingly have traversed every inch  
 “ of its diminutive territory: but politeness re-  
 “ quired that we should not subject Bonelli and  
 “ his friends to such unnecessary fatigue; and the  
 “ changeableness of the weather, a continual  
 “ variation

“ variation of sun-shine and cloudiness, the  
 “ solemnity of dark magnifying vapours, together  
 “ with the velocity of drizzly or gleamy showers,  
 “ produced such unusual accidents of light and  
 “ shade in this mountain scene, as often suspended  
 “ the motion of our limbs, and fixed our eyes in  
 “ astonishment. From the highest top of St.  
 “ Marino we beheld the bright summit of another  
 “ and far loftier mountain, towering above,  
 “ and beyond, a dark cloud, which by contrast  
 “ threw the conical top of the hill to such a dis-  
 “ tance, that it seemed to rise from another  
 “ world. The height of St. Marino (we were  
 “ told) had been accurately measured by Father  
 “ Boscovich, and found to be nearly half a mile  
 “ above the level of the neighbouring sea.

“ Almost immediately after returning from our  
 “ walk, dinner was served at the Convent; for  
 “ the politeness of Father Bonelli had prolonged  
 “ his stay abroad far beyond his usual hour of  
 “ repast. Speedily after dinner we were con-  
 “ ducted by the good father to the *Conversazione*  
 “ of another lady, also his relation, where we  
 “ had the honour of meeting the *Capitaneos*,  
 “ or Consuls, the *Commisario*, or Chief Judge,  
 “ and several distinguished Members of the  
 “ Senate. Recommended only by our youth-  
 “ and curiosity, we spent the evening most  
 “ agreeably

“ agreeably with those respectable magistrates,  
“ who were as communicative in answering as  
“ inquisitive in asking questions. The company  
“ continually increasing, and Father Bonelli  
“ carefully addressing all new-comers by the  
“ titles of their respective offices, we were  
“ surprised toward the close of the evening, and  
“ the usual hour of retirement, that we had  
“ not yet seen *Il Signor Dottore* and *Il*  
“ *Pædagogò Publico*, the Physician and School-  
“ master, whom Mr. Addison represents as two  
“ of the most distinguished dignitaries in the  
“ Commonwealth. A short acquaintance is suf-  
“ ficient to inspire confidence between congenial  
“ minds. We frankly testified our surprize to the  
“ Father. He laughed heartily at our simplicity,  
“ and thought the joke too good not to be com-  
“ municated to the company. When their vo-  
“ ciferous mirth had subsided, an old gentle-  
“ man, who had been repeatedly invested with  
“ the highest honours of his country, observed,  
“ that he well knew Mr. Addison’s account of  
“ St. Marino, which had been translated more  
“ than once into the French and Italian lan-  
“ guages. Remote and inconsiderable as they  
“ were, his ancestors were highly honoured by  
“ the notice of that illustrious traveller, who,  
“ he understood, was not only a classic author in  
“ English,

“ English, but an author who had uniformly and  
“ most successfully employed his pen in the cause  
“ of Virtue and Liberty. Yet, as must often  
“ happen to travellers, Mr. Addison, he con-  
“ tinued, has, in speaking of this little Republic,  
“ been deceived by first appearances. Neither  
“ our Schoolmaster nor Physician enjoy any pre-  
“ eminence in the State. They are maintained  
“ indeed by public salaries, as in several other  
“ cities of Italy; and there is nothing peculiar in  
“ their condition here, except that the School-  
“ master has more and the Physician less to do  
“ than in most other places, because our diseases  
“ are few, and our children are many. This folly  
“ having been received with approbation by the  
“ company, the veteran proceeded to explain the  
“ real distinction of ranks in St. Marino, con-  
“ sisting in the *Nobili*, *Cittadini*, and *Stipendiati*,  
“ Nobles, Citizens, and Stipendiaries. The  
“ Nobles, he told us, exceeded not twenty  
“ families, of which several enjoyed estates with-  
“ out the territory, worth from three to eight  
“ hundred pounds a-year sterling: That, from  
“ respect to the Holy See, under whose protec-  
“ tion the Republic had long subsisted quietly and  
“ happily, many persons of distinction in the  
“ Pope’s territories had been admitted *Cittadini*  
“ *Honorati*, Honorary Citizens of St. Marino,  
“ particularly

\* particularly several illustrious houſes of Rimini,  
 \* and the forty noble families of Bologna. Even  
 \* of the Venetian Nobles themſelves, ancient as  
 \* they certainly were, and inveſted as they ſtill  
 \* continued to be with the whole ſovereignty of  
 \* their country, many diſdained not to be aſſo-  
 \* ciated to the diminutive honours of St. Marino,  
 \* and to increaſe the number of its citizens ;  
 \* and that this aggregation of illuſtrious foreigners,  
 \* far from being conſidered as dangerous to public  
 \* liberty, was deemed eſſential, in ſo ſmall a Com-  
 \* monwealth, to national ſafety,

“ Left the converſation might take another  
 “ turn, I drew from my pocket Mr. Addiſon’s  
 “ account of St. Marino, which, being exceed-  
 “ ingly ſhort, I begged leave to read, that his  
 “ errors, if he had committed any, might be  
 “ corrected, and the alterations noted which the  
 “ country had undergone in the ſpace of ſeventy  
 “ years, from 1703 to 1773.

“ The propoſal being obligingly accepted, I  
 “ read in Mr. Addiſon, ‘ They have at St.  
 “ Marino five churches, and reckon above five  
 “ thouſand ſouls in their community.’ Inſtead  
 “ of which I was deſired to ſay, ‘ They have in  
 “ St. Marino, ten pariſhes, ten churches, and  
 “ reckon above ſeven thouſand ſouls in their com-  
 “ munity.’

' munity.' Again Mr. Addison says, ' The Coun-  
 ' cil of Sixty, notwithstanding its name, consists  
 ' but of Forty persons.' That was the case when  
 " this illustrious author visited the Republic ; but  
 " the Council has since that time been augmented  
 " by Twenty members, and the number now  
 " agrees with the name. These circumstances  
 " are important ; for from them it appears, that  
 " while the neighbouring territory of Rome is  
 " impoverished and gloomed by the dominion of  
 " ecclesiastics, of which, in the words of Dr.  
 " Robertson, ' to squeeze and to amass, not to  
 ' meliorate, is the object \* ;' and while the neigh-  
 " bouring

\* " See Robertson's Charles V. vol. I. sect. iii. p. 157.  
 " The Doctor adds, " The Patrimony of St. Peter was  
 " worse governed than any other part of Europe ; and  
 " though a generous Pontiff might suspend for a little,  
 " or counteract the effect of those vices which are pecu-  
 " liar to the government of ecclesiastics, the disease not  
 " only remained incurable, but has gone on increasing  
 " from age to age, and the decline of the State has kept  
 " pace with its progress." On reading over this passage  
 " a doubt arises whether it ought not to be expunged, as  
 " unjustly severe. Considered in one view, the dominion  
 " of the Popes was naturally prejudicial to Society ; but  
 " an evil becomes a good, which prevents evils greater  
 " than itself. The authority of Popes restrained the  
 " alternate tyranny of paramount Kings and feudal  
 " Barons.

“bouring cities of Tuscany are accused of  
 “shamefully abandoning their privileges and their  
 “wealth to the Grand Duke, who, parsimonious  
 “in the extreme, as to his own person and  
 “government, is thought solicitous of seconding  
 “by his heavy purse the wild projects of his  
 “brother the Emperor Joseph, the little Re-  
 “public of St. Marino, on the contrary, has  
 “been encreasing its populousness, confirming its  
 “strength, and extending the basis of its govern-  
 “ment. For these advantages it is indebted to  
 “its mountainous situation, virtuous manners, and  
 “total want of ambition ; which last-mentioned  
 “qualities, as ancient history teaches us, are far  
 “from being characteristic of Republican  
 “government ; though a Republic that is with-

“Barons. Religion, in its least perfect form, was a  
 “check to headstrong passion, and a restraint on ruffian  
 “violence : and should it be admitted that the temporal  
 “government of ecclesiastics had tended to depress the  
 “industry and populousness of their immediate dominions  
 “(a position which would require a very complex and  
 “elaborate investigation to substantiate), yet this local de-  
 “pression would be compensated and overbalanced by the  
 “distinguished merit of the Popes, in the preservation, ad-  
 “vancement, and diffusion of learning, civility, and ele-  
 “gant arts ; to which Rome, in barbarous ages, offered  
 “the only, or the safest asylum ; and of which she  
 “still exhibits the most inestimable models.

“ out



“ out them, can neither subsist happily itself, nor  
 “ allow happiness to its neighbours.

“ In the Republics of Italy (St. Marino alone  
 “ excepted), the people at large are excluded, by  
 “ the circumstance of their birth, from any prin-  
 “ cipal share in the sovereignty. Instead of one  
 “ Royal Master, they are subjects of 600\* petty  
 “ Princes; and their condition is far less eligible  
 “ than that of the subjects of Monarchies; be-  
 “ cause the latter cannot be collectively degraded  
 “ by the rank of a Monarch, which, excluding  
 “ comparison, is superior to envy; and are indi-  
 “ vidually entitled to aspire, by their talents and  
 “ merits, to the exercise of every magistracy,  
 “ and to the enjoyment of every preferment and  
 “ every honour, which their King and Country  
 “ can bestow. The Republic of St. Marino, on  
 “ the other hand, like several Commonwealths of  
 “ Antiquity, and like some lesser Cantons of  
 “ Switzerland, for the greater are universally  
 “ moulded after the rigid Italian model, contains

\* “ In the shop of an eminent bookseller and publisher  
 “ of an ancient and celebrated Republic of Italy, I was  
 “ explaining to a young patrician the nature of an English  
 “ Circulating Library. “ Why don't you,” said he, turn-  
 “ ing to the bookseller, “ introduce such an institution?”  
 “ The other replied, “ Sono troppo principi?—We have  
 “ too many princes.”

“ what

“ what is found by experience to be a due mixture  
“ of popular government among so simple a people,  
“ and in so small a State. The Council of Sixty  
“ is equally composed of *Nobili* and *Cittadini*, Pa-  
“ tricians and Plebeians. This Council, which  
“ may be called the Senate, conducts the ordi-  
“ nary branches of public administration; but the  
“ *Arengo*, or Assembly of the People, containing  
“ a Representative from every house or family,  
“ is summoned for the purpose of elections and  
“ on other important emergencies; it has always  
“ approved the decisions of the Senate. In choosing  
“ Senators and Magistrates, the respect of the  
“ citizens for hereditary worth commonly raises  
“ the son to the dignity before held by his father.  
“ Indeed most professions and employments de-  
“ scend in lineal succession among this simple  
“ people; a circumstance which explains a very  
“ extraordinary fact mentioned by Mr. Addison,  
“ that in two purchases made respectively in the  
“ years 1100 and 1170, the names of the com-  
“ missioners or agents, on the part of the Repub-  
“ lic, should be the same in both transactions;  
“ though the deeds were executed at the distance  
“ of seventy years from each other.

“ Notwithstanding the natural and proper in-  
“ fluence of wealth and birth and merit, the li-  
“ berties and properties of individuals are incom-  
“ parably

“parably more safe in St. Marino than they can  
 “ever possibly be under the capricious tyranny  
 “of a levelling Democracy; and the people at  
 “large have the firmest security, that their supe-  
 “riors will not abuse their just pre-eminence,  
 “since all the plebeians of full age are trained to  
 “arms, and commanded by a sort of military  
 “tribune of their own chusing, whose employ-  
 “ment is inferior in dignity to that of the *Capi-  
 “taneos* or Consuls, yet, altogether distinct from  
 “the jurisdiction of those Patrician Magistrates.  
 “This important military officer is overlooked  
 “by Mr. Addison, who has also omitted to men-  
 “tion the Treasurer of the Republic. The  
 “business of the latter consists in collecting and  
 “administering the public contributions, and in  
 “paying the *stipendiati* or pensionaries, whose  
 “salaries, as may be imagined, are extremely  
 “moderate; that of the *Commiffareo* or Chief  
 “Judge, amounting only to sixty pounds a-year.  
 “His income is considerably augmented by the  
 “*sportulæ* or fees paid by the litigant parties; so  
 “that his whole appointments fall little short of  
 “one hundred pounds per ann.: a sum which in  
 “this primitive Commonwealth is found sufficient  
 “to support the dignity of a Chief Justice.

“The laws of St. Marino are contained in a  
 “thin folio, printed at Rimini, entitled, “*Statuta*

“ *Illustrissima Reipublicæ;*” and the whole history  
 “ of this happy and truly illustrious, because  
 “ virtuous and peaceable, community is com-  
 “ prised in the account of a war in which the  
 “ Commonwealth assisted Pope Pius II. against  
 “ Malatesta, Prince of Rimini; in the records of  
 “ the purchase of two castles, with their depen-  
 “ dent districts, in the years 1100 and 1170; and  
 “ in the well-authenticated narrative of the foun-  
 “ dation of the State above fourteen hundred years  
 “ ago by St. Marino, a Dalmatian Architect,  
 “ who, having finished with much honour the  
 “ repairs of Rimini, retired to this solitary moun-  
 “ tain, practised the austerities of a hermit,  
 “ wrought miracles, and with the assistance of a  
 “ few admirers built a church and founded a city,  
 “ which his reputation for sanctity speedily reared,  
 “ extended, and filled with inhabitants. In the  
 “ principal church, which as well as that of the  
 “ Franciscans contains some good pictures, the  
 “ statue of this saint and lawgiver is erected  
 “ near the high altar. He holds a mountain in  
 “ his hand, and is crowned with three castles;  
 “ emblems which, from what has been above said,  
 “ appear fitly chosen for the arms of the Republic.  
 “ Mr. Addison observes, that the origin of  
 “ St. Marino must be acknowledged to be far  
 “ nobler than that of Rome, which was an asylum  
 “ for

“ for robbers and murderers, whereas St. Marino  
 “ was the resort of persons eminent for their piety  
 “ and devotion. This observation appears to me  
 “ to be erroneous in two respects, decorating  
 “ with unfair honours the one Republic, and  
 “ heaping unmerited disgrace on the other. If  
 “ piety founded St. Marino, with this piety much  
 “ superstition was intermixed; a superstition un-  
 “ friendly to the best principles of society, and  
 “ hostile to the favourite ends of nature, preaching  
 “ celibacy, and exacting mortification, the hideous  
 “ offspring of ignorance and terror, detesting men  
 “ as criminals, and trembling at God as a tyrant.  
 “ But Rome, according to the only historian \*  
 “ who has circumstantially and authentically de-  
 “ scribed its early transactions, was an expansion  
 “ of Alba Longa, itself a Grecian colony, which,  
 “ according to the immemorial and sacred custom  
 “ of its mother-country, diffused into new settle-  
 “ ments the exuberance of a flourishing popu-  
 “ lation, produced by the wisest and most liberal  
 “ institutions. According to the same admirable  
 “ historian, the manly discernment of Romulus  
 “ offered an asylum not merely for robbers and  
 “ murderers, but for those who were threatened  
 “ with murder or robbery, who spurned subjection,

\* Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

“ or fled from oppression; for amidst the lawless  
 “ turbulence of ancient Italy, the weak needed  
 “ protectors against the strong, the few against  
 “ the many; and Rome, at her earliest age, al-  
 “ ready systematically assisted the weakest party;  
 “ thus adopting in her infancy that politick  
 “ heroism, that was destined, by firm and majestic  
 “ steps, to conduct her manhood and maturity to  
 “ the fair sovereignty of consenting Nations.

“ Both in their origin, and in their progress,  
 “ Rome and St. Marino form the natural objects,  
 “ not indeed of a comparison, but of a striking  
 “ contrast; and compressed as is the latter Re-  
 “ public between the dominions of the Pope and  
 “ those of the Grand Duke, to whose subjects  
 “ St. Marino is bound to allow a free passage  
 “ through its territory, its citizens would deserve  
 “ ridicule or pity, did they affect the character,  
 “ or imitate the maxims, of those magnanimous  
 “ Senators, who, for the space of more than two  
 “ centuries, swayed the politicks and controuled  
 “ the revolutions of the world. Convinced that  
 “ their independence results from their insigni-  
 “ ficancy, the Senators of St. Marino smiled,  
 “ when we read in Mr. Addison, ‘ These Re-  
 “ publicans would sell their liberties dear to any  
 “ that attacked them.’ We had not the indeli-  
 “ cacy to desire them to interpret this smile; or

“ to

“ to make ourselves any comment upon it, being  
 “ persuaded, that, precarious and shadowy as their  
 “ liberty is, their rational knowledge and their  
 “ virtues have enabled them to extract from it both  
 “ substantial and permanent enjoyment, and make  
 “ them live happier here, amidst rocks and fnows,  
 “ than are their Tuscan and Roman neighbours  
 “ in rich plains and warm vallies.

“ To the inhabitants of this little State, the  
 “ *Arengo*, the Council, the different offices of  
 “ magistracy, innocent rural labours, and military  
 “ exercises equally useful and innocent, supply  
 “ a continual succession of manly engagements,  
 “ Hopes and fears respecting the safety of their  
 “ country awaken curiosity and excite inquiry.  
 “ They read the gazettes of Europe with interest ;  
 “ they study history with improvement ; in con-  
 “ versation their questions are pertinent, and  
 “ their answers satisfactory. Contrary to what  
 “ has been observed by travellers of other  
 “ Italians, the citizens of St. Marino delight in  
 “ literary conversation, and Mr. Addison remarks,  
 “ that ‘ he hardly met with an unlettered man  
 “ in their Republic.’ In speaking of Beccaria’s  
 “ book on Style, then recently published, one of  
 “ the Senators said, that it was a treatise on style  
 “ in a very bad style, abounding in false ornaments  
 “ and epigrammatic gallicism. Another observed,

“ he wished that fashionable writer, who had  
 “ been commented on by Voltaire, an author still  
 “ more fashionable and more pernicious than him-  
 “ self, would confine himself to such harmless  
 “ topics as rhetoric and style; for his book on  
 “ Crimes and Punishments was calculated to do  
 “ much serious mischief, at least to prevent much  
 “ positive good; because in that popular work he  
 “ had declaimed very persuasively against capital  
 “ punishments, in a country long disgraced by  
 “ capital crimes, which were scarcely ever ca-  
 “ pitally punished.

“ The love of letters which distinguishes the  
 “ people of St. Marino makes them regret that  
 “ they are seldom visited by literary travellers.  
 “ Of our own countrymen belonging to this de-  
 “ scription, they mentioned with much respect  
 “ Mr. Addison and Il Signor Giovanni Symonds,  
 “ now Professor of History in the University of  
 “ Cambridge. We were proud of being classed  
 “ with such men by the honest simplicity of these  
 “ virtuous Mountaineers, whom we left with  
 “ regret, most heartily wishing to them the con-  
 “ tinuance of their liberties; which, to men of  
 “ their character, and theirs only, are real and  
 “ solid blessings.

“ For let it never be forgotten, that the inesti-  
 “ mable gift of civil liberty may often be provi-  
 “ dentially



“ dentially with-held, because it cannot be safely  
 “ bestowed, unless rational knowledge has been  
 “ attained, and virtuous habits have been acquired.  
 “ In the language of the wisest man of Pagan an-  
 “ tiquity, ‘ a great length of time is requisite to  
 “ the formation of any moderately good Govern-  
 “ ment; because that Government is always the  
 “ best, which is the best adapted to the genius  
 “ and habits of its subjects\*.’ The institutions  
 “ which suit the well-balanced frame of mind of  
 “ the Mountaineers of St. Marino, who, breathing  
 “ a purer air, seem to have divested themselves of  
 “ many of the grosser and more earthly affections,  
 “ might ill accord with the softened tenants of  
 “ the Capuan Plains; since, according to the  
 “ same penetrating searcher into the secrets of  
 “ human nature, ‘ the inhabitants of the Fortu-  
 “ nate Islands, *if such islands really exist*, must  
 “ either be the most virtuous or the most  
 “ wretched of men.’ Aristotle hardly knew the  
 “ inhabitants of the British Isles; but let us, who  
 “ know ourselves and our good fortune, confide  
 “ in the assurance, that this incomparable Author  
 “ would no longer entertain the above geographi-  
 “ cal doubt, were he to revive in the eighteenth  
 “ century, and to visit the British dominions.

\* Aristot. Politics, ii. 6.

“ under the government of George III. As we  
 “ have long been the happiest of Nations, let us  
 “ cherish the hope, that the causes of our happiness  
 “ are, morally speaking, inalterable. The character  
 “ of our ancestors, uniting, beyond all people on  
 “ earth, firmness with humanity, gave to us our Go-  
 “ vernment; and the preservation of our Govern-  
 “ ment, as it now stands, under a Prince who  
 “ is at once the Patron and the Model of those  
 “ virtues on which alone National prosperity can  
 “ rest, forms the surest pledge for the stability of  
 “ that character, which has long adorned, and we  
 “ trust will ever adorn, the envied name of  
 “ BRITON.”

The engraving of ALBERONI annexed, is made  
 from a portrait of that extraordinary person, by  
 Trevisani, in the possession of the DUKE OF  
 BEAUFORT, at Badminton near Bath, which was  
 presented by his Eminence himself to his Grand-  
 father.

The VIEW of SAN MARINO is taken from a  
 sketch made upon the spot by Mr. WILSON, the  
 celebrated Landscape-Painter, in 1751, when  
 he travelled through Italy in company with  
 Mr. LOCK of Norbury Park.

A N N E,  
QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

WHEN the husband of this Princess, George Prince of Denmark, joined King William, James the Second merely said, "What, has the little *Est-il possible* left me at last?" But when he heard of Anne's defection he said, "Good God, am I then abandoned by my children?"

It appears by the memoirs of the times, that Anne was very anxious that no violence should be offered to her brother's life, when he fought in the French army against those of the Allies. Had this Princess lived longer, great efforts would most probably have been made to place him upon the throne of these kingdoms after her death. The Duke of Marlborough and Lord Bolingbroke were well affected to his succession; Lord Oxford was wavering.

Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, in her "Opinions," says, "The Queen's journey to Nottingham was purely accidental; but occasioned by the great fright she was in when King James the Second returned to Salisbury; upon which she said she would jump out of the window rather than see her father; and upon that sent to the Bishop of London to consult  
" with

“ with others what she should do, who carried  
 “ her into the City, and from thence to Notting-  
 “ ham. She was never expensive, but saved  
 “ money out of her 50,000*l.* a-year, which,  
 “ after she came to the crown, was paid to Prince  
 “ George of Denmark, which was his by right.  
 “ She made no foolish buildings, nor bought one  
 “ jewel in the whole time of her reign.”

S A R A H,

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

THIS singular woman in the latter part of her  
 life became bed-ridden. Paper pen and ink  
 were laid by the side of her bed, and she used  
 occasionally to write down either what she remem-  
 bered or what came into her head. A selection  
 from these loose papers of the Duchess was made  
 some years ago, with great judgment, by the  
 learned and ingenious Sir David Dalrymple, Bart.  
 under the title of “ The Opinions of Sarah  
 “ Duchess of Marlborough, published from Orig-  
 “ nal MSS.” Edinburgh 1788. The Duchess,  
 like many other persons of a violent temper, and  
 of disappointed pride, is but too apt to impute the  
 cause

cause of her misery to the defects of others, instead of descending to the source of it in herself.

“ 1739. As to my own particular,” says the Duchess, “ I have nothing to reproach myself with ; and I think it very improbable that I should live to suffer what others will do who have contributed to the ruin of their country. I have always thought, that the greatest happiness of life was to love and value somebody extremely that returned it, and to see them often ; and if one has an easy fortune, that is what makes one’s life pass away agreeably. But, alas ! there is such a *change* in the world since I knew it first, that though one’s natural pleasure is to love people, the generality of the world are in *something so disagreeable* that it is impossible to do it ; and added to this, I am a cripple, lifted about like a child, and very seldom free from pain,”

The two following short letters have perhaps little to recommend them, but that they are original letters of this celebrated Lady.

“ I BEG you will give me leave to trouble you with this letter, and beg the favour of you to shew it to the Prince. There are *perpetually* a thousand lies of me—That I am very indiffer-

“ rent

“ rent about ; but I hear now that it is said I was  
 “ angry with Doctor Hollands for waiting upon  
 “ the Prince. Upon my word, so far from it, that  
 “ I never once named his Highness : I think I  
 “ have the honour to be enough known to him,  
 “ that he will not doubt of the truth of this, after  
 “ I have given my word upon it. If I had not a  
 “ respect for the Prince, I should not have  
 “ troubled myself about it.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble Servant,

August 19, 1733.

“ MARLBOROUGH.”

“ SIR,

“ I MUST trouble you with my t'anks for the  
 “ favour of your two obliging letters, and so  
 “ soon, which makes it the more so.

“ I am, SIR, with regard,

“ Your most humble Servant,

“ MARLBOROUGH.”

“ I Beg my humble duty to the Prince, and  
 “ many thanks for the honour of enquiring how  
 “ I do. I am still the same as I have been this  
 “ long time, very ill.”

During the preparations for the trial of Harley  
 Earl of Oxford, a relation of his went to the  
 Duchess of Marlborough, with a copy of a letter  
 which

which the Duke had written to the Pretender. She, taking the letter from him and reading it, tore it to pieces. He then shewed her the original. The trial soon after was stopped, on a supposed misunderstanding between the Houses of Lords and Commons.

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### MATTHEW PRIOR

in the latter part of his life resided at Down Hall, Essex, and amused himself with a select party of friends at any kind of nonsense that occurred. Sir James Thornhill was often of the party, and in the evening, between dinner and supper, used to make drawings of some of Mr. Prior's guests. Prior used to write verses under them. Under the head of Mr. Timothy Thomas, Chaplain to Lord Oxford, Prior wrote—

This phiz, so well drawn, you may easily know ;  
It was done by a Knight for one Tom with an O.

Under Christian the Seal-Engraver's Head  
Prior wrote—

This, done by candlelight and hazard,  
Is meant to shew Kit Christian's mazzard.

An

An ingenious and elegant Collector has many of these portraits, with the verses under them in Prior's hand-writing:

Prior, like many an Ex-Minister, became hypochondriacal in the latter part of his life; his active mind, not having any pabulum to feed it, began to prey upon itself. He became deaf, or at least thought himself so. When some one asked him, whether he had ever observed himself deaf when he was in office: "Faith," replied he, "I was then so afraid of my head, that I did not attend very much to my ears."

Prior kept his Fellowship of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the last. "The salary," said he, "will always ensure me a bit of mutton and a clean shirt." Prior (who had been Minister-Plenipotentiary) printed his Poems by subscription in the latter part of his life for subsistence: he made two thousand pounds by them. It is singular enough that he should have been recommended to Queen Anne to be her Ambassador at the Court of France, as being very conversant in matters of trade and commerce. Prior was a very high-bred man, and made himself peculiarly agreeable to Louis XIV. by this talent. He presented his College with a picture of himself, in a very fine brocaded suit of clothes;—he there  
has



has very much *l'air noble*. This picture has never been engraved.

The late excellent Duchess of Portland had five Dialogues of the Dead in MS. written by this celebrated Poet. One was between Charles the Fifth and Clennel the grammarian; another between Sir Thomas More and the Vicar of Bray; another, I believe, between Oliver Cromwell and his Porter. They are said to abound in readiness of repartee, and liveliness of remark. It is to be hoped that they will be published.

## GRANVILLE,

LORD LANSDOWNE.

THE following letter was written by this elegant Nobleman to his Nephew, on his taking orders:

“ MY DEAR NEPHEW,

“ WHEN I look upon the date of your last  
“ letter, I must own myself blameable for not  
“ having sooner returned you my thanks for it.

“ I approve very well of your resolution of  
“ dedicating yourself to the service of God: you  
“ could

“ could not chuse a better master, provided you  
 “ have so sufficiently searched your heart, as to be  
 “ persuaded you can serve him well : in so doing,  
 “ you may secure to yourself many blessings in  
 “ this world, as well as a sure expectation in the  
 “ next.

“ There is one thing which I perceive you  
 “ have not yet thoroughly purged yourself from,  
 “ which is flattery : you have bestowed so much  
 “ of that upon me in your letter, that I hope you  
 “ have no more left, and that you meant it only  
 “ to take your leave of such flights of fancy,  
 “ which, however well meant, oftener put a man  
 “ out of countenance than oblige.

“ You are now become a searcher after truth : I  
 “ shall hereafter take it more kindly to be justly  
 “ reprov'd by you, than to be undeservedly com-  
 “ plimented.

“ I would not have you understand me as if I  
 “ recommended to you a sour Presbyterian severity ;  
 “ that is yet more to be avoided. Advice, like  
 “ physic, should be so sweetened and prepar'd as to  
 “ be made palatable, or nature may be apt to revolt  
 “ against it. Be always sincere, but at the same  
 “ time always polite. Be humble, ~~without~~  
 “ descending from your character ; reprove and  
 “ correct, without offending good-manners : to  
 “ be a cynic is as bad as to be a sycophant. You  
 “ are

“ are not to lay aside the gentleman with your  
 “ sword, nor to put on the gown to hide your  
 “ birth and good-breeding, but to adorn it.

“ Such has been the malice of the world from  
 “ the beginning, that pride, avarice, and am-  
 “ bition, have been charged upon the priesthood  
 “ in all ages, in all countries, and in all religions:  
 “ what they are most obliged to combat against in  
 “ their pulpits, they are most accused of encouraging  
 “ in their conduct. It behoves you therefore to  
 “ be more upon your guard in this, than in any  
 “ other profession. Let your example confirm  
 “ your doctrine; and let no man ever have it in  
 “ his power to reproach you with practising con-  
 “ trary to what you preach.

“ You had an uncle, Dr. Denis Granville, Dean  
 “ of Durham, whose memory I shall ever revere;  
 “ make him your example. Sanctity sat so easy,  
 “ so unaffected, and so graceful upon him, that  
 “ in him we beheld the very ‘ beauty of holiness:’  
 “ he was as chearful, as familiar and condescend-  
 “ ing in his conversation, as he was strict, regu-  
 “ lar, and exemplary in his piety; as well-bred  
 “ and accomplished as a courtier, as reverend and  
 “ venerable as an apostle: he was indeed in every  
 “ thing apostolical, for he abandoned all to  
 “ follow his Lord and Master. May you resemble  
 “ him! May he revive in you! May his spirit  
 “ descend

“ descend upon you, as Elijah’s upon Elisha !”

“ And may the great God of Heaven, in guiding,  
“ directing, and strengthening your pious resolu-  
“ tions, pour down his best and choicest blessings,  
“ upon you !

“ You shall ever find me, dear nephew, your  
“ most affectionate uncle, and sincere friend, &c.

“ LANSDOWNE.”

Lord Bacon, whose great merit pervaded every object of art and of nature, says finely, in speaking of sermons, “ Wines which at the first  
“ treading run gently, are pleasanter than those  
“ which are *forced* by the wine-press, for these  
“ taste of the stone, and of the husk of the  
“ grape : so,” adds he, “ those doctrines are ex-  
“ ceedingly wholesome and sweet, which flow from  
“ the scriptures gently pressed, and are not  
“ wrested into controversies and common-places.”  
Our Clergy are too apt, in their discourses, to raise doubts against that religion they should merely teach : they raise doubts (according to the last excellent Charge of the present BISHOP OF HEREFORD) to persons who have very probably never heard of them before ; and the doubts of those who have had the misfortune to hear them before, cannot be solved in a discourse of half an hour.

POPE.

## P O P E.

“ AS Mr. Pope,” says Richardson, “ and myself were one day considering the works of St. Evremond, he asked me, how I liked that way of writing in which prose and verse were mixed together. I said, I liked it well, for that sort of off-hand occasional productions. Why,” replied he, “ I have some thoughts of turning out some sketches I have by me of various accidents and reflections in this manner.”

Pope, like many other affectedly delicate persons, professed to be fond of certain dishes merely on account of their rarity. A Nobleman, a friend of his, who wished to correct this disgusting failing in him, made his cook dress up a rabbit, trussed up as a foreign bird, to which he gave some fine name, and seasoned with something extremely favourable. The Bard ate of it very heartily, and expressed his relish of the taste of the supposed dainty; and was not a little displeas'd, when his friend told him the trick he had put upon him.

Pope, according to Mr. Spence, in his “ Anecdotes,” desired Sir Robert Walpole to procure from the Cardinal Fleury, a benefice for his Catholic friend the Rev. Mr. Southcote. The great and good-humoured Minister (in spite of the satire with which

Pope had lashed Kings and Ministers) wrote to the Cardinal, who gave Mr. Southcote a benefice somewhere in the South of France.

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### S O P H I A,

#### ELECTRESS OF HANOVER.

THIS source of the illustrious family that has reigned over this country for near a century, with such happiness to it, and such honour to themselves, is thus described by an English traveller, Mr. Toland, in the year 1703:—"The Electress  
 " is seventy-three years of age, which she bears  
 " so wonderfully well, that had I not many  
 " vouchers, I should scarce dare venture to relate  
 " it. She has ever enjoyed extraordinary health,  
 " which keeps her still very vigorous, of a chearful  
 " countenance, and merry disposition; she steps  
 " as firm and erect as any young lady, has not  
 " one wrinkle in her face, which is still very  
 " agreeable, nor one tooth out of her head, and  
 " reads without spectacles, as I often saw her do  
 " letters of a small character in the dusk of the  
 " evening. She is *as great a worker* as Queen  
 " Mary (the wife of William the Third) was,  
 " and

“ and you cannot turn yourself in the palace with-  
“ out meeting some monuments of her industry,  
“ all the chairs of the Prefence Chamber being  
“ wrought with her own hands. She is the most  
“ constant and greatest walker I ever knew, never  
“ missing a day (if it proves fair) to walk for one  
“ or two hours, and often more, in the fine garden  
“ of Herenhausen. She perfectly tires all those  
“ of her Court that attend her in that exercise,  
“ but such as have the honour to be entertained  
“ by her in discourse. She has been long admired  
“ by all the learned world, as a woman of incom-  
“ parable knowledge in divinity, philosophy,  
“ history, and the subjects of all sorts of books  
“ (of which she has a prodigious quantity). She  
“ speaks five languages so well, that by her accent  
“ it might be a dispute which of them was her  
“ first: they are Low Dutch, German, French,  
“ Italian, and English, which last she speaks as  
“ truly and as easily as any native. But, indeed,  
“ the Electress is so entirely English in her person,  
“ in her behaviour, and in her humour, and all  
“ her inclinations, that she could not possibly miss  
“ of any thing that belongs peculiarly to our  
“ England. She was ever glad to see English-  
“ men, long before the Act of Succession:—she  
“ professes to admire our form of Government,  
“ and understands it well: she asks so many ques-

“ tions about families, customs, and laws, and the  
“ like, as sufficiently demonstrate her profound  
“ wisdom and experience. She is adored for her  
“ goodness amongst the inhabitants of the coun-  
“ try, and gains the hearts of all strangers by her  
“ unparalleled affability. No distinction is ever  
“ made in her Court concerning the parties into  
“ which England is divided, and whereof they carry  
“ the effects and impressions wheresoever they go,  
“ which makes others sometimes uneasy as well  
“ as themselves. In her Court it is enough that  
“ you be an Englishman, nor can you ever dis-  
“ cover by her treatment of them which are better  
“ liked, the Whigs or the Tories. These are the  
“ instructions given to all her servants, and they  
“ take care to execute them with the utmost  
“ exactness. I was the first who had the honour  
“ of kissing her hand on account of the Act of  
“ Succession; and she said, amongst other things,  
“ that she was afraid the Nation had already re-  
“ pent of the choice of an old woman, but that  
“ she hoped none of her posterity would give them  
“ any reason to be weary of their dominion.”

The Electress wrote to King William, request-  
ing him not to pass by in her favour the House of  
Stuart. This letter, with several other very cu-  
rious letters and papers, was burnt by the fire at  
Kensington Palace.

GEORGE,



### GEORGE THE FIRST.

THE following account of this excellent Prince is taken from a pamphlet written by Mr. Toland in the year 1705.

“ The Elector George-Louis was born in the  
 “ year 1660. He is a middle-sized, well-pro-  
 “ portioned man, of a genteel address, and good  
 “ appearance. He is not much addicted to any  
 “ diversion except hunting. He is reserved,  
 “ speaks little, but judiciously. He understands  
 “ our Constitution the best of any foreigner I  
 “ ever knew, and though he is well versed in the  
 “ art of war, and of invincible courage, having  
 “ often exposed his person to great dangers in  
 “ Hungary, in the Morea, on the Rhine, and in  
 “ Flanders, yet he is naturally of very peaceable  
 “ inclinations. He is a perfect man of business,  
 “ exactly regular in the œconomy of his reve-  
 “ nues, reads all dispatches himself at first-hand,  
 “ and writes most of his own letters. I need  
 “ give no more particular proof of his fru-  
 “ gality in laying out the public money, than that  
 “ all the expences of his Court (as to eating,  
 “ drinking, fire and candles, and the like) *are*  
 “ *duly paid every Saturday night.* The Officers

“ of his Army receive their pay every month, as  
 “ likewise his Envoys in every part of Europe ;  
 “ and all the Officers of his Household, with the  
 “ rest that *are on the Civil List, are cleared off*  
 “ *every half-year.*”

This Prince understood English so ill, that the only method of communication between him and one of his Ministers, who could not speak French, was in bad Latin. On coming to the Crown of England, he told his Ministers, that as he knew very little of the Constitution and customs of England, he should put himself entirely in their hands, and be governed by *them*: “ Then,” added he, “ you become completely answerable for every thing that I do \*.”

This wise Prince knew too well the sacrifices of their opinion to that of the Sovereign, which Ministers are but too apt to make in order to preserve their situation; and he had too much honour to tempt them by their own selfishness and desire of aggrandisement, and too much magnanimity to permit that they, and perhaps the country itself, should suffer in consequence of his interposition

\* “ An idle Prince,” says the acute Beaumelle, “ lets  
 “ his Ministers do every thing for him. Kings of a  
 “ moderate capacity wish to be their own Ministers. Kings  
 “ of genius govern without Ministers.”

in a manner unwarranted by the Constitution, which with great wisdom takes off all responsibility for measures of Government from the Sovereign, and places it upon the Ministers. A German Nobleman was one day congratulating this Monarch on his being Sovereign of this Kingdom and of Hanover. "Rather," said he, "congratulate me on having such a subject in one, as Newton; and such a subject in the other, as Leibnitz."

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### DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

HOW much better this great warrior could fight than spell, the following letters very plainly evince:

" *July the 29th, 1714.*

" SIR,

" I RECEIVED this day the favour of your  
 " obliging letter of the 25th, and that I may loose  
 " no time in obeying your *comands*, I write this  
 " in the *bateing* place in my way to Ostende. I  
 " wish you as much happiness as you can desire,  
 " and that *wee* may live to meet in England,  
 " which will give me many *oportunetys* of telling  
 " you how faithfully I am

" Your most humble servant,

" MARLBOROUGH.

" The

“ The Dutchess of Marl. is your humble  
 “ servant, and gives you many thanks for the  
 “ favour of remembering her.”

“ Monsieur,

“ Monf. BUBB, Gentehome

“ *Angloise,*

“ à la Haye.”

“ Sept. 3, 1707.

“ SIR,

“ THE bearer will acquaint you with what I  
 “ have *write*, in order to have this business agreed  
 “ friendly (if possible). I desire the *pietars* may  
 “ go with my brother, and leave it to your care  
 “ that they be *originels*.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your friend and humble servant,

“ MARLBOROUGH.”

“ To MR. SANDBY.”

The Duke was first presented by his father to  
 be page to the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton.  
 His establishment being full, he was introduced  
 to the Duchess of York, James the Second's  
 first wife, by which means his sister became  
 acquainted with James the Second; and perhaps,  
 no less to this circumstance than to that of his  
 possessing very great military talents, we may  
 attribute

attribute the great degree of favour in which he was held by that unfortunate Monarch. Turenne, in whose army he was a volunteer, speaks of him as a young man that was likely to make a figure in the military profession.

The Duke, though no epicure himself, had, in common with Louis XIV. a pleasure in seeing others eat, and when he was particularly pleased exercised this pleasure, though it cost him something. Lord Cadogan used to say, that he remembered seeing the Duke completely out of humour one day, a thing very unusual with him, and much agitated: in the evening, however, a messenger arrived, who brought him some news which he liked. He immediately ordered the messenger to be placed in some place where no one could speak to him, and ordered his coach to be opened, and some cantines to be taken out, containing some hams and other good things, and spread before some of the principal Officers, he looking on and tasting nothing.

Of the wonderful avarice of this very great man, the late Lord Bath used to tell the following story: Himself and his brother, General Pulteney, had been playing at cards at a house in Bath, at that time known by the name of Westgate House, and which then happened to be the lodgings of Lord Bath. The Duke had lost some money, and on going  
away

away desired General Pulteney to lend him a shilling to pay his chair-hire. This he of course did, and when the Duke had left the room, Lord Bath said to his brother, "I would venture any sum, now, that the Duke goes home on foot. Do pray follow him out." The General followed him, and to his astonishment saw him walk home to his lodgings.

This great man was completely under the management of his wife, as the following story, well-known in his family, evinces. The Duke had noticed the behaviour of a young Officer in some engagement in Flanders, and sent him over to England with some dispatches, and with a letter to the Duchess, recommending him to her to procure a superior commission for him in the army. The Duchess read the letter, and approved of it, but asked the young man where the thousand pounds were for his increase of rank. The young man blushed, and said that he was really master of no such sum. "Well, then," said she, "you may return to the Duke." This he did very soon afterwards, and told him how he had been received by the Duchess. The Duke laughingly said, "Well, I thought that it would be so; you shall, however, do better another time," and, presenting him with a thousand pounds, sent him  
over

over to England. The last expedition proved a successful one.

The Duke was talking one day before Prince Eugene of his regard for his Queen (Anne). "*Regina Pecunia*," said the Prince, in a whisper to some one that sat near him.

The Duke of Marlborough at his death left Prince Eugene his sword. On receiving this mark of his rival's great and fond esteem for him, he immediately drew it out of the scabbard, and flourishing it said, "*Voila l'épée que j'ai suivie par toute cette longue guerre.*"

The Duke of Marlborough possessed great command of temper, and never permitted it to be ruffled by little things, in which even the greatest men have been occasionally found unguarded:—As he was one day riding with Commissary Marriot, it began to rain, and he called to his servant for his cloak. The servant not bringing the cloak immediately, he called for it again. The servant, being embarrassed with the straps and buckles, did not come up to him. At last, it raining very hard, the Duke called to him again, and asked him what he was about that he did not bring his cloak. "You must stay, Sir," grumbles the fellow, "if it rains cats and dogs, 'till I can get at it." The Duke turned round to Marriot, and said

said very coolly, "Now I would not be of that fellow's temper, for all the world."

The Duke had a most exquisite person and a very squeaking voice. Pope repeated to Bishop Warburton some lines he had made on the Duke of Marlborough, in which, malignantly enough, he made him, "in accents of a whining Ghost,"

——lament the son he lost.

Lord Bolingbroke, with greater dignity of mind, (when some of his French friends were thinking to pay their court to him by blaming the Duke for his avarice) replied to them, "I am the last person in the world to be told of this. I knew the Duke of Marlborough better than any of you. He was so great a man that I have entirely forgotten all his failings."

The Duke got the nick-name of "Silly" from his using that word when he did not like any proposal that was made to him: as, "Will your Grace besiege Lisle?" "Oh, filly."—"Will you then besiege Ypres?" "No!—filly, filly."

LORD



## LORD PETERBOROUGH.

THIS lively Nobleman was once taken by the mob for the Duke of Marlborough (who was then in disgrace with them), and was about to be roughly treated by these friends to summary justice. He told them, "Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket; and in the second, they are heartily at your service." So throwing his purse amongst them, he got out of their hands, with loud huzzas and acclamations\*.

Lord Peterborough was cut for the stone at Bristol. The Surgeon (as usual) wished to have him bound. He refused; the Surgeon persisted; till

\* The late Lord Bottetourt, in passing through Gloucester, soon after the Cyder-tax, in which he had taken a part that was not very popular in that county, observed himself burning in effigy in one of the streets of that city. He stopped his coach, and giving a purse of guineas to the mob that surrounded the fire, said, "Pray, Gentlemen, if you will burn me, at least do me the favour to burn me like a Gentleman. Do not let me linger: I see that you have not faggots enough." This good-humoured and ready speech appeased the fury of the people immediately, and they gave him three cheers, and permitted him to proceed quietly on his journey.

at last he told the Surgeon, that it should never be said that a Mordaunt was ever seen bound. "Do your best, Sir." He then ordered the Surgeon to place him in the position most advantageous for the operation, and in which he remained without flinching till it was over. In three weeks afterwards he was at Bevis Mount.

The Earl was so active a traveller, that Queen Anne's Ministers used to say, that they wrote at him, and not to him. He said of himself, that he believed he had seen more Kings and more postillions than any person whoever. He left behind him in manuscript the *Memoirs of his own Life*, in which he seems not to have spared his own character, and which, from delicate regard to his reputation, his amiable and elegant widow consigned to the flames.

Lord Peterborough was a man of frolic. Richardson, in his *Anecdotes*, says, "The great Earl of Peterborough, who had much sense, much wit, and much whim, leaped out of his chariot one day, on seeing a dancing-master, with pearl-coloured silk stockings, lightly stepping over the broad stones, and picking his way, in extremely dirty weather, and ran after him (who soon took to his heels) with his drawn sword, in order to drive him into the mud, but into which he of course followed himself."

Dr. Freind,

Dr. Freind, in his account of Lord Peterborough's conduct in Spain, says, "he never sent off a detachment of one hundred men without going with them himself." Of his own courage Lord Peterborough used to say, that it proceeded from his not knowing his danger; in this agreeing with Turenne, that a coward had only one of the three faculties of the mind, "apprehension."

Lord Peterborough, when he lodged with Fénelon at Cambray, was so charmed with the virtues and talents of the Archbishop, that he exclaimed at parting, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself."

When he was in Spain, the remittances from England not coming to his troops, he supplied them for some time with money from his own pocket.

Speaking of himself and the French General who opposed him in the business of the Spanish Succession, he said, "*Comme nous sommes des grands ânes pour combattre pour ces deux gros benêts!*" alluding to the characters of the two competitors for the Spanish monarchy.

Lord Peterborough was asked one day by a Frenchman, if we had the ceremonies of the coronation of a King amongst us.—"*Sacre t'on les Rois chez vous, my Lord?*" "*Oui,*" replied the witty Peer; "*on les sacre et on les massacre aussi.*"

## PRINCE EUGENE.

THIS great General was a man of letters: he was intended for the Church, and was known at the Court of France by the name of the Abbé de la Savoie. Having made too free in a letter with some of Louis the Fourteenth's gallantries, he fled out of France, and served as a volunteer in the Emperor's service in Hungary against the Turks, where he soon distinguished himself by his talents for the military art. He was presented by the Emperor with a regiment, and a few years afterwards made Commander in Chief of his armies. Louvois, the insolent War Minister of the insolent Louis XIV. had written to him to tell him, that he must never think of returning to his country: his reply was, "*Eugene entrera un jour en France en dépit de Louvois et de Louis!*" In all his military expeditions he carried with him *Thomas à Kempis de Imitatione*. He seemed to be of the opinion of the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, "that a good Christian always made a good soldier." Being constantly busy, he held the passion of love very cheap, as a mere amusement, that served only to enlarge the power

of women, and abridge that of men. He used to say, “*Les amoureux sont dans la société que ce*  
 “*les fanatiques sont en religion.*”

The Prince was observed to be one day very pensive, and on being asked by his favourite Aide-de-Camp on what he was meditating so deeply; “My good friend,” replied he, “I am thinking  
 “that if Alexander the Great had been obliged  
 “to wait for the approbation of the Deputies  
 “of Holland before he attacked the enemy,  
 “how impossible it would have been for him  
 “to have made half the conquests that he did.”

This great General lived to a good old age, and being *tam Mercurio quàm Marti*, “as much  
 “a Scholar as a Captain,” amused himself with making a fine collection of books, pictures, and prints, which are now in the Emperor’s collection at Vienna. The celebrated Cardinal Passionei, then Nuncio at Vienna, preached his funeral sermon, from this grand and well-appropriated text of Scripture:

“Alexander, son of Philip the Macedonian,  
 “made many wars, took many strong holds, went  
 “through the ends of the earth, took spoils of  
 “many nations: the earth was quiet before him.  
 “After these things he fell sick, and perceived  
 “that he should die.”—*Maccabees.*

*MARSHAL SAXE.*

TO the honour of the humanity of this great General, the following story, told of him by M. de Senac, his physician, should be mentioned. The night before the battle of Raucour, M. de Senac observed his illustrious patient very thoughtful, and asked him the reason of it; when he replied in a passage from the "Andromaque" of Racine,

Songe, songe, Senac, à cette nuit cruelle,  
 Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit éternelle.  
 Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des  
 mourans,  
 Dans la flamme étouffés sous le fer expirans.

Think, think, my friend, what horrid woes  
 To-morrow's morning must disclose  
 To thousands, by Fate's hard decree,  
 The last morn they shall ever see.  
 Think how the dying and the dead  
 O'er yon extensive plain shall spread;  
 What horrid spectacles afford,  
 Scorched by the flames, pierced by the sword.

The following letters were written by Marshal Saxe to M. D'Eon de Tillicé, Censor Royal, and Secretary to the Regent Duke of Orleans. They  
 are

are permitted to embellish this Collection, by the kindness of the CHEVALIERE D'EON, niece to the person to whom they were addressed,

“ MONSIEUR,

“ JE vous prie *instan mant* de preter une  
 “ *atanson* favorable a *se* que Mlle. Sommerville\*  
 “ vous dira, il ma paru *quon* la vexe & fait une  
 “ bonne fille, a qui je feres charmé de *randre*  
 “ *servisse*, soiez persuadés que lon *sauret aitre*  
 “ plus parfaitement,

“ Monsieur,

“ Votre tres humble & tres obeissent serviteur,

“ MAURICE DE SAXE.”

“ A Paris le *Mardis*

“ *derniers* de Juillet,

“ 1740.”

“ A ———.

“ JE vous prie *d'aitre persuades*, Monsieur,  
 “ que l'on ne *sauret aitre* plus sensible que je le  
 “ suis au marques de votre souvenir & de votre  
 “ amities, elle me *seras toujours* chere, & mais  
 “ *sucfais acquiereront* de *nouvos* agrements pour  
 “ moy. *Cant* je saures que vous vous y *entereffés*,  
 “ l'on sauret aitre plus parfaitement,

“ Monsieur,

“ Votre tres humble & tres obeissent serviteur,

“ MAURICE DE SAXE.”

\* An Adress of the French Opera.

Marshal Saxe was a Lutheran; and his body could not therefore be buried in any of the Catholic churches in France with the usual ceremonies attendant on the funerals of great men. This made the Queen of Louis the Fifteenth say, with some archness, "What a pity it is that we cannot sing one *De Profundis* to a man who has made us sing so many *Te Deums*."

Of the greatness of Marshal Saxe's courage who can doubt; yet his friends said of him, that he would never \* fight a duel; that he always looked under

\* A greater degree of ridicule was never thrown upon duelling than by the following story, which Dr. Sandilands told to Mr. Richardson, jun.

"General Guise going over one campaign to Flanders, observed a young raw Officer who was in the same vessel with him, and with his usual humanity told him, that he would take care of him and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going, which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told, by some arch rogues whom he happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said, he knew no one but Colonel Guise, and he had received great obligations from him. It is all one for that, they said, in these cases. The Colonel was the fittest man in the world, every-body knew his bravery. Soon afterwards, up comes the young Officer to Colonel

" Guise,



under his bed every night; and every night locked his chamber-door.

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*ANDREW FLETCHER,*

OF SALTOUN.

THIS upright Patriot used to say of the cant appellations of his time, Whigs and Tories, that they were names made use of to cloak the knaves of both parties. "Préjudice and opinion," says

"Guise, as he was walking up and down in the Coffee-house, and began in a hesitating manner to tell him, how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligations. Sir, replied Colonel Guise, I have done my duty by you, and no more. But Colonel, added the young Officer, faltering, I am told that I must fight some Gentleman of known resolution, and who has killed several persons, and that nobody—Oh! Sir, replied the Colonel, your friends do me too much honour; but there is a Gentleman (pointing to a huge fierce-looking black fellow that was sitting at one of the tables) who has killed half the regiment. So up goes the Officer to him, and tells him, he is well informed of his bravery, and that, for that reason, he must fight him. Who I, Sir? replied the Gentleman: Why I am Peale the Apothecary."—*Richardsoniana.*

this excellent man, "govern the world, to the  
 "great darkness and ruin of mankind; and  
 "though," adds he, "we daily find men so  
 "rational as to charm by the disinterested recti-  
 "tude of their sentiments in all other things, yet  
 "when we touch upon any wrong opinion of  
 "theirs (with which they have been early pre-  
 "possessed), we find them more irrational than  
 "any thing in nature, and not only not to be  
 "convinced, but obstinately resolved not to hear  
 "any thing against them." He said, that when  
 he was at some German University, he was told of  
 a person that was hereditary Professor of Divinity  
 there, at which he smiled. He was answered,  
 "Why not an hereditary Professor, as well as an  
 "hereditary King? \*

The speeches of Fletcher never took up above  
 a quarter of an hour, and are filled with matter  
 and sound reasoning. The Orators of the present  
 day seem to think, with Dom Noel d'Argonne, that  
 what they want in depth, they ought to make up

\* "The most terrible of all calamities," says the good  
 and acute Pascal, "are civil wars. They must most as-  
 "suredly take place, if you pretend to recompense merit;  
 "for every one will tell you, that he has merit. The evil  
 "then to fear from a fool, which should happen to come to  
 "the Crown by hereditary succession, is neither so great  
 "nor so certain."—*Pensées de Pascal*, part 1. article 8.

in length; and their hearers appear to forget another observation of this acute Carthusian, “that it is surprising that since eloquence has begun to be sufficiently known, it should still continue to dupe any one.”

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*SAMUEL CLARKE, D. D.*

A FRIEND of Dr. Johnson asked him one day, whose sermons were the best in the English language? “Why, Sir, bating a little heresy, those of Dr. Samuel Clarke.” This great and excellent man had, indeed, good reason for thus highly praising them, for, as he told a relation of Dr. Clarke, they made him a Christian. The Chevalier Ramsay says, in one of his letters inserted in the Notes upon “*Les Œuvres de Racine*,”—“*M. Clarke m’avoua quelques tems avant de mourir (apres plusieurs conferences que j’avois eues avec lui) combien il se repentit d’avoir fait imprimer son ouvrage*” (his celebrated work on the Trinity). The Doctor’s nearest relations (some of whom were living a few years ago at Salisbury) always said, that they had never heard him declare the least uneasiness of mind upon this account; and the elegant and ingenious

gènius Author of the "Essay upon the Writings  
" and Genius of Pope," when he quotes this part  
of the letter, very delicately prefaces it with say-  
ing, that it is a circumstance too remarkable to be  
omitted, and of which some may be almost tempted  
to doubt the truth. A sister of Dr. Clarke,  
who died some years ago, said, that her brother  
used very frequently to discourse with her upon  
religious subjects, always expressing his firm belief  
of Christianity, yet never hinting the least disap-  
probation of any thing he had ever written.

In the opinion of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Samuel Clarke  
was the most complete literary character that Eng-  
land ever produced. Every one must be inclined  
to be of this opinion, when he considers what a  
good critical scholar, what an excellent philoso-  
pher, what an acute metaphysician he was.  
Amongst Dr. Clarke's papers was found a letter  
from Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, offering him  
an Irish Bishoprick, which he refused; and a letter  
of that great Greek scholar Dr. Bentley to him,  
expressive of his concurrence of opinion with him  
upon the formation of the tenses of the Greek  
verbs, which he has so fully illustrated in a note  
on the First Book of his edition of Homer.

Mr. Samuel Clarke, the son, was long teized  
by many of the Doctor his father's friends and  
well-wishers to contradict the assertion of the  
Chevalier

Chevalier Ramsay respecting his father: this, however, he was at last brought to do in a paragraph printed in one of the newspapers; in which, amongst other things, he says, that he attended his father with great assiduity in his last illness, and that he had never heard him express the least alteration in his manner of thinking on the subject of the Trinity.

This great man was so chary of his time, that he constantly took with him wherever he went some book or other in his pocket. This he used to pull out in company and read, and scratch under the remarkable passages with his nail.

Dr. Clarke has been censured by some idle and foolish persons for playing at cards, and for being occasionally a practical joker. Those who make this objection only to the perfection of the character of Dr. Clarke, do not consider that the most busy persons are in general the most easily amused. The Doctor's great and fervid mind, wearied with laborious and painful thinking, required mere respite and relaxation from toil, and did not exact either the delicacy or the violence of amusement which those persons demand whose great business is pleasure.

## EARL STANHOPE,

SECRETARY OF STATE TO GEORGE I.

W. WHISTON says of this excellent and illustrious Nobleman, that he one day asked him, if since he had been a *Minister* of State he had ever done a *dishonest* thing? "Lord Stanhope," says Mr. Whiston, "was a man of too much honour to tell a lie, so he walked off without giving me an answer."

Lord Stanhope was at Eton School with one of the Scotch Noblemen who were condemned after the Rebellion in 1715. He requested the life of his old school-fellow (whom he had never seen since that time) of the Privy Council, whilst they were deliberating upon the signing of the warrant of execution of these unfortunate Noblemen. His request was refused, till he threatened to give up his place if the Council did not comply with it. This menace procured him the life of his associate in early life, to whom he afterwards sent a handsome sum of money.

Of such advantage, occasionally, are the connections that are formed in public schools. What may profit, may likewise hurt. The gold that purchases bread may purchase poison, and the seminary that administers to virtuous and

to honest friendship, may likewise administer to a society in vice and in wickedness: yet every thing in human life being but a choice of difficulties, it seems wise to prefer a public to a private education, on account of the greater advantages it holds forth \*. A young man will most assuredly become wiser, and most pro-

\* Osborne begins his celebrated "Advice to a Son" thus: "Though I can never pay enough to your Grandfather's memory for his tender care of my education, yet I must observe in it this mistake, that by keeping me at home, where I was one of *my young Masters*, I lost the advantage of my most docile time. For, not undergoing the same discipline, I must needs fall short of their experience that are bred up in free-schools, who, by plotting to rob an orchard, &c. run through all the subtleties required in taking a town, being made by use familiar to secrecy and compliance with opportunity—qualities never afterwards to be attained at cheaper rates than the hazard of all. Whereas these see the danger of trusting others, and the rocks they fall upon by too obstinate an adherence to their own imprudent resolutions, and all this under no higher penalty than that of a whipping. And," adds he, "it is possible this indulgence of my Father might be the cause I afforded him so poor a return for all his cost. Children," continues Osborne, "attain to an exacter knowledge both of themselves and of the world, in free and populous schools, than under a more solitary education."

bably more virtuous, by public than by private education; for virtue consists in action and in trial. The following anecdote of the high sense of honour in two Eton Boys, is well known to many persons who have been educated in that illustrious seminary:

“ Two young men, one of whom was the late  
“ Lord Baltimore, went out a-shooting, and were  
“ detected in that unpardonable offence by one of  
“ the Masters. He came up quickly enough to  
“ one of them to discover his person; the other,  
“ perhaps having quicker heels, got off unknown.  
“ The detected culprit was flogged pretty severely,  
“ and threatened with repetitions of the same  
“ discipline if he did not discover his companion.  
“ This, however, he persisted in refusing, in  
“ spite of reiterated punishment. His com-  
“ panion, who was confined to his room at his  
“ boarding-house by a sore throat (which he had  
“ got by leaping into a ditch to escape the de-  
“ tection of the Master), on hearing with what  
“ severity his friend was treated on his account,  
“ went into school, with his throat wrapped up,  
“ and nobly told the Master, that he was the boy  
“ that was out a-shooting with the young man  
“ who, with such a magnanimous perseverance,  
“ had refused to give up his name.”



## SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

WHEN this ingenious Architect had finished the noble palace of Blenheim, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough said to him, "Now, Sir John, you have built us so fine a house, pray who is to make the gardens, and lay out the park for us?" "Your Grace," replied Sir John very acutely, "should apply to the best landscape-painter you know." The epitaph made for Sir John,

Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee,

is remembered more on account of its point than of the truth it contains. Size and massiveness are the requisites to sublimity in Architecture; and Sir John did not, perhaps, pay that regard to the distinct parts of his great works which some other Architects have done, but he considered the whole :

Felix opere in summo, quia ponere totum  
Scit.

"In the buildings of Vanbrugh," says that great Painter and elegant Writer Sir Joshua Reynolds, (who with great propriety and acuteness called in the aid of metaphysics to generalize the prin-

principles of art) “ who was a Poet as well as an  
 “ Architect, there is a greater display of imagi-  
 “ nation than we shall find, perhaps, in any other;  
 “ and this is the ground of the *effect* we feel in  
 “ many of his works, notwithstanding the faults  
 “ with which many of them are charged. For  
 “ this purpose, Vanbrugh appears to have had  
 “ recourse to some principles of the Gothic  
 “ Architecture, which, though not so ancient as  
 “ the Grecian, is more so to our imagination,  
 “ with which the Artist is more concerned than  
 “ with absolute truth\*.

“ To

\* The effects of the Gothic Architecture were, perhaps,  
 never better described, than in a MS. Letter which the  
 Compiler received a few years ago from a young Gentle-  
 man of great genius, and of correct and exquisite taste. It  
 is written from Beauvais in France. “ The Cathedral,  
 “ the Bishop’s Palace, and the Church of the Virgin in  
 “ this City, form a very rich assemblage of Gothic gran-  
 “ deur. The external appearance of the Cathedral is  
 “ heavy, owing probably to its unfinished state, and to its  
 “ wanting that noblest Gothic feature, a spire. But  
 “ within, it unites the great and beautiful in a high de-  
 “ gree. It is of a stupendous length, and the arches are of  
 “ the most beautiful Gothic form, highly pointed. The  
 “ roof wants lightness, and has not enough of those  
 “ fretted subdivisions that imitate the entanglement of a  
 “ grove, where the smaller branches meet at top. The  
 “ Gothic

—“ To speak of Vanbrugh,” adds Sir Joshua, “ in the language of a Painter, he had originality “ of invention; he understood light and shadow, and had great skill in composition. To “ support his principal object, he produced his “ second and third groupes or masses. He perfectly understood in *his* art, what is the most “ difficult in ours—the conduct of the background, by which the design and invention are “ set off to the greatest advantage. What the “ back-ground is in painting, in Architecture is “ the real ground on which the building is “ erected; and no Architect took greater care “ that his Work should not appear crude and “ hard, that is, that it did not abruptly start out “ of the ground without expectation or preparation.

“ Gothic Architects appear to have made the grove, “ which was itself the temple of their forefathers, their “ model, and to have rendered many of its beauties subservient to their purposes. A Gothic building has all “ the complicated luxuriance of a wood. It possesses the “ same contrasted effects of light and shade, and gives the “ same play to the imagination; in which respect it is “ more poetic than the Grecian Architecture, which, “ like elegant prose, puts you in immediate possession of “ its meaning. In the Gothic Architecture, much “ more is meant than meets the eye.”

“ This,” adds Sir Joshua, “ is a tribute which  
 “ a Painter owes to an Architect who composed  
 “ like a Painter, and was defrauded of the due  
 “ reward of his merit by the Wits of his time,  
 “ who did not understand the principles of com-  
 “ position in poetry better than he, and who knew  
 “ little or nothing of what he understood per-  
 “ fectly, the general ruling principles of Archi-  
 “ tecture and Painting. Vanbrugh’s fate was  
 “ that of the great Perrault. Both were the  
 “ objects of the petulant sarcasms of factious men  
 “ of letters, and both have left some of the fairest  
 “ monuments which, to this day, decorate their  
 “ several countries; the Façade of the Louvre,  
 “ Blenheim, and Castle Howard.”

Sir John Vanbrugh seems to have been original in whatever he did. He was told one day by a friend, how like to the Fables of La Fontaine his Fables in the Comedy of *Æsop* were, as to style and manner. “ They may be so,” added he, “ for aught I know, but I assure you that I  
 “ never read La Fontaine.” Vanbrugh’s dialogue in his Comedies is natural and easy, completely unlike the witty though elaborate repartees of Congreve and of Dryden.

## AARON HILL.

THIS excellent Man told Savage the Poet, that Lord Bolingbroke was the finest Gentleman he had ever seen; and Savage one day paid Aaron Hill the same compliment, when he had occasion to speak of him to the late Dr. Johnson.

One of Hill's Tragedies concludes thus, with an energy unusual with its Author, and worthy of Dryden himself:     "

Henceforth let no one say,  
Thus far, no farther, shall my passions stray.  
One crime indulged impels us into more,  
And that is fate that was but choice before.!

Dom' Noel d'Argonne, the Carthusian, who wrote that exquisite literary Miscellany, "*Les Melanges de la Literature par Vigneuil de Merveille,*" has an observation similar to those lines. "With many persons," says he, "the early age of life is past in sowing in their minds the vices that are most suitable to their inclinations; the middle age goes on in nourishing and maturing those vices; and the last age concludes in gathering in pain and in anguish the bitter fruits of these most accursed seeds."

## D R. C H E Y N E.

WHILST some one was talking before this acute Scotchman of the excellence of Human Nature, “ Hoot, hoot, mon, Human Nature is a  
 “ rogue and a scoundrel, or why would it per-  
 “ petually stand in need of laws and of religion ?”

Dr. Cheyne’s memory, independent of his medical and mathematical merit, should ever be held in veneration by all wise and good men for the golden rule of conduct which he prescribed to himself (mentioned by Mr. Boswell in his entertaining Tour to Scotland), and which unites the utmost acuteness of worldly wisdom with the most exalted sense of religion :

“ To neglect nothing to secure my eternal  
 “ peace, more than if I had been certified I should  
 “ die within the day; nor to mind any thing that  
 “ my secular duties and obligations demanded of  
 “ me, less than if I had been ensured to live fifty  
 “ years more.”

“ Religious persons,” say the Messieurs de Port Royal, “ are apt in worldly matters to do too  
 “ little for themselves, to act without sufficient  
 “ consideration, and then, by way of correcting  
 “ themselves, and excusing themselves to others,  
 “ to impute the necessary ill consequences of their  
 “ imprudent

“ imprudent and foolish conduct to the decrees  
“ of Providence. Men of the world in general  
“ are slower in deciding, and weigh in a nicer  
“ balance what effects their actions may produce,  
“ without reference to religious obligation, and  
“ perhaps succeed better in the present system of  
“ things. They are, therefore, in Scripture,  
“ said to be wiser than the children of light.”

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### DUKE OF WHARTON,

NO human being ever commenced his career with fairer prospects of happiness than this unfortunate nobleman. He was no less distinguished for the powers of his mind than for the graces of his body. He was educated at home by his father, whose great desire was to make him a perfect orator. In this he so well succeeded, that the matter of his speeches, no less than his manner of delivering them, fascinated every one who heard him. The first prelude to his misfortunes arose from his privately marrying a young lady inferior to him in birth and in fortune. The finishing stroke was put to them by the too early death of his father, when, becoming free from paternal restraint, the Duke gave into those various

excesses which embittered the happiness of his life, and at last brought him to the grave. He soon became, as Mr. Pope says,

A tyrant to the wife his heart approv'd,  
A rebel to the very King he lov'd.

In his travels in early life with his Tutor, his Grace picked up a bear's cub, of which he affected to be very fond, and carried it about with him: but when he became tired of his Tutor's company and admonitions, he quitted him one day suddenly, leaving his cub behind him, with a note addressed to his Tutor, to acquaint him, that being no longer able to support his ill-treatment, he thought proper to quit him; and that he left him his cub, that he might not be without a companion better suited to him than himself. Having dismissed his Governor, the first step he took was to write to the Pretender, then living at Avignon, and to send him a present of a very fine horse. The Pretender, on receiving this present, sent one of his principal gentlemen to invite him to his Court, where he was received with the greatest respect, and had the Order of the Garter and the title of Duke of Northumberland conferred upon him. Thus attached to the party of that unfortunate Prince, he came to Paris, where



where he is thus described in a dispatch of that excellent and able Minister Sir Benjamin Keene.

“ THE Duke of Wharton has not been sober, or scarce had a pipe out of his mouth since he left St. Ildefonso.”



“ WHARTON made his compliments, and placed himself by me. I did not think myself obliged to turn out his star and garter, because, as he is an everlasting tippler and talker, in all probability he would lavish out something that might be of use to me to know; or at least might discover, by the warmth of his hopes and expectations, whether any scheme was to be put in immediate execution in favour of his dear master (as he calls the Pretender). He declared himself to be the Pretender's Prime Minister, and Duke of Wharton and Northumberland. Hitherto, added he, my master's interest has been managed by the Duke of Perth, and three or four other old women, who meet under the portail of St. Germain's. He wanted a Whig, and a brisk one-too, to put them in a right train, and I am the man. You may now look upon me as Sir Philip Wharton, Knight of the Garter, running a race with Sir Robert Walpole, Knight of the Bath; running a course;

“ and he shall be hard pressed, I assure you.  
 “ He bought my family pictures, but they shall  
 “ not be long in his possession ; that account is  
 “ still open ; neither he nor King George shall be  
 “ six months at ease, as long as I have the honour  
 “ to serve in the employment I am now in.”

“ He mentioned great things from Muscovy,  
 “ and talked such nonsense and contradictions that  
 “ it is neither worth my while to remember nor  
 “ yours to read them. I used him very *cavalierement*,  
 “ upon which he was much affronted —  
 “ Sword and pistol next day. But before I slept,  
 “ a gentleman was sent to desire that every thing  
 “ might be forgotten. What a pleasure must it  
 “ have been to have killed a Prime Minister !”

This vapouring, however, of the Duke did not last long: he retired to Spain, where he married one of the Queen of Spain's Ladies of the Bed-chamber without a shilling, and was soon afterwards seized with a disease of languor, occasioned by his former excesses, which by slow degrees ended in a premature death at the age of thirty-two. A mineral water in the mountains of Catalonia appeared for some time to have stopped the progress of his disorder. He relapsed, however, soon afterwards, and in his way to the same salutary springs fell from his horse, in one of the fainting fits to which he had been subject, in a small village,

village, and was carried by some charitable Monks of the Order of St. Bernard into their Convent, where they administered to his necessities in the best manner they could. Under their hospitable roof he languished a week, and then died. His funeral was performed in the same simple and cheap manner which the fathers observed to the brethren of their own community. Not long before he died he wrote to a friend, to whom he sent a MS. tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots, and some Poems, and finished his letter with these beautiful lines of Dryden to his friend Congreve :

Be kind to my remains ; and oh defend  
 Against your judgment your departed friend !  
 Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,  
 But shade those laurels that descend' to you.

Thus died, unattended and unlamented,  
 This life of pleasure and this soul of whim ;

too fatally realizing the melancholy description of the Wits by the celebrated Roger Ascham, in his " Schoolmaster :"

" Commonlie men very quick of witte be also  
 " very light of conditions. In youth they be  
 " readie scoffers, privie mockers, and ever over-  
 " light and merry ; in age they are testie, very  
 " waspish, and alwaics over-miserable. And  
 " yet

“ yet fewe of them come to any great age,  
 “ by reason of their misordered life when they are  
 “ yonge ; but a greate deal fewer of them come to  
 “ shew any great countenance, or bear any great  
 “ authority abroad in the world ; but either live  
 “ obscurely, men wot not how, or dye obscurely,  
 “ men mark not when.”

The character of Lovelace in Clarissa has been supposed to be that of this Nobleman ; and what makes this supposition more likely is, that “ The True Briton,” a political paper in which the Duke used to write, was printed by Mr. Richardson.

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### GEORGE THE SECOND.

WHEN this Prince was desired to sign the death-warrant for Dr. Cameron, he said, in the true spirit of mercy that has ever distinguished his illustrious House, “ Surely there has been too much blood already spilt upon this occasion !”

This Prince seemed to have none of that love of individual and distinct property which has marked the character of many Sovereigns. His Majesty came one day to Richmond Gardens, and finding the gates

gates of them locked, whilst some decently-dressed persons were standing on the outside, called for the head-gardener in a great passion, and told him to open the door immediately: "My subjects, added he, " Sir, walk where they please."

The same gardener complaining to him one day that the company in Richmond Gardens had taken up some of the flower-roots and shrubs that were planted there, his only reply was, shaking his cane at him, "Plant more then, you block-head you."

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## P H I L I P V

KING OF SPAIN.

PHILIP, who was always complaining of his health, is thus described by one who had frequent opportunities of seeing him:

"He eats heartily at dinner, goes out every  
 "day, afterwards sups more moderately, but  
 "takes always a large plate of soup and the whole  
 "of a fowl; sleeps for seven hours profoundly  
 "as soon as he lays his head upon his pillow, and is  
 "never disturbed either by the cough of his Queen  
 " (who constantly sleeps with him), or by the  
 "entering

“ entering of her maids into the room, who are continually coming to her assistance.”

Philip was one day much embarrassed by the various accounts that had been given him of some political occurrence by the different Foreign Ministers at his Court: “ I will wait,” said he, “ till the English Minister comes” (who at that time was the late excellent Sir Benjamin Keene): “ he is of a country that never deceives.”

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### QUEEN CAROLINE.

THIS excellent Princess one day observing that her daughter, the Princess ———, had made one of the Ladies about her stand a long time whilst she was talking to her upon some trifling subject, was resolved to give her a practical reprimand for her ill-behaviour that should have more weight than verbal precept. When the Princess therefore came to her in the evening as usual to read to her, and was drawing herself a chair to sit down, the Queen said, “ No, my dear, you must not sit at present; for I intend to make you stand  
“ this

“ this evening as long as you suffered Lady ——  
 “ to remain in the same position.”

Bishop Butler's abstruse work on the “ Analogy  
 “ of Religion to Human Nature,” was a favourite  
 book with this Queen. She told Mr. Sale, the  
 Orientalist, that she read it every day at breakfast ;  
 so light did her metaphysical mind make of that  
 book which Dr. Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester,  
 said he never could look into without making his  
 head ache.

## *SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,*

EARL OF ORFORD.

SIR ROBERT used to say, in speaking of  
 corruption, “ We Ministers are generally called,  
 “ and are sometimes, tempters; but we are oftener  
 “ tempted.”

When he quarrelled with Lord Sunderland, he  
 went into Opposition; and on the debate upon the  
 capital clause in the Mutiny Bill, he made use of  
 this strong expression, “ Whoever gives the power  
 “ of blood, gives blood.” The question being  
 carried in favour of Ministry by a small majority,  
 Sir Robert said; after the division, “ Faith, I was  
 “ afraid

“ afraid that we had got the question ;” his good sense perfectly well enabling him to see, that armies could not be kept in order without strict discipline and the power of life and death.

Sir Robert had very exact intelligence of what was passing at the Court of the Pretender. When Alderman Barber visited the Minister after his return from Rome, he asked him how his old friend the Pretender did. The Alderman was much surpris'd. Sir Robert then related some particulars of the conversation. “ Well then, Jack,” said Sir Robert, “ go and sin no more, lest a worse thing befall thee.”

Soon after the dissolution of the South-Sea Company, Sir Robert brought in the Land-tax bill, and laid it upon the table, adding, that the bill should lay there till the enquiry was gone through, and the country satisfied.

Sir Robert always declared, that he meant the Excise scheme in 1733 as an ease to the owners of land, as an efficacious and cheap method of collecting revenue, and as a prevention against fraud. The Opposition, as a venerable and excellent Politician has always declared, thought so well of the scheme, that they held themselves bound in conscience not to oppose it. Lord Bolingbroke, however, sent round to their leaders, and asked them, whether they wished that Sir Robert



Robert should be Minister for ever. "It is," said he, "one of the wisest schemes that ever entered into the head of any Minister, and it is for that reason you ought to oppose it. A foolish scheme of course brings disgrace upon the person who proposes it. So go down to the House of Commons; call John Bull's house his castle; and talk of the tyranny and oppression of the regulations of the Excise." This was done so effectually, and such a clamour raised amongst the good people of England, that Sir Robert was obliged to give up his very wise scheme; which he did in one of the best speeches he ever made. Soon after he was obliged to relinquish his Excise bill, one of the American Governots proposed to him a tax upon America. "Why," replied he, "you see I have Old England already set against me; do you think that I can wish to have New England set against me also?"

The late Lord North told Dr. Johnson, that Sir Robert had once got possession of some treasonable letters of Mr. Shippen; and that he sent for him, shewed him the letters, and burnt them before his face. Soon afterwards it was necessary in a new parliament for Mr. Shippen to take the oaths of allegiance to George the Second, when Sir Robert placed himself overagainst him, and smiled whilst he was sworn by the Clerk. Mr. Shippen then  
came

came up to him and said, "Indeed, Robin, this is  
"hardly fair."

Dr. Johnson said one day of Sir Robert, that he was the best Minister this country ever had; "for," added he, "he would have kept it in  
"perpetual peace, if *we* (meaning the Tories  
"and those in opposition to him) would have let  
"him." And what greater eulogium can be bestowed upon any Minister, than that his great and universal aim was to render the country of which he is entrusted with the care, tranquil and flourishing? It should be likewise remarked to the honour of this Minister, that (as that sagacious and excellent politician the Dean of Gloucester tells us) he took off by one act of parliament upwards of one hundred petty and teizing Custom-house duties.

There is extant a letter of this wise and excellent Statesman to the Duke of Newcastle, written during the time of the ferment in Ireland respecting Wood's Halfpence. He appears to approve highly of the plan, but says, "If after all the  
"Irish dislike it, I will give it up; as I  
"would never wish to oppose the general sense of  
"a country on any measure whatsoever."

During the division upon the celebrated Chippenham Election, Sir Robert stood near to the worthy Baronet whose success on that occasion

was

was the cause of his quitting his situation of Prime Minister, and said to him (on observing a particular person dividing against him), "Observe that fellow, Sir Edward; I saved him from the gallows in the year ——."

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### LORD CHATHAM

seem to have been one of those superior spirits, who, in mercy to mankind, are permitted occasionally to visit this lower world, to revive or create Nations, and to decide the fate of Empires.

The British Empire, sinking under the disability of his immediate predecessors, soon regained its pristine vigour under the influence of Lord Chatham. His great mind pervaded every part of it, and, like the torch of Prometheus, illumined and animated the whole. Called into power at the middle time of life, and with some experience in the complicated business of politics, by the voice of the people, and against the inclination of his Sovereign, he never had the insolence to declare with what rank only of the executive department of Government he would do his country the honour and favour to be contented. In opposition to the Ministers of his Sovereign, he never,

from spleen or from indignation, dared to attempt to innovate upon the established Constitution of his country, and, with a view to be a favourite with the people, cajole them with the hopes of an increase of their power and of their consequence, which he never in his heart intended they should possess. When Prime Minister, he never dealt out the dignities and emoluments of office to persons merely because they were related to and connected with him, and whom he intended to direct, from the superiority of his understanding to theirs, and from his knowledge of their incapacity to fill the arduous and important stations which, at a very critical period of the State, he had assigned to them. In Council, when a baleful influence prevailed, which from jealousy of authority, and perhaps from meaner motives, by its improper interposition and dangerous interference, like the pernicious Remora, impeded and counteracted the motion of the great vessel of Government, he disdained to temporize, and, from views of interest or of fear, to keep the helm which he was not permitted to manage as he pleased. He nobly, and in the true spirit of the Constitution, declared, that he would be no longer responsible for measures which he was not permitted to guide. Of the manliness, of the wisdom, and of the virtue of this declaration, his fellow-citizens were

to sensible, that when his Sovereign, the idol of his people, and himself met on an occasion of public festivity, he appeared to divide with the beloved Vicegerent of Heaven the applauses of the multitude !

Lord Chatham never degraded his mind with that attention to the patronage which his high situation afforded, nor divided and distracted his understanding by the minuteness of detail and the meaner operations of finance, which the most ordinary Clerk in his office could have managed as well as himself. The great powers of his mind were always directed to some magnificent object. He saw with the eye of intuition itself into the characters of mankind: he saw for what each man was fitted. His sagacity pervaded the secrets of the Cabinets of other countries; and the energy of his mind informed and inspirited that of his own. The annals of his glorious administration were not marked by the rise of the stocks, or by the savings of a few thousand pounds, but by the importation of foreign millions, the spoil of cities, the sack of nations, by conquests in every part of the globe.

Lord Chatham was educated at Eton, and in no very particular manner distinguished himself at that celebrated seminary. Virgil in early life was his favourite author. He was by no means a good

Greek scholar; and though he occasionally copied the arrangement and the expressions of Demosthenes with great success in his speeches, he perhaps drew them from the Collana translation of that admirable Orator (that book having been frequently seen in his room by a great Lawyer some time deceased). The sermons of the great Dr. Barrow and of Abernethy, were favourite books with him; and of the sermons of the late Mr. Mudge of Plymouth he always spoke very highly. He once declared in the House of Commons, that no book had ever been perused by him with so much instruction with the Lives of Plutarch.

Lord Chatham was an extremely fine reader of Tragedy; and a Lady of rank and taste, now living, declares with what satisfaction she has heard him read some of Shakespear's historical plays, particularly those of Henry the Fourth and Fifth. She however uniformly observed, that when he came to the comic or buffoon parts of those plays, he always gave the book to one of his relations, and when they were gone through, he took the book again.

Dr. Johnson says acutely, that no man is a hypocrite in his amusements; and those of Lord Chatham seem always to have born the stamp of greatness about them.

Lord

Lord Chatham wrote occasionally very good verses. His taste in laying out grounds was exquisite. One scene in the gardens of South Lodge on Enfield Chase (which was designed by him), that of the Temple of Pan and its accompaniments, is mentioned by Mr. Wheatley, in his elegant Essay upon Gardening, as one of the happiest efforts of well-directed and appropriate decoration.

Of Lord Chatham's eloquence who can speak that has not heard it? and who that had the happiness to hear it, can do justice to it by description? It was neither the rounded and the monotonous declamation, the acute sophistry, or the attic wit and fatirical point, that we have seen admired in our times. It was very various; it possessed great force of light and shade; it occasionally sunk to colloquial familiarity, and occasionally rose to Epic sublimity. If he crept sometimes with Timæus, he as often thundered and lightened with Pericles. His irony, though strong, was ever dignified; his power of ridicule irresistible; and his invective so terrible, that the objects of it shrunk under it like shrubs before the withering and the blasting East. Whoever heard this great man speak, always brought away something that remained upon his memory and upon his imagination. A *verbum ardens*, a glowing word, a happy facility of expression,

pression, an appropriate metaphor, a forcible image or a sublime figure, never failed to recompense the attention which the hearer had bestowed upon him.

Lord Chatham thought it disgraceful in a Prime Minister, because some of his colleagues differed in opinion from him, to see armies waste away, and fleets become useless; to behold money ineffectually squandered, that had been wrung from the sweat of the brow of the poor and of the laborious; and the lives of thousands of his fellow-subjects sacrificed to murmuring complaisance, or to indignant pride that licks the dust.

On certain occasions, Lord Chatham opposed not only the opinions of his brethren in office, but even the prejudices of the Sovereign. The following anecdote, which was communicated by his Under-secretary of state, Mr. Wood, to a friend of his, is a striking proof of his honesty and firmness of mind,

“ Lord Chatham had appointed Mr. Wolfe to  
 “ command at the siege of Quebec, and as he told  
 “ him that he could not give him so many forces  
 “ as he wanted for that expedition, he would make  
 “ it up as well to him as he could, by giving him  
 “ the appointment of all his Officers. Mr. Wolfe  
 “ sent in his list, included in which was a  
 “ Gentleman who was obnoxious to the Sovereign,  
 “ then



“ then George the’ Second, for some advice  
 “ which, as a military man, he had given to his  
 “ son the Duke of Cumberland. Lord Ligonier,  
 “ then Commander in Chief, took in the list to  
 “ the King; who (as he expected) made some ob-  
 “ jections to a particular name, and refused to  
 “ sign the commission. Lord Chatham sent him  
 “ into the closet a second time, with no better  
 “ success. Lord Ligonier refused to go in a third  
 “ time at Lord Chatham’s suggestion. He was,  
 “ however, told that he should lose his place if  
 “ he did not; and that, on his presenting the name  
 “ to the Sovereign, he should tell him the peculiar  
 “ situation of the state of the expedition, and that  
 “ in order to make any General completely  
 “ responsible for his conduct, he should be made;  
 “ as much as possible, inexcusable if he does not  
 “ succeed; and that, in consequence, whatever an  
 “ Officer, who was entrusted with any service of  
 “ confidence and of consequence, desired, should  
 “ (if possible) be complied with. Lord Ligonier  
 “ went in a third time, and told his Sovereign  
 “ what he was directed to tell him. The good  
 “ sense of the Monarch so completely disarmed his  
 “ prejudice, that he signed the particular com-  
 “ mission, as he was desired.”

Soon after Sir Robert Walpole had taken away  
 his Cornet’s commission from this extraordinary

man, he used to drive himself about the country in a one-horse chaise, without a servant. At each town to which he came, the people gathered round about his carriage, and received him with the loudest acclamations.

Lord Chatham thought very highly of the effects of dress and of dignity of manner upon mankind. He was never seen on business without a full-dress coat and a tye-wig, and he never permitted his Under-secretaries to sit down before him.

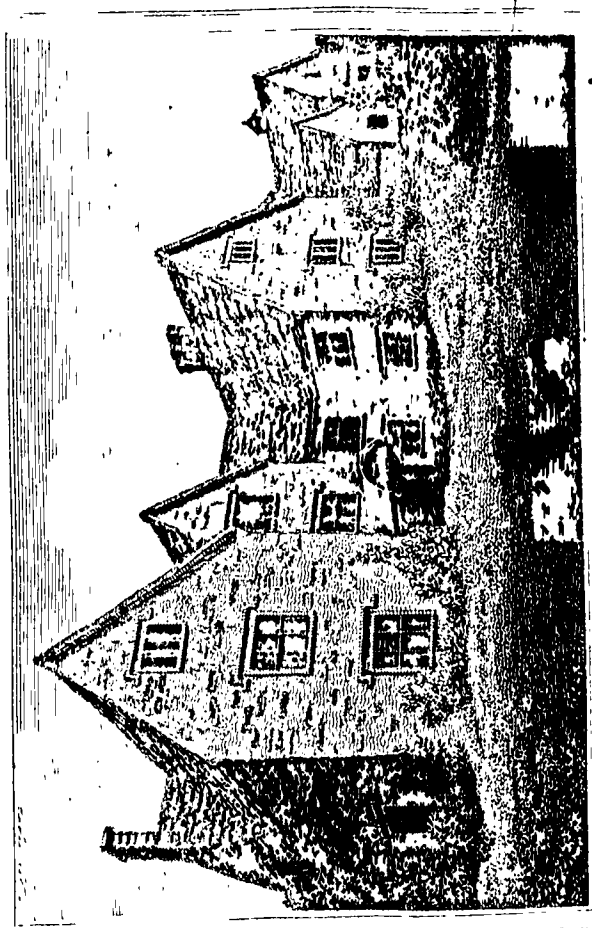
A General Officer was once asked by Lord Chatham, How many men he should require for a certain expedition? "Ten thousand," was the answer. "You shall have twelve thousand," said the Minister, "and then if you do not succeed, it is your fault."

The original of the character of Praxiteles, in Mr. Greville's very entertaining book of Maxims, is said to have been Lord Chatham.

When Cardinal Stoppani (surnamed in the Conclave of Cardinals *Il Politico*), was informed that Lord Chatham had ceased to be Minister of England, he told an English Gentleman that he could not give any credit to it. "What heir," he added; "on coming to a considerable estate, and finding it excellently well managed by a steward, would dismiss that steward merely because he had served his predecessor?"

The





*J. G. Wood delin.*

STRATFORD HOUSE, NEAR OLD SARUM.

London, Published by T. Agnew & Sons.

*of the ...*

The late King of Prussia, in his History of the Seven Years War, thus describes Lord Chatham: “ L’éloquence et la genie de M. Pitt avoient rendu l’idole de la Nation, *c’étoit la meilleure tête d’Angleterre.* Il avoit subjugué la Chambre Basse par la force de la parole. Il y regnoit, il en étoit, pour ainsi dire, l’ame. Parvenu un timon des affaires, il appliqua toute l’étendue de son genie à rendre à sa patrie la domination des mers; et pensant en grand homme, il fut indigné de la Convention de Closter Seven, qu’il regardoit comme l’opprobre des Anglois.”

This great Minister was born at STRATFORD HOUSE, at the foot of the fortress of OLD SARUM; an Engraving of which is appended to this Collection, to satisfy that grateful curiosity with which we ever contemplate the birth-place of those who have been the friends and the benefactors of their Country.

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### ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

WHEN this great seaman was appointed to the command of a guard-ship that was stationed at the Nore, he sent away several of the newly-pressed

pressed men that were brought to him, in company with some experienced seamen, in frigates and small vessels, to the mouths of many of the creeks and rivers on the coasts of Kent and of Suffex, to guard those counties from an invasion which was then projecting by the French.

This excellent officer was so anxious for the honour of the sea-service, and for that of himself, that when Lord Anson, then First Lord of the Admiralty, refused to confirm his promotion of two Naval Officers to the rank of Post-Captains, in consequence of their having distinguished themselves at the siege of Louisburgh, he threatened to give up his seat at the Board of Admiralty. Lord Anson, however, not to be deprived of the advice and experience of this great seaman, thought fit to retract his opposition. In some French Memoirs, Mr. Boscawen is represented as having, at the siege of Louisburgh, wholly given himself up to the direction of a particular Captain in that arduous and enterprizing business. This is by no means true. Whoever knew Mr. Boscawen *au fond*—whoever was acquainted with his knowledge in his profession, with his powers of resource upon every occasion, with his intrepidity of mind, his manliness and independency of conduct and of character, can never in the least degree give credit to this foolish and hazarded assertion. The  
Admj,

Admiral however, upon other occasions, and in other circumstances, deferred to the opinion of those with whom he was professionally connected. He was once sent with a command to intercept a St. Domingo fleet of Merchantmen, and was waiting near the track which it was supposed they would take. One of his seamen came to him to tell him that the fleet was now in sight. The Admiral took his glass, and from his superior power of eye, or perhaps from previous information, said, that the sailor was mistaken, and that what he saw was the grand French fleet. The seaman, however, persisted. The Admiral desired some others of his crew to look through the glass; who all, with their brains heated with the prospect of a prize, declared, that what they saw was the St. Domingo fleet. He nobly replied, "Gentlemen, you shall never say that I have stood in the way of your enriching yourselves; I submit to you; but remember, when you find your mistake, you must stand by me." The mistake was soon discovered, and the Admiral, by such an exertion of manoeuvres as the service has not often seen, saved his ship.

He was so little infected with the spirit of party which, in the last war, prevailed in our navy, to the ruin of the country, and to the disgrace of the profession, that when, on his return from some  
expe-

expedition, he found his friends out of place, and another Administration appointed, and was asked whether he would continue as a Lord of the Admiralty with them; he replied very nobly, “The Country has a right to the services of its professional men: should I be sent again upon any expedition, my situation at the Admiralty will facilitate the equipment of the fleet I am to command.”

Mr. Boscawen thought with the celebrated Admiral Blake, “It is not for us to mind State affairs, but to prevent Foreigners from fooling us.”

A favourite Captain of his used to declare, that previous to some engagement, whilst he was contemplating with transport the excellence of his ships, and the courage and skill of their Commanders, he said to him, “Admiral, do you think that all your Captains will do their duty in the engagement?” “I trust they will,” added he; “but Lieutenant B. if they do not, the first person that I shall observe to fail, I shall send you to his ship to supersede him.”

No greater testimony of the merit of Admiral Boscawen can be given than that afforded by the late Lord Chatham, when Prime Minister of this country: “When I apply,” said he, “to other  
Officers



“ Officers respecting any expedition I may chance  
 “ to project, they always raise difficulties; *you*  
 “ always find expedients.” Of Lord Chatham  
 Mr. Boscawen said, “ He alone can carry on the  
 “ war, and he alone should be permitted to make  
 “ the peace.\*.”

The following inscription is on the Admiral's monument, in the church of St. Michael Penkivel, in Cornwall. It is supposed to have been written by his excellent and disconsolate Widow, who appears in it to have felt no less sensibly the loss her Country experienced, than that which she herself sustained :

*Satis gloria, sed haud satis reipublicæ.*

Here lies the Right Honourable

**EDWARD BOSCAWEN,**

Admiral of the Blue, General of Marines,

Lord of the Admiralty, and one of his

Majesty's Most Honourable Privy

Council.

\* When the Duke of Bedford went over to Paris as Ambassador in 1763, he insisted much on some point in the treaty in which he was opposed by the French Ministry. He then told them, that if they continued their opposition to it, he should immediately return to England, and advise his Sovereign to place Lord Chatham at the head of affairs. This threat had its proper effect upon those who had suffered from the exertions of that great man, and they immediately gave up the disputed point to the Ambassador.

His

His birth, though noble,  
 His titles, though illustrious,  
 Were but incidental additions to his greatness.

## HISTORY,

In more expressive and more indelible  
 characters,

Will inform latest posterity  
 With what ardent zeal,  
 With what successful valour,  
 He served his country ;  
 And taught her enemies  
 To dread her naval power.

In command

He was equal to every emergency,  
 Superior to every difficulty ;  
 In his high departments masterly and upright ;  
 His example formed, while  
 His patronage rewarded

## MERIT.

With the highest exertions of military greatness,  
 He united the gentlest offices of humanity :  
 His concern for the interests, and  
 unwearied attention to the health  
 Of all under his command,  
 Softened the necessary exactions of duty,  
 And the rigours of discipline,  
 By the care of a Guardian, and the  
 tenderness of a Father.  
 Thus belov'd and rever'd,  
 Amiable in private life, as illustrious in public,  
 This gallant and profitable servant of his country,

When

When he was beginning to reap the harvest  
 Of his toils and dangers,  
 In the full meridian of years and glory,  
 After having been providentially preserved  
 Through every peril incident to his profession,  
 Died of a fever  
 On the 10th of January, in the year 1761,  
 The 50th of his age,  
 At Hatchlands Park, in Surry;  
 A seat he had just finished, at the expence  
 Of the enemies of his country;  
 And (amidst the groans and tears  
 Of his beloved Cornishmen) was here deposited.  
 His once happy Wife inscribes this marble,  
 An equal testimony of his worth  
 And of her affection.

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### SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THIS eminent Artist was born at Plimpton  
 St. Mary's, in Devonshire, in the year 1723. His  
 father was a clergyman, and the intimate friend of  
 that eminent Divine Mr. Zechariah Mudge. Sir  
 Joshua was very early in life sent to a grammar-  
 school, where he made a good proficiency in  
 Latin. He was ever of opinion, that his destination  
 of mind to Painting was occasioned by the acci-  
 dental perusal of Richardson's Treatise on that Art.  
 when

when he was very young. Some Frontispieces to the Lives of Plutarch are still preserved by his relations, as specimens of his early predilection for his art, and of the promise that he gave of being eminent in it. He became Pupil to Mr. Hudson the Painter in 174—, who, amongst other advice that he gave him, recommended him to copy Guerchino's drawings. This he did with such skill, that many of them are now preserved in the Cabinets of the curious in this country, as the originals of that very great master. About the year 1750 he went to Rome to prosecute his studies, where he remained nearly two years, and employed himself rather in making studies from, than in copying the works of the great Painters with which that illustrious Capital of Art abounds. Here he amused himself with painting Caricatures, particularly a very large one of all the English that were then at Rome, in the different attitudes of Raphael's celebrated School of Athens. He returned to England about the year 1752, and took a house in Newport-street, Leicester-fields; to which latter place he removed soon afterwards, and where he continued till the time of his death. Sir Joshua had so little of the jealousy of his profession, that when, some time since, a celebrated English Artist, on his arrival from Italy, asked him where he should set up a house,

house; Sir Joshua told him, that the next house to him was vacant, and that he had found the situation a very good one.

An ingenious Critic \* thus delineates Sir Joshua's professional character :

“ Sir Joshua Reynolds was, most assuredly, the  
 “ best Portrait-Painter that this age has produced.  
 “ He possessed something original in his manner  
 “ which distinguished it from those Painters who  
 “ preceded him. His colouring was excellent,  
 “ and his distribution of light and shadow so gene-  
 “ rally judicious and varied, that, it most clearly  
 “ shewed that it was not a mere trick of practice,  
 “ but the result of principle. In History Paint-  
 “ ing his abilities were very respectable, and his  
 “ invention and judgment were sufficient to have  
 “ enabled him to have made a very distinguished  
 “ figure in that very arduous branch of his pro-  
 “ fession, if the exclusive taste of this country for  
 “ Portraits had not discouraged him from culti-  
 “ vating a talent so very unproductive and neg-  
 “ lected. His drawing, though incorrect, had  
 “ always something of grandeur in it.”

To his own pictures might be well applied what he used to say respecting those of Rubens: “ They resemble,” said he, “ a well-chosen nosegay, in

\* See Johnson's Life of Milton.

“ which though the colours are splendid and  
 “ vivid, they are never glaring or oppressive to  
 “ the eye.”

Sir Joshua wrote—“ Discourses delivered at  
 “ the Royal Academy,” 2 vols. 8vo. “ Notes to  
 “ Mr. Mason’s Translation of Dufresnoy on  
 “ Painting,” 4to. Papers No. 76, 79, 82, in  
 “ The Idler,” on the subject of Painting, were also  
 written by him; and he left behind him in manu-  
 script some observations upon the pictures of  
 Flanders and of Holland. Sir Joshua’s views in  
 art were always directed to something grand. He  
 proposed to place his exquisite collection of  
 foreign Pictures in the Lyceum, and to give  
 Lectures upon them in imitation of the Confe-  
 rences of the French Academy of Painting under  
 Louis the Fourteenth, and to illustrate by example  
 the truth of those excellent precepts which he had  
 delivered in his Lectures. He was very desirous  
 to introduce the ornaments of Painting \* and of

\* The plan for decorating the Cathedral of St. Paul’s  
 with Paintings by the most eminent English Artists, was  
 stopped by the caution, perhaps necessary at the time, of  
 that polished and elegant Prelate Dr. Lowth, Bishop of  
 London. Sir Joshua, with a munificence worthy of the  
 Painter whom in every respect he most resembled, the  
 accomplished Rubens, intended to have made the Chapter a  
 present of a picture of the Holy Family painted by himself.

Sculp-

Sculpture into the grand though denuded fabric of the Cathedral of the Metropolis. He wished to make it the British Temple of Fame for those

*Qui sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

With much effect, and at great expence, he procured a nich in that place of distinguished sepulture for his friend the British Lexicographer. There is still a nich left in the British Temple of Fame for himself, which gratitude, friendship, and a veneration for talents, must necessarily fill up. The following character of this great Artist, as given in the Newspapers soon after his splendid and public funeral in St. Paul's, is the production of Mr. BURKE. It is the eulogium of Parrhasius pronounced by Pericles—it is the eulogium of the greatest Painter by the most consummate Orator of his time.

“ His illness was long but born with a mild  
 “ and cheerful fortitude, without the least mix-  
 “ ture of anything irritable or querulous, agree-  
 “ ably to the placid and even tenour of his whole  
 “ life. He had from the beginning of his  
 “ malady a distinct view of his dissolution,  
 “ which he contemplated with that entire compo-  
 “ sure

“ sure which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence, could bestow. In this situation he had every consolation from family tenderness, which his tenderness to his family had always merited.

“ Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time :—he was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them ; for he communicated to that description of the art in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner, did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits, he appears not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings.

“ He



“ He possessed the theory as perfectly as the  
“ practice of his art. To be such a painter, he  
“ was a profound and penetrating philosopher.

“ In full happiness of foreign and domestic fame,  
“ admired by the expert in art, and by the  
“ learned in science, courted by the great, carested  
“ by Sovereign Powers, and celebrated by distin-  
“ guished Poets, his native humility, modesty,  
“ and candour never forsook him, even on sur-  
“ prise or provocation; nor was the least degree  
“ of arrogance or assumption visible to the most  
“ scrutinizing eye, in any part of his conduct or  
“ discourse.

“ His talents of every kind—powerful from  
“ nature, and not meanly cultivated in letters—  
“ his social virtues in all the relations and all the  
“ habitudes of life, rendered him the center of  
“ a very great and unparalleled variety of agree-  
“ able Societies, which will be dissipated by his  
“ death. He had too much merit not to excite  
“ some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke  
“ any enmity. The loss of no man of his time  
“ can be felt with more sincere, general, and  
“ unmixed sorrow.

“ HAIL! and FAREWELL!”

*LORD MANSFIELD.*

THE character of Lord Mansfield was, perhaps, never better, certainly never more elegantly delineated than by the pen of the present Bishop of Worcester, in his Life of Bishop Warburton.

“ Mr. Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, and Lord Chief Justice of England, was so extraordinary a person, and made so great a figure in the world, that his name must go down to posterity with distinguished honour in the public records of the nation. For his shining talents displayed themselves in every department of the State, as well as in the supreme Court of Justice, his peculiar province, which he filled with a lustre of reputation equalled perhaps, certainly not exceeded by any of his predecessors.

“ Of his conduct in the House of Lords I can speak with the more confidence, because I speak from my own observation. Too good to be the leader, and too able to be the dupe of any party, he was believed to speak his own sense of public measures; and the authority of his judgment was so high, that in regular times the House was usually decided by it. He was no forward or  
“ fre-

“ frequent speaker, but reserved himself (as was fit)  
 “ for occasions worthy of him. In debate, he  
 “ was eloquent as well as wise, or rather he be-  
 “ came eloquent by his wisdom. His counte-  
 “ nance and tone of voice imprinted the ideas  
 “ of penetration, probity, and candour; but  
 “ what secured your attention and assent to all  
 “ he said, was his constant good sense, flowing in  
 “ apt terms, and in the clearest method. He  
 “ affected no fallies of the imagination, or bursts  
 “ of passion; much less would he condescend to  
 “ personal abuse or to petulant altercation. All  
 “ was clear candid reason, letting itself so easily  
 “ into the minds of his hearers as to carry infor-  
 “ mation and conviction with it. In a word, his  
 “ public senatorial character very much resembled  
 “ that of Messala, of whom Cicero says, addressing  
 “ himself to Brutus, ‘ Do not imagine, Brutus,  
 “ that for worth, honour, and a warm love of  
 “ his country, any one is comparable to Messala;  
 “ so that his eloquence (in which he wonderfully  
 “ excels) is almost eclipsed by those virtues. And  
 “ even in his display of that faculty his superior  
 “ good sense shews itself most; with so much  
 “ care and skill hath he formed himself to the  
 “ truest manner of speaking! His powers of  
 “ genius and invention are confessedly of the first

‘size, yet he almost owes less to them than to the diligent and studious cultivation of judgment.’  
 - “In the commerce of private life, Lord Mansfield was easy, friendly, and agreeable, extremely sensible of worth in other men, and ready on all occasions to countenance and patronize it.”

Lord Mansfield had been a long time applied to by the late Mr. Owen Ruffhead for materials for his life, which he intended to write. The modest and ingenious Peer told him, “that his life was not of importance enough to be written.” He added, “If you wish to write the life of a truly great man, write the life of Lord Hardwicke, who from very humble means, and without family support and connections, became Lord High Chancellor of England on account of his virtue, his talents, and his diligence.”

Some of Lord Mansfield’s observations were, “that cunning was the most foolish thing in the world; that we should always begin at the end of every thing; and that in politics, parties instead of considering what is to be done, struggle only who should do it.”

Lord Mansfield, after the determination of some cause, found reasons to alter his opinion for the directions he had given to the jury.

Some

Some time afterwards he saw one of the Counsel to whose client his opinion had not been favourable, and desired him to make a motion for a new trial. Lord Mansfield was telling this circumstance one day to one of his Brethren, who seemed rather astonished at the cool and easy manner in which he mentioned his change of opinion. "Why," says he, "after all, it is only shewing the world that you are wiser to-day than you were yesterday."

To some Military Gentleman who was appointed Governor of one of our Islands in the West Indies, and who expressed his apprehensions of not being able to discharge his duty as Chancellor of his Province, Lord Mansfield gave this advice: "Always decide, and never give reasons for your decision. You will in general decide well, yet give very bad reasons for your judgment."

Raleigh's "History of the World," Giannone's "History of Naples," Duclos' "History of Louis the Eleventh of France," and Vattel's "Law of Nations," were favourite books with Lord Mansfield. He wrote some "Directions for the Study of History," for the present Duke of Portland, which may be seen in *The EUROPEAN MAGAZINE* for March and April 1791; and some "Directions for  
" the

“the Study of the Law,” in the same excellent Repository for June in the same year.

When, to the disgrace of the police and of the spirit of the Country, Lord Mansfield’s house in Bloomsbury Square was burnt, he lost, amongst other papers, a scrap of paper of Lord Clarendon’s hand-writing to this purpose:

“The English Constitution is—March, 1662.

“The English Constitution is—January, 1663.

“The English Constitution is—April, 1663.

“After such repeated recurrences to consider it,

“I cannot pretend accurately to define it.”

What this great man, perhaps from modesty, and perhaps from being placed too near the fabric to survey its several parts and dependencies, would not venture to tell us, let us hear from Foreigners, who, on comparing their Governments with ours—who, from experiencing the inconveniences of their own, and seeing the blessings of our Constitution, are less likely to be prejudiced observers or rapturous encomiasts.

Philip de Comines says, “Où la chose publique est mieux traitée, et où il y a moins de violence sur le peuple, c’est Angleterre.”

The celebrated “Encyclopédie Methodique” of the French, that dépôt, as they are pleased to term it, of all knowledge and of every science, under the article “Angleterre,” says, “Of all the  
“Govern-

“Governments with which we are acquainted,  
 “ that of England possesses three essential advan-  
 “ tages: It affords greater certainty of pro-  
 “ tection—it requires the smallest sacrifices—and  
 “ is the most capable of perfection.”

The illustrious Montesquieu, after having entered into a detail of the English Constitution, says, “It is not my province to enquire whether  
 “ the English really enjoy that liberty or not: It  
 “ is sufficient for me to say, that it is established  
 “ by their Laws. I make no farther enquiry.  
 “ Harrington,” adds Montesquieu, “has examined  
 “ in his Oceana what was the highest point of  
 “ liberty to which the Constitution of a State can  
 “ be carried. But one may say of him, that he  
 “ had searched for liberty till he had let it pass  
 “ him without knowing it, and that he has built  
 “ Chalcedon, having the opposite bank of  
 “ Byzantium before his eyes.”

The acute Beaumelle says, “The Constitution  
 “ of England must be immortal, for no wise Nation  
 “ was ever enslaved by an internal foe, and no free  
 “ Nation was ever enslaved by an external enemy.”

Brissot, who, perhaps, paid even with his life for the opposition of his actions to his opinion, says, in his Letter addressed to his Constituents,  
 “The English Government, which I had  
 “ investigated upon the spot, appeared to me  
 “ (in

“ (in spite of its defects \*) a model for those Nations  
 “ that were desirous to change their Government:  
 “ The work of M. de Lolme,” adds he, “ which  
 “ is no more than an ingenious panegyric upon  
 “ this excellent Constitution, was at that time in  
 “ the hands of the learned few. It was, however,  
 “ in detail, and ought to have been made known  
 “ to my Countrymen: for to make it known,  
 “ was to make it beloved.”

#### ESTO PERPETUA !

\* That great Oracle of human wisdom Lord Bacon, in his “ Chapter of Innovations,” says, “ It is true that  
 “ what is settled by custom (though it be not good), yet  
 “ at least it is fit. And those things which have gone  
 “ long together are (as it were) confederate amongst  
 “ themselves; whereas new things piece not so well.  
 “ But though they help by their utility, yet they trouble  
 “ by their inconformity. Besides they are like strangers,  
 “ more admired and less favoured.”—Bacon, Essay xxiv.

#### ADDITION



## A D D I T I O N

T O

*LORD CLARENDON.*

SINCE the printing of the article relating to this illustrious Nobleman, in Page 3, the Compiler has been presented, by the MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM (a name dear to Literature and to the Arts), with the Original of the following Letter of Lord Clarendon, addressed to the Justices of the Peace for the County of Buckingham; which, from the excellent sense it contains, and the good advice it gives, seems particularly suited to the situation of affairs in these times of alarm and of danger.

“ MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“ HIS Majestie being well assured, as well by  
“ the confession of some desperate persons lately  
“ apprehended, as by other credible informations,  
“ that notwithstanding all his unparalleled lenity  
“ and mercy towards all his subjects for their past  
“ offences, how greate soever, there is still amongst  
“ them many seditious persons, who instead of  
“ being sorry for the ill they have done, are still  
“ contriving

“ contriving by all the means they can to involve  
“ the Kingdom in a new civill warre; and in order  
“ thereunto, have made choice of a small number,  
“ who, under the title of a Council, hold cor-  
“ respondence with the forraigne enemyes to this  
“ kingdom, and distribute therein orders to some  
“ signal men of their party in the severall Counties,  
“ who have provided armes and listed men to be  
“ ready upon any short warning to draw together  
“ in a body, by which with the helpe they promise  
“ themselves from abroad, they presume to be able  
“ to doe much mischief; which his Majestie  
“ hopes (with the blessing of God upon his greate  
“ care and vigilance) to prevent, and to that  
“ purpose hath writt to his Lords Lieutenants of  
“ the severall Counties, that they and their Deputy  
“ Lieutenants may doe what belongs to them.  
“ But his Majestie taking notice of greate neg-  
“ ligence and remissnesse in too many Justices of  
“ the Peace, in the exercise of the trust committed  
“ to them, hath commanded me, who (serving  
“ him in the province I hold) am in some degree  
“ accountable for the faults of those who serve him  
“ not so well as they ought in that Commission;  
“ to write to the Justices of the Peace of all the  
“ Counties in England, and to lett them know of  
“ all his Majestie expects at their hands: I do  
“ therefore choose this time to obey his Majesty’s  
“ com-

“ commands, and take the best care I can that this  
“ letter may find you together at your Quarter  
“ Sessions, presuming that you who are present  
“ will take care that it be communicated to those  
“ who are absent, at your next monthly meetings,  
“ which it is most necessary you keep constantly.  
“ I am sorry to heare that many persons who are  
“ in the Commission of the Peace neglect to be  
“ sworne, or being sworne to attend at the Assizes  
“ and Sessions, or indeed to doe any thing of the  
“ office of a Justice. For the former sort, I desire  
“ that you cause the Clerke of the Peace forthwith  
“ to return to mee the names of those who are in  
“ the Commission and are not sworne, to the end  
“ that I may present their names to the King,  
“ who hath already given order to his Attorney-  
“ General to proceed against them. For the rest,  
“ I hope upon this animadversion from his Majestie  
“ they will recollect themselves, seriously reflect  
“ upon their breach of trust to the King and King-  
“ dom, and how accountable they must be for the  
“ mischiefs and inconveniences which fall out  
“ through their remissness, and not discharging of  
“ their duties. I assure you the King hath soe  
“ great a sense of the service you doe, or can doe  
“ for him, that he frequently sayes, hee takes  
“ himselfe to be particularly beholding to every  
“ good Justice of the Peace who is cheereful and  
“ active

“ active in his place, and that if in truth the  
“ Justices of the Peace in their several divisions  
“ be as careful as they ought to be in keeping the  
“ watches, and in the other parts of their office,  
“ the peace of the kingdom can hardly be in-  
“ terrupted within, and the hopes and imaginations  
“ of seditious persons would be quickly broken,  
“ and all men would study to be quiet, and to  
“ enjoy those many blessings God hath given the  
“ Nation under his happy Government. It would  
“ be great pitty his Majesty should be deceived  
“ in the expectation he hath from you, and that  
“ there should not be a virtuous contention and  
“ emulation amongst you, who shall serve soe  
“ gracious a Prince most effectually; who shall  
“ discover and punish, if he cannot reform, most  
“ of his enemies; who shall take most pains in  
“ undeceiving many weak men, who are misled  
“ by false and malicious insinuations and sugges-  
“ tions, by those who would alienate the minds  
“ of the people from their duty to their Sovereigne;  
“ who shall confirm the weake and reduce the  
“ willfull most: in a word, who shall be most  
“ solicitous to free the country from seditious  
“ persons, and seditious and unlawful meetings and  
“ conventicles (the principal end of which  
“ meetings is, as appears now by several exami-  
“ nations and confessions, to confirme each other  
“ in

“ in their malice against the Government, and in  
“ making collections for the support of those of  
“ their party who are lifted to appear in any de-  
“ perate undertaking, the very time whereof they  
“ have designed). Wee must not believe that  
“ such a formed correspondence amongst ill men  
“ throughout the kingdom, soe much artifice,  
“ soe much industry, and soe much dexterity, as  
“ this people are possessed with, cannot be disap-  
“ pointed of their wished successe by a supine  
“ negligence or lazynesse in those who are invested  
“ with the King’s authority; indeed, without an  
“ equall industry, dexterity, and combination be-  
“ tweene good men for the preservation of the  
“ peace of the kingdom, and for the suppressing  
“ of the enemies thereof. Let me therefore desire  
“ and conjure you to use your utmost diligence  
“ and vigilance to discover the machinations of  
“ those men whom you know to be ill affected to  
“ the Government, to meet frequently amongst  
“ yourselves, and to communicate your intelligence  
“ to each other, and to secure the persons of those  
“ whom you find forward to disturb, or dangerous  
“ to the publicke peace; and I make no doubt  
“ but his Majestie will receive soe good an account  
“ of the good effect of your zeal and activity in  
“ his service, that I shall receive his commands

“ to return his thanks to you for the same ; and

“ I am sure that I shall lay hold on any occasion

“ to serve every one of you in particular, as,

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ Your most affectionate servant,

“ *March 30, 1665.*

“ CLARENDON C.”

“ *To my very good Friends*

“ *the Justices of the Peace*

“ *of the County of Bucks.*”

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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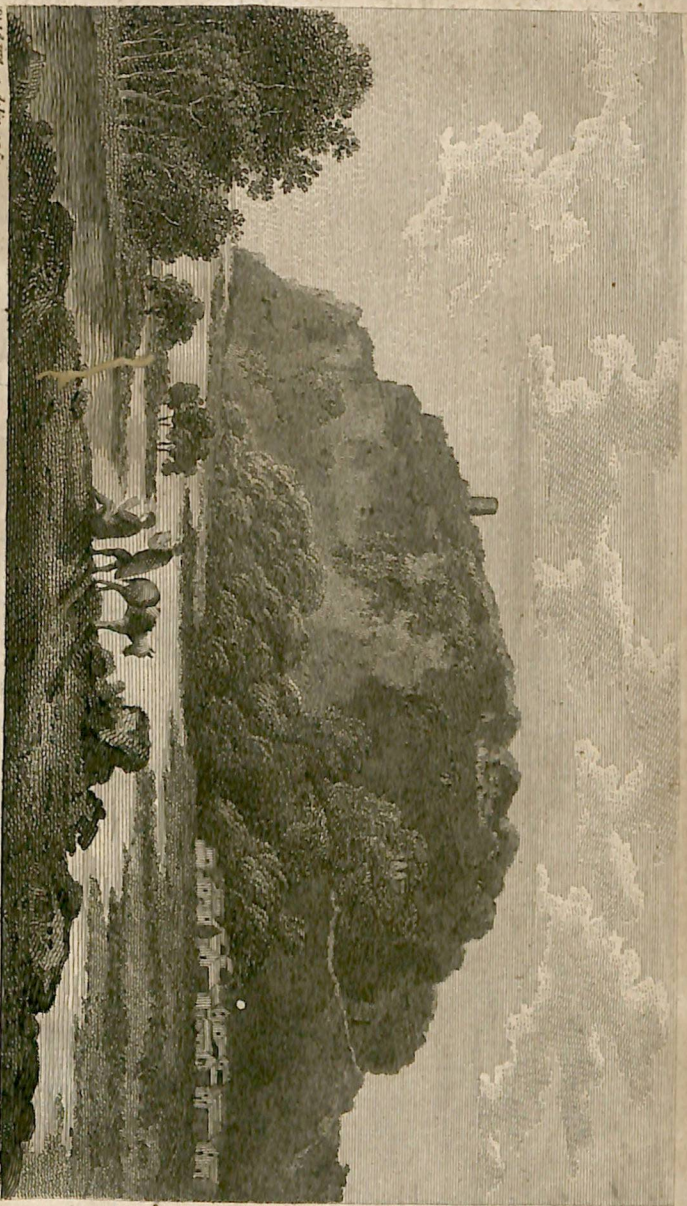
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SAN MARINO.

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