

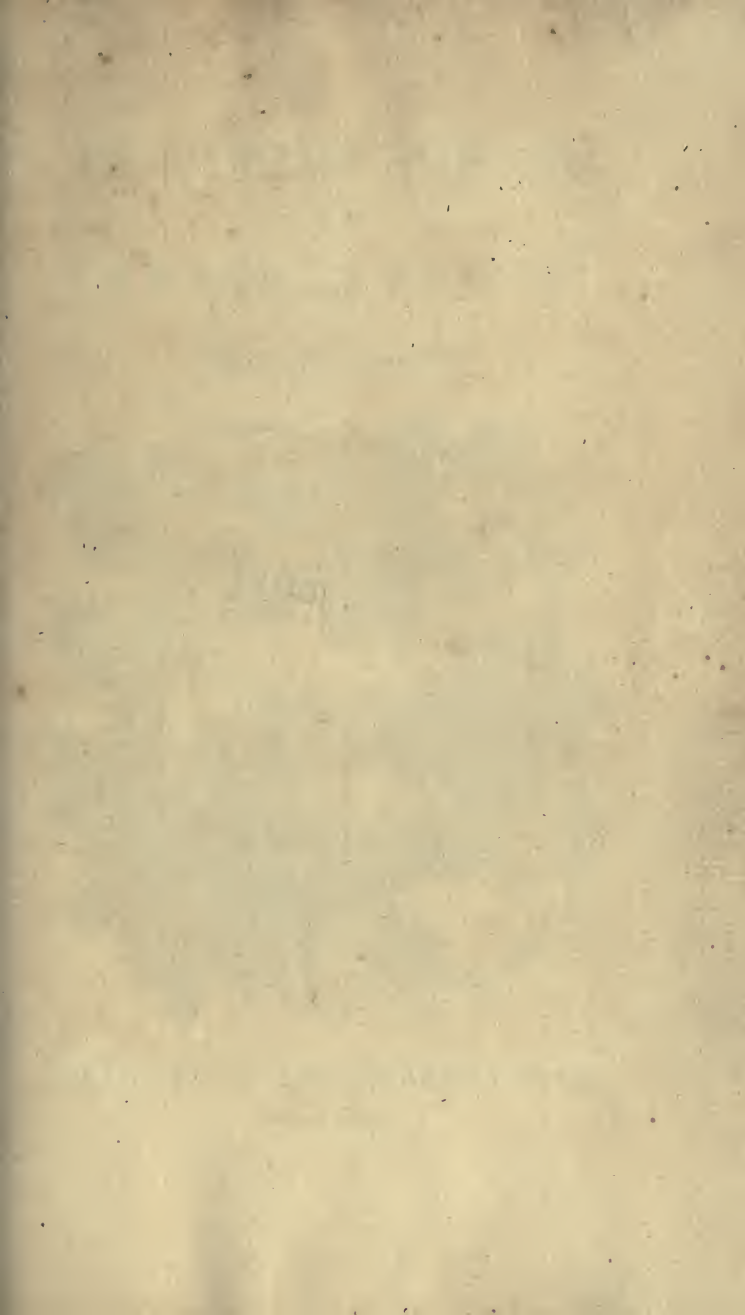






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1791 a 200 Exemplars
imprimé au chateau d'Horace Walpole





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FUGITIVE PIECES

IN

VERSE and PROSE.

Pereunt et imputantur.



PRINTED AT STRAWBERRY-HILL.

M DCC LVIII.

FUGITIVE SLICES

THE FIRST and SECOND

PRINTED BY S. W. BAKER & SONS

NEW YORK

TO THE HONORABLE
 MAJOR GENERAL

Henry Seymour Conway.

IN dedicating a few trifles to you, I have nothing new to tell the world. My Esteem still accompanies your merit, on which it was founded, and to which, with such abilities as mine, I can only bear testimony; I must not pretend to vindicate it. If your Virtues and your Talents can be forgot, if your actions at Fontenoy and at Laffelt, in Flanders and in Scotland can fade away, shall such writings as mine endure? Nay, if Rochfort, which you alone [romantic as the attempt was] proposed to attack, can

A 2

be

be thrown into the scale against you, my panegyric might be perverted to satire too; for when real merit is obnoxious to blame, empty praise can hardly be incorruptible.

When I abridge myself of the satisfaction of doing justice to your character, it becomes me to be very concise about myself: Indeed any thing I could add on either, would neither raise Posterity's idea of me, nor be necessary to confirm what it must think of you. I only desire, if I should be remembered for these idleneffes, that it may be known at the same time that you did not dislike them; and [which will do me still more honour] that our FRIENDSHIP was as great as our AFFINITY.

HORACE WALPOLE.

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FUGITIVE PIECES.

V E R S E S

IN MEMORY OF

KING HENRY the SIXTH,

Founder of KING'S-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

[Written February 2, 1738.]

WHILE Superstition teaches to revere
The fainted Calendar, and letter'd
year ;

While Bigots joy in canonizing Shades,
Fictitious Martyrs, visionary Maids ;
Haste, Gratitude, and hail this better day ;
At HENRY'S shrine present thy votive lay ;
If this peculiarly for His be known,
Whose Charity made ev'ry day his own.

B

But

But say, what Shrine?-----my eyes in * vain
 require
 Th' engraven brass and monumental Spire.
 HENRY knows none of these----above! around!
 Behold where e'er this pensile quarry's found,
 Or swelling into vaulted roofs it's weight,
 Or shooting columns into Gothic state,
 Where e'er this Fane extends it's lofty frame,
 † Behold the Monument to HENRY's name!

When Henry had this pompous Temple rise,
 Nor with presumption emulate the skies,
 Art and Palladio had not reached the land,
 Nor methodiz'd the Vandal Builder's hand:
 Wonders, unknown to rule, these piles disclose;
 The Walls, as if by inspiration, rose.
 The Edifice †, continued by his care,
 With equal pride had form'd the sumptuous
 square,

* *King Henry is buried obscurely at Windsor.*

† *This thought is copied from the inscription over
 Sir Christopher Wren, who is buried under the
 Dome of St. Paul, of which He was the Architect.
 "-----si quæras monumentum, suspice!"*

‡ *The original plan is extant in the library of
 the College.*

Had.

Had not th' Affassin disappointed part,
 And stab'd the growing fabric in his heart.
 More humble hands, but grateful to the mind
 That first the royal benefit design'd,
 Renew the labour ||, re-assume the stone,
 And GEORGE'S auspices the structure crown.
 No lifeless pride the rising walls contain,
 Neat without art, and regularly plain.
 What tho' with pomp unequal sinks the pile
 Beneath the grandeur of the Gothic isle ;
 What tho' the modern Master's weaker hand
 Unexecuted drops what HENRY plann'd ;
 This for the Sons of Men is an Abode,
 But that the Temple of the *living God!*

Ascend the Temple ! join the vocal choir,
 Let Harmony your raptur'd souls inspire.
 Hark how the tuneful solemn Organs blow,
 Awfully strong, elaborately flow ;
 Now to the empyrean seats above
 Raise meditation on the wings of love ;

|| *The new Building was raised at the expence of the College, and by contributions of the Ministers, Nobility and others.*

Now falling, sinking, dying to the moan
 Once warbled sad by Jesse's contrite Son,
 Breathe in each note a conscience thro' the sense,
 And call forth tears from soft-ey'd Penitence.
 Sweet strains along the vaulted roof decay,
 And liquid Hallelujahs melt away ;
 The floating accents less'ning as they flow,
 Like distant arches gradually low.
 Taste has not vitiated our purer ear,
 Perverting sounds to merriment of pray'r.
 Here mild Devotion bends her pious knee,
 Calm and unruffled as a summer sea ;
 Avoids each wild enthusiastic tone,
 Nor borrows utt'rance from a tongue unknown.

O HENRY ! from thy lucid orb regard
 How purer hands thy pious cares reward ;
 Now Heav'n illuminates thy godlike mind
 From Superstition's papal gloom refin'd :
 Behold thy Sons with that religion blest,
 Which thou wou'dst own and CAROLINE
 profess'd-----
 Great §, mournful Name----struck with the well-
 known sound,
 Their Patroness ! the Muses droop around,

§ *Queen Caroline died in the preceding No-*
vember. Unstrung

Unstrung their lyres, inanimate their lays,
 Forget to celebrate e'en HENRY's praise-----
 I cease, ye Muses, to implore your song;
 I cease your tuneless silent grief to wrong;
 And HENRY's praise refer to that great Day,
 Which*, what He was, shall, when it comes,
 display.

* *The thought of the last line alludes to an epitaph in the Chapel of King's College, which is mentioned in the Spectator: "Hic situs est, N. N. Qualis eram, Dies istic cum venerit, scies:" Which being a monkish verse, Mr. Addison has changed the last word scies into indicabit.*

A N

EPISTLE from FLORENCE.

To THOMAS ASHTON, *Esq;*

Tutor to the EARL of PLIMOUTH.

[Written in the Year 1740.]

WHEN flourish'd with their state th'
 ATHENIAN name,
 And Learning and Politeness were the same,
 Philosophy with gentle arts refin'd
 The honest roughness of th' unpractis'd mind :
 She call'd the latent beams of Nature forth,
 Guided their ardor and insur'd their worth.
 She pois'd th' impetuous Warrior's vengeful steel,
 Mark'd true Ambition from destructive Zeal,
 Pointed what lustre on that laurel blows,
 Which Virtue only on her sons bestows.
 Hence clement CIMON, of unspotted fame,
 Hence ARISTIDES' ever-fav'rite name;
 Heroes, who knew to wield the righteous spear,
 And guard their native tow'rs from foreign fear;
 Or in firm bands of social Peace to bind
 Their Country's good, and benefit Mankind.

She

She trim'd the thoughtful Statesman's nightly oil,
 Confirm'd his mind beneath an empire's toil,
 Or with him to his silent villa stole,
 Gilded his ev'ning hours, and harmoniz'd his soul.

To woods and caves she never bade retreat,
 Nor fix'd in cloyster'd monkeries her seat :
 No lonely precepts to her sons enjoin'd,
 Nor taught them to be men, to shun mankind.
 CYNICS there were, an uncouth selfish race,
 Of manners foul, and boastful of disgrace :
 Brutes, whom no muse has ever lov'd to name,
 Whose Ignominy is their only fame.
 No hostile Trophies grace their honour'd urn,
 Around their tomb no sculptur'd Virtues mourn ;
 Nor tells the marble into emblems grav'd
 An Art discover'd or a City fav'd.

Be this the goal to which the Briton-Peer
 Exalt his hope, and press his young career !
 Be this the goal to which, my Friend, may you
 With gentle skill direct his early view !
 Artful the various studies to dispense,
 And melt the schoolman's jargon down to sense.

See the pedantic Teacher, winking dull,
 The letter'd Tyrant of a trembling school ;

Teaching

Teaching by force, and proving by a frown,
 His lifted fasces ram the lesson down.
 From tortur'd strains of Eloquence he draws
 Barbaric precepts and unmeaning laws,
 By his own sense would TULLY's word expound,
 And a new VANDAL tramples classic ground.

Perhaps a Bigot to the learned page,
 No modern custom can his thoughts engage ;
 His little farm by † GEORGIC rules he ploughs,
 And prunes by metre the luxuriant boughs ;
 Still from ARATUS' sphere or MARO's signs
 The future calm or tempest he divines,
 And fears if the prognostic Raven's found
 * Expatiating alone along the dreary round.

What scanty precepts ! studies how confin'd !
 Too mean to fill your comprehensive mind ;
 Unsatisfy'd with knowing when or where
 Some Roman Bigot rais'd a Fane to FEAR ;
 On what green medal VIRTUE stands express'd,
 How CONCORD's pictur'd, LIBERTY how dress'd ;

† *This was literally the case of a School-master of Eton, who lost a considerable sum by the experiment.*

* *Et sola in sicca secum spatiatu'r arenâ. VIRG.*

Or with wise ken judiciously define,
 When Pius marks the honorary coin
 Of CARACALLA, or of ANTONINE.

Thirsting for Knowledge, but to know the
 right,
 Thro' judgment's optic guide th' illusive sight,
 To let in rays on Reason's darkling cell,
 And lagging mists of prejudice dispel;
 For this you turn the Greek and Roman page,
 Weigh the contemplative and active Sage,
 And cull some useful flow'r from each historic
 Age.

Thence teach the Youth the necessary art,
 To know the Judge's from the Critic's part;
 Show how ignoble is the passion, FEAR,
 And place some patriot Roman's model near;
 Their bright examples to his soul instil,
 Who knew no Fear, but that of doing ill.
 Tell him, 'tis all a cant, a trifle all,
 To know the folds that from the TOGA fall,
 The CLAVUS' breadth, the BULLA's golden round,
 And ev'ry leaf that ev'ry VIRTUE crown'd;
 But show how brighter in each honest breast,
 Than in her shrine, the Goddess stood confess'd.

Tell him, it is not the fantastick Boy,
 Elate with pow'r and swell'd with frantic joy,
 'Tis not a slavish Senate, fawning, base,
 Can stamp with honest fame a worthless race:
 Tho' the false Coin proclaim him great and wise,
 The tyrant's life shall tell that Coin, it lyes.

But when your early Care shall have design'd
 To plan the Soul and mould the waxen Mind;
 When you shall pour upon his tender Breast
 Ideas that must stand an Age's Test,
 Oh! there imprint with strongest deepest dye
 The lovely form of Goddess LIBERTY!
 For her in Senates be he train'd to plead,
 For her in Battles be he taught to bleed.
 Lead him where Dover's rugged cliff resounds
 With dashing seas, fair Freedom's honest Bounds,
 Point to yon azure Carr bedrop'd with gold,
 Whose weight the necks of Gallia's Sons uphold;
 Where proudly sits an iron-scepter'd Queen,
 And fondly triumphs o'er the prostrate scene,
 Cry, that is Empire! shun her baleful path,
 Her Words are Slavery, her Touch is Death!
 Thro' wounds and blood the Fury drives her way,
 And murders half, to make the rest her prey.

Thus spoke each Spartan Matron, as she dress'd
 With the bright cuirafs her young Soldier's breast;
 On the new Warrior's tender-finew'd thigh,
 Girt Fear of Shame and Love of Liberty.

Steel'd with such precepts, for a cause so good,
 What scanty Bands the Persian Host withstood!
 Before the Sons of Greece let Asia tell
 How fled her † Monarch, how her Millions fell!
 When arm'd for LIBERTY, a Few how brave!
 How weak a Multitude, where each a Slave!
 No welcome Falchion fill'd their fainting hand,
 No Voice inspir'd of favourite Command:
 No Peasant fought for wealthy lands possess'd,
 No fond remembrance warm'd the Parent's breast;
 They saw their lands for royal riot groan,
 And toil'd in vain for banquets, not their own;
 They saw their infant Race to bondage rise,
 And frequent heard the ravish'd Virgin's cries,
 Dishonour'd but to cool a transient gust
 Of some luxurious Satrap's barb'rous lust.

† *Xerxes.*

The greateſt curſes any Age has known
 Have iſſued from the Temple or the Throne;
 Extent of ill from Kings at firſt begins,
 But Prieſts muſt aid and conſecrate their fins.
 The tortur'd Subject might be heard complain,
 When ſinking under a new weight of chain,
 Or more rebellious might perhaps repine,
 When tax'd to dow'r a titled Concubine,
 But the Prieſt chriſtens all a Right Divine.

When at the altar a new Monarch kneels,
 What conjur'd awe upon the people ſteals!
 The choſen HE adores the precious oil,
 Meekly receives the ſolemn charm, and while
 The Prieſt ſome bleſſed nothings mutters o'er,
 Sucks in the ſacred greaſe at ev'ry pore:
 He ſeems at once to ſhed his mortal ſkin,
 And feels Divinity transfus'd within.
 The trembling Vulgar dread the royal Nod,
 And worſhip God's anointed more than God.

Such Sanction gives the Prelate to ſuch Kings!
 So Miſchief from thoſe hallow'd fountains ſprings.
 But bend your eye to yonder harraſ'd plains,
 Where King and Prieſt in one united reigns;

See

See fair Italia mourn her holy state,
 And droop oppress'd beneath a papal weight :
 Where fat Celibacy usurps the soil,
 And sacred Sloth consumes the peasant's toil :
 The holy Drones monopolize the sky,
 And plunder by a vow of Poverty.
 The Christian Cause their lewd profession taints,
 Unlearn'd, unchaste, uncharitable Saints.

Oppression takes Religion's hallow'd name,
 And Priestcraft knows to play the specious game.
 Behold how each enthusiastic fool
 Of ductile piety, becomes their tool :
 Observe with how much art, what fine pretence
 They hallow Foppery and combat Sense.

Some hoary Hypocrite, grown old in sin,
 Whose thoughts of heav'n with his last hours
 begin,
 Counting a chaplet with a bigot care,
 And mumbling somewhat 'twixt a charm and
 pray'r,
 Hugs a dawb'd image of his injur'd Lord,
 And squeezes out on the dull idol-board

A fore-ey'd

A fore-ey'd gum of tears ; the flannel Crew
 With cunning joy the fond repentance view,
 Pronounce Him blest'd, his miracles proclaim,
 Teach the slight croud t' adore his hallow'd name,
 Exalt his praise above the Saints of old,
 And coin his sinking conscience into Gold.

Or when some Pontiff with imperious hand
 Sends forth his edict to excise the land,
 The tortur'd Hind unwillingly obeys,
 And mutters curses as his mite he pays !
 The subtle Priest th' invidious name forbears,
 Asks it for holy use or venal pray'rs ;
 Exhibits all their trumpery to sale,
 A bone, a mouldy morsel, or a nail :
 Th' idolatrous Devout adore the show,
 And in full streams the molten off'rings flow.

No pagan Object, nothing too profane ;
 To aid the Romish zeal for Christian gain.
 Each Temple with new weight of idols nods,
 And borrow'd Altars smoke to other Gods.
 PROMETHEUS' Vultur MATTHEW's Eagle proves,
 And heav'nly Cherubs sprout from heathen Loves ;
 Young

Young GANYMEDE a winged Angel stands
 By holy LUKE, and dictates God's commands:
 * APOLLO, tho' degraded, still can bless,
 Rewarded with a Sainthood, and an S.
 Each convert Godhead is apostoliz'd,
 And JOVE himself by † PETER's name's baptiz'd,
 ASTARTE shines in Jewish MARY's fame,
 Still Queen of Heav'n, another and the same.

While the proud Priest the sacred Tyrant reigns
 Of empty cities and dispeopled plains,
 Where fetter'd Nature is forbid to rove
 In the free commerce of productive Love.
 Behold imprison'd with her barren kind,
 In gloomy cells the votive Maid confin'd;
 Faint streams of blood, by long stagnation weak,
 Scarce tinge the fading damask of her cheek;
 In vain she pines, the holy Faith withstands,
 What Nature dictates and what God commands;
 But if some sanguine He, some lusty Priest
 Of jollier morals taste the tempting feast,

* *St. Apollos.*

† *At St. Peter's an old statue of Jupiter is turned into one of St. Peter.*

From

From the strong grasp if some poor Babe arise,
 Unwelcome, unindear'd, it instant dies,
 Or poisons blasting soon the hasty joy,
 Th' imperfect seeds of infant life destroy.

Fair Modesty, thou virgin tender-ey'd,
 From thee the Muse the grosser acts must hide,
 Nor the dark cloister's mystic rites display,
 Whence num'rous brawny Monkhoods waste
 away,
 And unprolific, tho' forsworn, decay.

BRITANNIA smiling, views her golden plains
 From mitred bondage free and papal chains;
 Her jocund Sons pass each unburthen'd day
 Securely quiet, innocently gay:
 Lords of themselves the happy Rustics sing,
 Each of his little tenement the King.
 Twice did usurping Rome extend her hand,
 To re-inslave the new-deliver'd land:
 Twice were her sable bands to battle warm'd,
 With pardons, bulls, and texts, and murders
 arm'd:

With

|| With PETER's sword and MICHAEL's lance
 were sent,
 And whate'er stores supply'd the Church's arma-
 ment.

Twice did the gallant Albion race repell
 The jesuit legions to the gates of hell;
 Or whate'er Angel, friend to Britain, took,
 Or WILLIAM's or ELIZA's guardian look.

Arise, young Peer! shine forth in such a cause!
 Who draws the sword for Freedom, justly draws.
 Reflect how dearly was that freedom bought;
 For that, how oft your ancestors have fought;
 Thro' the long series of our princes down,
 How wrench'd some right from each too potent
 Crown.

See abject JOHN, that vassal Monarch, see!
 Bow down the royal neck, and crouch the supple
 knee!
 Oh! prostitution of imperial State!
 To a vile Romish Priest's vile § Delegate!

|| *Addit & Herculeos Arcus Hastamque Minervæ,
 Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria Cæli. JUV.
 § The Pope's Nuncio.*

Him the bold Barons scorning to obey,
 And be the subjects of a subject sway ;
 Heroes, whose names to latest fame shall shine,
 Aw'd by no visions of a Right Divine,
 That bond by eastern Politicians wrought,
 Which ours have learnt, and Rabbi Doctors
 taught,
 To straiter banks restrain'd the Royal Will,
 That great prerogative of doing ill.

To late example and experience dead,
 See † HENRY in his Father's footsteps tread.
 Too young to govern, immature to pow'r,
 His early follies haunt his latest hour.
 His Nobles injur'd, and his Realms oppress'd,
 No violated senate's wrongs redress'd,
 His hoary age sinks in the feeble wane
 Of an inglorious, slighted, tedious reign.

The muse too long with idle glories fed,
 And train'd to trumpet o'er the warlike dead,
 The wanton fain on giddy plumes would soar
 To Gallic Loire and Jordan's humbled shore ;

† *Henry III.*

Again

Again would teach the Saracen and Gaul
 At * EDWARD's and at † HENRY's name to fall ;
 Romantic heroes ! prodigal of blood ;
 What numbers stain'd each ill disputed flood ;
 Tools to a Clergy ! warring but to feast
 With spoils of provinces each pamper'd Priest.
 Be dumb, fond Maid ; thy sacred ink nor spill
 On specious Tyrants, popularly ill :
 Nor be thy comely locks with Roses dight
 Of either victor colour, Red or White.

Foil'd the assassin ‡ King, in union blow
 The blended flowers on seventh HENRY's brow.
 Peace lights again on the forsaken strand,
 And banish'd plenty re-assumes the land.
 No nodding crest the crouching infant frights,
 No clarion rudely breaks the bride's delights ;
 Reposing sabres seek their ancient place
 To bristle round a gaping || GORGON's face.

* *Edward I. and III.*

† *Henry V.*

‡ *Richard III.*

|| *Medusa's head in the armory at the Tower.*

The wearied arms grotesquely deck the wall,
 And tatter'd trophies fret the Royal * hall.
 But Peace, in vain on the blood-fatten'd plains
 From a redundant horn her treasures rains ;
 She deals her gifts ; but in a uselefs hour,
 To glut the iron hand of griping pow'r :
 Such LANCASTER, whom harrass'd Britain saw,
 Mask'd in the garb of antiquated Law :
 More politic than wise, more wise than great ;
 A legislator to enslave the state ;
 Cooly malicious ; by design a knave ;
 More mean than false, ambitious more than brave ;
 Attach'd to interest's more than honour's call ;
 More strict than just, more covetous than all,

Not so the Reveller profuse, his † Son,
 His contrast course of tyranny begun ;
 Robust of limb, and flush'd with florid grace,
 Strength nerv'd his youth, and squar'd his jovial
 face,

To feats of arms and carpet-combats prone,
 In either field the vig'rous Monarch shone :

* *Westminster-Hall.*

† *Henry VIII.*

Mark'd out for riot each luxurious day
 In tournaments and banquets danc'd away.
 But shift the scene, and view what slaughters
 stain

Each frantic period of his barb'rous reign :
 A Tyrant to the people whom he rul'd,
 By ev'ry potentate he dealt with, fool'd ;
 Sold by one † minister, to all unjust ;
 Sway'd by each dictate of distemper'd lust ;
 Changing each worship that controul'd the bent
 Of his adult'rous will, and lewd intent ;
 Big in unwieldy majesty and pride,
 And smear'd with Queens and Martyrs blood,
 He dy'd.

Pass we the pious ‡ Youth too slightly seen ;
 The murd'rous zeal of a weak Romish || Queen :
 Nor with faint pencil, impotently vain,
 Shadow the glories of ELIZA's reign,
 Who still too great, tho' some few faults she had,
 To catalogue with all those Royal bad.

† *Cardinal Woolsey.*

‡ *Edward VI.*

|| *Mary.*

Arise !

Arise! great JAMES! thy course of wisdom
run!

Image of David's philosophic Son!
He comes! on either hand in seemly state,
Knowledge and Peace his fondled handmaids wait:
Obscurely learn'd, elaborately dull,
Of quibbling cant and grace fanatic full,
Thron'd in full senates, on his pedant tongue,
These for six hours each weighty morning hung;
For these each string of royal pow'r he strain'd,
For these he sold whate'er ELIZA gain'd;
For these he squander'd ev'ry prudent store
The frugal Princess had reserv'd before,
On pension'd sycophants and garter'd boys,
Tools of his will, and minions of his joys.
For these he let his beggar'd * daughter roam;
Bubbled for these by Spanish art at home;
For these, to sum the blessings of his reign,
Poison'd one Son †, and t'other sent to Spain.

Retire, strict muse, and thy impartial verse
In pity spare on CHARLES's bleeding horse;

* *Queen of Bohemia.*

† *Prince Henry and Charles I.*

Or

Or all his faults in blackest notes translate
 To tombs where rot the authors of his fate ;
 To lustful HENRIETTA's Romish shade
 Let all his acts of lawless pow'r be laid ;
 Or to the * Priest more Romish still than her ;
 And whoe'er made his gentle virtues err.

On the next † Prince expell'd his native land
 In vain Affliction laid her iron hand ;
 Fortune or fair or frowning, on his soul
 Cou'd stamp no virtue, and no vice controul ;
 Honour, or morals, gratitude, or truth,
 Nor learn'd his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth ;
 The care of Nations left to whores or chance,
 Plund'rer of Britain, pensioner of France ;
 Free to buffoons, to ministers deny'd,
 He lived an atheist, and a bigot dy'd.

The reins of Empire, or resign'd or stole,
 Are trusted next to JAMES's weak controul ;
 Him, meditating to subvert the laws,
 His Hero || Son in Freedom's beauteous cause

* *Archbishop Laud.*

† *Charles II.*

|| *William III.*

Rose

Rose to chastise : † unhappy still ! howe'er
Posterity the gallant action bear.

Thus have I try'd of Kings and Priests to sing,
And all the ills that from their vices spring ;
While victor GEORGE thunders o'er either Spain,
Revenes Britain and asserts the Main ;
To || willing Indians deals our equal laws,
And from his Country's voice affects applause ;
§ What time fair Florence on her peaceful shore,
Free from the din of war and battle's roar,
Has lap'd me trifier in inglorious ease,
Modelling precepts that may serve and please ;
Yours is the task-----and glorious is the plan,
To build the Free, the Sensible, GOOD MAN.

† *Infelix utcumque ferent ea facta minores !* VIRG.

|| ----- *Volentes*

Per populos dat jura viamque affectat Olympo.

VIRG.

§ *Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat*

Parthenope, studiis Florentem ignobilis otî. VIRG.

INSCRIPTION

For the neglected Column

In the Place of

ST. MARK AT FLORENCE.

[Written in the Year 1740.]

E SCAP'D a * Race, whose vanity ne'er
rais'd

A Monument, but when Themselves IT prais'd,
Sacred to Truth O! let this Column rise,
Pure from false Trophies and inscriptive Lies!
Let no Enslavers of their Country here
In impudent Relievo dare appear:
No Pontiff by a ruin'd Nation's blood
Lusting to aggrandize His Bastard brood:

* *The Family of Medici.*

E

Be

Be here no † Clement, † Alexander seen,
 No poy'sning || Cardinal, or poy'sning § Queen:
 No Cosmo, or the ¶ bigot Duke, or * He
 Great from the wounds of dying Liberty.
 No †† Lorrainer-----one lying §§ Arch suffice
 To tell his Virtues and his Victories :

† *Cardinal Julio de' Medici, afterwards Clement VII.*

‡ *Alexander, the first Duke of Florence, killed by Lorenzino de' Medici.*

|| *Ferdinand the Great, was first Cardinal and then became Great Duke, by poysoning his elder Brother Francis I. and his wife Bianca Cappello.*

§ *Catherine of Medici, wife of Henry II. King of France.*

¶ *Cosmo III.*

* *Cosmo the Great enslaved the Republics of Florence and Siena.*

†† *Francis II. Duke of Lorraine, which He gave up to France, against the Command of his Mother, and the Petitions of all his Subjects, and had Tuscany in Exchange.*

§§ *The Triumphal Arch erected to Him without the Porta San Gallo.*

Beneath

Beneath his soft'ring eye how * Commerce thriv'd,
 Beneath his Smile how drooping Arts reviv'd :
 Let IT relate, e'er since His Rule begun,
 Not what He has, but what He shou'd have done.

Level with Freedom, let this Pillar mourn,
 Nor rise, before the radi'ant Blifs return ;
 Then tow'ring boldly to the Skies proclaim
 Whate'er shall be the Patriot Hero's Name,
 Who, a new BRUTUS, shall his Country free,
 And, like a GOD, shall say, LET THERE BE
 LIBERTY !

* Two Inscriptions over the lesser Arches call him
 " Restitutor Commercii, and Propagator Bonarum
 " Artium," as his Equestrian Statue on Horseback
 trampling on Turks, on the summit, represents the
 victories that He was designed to gain over that
 People, when He received the command of the Em-
 peror's Armies, but was prevented by some Fevers.

The B E A U T I E S.

An EPISTLE to Mr. ECKARDT the Painter.

[*Written in the Year 1746.*]

DEsponding artist, talk no more
 Of Beauties of the days of yore,
 Of Goddeses renown'd in Greece,
 And ZEUXIS' composition-piece,
 Where every nymph that could at most
 Some single grace or feature boast,
 Contributed her favorite charm
 To perfect the ideal form.
 'Twas CYNTHIA's brow, 'twas LESBIA's eye,
 'Twas CLÆ's cheek's vermilion dye ;
 ROXANA lent the noble air,
 Dishevell'd flow'd ASPASIA's hair,
 And CUPID much too fondly pres'd
 His mimic mother THAIS' breast.

Antiquity, how poor thy use !
 A single Venus to produce !

Friend

Friend Eckardt, ancient story quit,
 Nor mind whatever Pliny writ ;
 Felibien and Fresnoy disclaim,
 Who talk of Raphael's matchless fame,
 Of Titian's tints, Corregio's grace,
 And Carlo's each Madonna face,
 As if no Beauties now were made,
 But Nature had forgot her trade.
 'Twas Beauty guided Raphael's line,
 From heavenly Women styl'd divine ;
 They warm'd old Titian's fancy too,
 And what he could not taste, he drew :
 Think you Devotion warm'd his breast
 When Carlo with such looks express'd
 His virgins, that her vot'ries feel
 Emotions-----not, I'm sure, of zeal ?

In Britain's isle observe the Fair,
 And curious chuse your models there ;
 Such patterns as shall raise your name
 To rival sweet Corregio's fame :
 Each single piece shall be a test,
 And Zeuxis' patchwork but a jest ;
 Who ransack'd Greece, and cull'd the age
 To bring one Goddess on the stage :

On

On your each canvass we'll admire
The charms of the whole heav'nly choir.

Majestic Juno shall be seen
In * HERVEY's glorious awful mien.
Where † FITZROY moves, resplendent Fair ;
So warm her bloom, sublime her air ;
Her ebon tresses, form'd to grace,
And heighten while they shade her face ;
Such troops of martial youth around,
Who court the hand that gives the wound ;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas stands confess'd,
Tho' ‡ STANHOPE's more than Paris bless'd.
So || CLEVELAND shone in warlike pride,
By Lely's pencil deify'd :
So § GRAFTON, matchless dame, commands ;
The fairest work of Kneller's hands :

* *Miss Hervey, now Lady Lepelle Phipps.*

† *Lady Caroline Fitzroy.*

‡ *Lord Petersham.*

|| *The Duchess of Cleveland like Pallas among
the beauties at Windsor.*

§ *The Duchess of Grafton among the beauties
at Hampton-Court.*

The

The blood that warm'd each amorous court,
 In veins as rich still loves to sport :
 And George's age beholds restor'd,
 What William boasted, Charles ador'd.

For Venus's the Trojan ne'er
 Was half so puzzled to declare :
 Ten Queens of Beauty, sure I see !
 Yet sure the true is * EMILY :
 Such majesty of youth and air,
 Yet modest as the village fair :
 Attracting all, indulging none,
 Her beauty like the glorious Sun
 Thron'd eminently bright above,
 Impartial warms the world to love.

In smiling † CAPEL's bounteous look
 Rich Autumn's Goddess is mistook :
 With poppies and with spiky corn,
 Eckardt, her nut-brown curls adorn ;
 And by her side, in decent line,
 Place charming ‡ BERKELEY, Proserpine.

* *Lady Emily Lenox, now Countess of Kildare.*

† *Lady Mary Capel.*

‡ *Elizabeth Drax Countess of Berkeley.*

Mild as a summer sea, serene,
 In dimpled beauty next be seen
 * AYLESB'RY, like hoary Neptune's Queen. }

With her the light-dispens'g Fair,
 Whose beauty gilds the morning air,
 And bright as her attendant sun,
 The new Aurora, † LYTTLETON.
 Such ‡ Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,
 And in ethereal colours dip'd,
 In measur'd dance to tuneful song
 Drew the sweet Goddess, as along
 Heaven's azure 'neath their light feet spread,
 The buxom Hours she fairest led.

The crescent on her brow display'd,
 In curls of loveliest brown inlaid,
 With every charm to rule the night,
 Like Dian, || STRAFFORD woos the sight ;

* *Caroline Campbell Countess of Aylesbury.*

† *Miss Lucy Fortescue, first wife of George now Lord Lytton.*

‡ *Guido's Aurora in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome.*

|| *Lady Anne Campbell Countess of Strafford.*

The

The easy shape, the piercing eye,
 The snowy bosom's purity,
 The unaffected gentle phrase
 Of native wit in all she says ;
 Eckardt, for these thy art's too faint :
 You may admire, but cannot paint.

How Hebe smil'd, what bloom divine
 On the young Goddess lov'd to shine,
 From † CARPENTER we guess, or see
 All-beauteous ‡ MANNERS beam from thee.

How pretty Flora, wanton maid,
 By Zephyr woo'd in noon-tide shade,
 With rosy hand coquetly throwing
 Pansies, beneath her sweet touch blowing ;
 How blithe she look'd, let ¶ FANNY tell ;
 Let Zephyr own if half so well.

Another § Goddess of the year,
 Fair Queen of summer, see, appear ;

† *Miss Carpenter, since Countess of Egremont.*

‡ *Miss Manners, since married to Capt. Hall.*

¶ *Miss Fanny Maccartney, married to Mr. Greville.*

§ *Pomona.*

F

Her

Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,
 Her panting bosom loosely bound,
 Etherial beauty in her face,
 Rather the beauties of her race,
 Whence ev'ry Goddess, envy-smit,
 Must own each Stonehouse meets in || PITT.

Exhausted all the heav'nly train,
 How many Mortals yet remain,
 Whose eyes shall try your pencil's art,
 And in my numbers claim a part ?
 Our sister Muses must describe
 § CHUDLEIGH, or name her of the tribe ;
 And † JULIANA with the Nine
 Shall aid the melancholy line,
 To weep her dear † Resemblance gone,
 Where all these beauties met in One.
 Sad fate of beauty ! more I see,
 Afflicted, lovely family !

§ *Miss Atkins, now Mrs. Pitt. Lady Atkins, her mother, was a Stonehouse.*

|| *Miss Chudleigh.*

† *Lady Juliana Farmor, since married to Mr. Pen.*

‡ *Lady Sophia Farmor, Countess of Granville.*

Two beauteous Nymphs here, Painter, place,
 Lamenting o'er their * sifter Grace,
 ¶ One, matron-like, with sober grief,
 Scarce gives her pious sighs relief;
 While § t'other lovely Maid appears
 In all the melting pow'r of tears;
 The softest form, the gentlest grace,
 The sweetest harmony of face;
 Her snowy limbs, and artless move
 Contending with the Queen of Love,
 While bashful beauty shuns the prize,
 Which EMILY might yield to EVELYN's eyes.

* *Miss Mary Evelyn.*

¶ *Mrs. Boone.*

§ *Miss Elizabeth Evelyn, since married to Peter Bathurst, Esq;*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE to TAMERLANE,

On the Suppression of the REBELLION.

Spoken by Mrs. *Pritchard*, in the Character of
the COMIC MUSE, *Nov. 4, 1746.*

BRITONS, once more in annual joy we
meet

This genial night in Freedom's fav'rite seat :
And o'er the || two great empires still I reign
Of Covent-Garden, and of Drury-Lane.
But ah ! what clouds o'er all our realms impended !
Our ruin artless prodigies portended.
Chains, real chains, our Heroes had in view,
And scenes of mimic dungeons chang'd to true.
An equal fate the Stage and Britain dreaded,
Had Rome's young missionary Spark succeeded.
But Laws and Liberties are trifling treasures ;
He threaten'd that grave property, your Pleasures,

|| *The two great empires of the world I know,
This of Peru, and that of Mexico.*

INDIAN EMPEROR,

For

For me, an idle Muse, I ne'er dissembled
 My fears; but e'en my tragic Sister trembled:
 O'er all her Sons she cast her mournful eyes,
 And heav'd her breast more than dramatic sighs;
 To eyes well-tutor'd in the trade of grief,
 She rais'd a small and well-lac'd handkerchief;
 And then with decent pause----and accent broke,
 Her buskin'd progeny the Dame bespoke:

“ Ah! Sons, || our dawn is over-cast, and all
 “ Theatric glories nodding to their fall;
 “ From foreign realms a bloody Chief is come,
 “ Big with the work of Slav'ry and of Rome.
 “ A general ruin on his sword he wears,
 “ Fatal alike to Audience and to Play'rs.
 “ For ah! my sons, what freedom for the Stage,
 “ When bigotry with sense shall battle wage?
 “ When monkish Laureats only wear the bays,
 “ § Inquisitors Lord Chamberlains of plays?

|| *The dawn is over-cast, the morning lours,
 And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
 The great, th' important day, big with the fate
 Of Cato and of Rome,* CATO.

§ *Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of Plays.* POPE.

“ Plays

- “ Plays shall be damn'd that 'scap'd the Critic's
 rage,
 “ For Priests are still worfe Tyrants to the Stage.
 “ Cato, receiv'd by audiences so gracious,
 “ Shall find ten Cæfars in one St. Ignatius :
 “ And godlike Brutus here shall meet again
 “ His evil Genius in a Capuchin.
 “ For herefy the fav'rites of the pit
 “ Must burn, and excommunicated wit ;
 “ And at one stake we shall behold expire
 “ My Anna Bullen, and the Spanish Fryar.

“ Ev'n || Tamerlane, whose fainted name
 appears

- “ Red-letter'd in the calendar of play'rs,
 “ Oft as these festal rites attend the morn
 “ Of liberty restor'd, and WILLIAM born-----
 “ But at That Name what transports flood my
 eyes !
 “ What golden vision's this I see arise !

|| *Tamerlane is always acted on the 4th and 5th
 of November, the Anniversaries of King William's
 birth and landing.*

“ What

- “ What Youth is he with comeliest conquest
 crown’d,
 “ His warlike brow with full-blown laurels bound ?
 “ What wreaths are these that Vict’ry dares to
 join,
 “ And blend with trophies of my fav’rite Boyne ?
 “ Oh ! if the Muse can happy aught presage,
 “ Of new deliv’rance to the State and Stage ;
 “ If not untaught the characters to spell
 “ Of all who bravely fight or conquer well ;
 “ || Thou shalt be WILLIAM-----like the Last
 design’d
 “ The tyrant’s scourge, and blessing of mankind ;
 “ Born civil tumult and blind zeal to quell,
 “ That teaches happy subjects to rebel.
 “ Nassau himself but half our vows shall share,
 “ Divide our incense and divide our pray’r ;
 “ And oft as Tamerlane shall lend his fame
 “ To shadow His, thy rival Star shall claim }
 “ § Th’ ambiguous laurel and the doubtful }
 name.

|| *Tu Marcellus eris.*

VIRG.

§ *Conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maronis
 Altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.* JUV.

THE

THE
 ENTAIL,
 A
 FABLE.

IN a fair Summer's radiant morn
 A BUTTERFLY, divinely born,
 Whose lineage dated from the mud
 Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,
 Long hov'ring round a perfum'd lawn,
 By various gusts of odours drawn,
 At last establish'd his repose
 On the rich bosom of a Rose.

** This piece was occasioned by the author being asked [after he had finished the little castle at Strawberry-hill and adorned it with the portraits and arms of his ancestors] if he did not design to entail it on his Family?*

The

The palace pleas'd the lordly guest :
 What insect own'd a prouder nest ?
 The dewy leaves luxurious shed
 Their balmy odours o'er his head,
 And with their silken tapestry fold
 His limbs enthron'd on central gold.
 He thinks the thorns embattled round
 To guard his castle's lovely mound,
 And all the bush's wide domain
 Subservient to his fancied reign.

Such ample blessings swell'd the FLY !
 Yet in his mind's capacious eye
 He roll'd the change of mortal things,
 The common fate of Flies and Kings.
 With grief he saw how lands and honours
 Are apt to slide to various owners ;
 Where Mowbrays dwelt how Grocers dwell,
 And how Cits buy what Barons sell.
 " Great Phoebus, patriarch of my line,
 " Avert such shame from Sons of thine !
 " To them confirm these roofs," he said ;
 And then he swore an oath so dread,
 The stoutest Wasp that wears a sword,
 Had trembled to have heard the word !

“ If Law can rivet down entails,
 “ These manours ne'er shall pass to snails.
 “ I swear”----and then he smote his ermine----
 “ These tow'rs were never built for vermine.”

A CATERPILLAR grovel'd near,
 A subtle slow Conveyancer,
 Who summon'd, waddles with his quill
 To draw the haughty Insect's will.
 None but his Heirs must own the spot,
 Begotten, or to be begot :
 Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties
 To eggs of eggs of BUTTERFLIES.

When lo ! how Fortune loves to tease
 Those who would dictate her decrees !
 A wanton BOY was passing by ;
 The wanton child beheld the FLY,
 And eager ran to seize the prey ;
 But too impetuous in his play,
 Crush'd the proud Tenant of an hour,
 And swept away the MANSION-FLOW'R.

E P I G R A M

On Admiral VERNON

Prefiding over the HERRING-FISHERY,
M D C C L.

LONG in the Senate had brave VERNON rail'd,
And all mankind with bitter tongue assail'd ;
Sick of his noise, we wearied heav'n with pray'r
In his own element to place the Tar.
The Gods at length have yielded to our wish,
And bad Him rule o'er Billingsgate and Fish,

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

*On the Cenotaph of Lady WALPOLE, erected
in the Chapel of HENRY VII. in WEST-
MINSTER-ABBEY, in July 1754.*

To the Memory

O F

Catherine Lady Walpole,

Eldest Daughter of JOHN SHORTER Esq;
of BYBROOK in KENT,

A N D

First Wife of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,
afterwards EARL of ORFORD,

Horace,

Her youngest Son,

Consecrates this MONUMENT.

She

She had beauty and wit
 Without vice or vanity,
 And cultivated the arts
 Without affectation.

She was devout,
 Though without bigotry to any sect ;
 And was without prejudice to any party,
 Though the Wife of a Minister,
 Whose power She esteemed,
 But when She could employ it to benefit the miserable,
 Or to reward the meritorious.

She loved a private life,
 Though born to shine in public ;
 And was an ornament to Courts,
 * Untainted by them.

She died AUGUST 20, 1737.

* *Mr. POPE said, " She was untainted by a Court."*

A

S C H E M E

FOR RAISING

A large Sum of Money for the Use of the
GOVERNMENT,

By laying a TAX on

MESSAGE-CARDS and NOTES.

First printed in N^o II. of the Museum, April, 1746.

To the Keeper of the MUSEUM.

S I R,

AS you have opened a *Museum* for literary *Curiosities*, I think the following paper may merit a place in your repository, which I ask for it upon the genuine foot of a *rarity*. The notion I have of a *Museum*, is an hospital for every thing that is *singular*; whether the thing have acquired singularity, from having escaped the rage of Time; from any natural oddness in itself, or from being so insignificant, that nobody ever thought it worth their while to
produce

produce any more of the same sort. Intrinsic value has little or no property in the merit of *curiosities*. Misers, though the most intense of all *collectors*, are never allowed to be *virtuosoes*, because guineas, dollars, ducats, &c. are too common to deserve the title of *rarities*; and unless one man could attain to the possession of the whole specie, he would never be said to have a fine *collection* of money. Neither * Sir Gilded Heathen, nor the late † Princess of Mildenheim, were ever esteemed *virtuosoes*. A Physician who lives in a garret, and does not get a guinea in a week, is more renowned for the possession of an illegible *Carausius*, than Dr. Mithridate, who unloads his pocket every night of twenty or thirty new *Lima* guineas.

To instance in two sorts of things, which I said had pretensions to places in a *Museum*. If the learned World could be so happy as to discover a *Roman's* old shoe (provided that the *Literati* were agreed it were a shoe, and not a leathern casque, a drinking vessel, a balloting box, or an *Empresses* head-attire) such shoe

* *Sir Gilbert Heathcote.*

† *Duchess of Marlborough.*

would

would immediately have the *entree* into any collection in Europe; even though it appeared to be the shoe of the most vulgar artizan in Rome, and not to have belonged to any beau of Classic memory. And the reason is plain; not that there is any intrinsic value in an old shoe, but because an old Roman shoe would be a *Unique*; a term which you, Sir, who have erected a *Museum*, know perfectly well is a patent of *Antiquity*. Natural oddity is another kind of merit which I mentioned. Monstrous births, hermaphrodites, petrifications, &c. are all true members of a collection. A man perfectly virtuous might be laid up in a *Museum*, not for any intrinsic worth, but for being a *rarity*; and a *dealer* might honestly demand five hundred pounds for such a man of Sir Hans Sloane or Dr. Meade. A third sort (and I will not run into any more descriptions) are things become *rare* from their insignificance. Of this species was that noble collection of foolish tracts in the Harleian library, puritanical sermons, party-pamphlets, voyages, &c. which being too stupid to be ever re-printed, grew valuable, as they grew scarce. So modern a thing as a Queen Anne's Farthing has risen to the dignity of a curiosity, merely because there were but a

few of them struck. Some industrious artists, who would have the greatest scruple of counterfeiting the current coin of the kingdom, have been so blinded by their love of *virtù*, as to imitate these rare farthings, looking upon them solely as *curiosities*. I just mention this for the sake of those laborious medallists; because the present honorable Attorney-General, though a very learned man, is no *Antiquarian*, and might possibly be of an opinion, that those admirable copies would come under the penalties of the statute against clipping and coining.

But to come to my point. It is under this last denomination, Sir, that I apply to you for a place in your *Museum*. A scheme for raising money may (as I fear the age is too obstinate in their luxury to suffer their follies to be taxed) be admitted into a *collection*, as well as some of those pieces which I mentioned to have filled the Harleian shelves; especially as it will have a double title to a rarity. First, from never having been thought of by any other person; and secondly, as it will give posterity some light into the customs of the present age. It is this merit that has preserved the works of the elder Pliny,

an author who in his own time, I suppose, was upon a little better foot than the editors of the *Daily Advertisers*, the *Vade-Mecums*, and the *Magazines*. We are glad to know now how much a luxurious Roman laid out on a supper, a slave or a villa, a mistress or a tame carp; how much Pompey expended on a public show; or to read the order of a procession. But though this author now elbows Virgil and Horace, and equally employs the spectacles of the Gronovius's and the Harduins, I am persuaded his works at Rome were never advanced above being read in the Steward's parlour. But hereafter I expect, that Mr. Salmon, Sylvanus Urban, and myself, shall be as good classics as Mr. Pope and Mr. Prior.

One of the latest and most accepted fashions is the *sending Cards and Notes*: A custom that might perhaps escape the knowledge of posterity, if you and I, Sir, did not jointly transmit an account of it down to them. No business, that is no business, is now carried on in this great city, but by this expedient. How Congreve, Farquhar, and the Comic writers of the last age would be chagrined, to find that half the wit of

their plays is already obsolete ! Foible and Archer are grown dull characters by the difuse of verbal messages. But thank heaven ! the age has made great progress in litterature, and all those fatal mistakes and irreparable quarrels that formerly happened in the polite world, by Ladies trusting long messages to the faithless memory of servants, are now remedied by their giving themselves the trouble to transmit their commands to cards and paper ; at once improving themselves in spelling, and adjusting the whole ceremonial of engagements, without the possibility of errors. Not to mention the great encouragement given to the Stationary trade, by the large demands for crow-quills, paper, wafers, &c. commodities that are all the natural produce of this country.

I know a celebrated legislator and reformer of manners, who not being so deeply read in the fashions as he is in the vices of the age, was unhappily drawn into a mistake by his ignorance of this custom. About two years ago, this gentleman had thoughts of enforcing and *letting out* the laws against gaming ; and being very nice and exact in his method of proceeding, he was determined to lay before Parliament, a calculation

tion of the numbers of gamesters, games, and circulation of money played for in the cities of London and Westminster. In order to this, he first went to an eminent card maker, and enquired into the ebb and flow of his business; and with great secret satisfaction was informed, that the tradesman sold, upon a moderate computation, twenty dozen packs of cards in a week, more than he used to do a few years ago. The honest reformer was excessively pleased with his discovery; for a real zealot is never so happy as when he finds vice grown to so monstrous a height, that every body will allow it necessary to be regulated. But he was terribly puzzled when the card-maker told him, that at least two thirds of the number were *blank cards*, or cards without pips. To satisfy his surprize, he even ventured himself into a celebrated gaming-house at this end of the town; to find out in what game the libertines of this age had so far refined upon their ancestors, as to be able to practise with pipeless cards. In short, it was not till some time after, that he discover'd that these *blank cards* were on purpose to write messages. He then exclaimed against the extravagance of our women,

women, who would not condescend to use their old cards to write upon, but were at the expence of clean ones; but it was proved to him, that a woman of moderate fashion could not possibly have cards enough used at her house to serve her for messages, and that therefore it was cheaper to purchase blank cards, because not being stamped, they pay no duty, and are consequently half in half cheaper to the consumer. For example; supposing a lady has but one assembly a month, to which she invites four hundred persons; many disappointing her, six persons belonging to each table, two or three sets playing with the same cards, and several not playing at all, we may reckon that she never has above ten tables, to which allowing two packs, she, at that rate, can use but twenty packs a month; now I shall easily make it appear, that *that* number cannot supply her with decent materials for messages. For instance,

20 packs at 52 cards *per* pack - - - 1040.

Now she must send cards to invite all these people, which will employ four hundred of the thousand and odd; and allowing her to send but
 , twenty

twenty private messages every morning, in howd'ye's, appointments, disappointments, &c. and to make but ten visits every *night* before she settles for the *evening*, at each of which she must leave her name on a card, the account will stand thus :

Messages to 400 people	- - -	400
20 Messages a day, will be <i>per</i> month	-	560
10 Visits a night, will be <i>per</i> month	-	280

Total 1240

Which, without including extraordinary occasions, as a quarrel, with all its train of consequences, explanations, cessation of hostilities, renewal of civilities, &c. makes her debtor to two hundred cards more than she is creditor for. I know it may be objected, that a good oeconomist will cut one card into three names ; but if she lives in a good part of the town, and chuses to insert the place of her abode under her name, that will be impossible. Before I quit this article of leaving one's name, I must mention a story of a Frenchman, from whose nation we are said to borrow this custom, who being very devout

devout and very well-bred, went to hear mass at the church of a particular saint in Paris; but some reparations being making to the church, which prevented the celebration of divine service, the Gentleman, to shew he had not been wanting in his duty, left his name on a card for the Saint on his altar.

I shall now proceed to acquaint you with my scheme, which is, to lay a tax on *cards* and *notes*; the latter of which are only a more voluminous kind of *cards*, and more sacred; because a footman is allowed to read the former, but is depended upon for never opening the latter. Indeed, if the party-coloured gentry's honour were not to be trusted, what fatal accidents might arise to families! for there is not a young lady in London under five and twenty, who does not transact all her most important concerns in this way. She does not fall in love, she does not change her lover or her fan, her party or her staymaker, but she notifies it to twenty particular friends by a *note*; nay, she even inquires or trusts by note where the only good lavender-water in town is to be sold. I cannot
 help

help mentioning to the honour of these fair virgins, that after the fatal day of Fontenoy, they all wrote their notes on Indian paper, which being red, when inscribed with Japan ink, made a melancholly military kind of elegy on the brave youths who occasioned the fashion, and were often the honorable subject of the epistle.

I think the lowest computations make the inhabitants of this great metropolis to be eight hundred thousand. I will be so very moderate as to suppose that not above twenty thousand of these are obliged to *send cards*, because I really have not yet heard that this fashion has spread much among the lower sort of people; at least I know, that my own Fishmonger's wife was extremely surprized last week at receiving an invitation to an assembly at Billingsgate, written on a very dirty queen of clubs. Therefore as it is the indispensable duty of a legislature to impose taxes where they will fall the lightest, nobody will dispute the gentleness of this duty, which I would not have exceed one penny *per card*. I shall recur to my former computation of a lady's sending 1240 *cards per month*, or

I

16120

16120 *per annum*, which multiplied by 20,000, and reduced to pounds *sterling*, fixes the produce of the duty at £.1343333 6 s. 8 d. a year for the cities of London and Westminster only. But should this appear too enormous a sum to be thrown into the scale of ministerial influence, I beg it may be considered that for near four months in the year this tax will produce little or nothing, by the dispersion of the nobility and gentry, and the disuse of visits and assemblies; and I cannot think that what may be raised by this tax in all the rest of the kingdom, will replace the deficiency of one third which may fail in the capital.

I have not reckoned notes, because it will be time enough to consider them when the bill is brought in, as well as to what province of the great officers of the crown this duty shall belong. Whether the sum of a penny may bring it under the inspection of the tribunal in Lombard-street, or whether the business negotiated may not subject it to the Lord Chamberlain's office: For as to the Groom-Porter, the claim which I foresee he will put in under the notion of transactions
with

with cards, I think it will be of no weight. A friend of mine, to whom I communicated my scheme, was of opinion, that where-ever the duty was collected, the office would be a court of record, because as I propose that all engagements should be registered, it would be an easy matter to compile a diary of a Lady of Quality's whole life. One caveat I must put in, which is, that the tax being to be laid chiefly on people of fashion, it may not be allowed to Members of either House to frank their wives *cards*, which would almost entirely annihilate this supply for the service of the government.

I propose too, that printed *cards* (a late improvement) should be liable to the stamp duties, for though this practice has not hitherto made great progress, yet such industry is used to evade Acts of Parliament, that I am persuaded we should no longer hear of written cards, though the greater part of the card must necessarily be left blank to insert the name and quality of the person invited, the day appointed, and the business to be performed.

The most of a *message-card* that ever I have seen printed, was as follows:

“ *Lady M. M. or N. N’s.-----to-----and*
 “ *-----she-----of-----company on*
 “ *-----to-----.*”

I shall add two other cards with these blanks filled up, to shew that the rest of the message cannot be certain enough to be left to the printer.

“ *Lady M. M. or N. N’s humble service to her*
 “ *Grace the Duchefs of T. and begs the*
 “ *honour of her company on Monday five*
 “ *weeks to drink Tea.*”

“ *Lady M. M. or N. N’s. company to Mrs. B.*
 “ *and desires the favour of her company*
 “ *to-morrow to play at Whisk.*”

I have a secret satisfaction in thinking how popular I shall be with the Gentlemen of the upper Gallery, who, by this establishment of
 posts

posts for *cards* and *notes*, will get all their mornings to themselves, and have time to dress themselves for the play, or even to read the play on which they are to pass their judgment in the evening. Indeed this toil of theirs has already been somewhat abridged by the indefatigable care and generosity of that learned and exact lady, the Lady *Northriding*, who introduced the use of visiting maps: Every lady has now a particular map of her own visits, accurately engraved for a trifling expence, and can send her cards, or bid her coachman drive methodically to all her acquaintance, who, by this invention, are distributed into squares, parishes, hundreds, &c.

I do not know how far it may be necessary to licence the *cards* of foreign Ministers; but as those illustrious personages pretty steadily adhere to the dignity of their character, and do not frequently let themselves down to divert the natives of the country, if my poor assistance should be required by the legislature in drawing up the bill, I should not be against granting this immunity to the representatives of so many great
 Monarchs

Monarchs and Princes. But I am entirely against any other exceptions, unless of some fair and noble Ladies, who I hear intend to give balls on the approaching birth-day of the * *Royal Youth*, who has so gloriously delivered his country and beauteous country women from their apprehensions of a race of barbarous mountaineers; and who is now extirpating rebellion in the very heart of those inhospitable mountains.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

DESCARTES.

* *The Duke of Cumberland.*

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT*.

This Day is published, in Ten Volumes in Folio,

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TO THE
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* Published in No. V. of the MUSEUM, May 1746.

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The W O R L D*.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. VI. *Thursday, February 8, 1753.*

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

|| *Totum mundum agit histrio.*

S I R,

AS you have chosen the whole World for your province, one may reasonably suppose, that you will not neglect that epitome of it, the Theatre. Most of your predecessors have bestowed their favorite pains upon it: The learned and the critics (generally two very dif-

* *A periodical Paper, undertaken by Mr. E. Moore, author of several plays and poems. The WORLD has been re-printed in six volumes, 12mo.*

|| *The Play-house Motto reversed: "Totus Mundus agit Histrionem."*

tinct

tinct denominations of men) have employed many hours and much paper in comparing the ancient and modern stage. I shall not undertake to decide a question which seems to me so impossible to determined, as which have most merit, plays written in a dead language, and which we can only read; or such as we every day see acted inimitably, in a tongue familiar to us, and adapted to our common ideas and customs. The only preference that I shall pretend to give to the modern stage over Greece and Rome, relates to the subject of the present letter: I mean the daily progress we make towards *nature*. This will startle any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will immediately demand, whether * Juliet's nurse be a more natural gossip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did not hint at the representation of either persons or characters. The improvement of nature, which I had in view, alluded to those excellent exhibitions of the animal or inanimate parts of the creation, which are furnished by the worthy philosophers Rich and Garrick; the latter of whom has refined on his competitor; and having perceived that art

* *In Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.*

was become so perfect that it was necessary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced ‡ a cascade of real water.

I know there are persons of a systematic turn, who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful water-fall, from the reality of the element, but merely because they are pleased with the novelty of any thing that is out of its proper place. Thus they tell you, that the town is charmed with a genuine cascade upon the stage, and were in raptures last year with one of Tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly prejudice: The world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never sated with show, is sick of fiction. I foresee the time approaching, when delusion will not be suffered in any part of the drama: The inimitable Serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, and the amorous Ostrich in the Sorcerer, shall be replaced by real monsters from Afric. It is well known that the pantomime of the Genii narrowly escaped being damned on my Lady Maxim's observing very

‡ *In the Pantomime of the Genii.*

judiciously,

judiciously, *That the brick-kiln was horridly executed, and did not smell at all like one.*

When this entire castigation of improprieties is brought about, the age will do justice to one of the first reformers of the stage, Mr. Cibber, who essayed to introduce a taste for real nature in his *Cæsar in Egypt*, and treated the audience with real-----not swans indeed, for that would have been too bold an attempt in the dawn of truth, but very personable geese. The inventor, like other original genius's, was treated ill by a barbarous age: Yet I can venture to affirm, that a stricter adherence to reality would have saved even those times from being shocked by absurdities, always incidental to fiction. I myself remember, how, much about that æra, the great Senesino, representing Alexander at the siege of Oxydracæ, so far forgot himself in the heat of conquest, as to stick his sword into one of the pasteboard stones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him as he entered the breach; a puerility so renowned a General could never have committed, if the ramparts had been built, as in this enlightened age they would be, of actual brick and stone.

L

Will

Will you forgive an elderly man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he cannot help recollecting another passage that happened in his youth, and to the same excellent performer? He was stepping into Armida's enchanted bark; but treading short, as he was more attentive to the accompaniment of the orchestra than to the breadth of the shore, he fell prostrate, and lay for some time in great pain, with the edge of a wave running into his side. In the present state of things, the worst that could have happened to him, would have been drowning; a fate far more becoming Rinaldo, especially in the sight of a British audience!

If you will allow me to wander a little from the stage, I shall observe that this pursuit of nature is not confined to the theatre, but operates where one should least expect to meet it, in our fashions. The fair part of the creation are shedding all covering of the head, display their unveiled charming tresses, and if I may say so, are daily *moulting* the rest of their cloaths. What lovely fall of shoulders, what ivory necks,
what

what snowy breasts in all the pride of nature, are continually divested of art and ornament!

In gardening, the same love of nature prevails. Clipt hedges, avenues, regular platforms, strait canals have been for some time very properly exploded. There is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to make it as formal as his cravat. Kent*, the friend of nature, was the Calvin of this reformation, but like the other champion of truth, after having routed tinsel and trumpery, with the true zeal of a founder of a sect he pushed his discipline to the deformity of holiness: Not content with banishing symmetry and regularity, he imitated nature even in her blemishes, and planted † dead trees and mole-hills, in opposition to parterres and quincunxes.

The last branch of our fashions into which the close observation of nature has been intro-

* *Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's Love.*
POPE.

† *In Kensington Garden, and Carlton Garden.*

duced, is our desserts. A subject I have not room now to treat at large, but which yet demands a few words, and not improperly in this paper, as I see them a little in the light of a pantomime. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plumbs and creams have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees whole meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the whole table; cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-shells triumphed over oceans of looking-glass, or * seas of silver tissue; and at length the whole system of Ovid's metamorphosis succeeded to all the transformations which † Chloe and other

* *The French Ambassador, the Duke de Mirepoix, gave a Dessert in which was the story of Perseus and Andromeda; the sea was silver tissue covered with barley-sugar.*

† *A famous French Cook, who lived with the Duke of Newcastle.*

great

great professors had introduced into the science of hieroglyphic eating. Confectioners found their trade moulder away, while toymen and china shops were the only fashionable purveyors of the last stage of polite entertainments. Women of the first quality came home from Chyenix's laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their house-keeper.-----At last even these puerile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeed to pigmies; and if the present taste continues, Rysbrack and other neglected statuaries, who might have adorned Grecian salons, though not Grecian desserts, may come into vogue. It is known that a celebrated * confectioner (so the architects of our desserts still humbly call themselves) complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée: "*Imaginez vous, said he, que ni lord n'a pas voulu faire oter le plafond.*"

I shall mention but two instances of glorious magnificence and taste in desserts, in which

* *Lord Albemarle's.* foreigners

foreigners have surpassed any thing yet performed in this sumptuous island. The former was a duke of Wirtemberg, who so long ago as the year thirty-four, gave a dessert in which was a representation of mount *Ætna*, which vomited out real fireworks over the heads of the company during the whole entertainment. The other was the Intendant of Gascony, who on the late birth of the Duke of Burgundy, among other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation by wax-figures moving by clock-work, of the whole labour of the Dauphiness and the happy birth of an Heir to the monarchy.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

JULIO.

The

The W O R L D.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. VIII. *Thursday, February 22, 1753.**Date obolum Belisario.*

A PHILOSOPHER, as I am, who contemplates the world with serious reflection, will be struck with nothing in it more than its vicissitudes. If he has lived any time, he must have had ample opportunities of exercising his meditation on the vanity of all sublunary conditions. The change of empires, the fall of ministers, the exaltation of obscure persons, are the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the first passages in history which made an impression upon me in my youth, was the fate of Dionysius, who from being monarch of Sicily, was reduced to
teach

teach school at Corinth. Though his tyranny was the cause of his ruin (if it can be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppression, and to be taught to know one's self) I could not help feeling that sort of superstitious pity which attends royalty in distress. Who ever perused the stories of Edward the Second, Richard the Second, or Charles the First, but forgot their excesses, and sighed for their catastrophe? In this free-spirited island there are not more hands ready to punish tyrants, than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common case: We are Romans in resisting oppression, very women in lamenting oppressors!

If (and I think it cannot be contested) there is generosity in these sensations, ought we not doubly to feel such emotions, in cases where regal virtue is become the sport of fortune? This island ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majesty, as it has been the scourge of offending majesty. And while every throne of arbitrary power is an asylum for the martyrs of so bad a cause, Britain ought to shelter such princes as have been victims for liberty----when-
 ever

ever so great a curiosity is seen, as a prince contending on the honest side.

How must I blush then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch! an unhappy monarch! now actually suffered to languish for debt in one of the common prisons of this city! A monarch, whose courage raised him to a throne, not by a succession of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free! This prince is THEODORE King of Corsica! A man, whose claim to royalty is as indisputable, as the most ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his subjects: The only kind of title, allowed in the excellent *gothic* constitutions, from whence we derive our own; the same kind of title, which endears the present Royal Family to Englishmen; and the only kind of title, against which, perhaps, no objection can lie.

This prince (on whose history I shall not at present enlarge) after having bravely exposed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his subjects, miscarried, as Cato and other patriot heroes did before him. For many years he struggled with fortune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy, or solicitation of succours could attempt to recover his crown. At last, when he had discharged his duty to his subjects and himself, he chose this country for his retirement, not to indulge a voluptuous inglorious ease, but to enjoy the participation of those blessings, which he had so vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corsicans. Here for some months he bore with more philosophic dignity the loss of his crown, than Charles the Fifth, Casimir of Poland, or any of those visionaries, who wantonly resigned theirs, to partake the sluggish indolence, and at length the disquiets of a cloyster. THEODORE, though resigned to his fortunes, had none of that contemptible apathy, which almost lifted our James the Second to the supreme honour of monkish sainthood. It is recorded of that prince, that talking to his courtiers

at

at St. Germain, he wished for a speedy peace between France and Great Britain, “for then,” said he, “we shall get English horses easily.”

The veracity of a historian obliges me not to disguise the bad situation of his Corsican majesty’s revenue, which has reduced him to be a prisoner for debt in the King’s Bench: And so cruelly has fortune exercised her rigours upon him, that last session of parliament he was examined before a committee of the house of commons, on the hardships to which the prisoners in that goal had been subject. Yet let not ill-nature make sport with these misfortunes! His majesty had nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his distresses. The debts on his civil list were owing to no misapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his ministers, no indulgence to favorites or mistresses. His diet was philosophic, his palace humble, his robes decent: Yet his butcher, his landlady, and his taylor, could not continue to supply an establishment, which had no demesnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no excises,

no Lotteries to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies.

A Nation so generous, so renowned for the efforts it has always made in the common cause of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this distressed king, to grant him it's protection and compassion. If political reasons forbid the open espousal of his cause, pity commands the assistance which private fortunes can lend him. I do not mean at present that our gallant youth should offer themselves as volunteers in his service, nor do I expect to have a small fleet fitted out at the expence of particular persons to convey him and his hopes to Corsica. The intention of this paper is merely to warm the benevolence of my countrymen in behalf of this royal captive. I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majesty to accept such a supply as might be offered to him by that honorary (and to this country peculiar) method of raising a free gift, a benefit play. The method is worthy of the Grecian age, nor would Asiatic monarchs have blushed to receive a tribute from the united efforts of genius and art. Let it be said, that
the

the same humane and polite age raised a monument to Shakespear, a fortune for Milton's * grand-daughter, and a subsidy for a captive king, by dramatic performances! I have no doubt but the munificent managers of our theatres will gladly contribute their parts. The incomparable actor who so exquisitely touches the passions and distresses of self-de-throned Lear, (a play which from some similitude of circumstances I should recommend for the benefit) will I dare to say, willingly exert his irresistible talents in behalf of fallen majesty, and be a competitor with Louis le grand for the fame which results from the protection of exiled kings. How glorious will it be for him to have the King's Bench as renowned for Garrick's generosity to king THEODORE, as the Savoy is for Edward the Third's treatment of king John of France.

In the mean time, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to so narrow a sphere as

* *Comus was acted at Drury-lane, April 5, 1750, for the benefit of Mrs. Foster, Milton's only surviving descendent.*

the theatre, I must acquaint my readers, that a subscription for a subsidy for the use of his Corsican majesty is opened at Tully's head in Pall-Mall, where all the Generous and the Fair are desired to pay their contributions to Robert Dodsley, who is appointed high-treasurer and grand-librarian of the island of Corsica for life-----posts, which, give me leave to say, Mr. Dodsley would have disdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles :

*A bookseller of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have been lord-treasurer to a king.*

I am under some apprehensions that the intended subscription will not be so universal as for the honour of my country I wish it. I foresee that the partizans of indefeasible hereditary right will withhold their contributions. The number of them is indeed small and inconsiderable ; yet as it becomes my character, as a citizen of the world, to neglect nothing for the amendment of the principles and morals of my fellow-creatures, I shall recommend one short argument to their consideration ; I think I may say,
to

to their conviction. Let them but consider, that though THEODORE had such a Flaw (in their estimation) in his title, as to have been elected by the whole body of the people, who had thrown off the yoke of their old tyrants; yet as the Genoese had been the sovereigns of Corsica, these gentlemen of monarchic principles will be obliged, if they condemn king THEODORE'S cause, to allow divine hereditary right in a republic; a problem in politics which I leave to be solved by the disciples of the exploded * Sir Robert Filmer. At the same time declaring by my censorial authority all persons Jacobites, who neglect to bring in their free gift for the use of his majesty of Corsica: And I particularly charge and command all lovers of the glorious and immortal memory of king William to see my orders duly executed; and I recommend to them to set an example of liberality in behalf of the popular monarch, whose cause I have espoused, and whose deliverance, I hope, I have not attempted in vain.

* *Author of the Patriarchal scheme, refuted by Mr. Locke.*

N. B. Two

N. B. Two pieces of king THEODORE'S coin*, struck during his reign, are in the hands of the high-treasurer aforesaid, and will be shewn by the proper officer of the exchequer of Corsica, during the time the subscription continues open at Tully's head abovementioned. They are very great curiosities, and not to be met with in the most celebrated collections of this kingdom.

* *These Coins are rudely executed on copper. The legend round the reverse seems to have been, RE PER IL BONO PUBLICO. The other piece is the half of this.*



*As a SUPPLEMENT to the foregoing Paper,
the following particulars will not be
improper.*

THEODORE ANTONY BARON NEWHOFF, more remarkable for being the only one of his profession [of Adventurers] who ever obtained a Crown, than for acquiring that of Corfica, was born at Metz about the year 1696, and after a variety of intrigues, scrapes, and escapes in many parts of Europe, and after having attained and lost a Throne, returned in 1748-9 to England, where He had been before about the year 1737. I saw him soon after his last arrival: He was a comely middle-sized Man, very reserved and affecting much dignity, which He acted in the lowest ebb of his fortunes, and coupled with the lowest shifts of his industry: An instance of the former appeared during his last residence at Florence, where being reduced to extreme poverty, some English Gentlemen made a collection for and carried to Him. Being apprized of their coming,

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and

and having only one chamber in a little miserable lodging, He squeezed his bed to one side, and placed a chair under the Canopy, where He sat to receive the Charity.

Being involved here in former and new debts, He for some time received benefactions from the Earl of Granville, the Countess of Yarmouth, and others, and after being arrested, some Merchants in the City promoted a Subscription for him ; but He played so many tricks and counterfeited so many bonds and debts that they withdrew their money. He behaved with little more honour when the preceding paper was published for his benefit. Fifty pounds were raised by it and sent to his prison : He pretended to be much disappointed at not receiving more : His debts, he said, amounted to £.1500. He sent in a few days to Mr. Doddsley, the Publisher of *The World*, to desire the Subscription might be opened again, which being denied, He sent a lawyer to Mr. Doddsley to threaten to prosecute him for the paper, which He pretended had done him great hurt, and prevented several contributions-----

Precibusque minas Regaliter addit.

OVID.

In.

In May 1756, this extraordinary event happened: THEODORE, a man who had actually *reigned*, was reduced to take the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, and printed the following petition in the Public Advertiser :

“ *An Address to the Nobility and Gentry of*
 “ *Great-Britain, in the behalf of THEO-*
 “ *DORE BARON DE NEWHOFF;*

“ **T**HE Baron through a long imprison-
 “ ment being reduced to very great ex-
 “ tremities, his case is earnestly recommended
 “ for a contribution to be raised, to enable Him
 “ to return to his own Country, having obtain-
 “ ed his liberty by the late Act of Parliament.
 “ In the late war in Italy the Baron gave mani-
 “ fest proofs of his affection for England, and
 “ as the motives of his coming here are so well
 “ known, it is hoped all true friends to Free-
 “ dom will be excited to assist a Brave though
 “ unfortunate Man, who wishes to have an
 “ opportunity of testifying his Gratitude to the
 “ British Nation.

“ Those who are pleased to contribute on
 “ this occasion, are desired to deposite their
 N 2 “ benefactions

“benefactions in the hands of Sir Charles
 “Asgyll, Alderman, and company, bankers in
 “Lombard-street, or with Messrs. Campbell
 “and Coutts, bankers in the Strand.”

THEODORE however remained in the liberties of the Fleet till December 1756, when taking a chair, for which he had not money to pay, he went to the Portuguese Minister's in Audley-street, but not finding him at home, the Baron prevailed on the chair-men to carry him to a Taylor's in Chapel-street, Soho, who having formerly known him and pitying his distress, harboured him in his house. THEODORE fell ill there the next day, and dying in a few days, was buried in the Church-yard of St. Anne in that parish.

A strong peculiarity of Circumstances attended him to the last: His manner of obtaining his Liberty was not so extraordinary as what attended *it*. Going to Guildhall to demand the benefit of the Act, He was asked, “What Effects He
 “had!” He answered, “Nothing but the
 “Kingdom of Corsica.” It was accordingly Registered for the benefit of his Creditors.

So

So singular a Destiny was thought worthy of a Memorial, that might point out the chief adventures and even the place of Interment of this remarkable Personage. The Author of this Memoir erected a marble near his grave, with a Crown, taken from one of his Coins, and with this inscription :

Near this PLACE is Interred

Theodore King of Corfica,

Who died in this PARISH, December 11, 1756,
Immediately after leaving the King's-Bench-Prison

By the Benefit of the Act of Insolvency ;

In Consequence of which HE Registered

His Kingdom of Corfica

For the USE of His CREDITORS.

The GRAVE, great Teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and Beggars, Galley-Slaves and Kings.

But THEODORE this Moral learn'd, e'er dead ;
FATE pour'd it's Lessons on his *living* Head,
Bestow'd a KINGDOM, and denied him BREAD. }

The

The W O R L D.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. X. *Thursday, March 8, 1753.*

THE great men, who introduced the Reformation into these kingdoms, were so sensible of the necessity of maintaining devotion in the minds of the vulgar by some external objects, by somewhat of ceremony and form, that they refrained from entirely ripping off all ornament from the drapery of religion. When they were purging the calendar of legions of visionary saints, they took due care to defend the niches of real martyrs from profanation: They preserved the holy festivals, which had been consecrated for many ages to the great luminaries of the church, and at once paid observance to the memory of the good, and fell in with the popular humour, which loves to rejoice,

joice and mourn at the discretion of the almanack.

The Fanatics in the reign of Charles the First loudly condemned the retention of this practice, and were such successful preachers, as to procure obedience to the doctrines they taught; that is, they infused greater bigotry into their Congregations against rules, than the warmest enthusiasts of former times had been able to propagate for the observation of times and seasons. But as most contradictions run into extremes, it must be allowed that the Presbyterians soon grew as superstitious as the most high-flown zealots of the established Church. King James the First had endeavoured to turn Sunday into a weekly wake by the book of Sports: The Presbyterians used it often for a Fast-day*. In the court of king Charles, Christmas was a season of masques and revels: Under the Covenant it was still a masquerading time; for devotion may be as much disguised by hypocritic sorrow

* One of Dr. Calamy's Fast-sermons was preached on Christmas-day, 1644, before the House of Lords.

and

and sackcloth, as by painted vizors and harlequin jackets.

In so enlightened an age as the present, I shall perhaps be ridiculed if I hint, as my opinion, that the observation of certain festivals is something more than a mere political institution. I cannot however help thinking that even nature itself concurs to confirm my sentiment. Philosophers and freethinkers tell us that a general system was laid down at first, and that no deviations have been made to accommodate it to any subsequent events, or to favour and authorize any human institutions. When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great disgust of many worthy persons who urged how great the harmony was in the old establishment between the holidays and their attributes (if I may call them so), and what a confusion would follow if Michaelmas-day, for instance, was not to be celebrated, when stubble geese are in their highest perfection; it was replied, that such a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be lost of itself, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: For if the errors in it were suffered to go on, they
would

would in a certain number of years produce such a variation, that we should be mourning for good king Charles on a false thirtieth of January, at a time of year when our ancestors used to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich park in honour of Whitsuntide; and at length be choosing king and queen for Twelfth-night, when we ought to be admiring the London prentice at Bartholemew fair.

Cogent as these reasons may seem, yet I think I can confute them from the testimony of a standing miracle, which not having submitted to the fallible authority of an act of parliament, may well be said to put a supernatural negative on the wisdom of this world. My readers no doubt are already aware that I have in my eye the wonderful thorn of Glastonbury*, which though hitherto regarded as a trunk of popish imposture, has notably exerted itself as the most protestant plant in the universe.

* *A very sensible Sermon was published on this occasion, without a name; it having been pretended that the Glastonbury-thorn blew on the old Christmas. Several advertisements were printed pro and con.*

It is well known that the correction of the calendar was enacted by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, and that the reformed churches have with a proper spirit of opposition adhered to the old calculation of the emperor Julius Cæsar, who was by no means a papist. * Near two years ago the popish calendar was brought in; (I hope by persons well-affected!) certain it is that the Glastonbury thorn has preserved its † *inflexibility*, and observed its old anniversary. Many thousand spectators visited it on the parliamentary Christmas-day-----Not a bud was to be seen!-----On the true nativity it was covered with blossoms. One must be an infidel indeed to spurn at such authority. Had I been consulted (and mathematical studies have not been the most inconsiderable of my speculations), instead of turning the calendar topsy-turvy by

* *This bill was brought in by Lord Chesterfield and Lord Macclesfield, the latter of whom published his Speech on that occasion.*

† *This alludes to a Candidate for Westminster, who advertised this year, That he would persist inflexibly in the part he had taken, but in two days gave up the election.*

fantastic

fantastic calculations, I should have proposed to regulate the year by the infallible Somersetshire thorn, and to have reckoned the months from Christmas-day, which should always have been kept as the Glastonbury thorn should blow.

Many inconveniencies, to be sure, would follow from this system, but as holy things ought to be the first consideration of a religious nation, the inconveniencies should be overlooked. The thorn can never blow but on the true Christmas-day; and consequently the apprehension of the year's becoming inverted by sticking to the Julian account can never hold. If the course of the sun varies, astronomers may find out some way to adjust that: But it is preposterous, not to say presumptuous, to be celebrating Christmas-day, when the Glastonbury thorn, which certainly must know times and seasons better than an almanack-maker, declares it to be heresy.

Not is Christmas-day the only jubilee which will be morally disturbed by this innovation. There is another anniversary of no less celebrity among Englishmen, equally marked by a mar-

vellous concomitance of circumstances, and which I venture to prognosticate will not attend the erroneous calculation of the present system. The day I mean is the first of April. The oldest tradition affirms that such an infatuation attends the first day of that month, as no foresight can escape, no vigilance can defeat. Deceit is successful on that day out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Grave citizens have been bit upon it; usurers have lent their money on bad security; experienced matrons have married very disappointing young fellows; mathematicians have missed the longitude; alchemists the philosopher's stone; and politicians preferment, on that day.

What confusion will not follow, if the great body of the nation are disappointed of their peculiar holiday! This country was formerly disturbed with very fatal quarrels about the celebration of Easter; and no wise man will tell me that it is not as reasonable to fall out for the observance of April-fool-day. Can any benefits arising from a regulated calendar make amends for an occasion of new sects? How many warm
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men may resent an attempt to play them off on a false first of April, who would have submitted to the custom of being made fools on the old computation? If our clergy come to be divided about Folly's anniversary, we may well expect all the mischiefs attendant on religious wars; and we shall have reason to wish that the Glastonbury thorn would declare as remarkably in favour of the true April-fool-day, as it has in behalf of the genuine Christmas.

Prudentius*, was so great a zealot for the observation of certain festivals, as to believe that the very damned have a holiday or remission from their torments on the anniversary of the Resurrection. I will not say that we ought to follow *their* reckoning, nor shall I defend the orthodoxy of the tenet. I only mention it to show how many interests may be affected by this regulation, and how impossible it is to make adequate provisions against all the unforeseen mischiefs that may ensue from disturbing the established computation.

* *A Christian poet.*

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There are many other inconveniencies, which I might lament very emphatically, but none of weight enough to be compared with those I have mentioned. I shall only hint at a whole system overturned by this revolution in the calendar, and no provision, that I have heard of, made by the legislature to remedy it. Yet in a nation which bestows such ample rewards on new-year and birth-day odes, it is astonishing that the late act of parliament should have overlooked that useful branch of our poetry, which consists in couplets, saws, and proverbs, peculiar to certain days and seasons. Why was not a new set of distichs provided by the late reformers? Or at least a clause inserted in the act, enjoining the poet-laureat or some benefited genius to prepare and new-cast the established rhimes for public use? Were our astronomers so ignorant as to think that the old proverbs would serve for their new-fangled calendar? Could they imagine that * St. Swithin would accommodate her rainy planet to the conveni-

* *There is a vulgar notion that if it rains on St. Swithin's-day, O. S. it will rain for forty subsequent days.*

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ence of their calculations? Who that hears the following verses, but must grieve for the shepherd and husbandman, who may have all their prognostics confounded, and be at a loss to know beforehand the fate of their markets?

Ancient fages sung

“ If St. Paul be fair and clear,
 “ Then will betide a happy year,
 “ But if it either snow or rain,
 “ Then will be dear all kind of grain:
 “ And if the wind doth blow aloft,
 “ Then wars will vex the realm full oft.”

I have declared against meddling with politics, and therefore shall say nothing of the important hints contained in the last lines: Yet if * certain ill-boding appearances abroad should have an ugly end, I cannot help saying that I shall ascribe their evil tendency to our having been lulled asleep by resting our faith on the calm weather on the pretended conversion of St. Paul; whereas it was very blustering on that festival, according to the good old account, as I honestly, though vainly, endeavoured to

* *Alludes to the stoppage of the payment on the Silesian Loan.*

convince

convince a great minister of state, whom I do not think proper to mention.

But to return to April-fool-day: I must entreat my readers and admirers to be very particular in their observations on that holiday, both according to the new and old reckoning. And I beg that they will transmit to me or my secretary Mr. Doddsley, a faithful and attested account of the hap that betides them or their acquaintance on each of those days; how often and in what manner they make or are made fools; how they miscarry in attempts to surprize, or baffle any snares laid for them. I do not doubt but it will be found that the ballance of folly lies greatly on the side of the old first of April; nay, I much question whether infatuation will have any force on what I call the false April-fool-day. I should take it very kind, if any of my friends who may happen to be sharpers, would try their success on the fictitious festival; and if they make fewer dupes than ordinary, I flatter myself that they will unite their endeavours with mine in decrying and exploding a reformation, which only tends to discountenance good old practices and venerable superstitions.

The

The W O R L D.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. XIV. *Thursday, April 5, 1753.*

I Do not doubt but it is already observed that I write fewer letters to myself than any of my predecessors. It is not from being less acquainted with my own merit, but I really look upon myself as superior to such little arts of fame. Compliments, which I should be obliged to shroud under the name of a third person, have very little relish for me. If I am not considerable enough to pronounce *ex cathedrâ* that I Adam Fitz-Adam know how to rally the follies and decide upon the customs of the world with more wit, humour, learning and taste than any man living, I have in vain undertaken the scheme of this paper. Who would be regulated by the judgment of a man who is not

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the most self-sufficient person alive? Why did all the pretty women in England, in the reign of queen Anne, submit the government of their fans, hoods, hoops and patches to the Spectator, but because he pronounced himself the best critic in fashions? Why did half the nation imbibe their politics from the Craftsman, but because Caleb d'Anvers assured them that he understood the maxims of government and the constitution of his country better than any minister or patriot of the time? 'Throned as I am in a perfect good opinion of my own abilities, I scorn to taste the satisfaction of praise from my own pen-----and (to be humble for once) I own, if there is any species of writing of which I am not perfect master, it is the epistolary. My deficiency in this particular is happily common to me with the greatest men: I can even go farther, and declare that it is the Fair part of the creation which excels in that province. Ease without affectation, the politest expression, the happiest art of telling news or trifles, the most engaging turns of sentiment or passion, are frequently found in letters from women, who have lived in a sphere at all above
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the vulgar; while on the other side, orators write affectedly, ministers obscurely, poets floridly, learned men pedantically, and soldiers tolerably, when they can spell. One would not have one's daughter write like Eloisa, because one would not have one's daughter feel what she felt; yet who ever wrote so movingly, so to the heart? The amiable madame de Sevigné is the standard of easy engaging writing: To call her the pattern of eloquent writing will not be thought an exaggeration, when I refer my readers to her accounts of the death of marshal Turenne: Some little fragments of her letters, in the appendix to Ramsay's life of that hero, give a stronger picture of him than the historian was able to do in his voluminous work. If this Fair One's epistles are liable to any censure, it is for a fault in which she is not likely to be often imitated, the excess of tenderness for her daughter.

The Italians are as proud of a person of the same sex: * Lucretia Gonzaga was so celebrated

* See her article in the general Dictionary.

for the eloquence of her letters and the purity of their style, that her very notes to her servants were collected and published. I have never read the collection: One or two billets that I have met with, have not entirely all the delicacy of madame de Sevigné. In one to her footman the signora Gonzaga reprehends him for not readily obeying dame Lucy her housekeeper; and in another addressed to the same Mrs. Lucy, she says, “If Livia will not
 “be obedient, turn up her coats and whip her
 “till her flesh be black and blew, and the blood
 “run down to her heels.” To be sure this sounds a little oddly to English ears, but may be very elegant, when modulated by the harmony of Italian liquids.

Several worthy persons have laid down rules for the composition of letters, but I fear it is an art which only nature can teach. I remember in one of those books (it was written by a German) there was a strict injunction not to mention yourself before you had introduced the person of your correspondent; that is, you must never use the monosyllable *I* before the pronoun *You*. The Italians have stated expressions

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sions to be used to different ranks of men, and know exactly when to subscribe themselves the devoted or the most devoted slave of the illustrious or most eminent person to whom they have the honour to write. It is true, in that country they have so clogged correspondence with forms and civilities, that they seldom make use of their own language, but generally write to one another in French.

Among many instances of beautiful letters from ladies, and of the contrary from our sex, I shall select two, which are very singular in their kind. The comparison, to be sure, is not entirely fair; but when I mention some particulars of the male author, one might expect a little more elegance, a little better orthography, a little more decorum, and a good deal less absurdity, than seem to have met in one head, which had seen so much of the world, which pretended so much to literature, and which had worn so long one of the first crowns in Europe. This personage was the emperor Maximilian, grandfather of Charles the Fifth. His reign was long, sometimes shining, often unprosperous,

unprosperous, very often ignominious. His fickleness, prodigality and indigence were notorious. The Italians called him *Pochi-danari*, or the *pennylefs*; a quality not more habitual to him than his propensity to repair his shattered fortunes by the most unbecoming means. He served under our Henry the Eighth, as a common soldier, at the siege of Terouenne for a hundred crowns a day: He was bribed to the attempt against Pisa, and bribed to give it over. In short, no potentate ever undertook to engage him in a treaty, without first offering him money. Yet this vagabond monarch, as if the annals of his reign were too glorious to be described by a plebeian pen, or as if they were worthy to be described at all, took the pains to write his own life in Dutch verse. There was another book of his composition in a different way, which does not reflect much more lustre upon his memory than his own Dutch epic; this was what he called his *livre rouge*, and was a register of seventeen mortifications which he had received from Louis the Twelfth of France, and which he intended to revenge on the first opportunity. After a variety of shifts, breach
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of promises, alliances, and treaties, he almost duped his vain cotemporary Henry the Eighth, with a proposal of resigning the empire to him, while himself was meditating, what he thought, an accession of dignity even to the imperial diadem: In short, in the latter part of his life Maximilian took it into his head to canvas for the papal Tiara. Several methods were agitated to compass this object of his ambition: One, and not the least ridiculous, was to pretend that the patriarchal dignity was included in the imperial; and by virtue of that definition he really assumed the title of Pontifex Maximus, copying the pagan lords of Rome on his way to the sovereignty of the christian church. Money he knew was the surest method, but the least at his command: It was to procure a supply of that necessary ingredient that he wrote the following letter to his daughter Margaret*, duchess dowager

** This Princess had been espoused in her non-age to Charles the Eighth, but before consummation was sent back to her father. She was next contracted to the Prince of Spain, but being in a great storm at sea in her passage to her bridegroom, She, according to the custom of that age, tied her chief jewels*

dowager of Savoy, and governess of the Netherlands.

“ **T** Res chiere & tres amèe fyllè, jè entendu
 “ l’avis que vous m’avez donnè par Guyl-
 “ lain Pingun notre garderobes, dont avons en-
 “ core mieux pensè. Et ne trouvons point pour
 “ nulle resun bon que nous nous devons fran-
 “ chement marier, maes avons plus avant mys
 “ notre deliberation & volontè de jamès plus
 “ hanter facm nue. Et envoyons demain Monfr.
 “ de Gurce Evesque à Rome devers le pape pour
 “ trouver fachon que nous puyssuns accorder
 “ avec ly de nous prendre pour ung coadjuteur,
 “ affin que apres sa mort pouruns estre assurè de
 “ avoer le papat, & devenir prester, & apres
 “ estre saint, & que yl vous fera de necessitè que

jewels to her arm, that her body, if found, might be known; and with great tranquillity composed and fastened with them the following distich:

“ *Cy gist Margole, noble Demoiselle;*

“ *Deux fois mariée, & morte Pucelle.*”

However, She escaped, and lived to have two real husbands, the Prince above-mentioned, and the Duke of Savoy.

“ apres

“ apres ma mort vous serès contraint de me
 “ adorer, dont je me troverè bien glorioes. Je
 “ envoie sur ce ung poste devers le roy d’Aragon
 “ pour ly prier qu’y nous vouldre ayder pour à ce
 “ parvenir, dont il est aussy content, moynant
 “ que je resigne l’empir à nostre comun fylls
 “ Charles, de sèla aussy je me suys contentè.
 “ Je commance aussy practiker les Cardinaulx,
 “ dont ii C. ou iii C. mylle ducats me ferunt
 “ ung grand service, aveque la partialitè qui est
 “ de ja entre eos. Le roy d’Aragon à mandè à
 “ son ambaxadeur que yl veulent favouryser le
 “ papat à nous. Je vous prie, tenès cette ma-
 “ tere empu secret, offi bien en brieff jours je
 “ creins que yl faut que tout le monde le sache,
 “ car bien mal est possible de pratiker ung tel
 “ sy grand matere secretement, pour laquell yl
 “ faut avoer de tant de gens & de argent, suc-
 “ curs & pratike, & a Diù, faet de la main de
 “ votre bon pere Maximilianus futur pape, le
 “ xviii jour de setembre. Le papa a encor
 “ les vyevers dubls, & ne peult longement
 “ fyvre.”

This curious piece, which it is impossible to translate (for what language can give an adequate

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idea

idea of very bad old German French?), is to be found in the fourth volume of letters of Louis the Twelfth, printed at Bruffels by Fr. Foppens in 1712. It will be sufficient to inform such of my readers as do not understand French, that his imperial majesty acquaints his beloved daughter that he designs never to frequent naked women any more, but to use all his endeavours to procure the papacy, and then to turn priest, and at length become a saint, that his dear daughter may be obliged to pray to him, which he shall reckon matter of exceeding glory. He expresses great want of two or three hundred thousand ducats to facilitate the business, which he desires may be kept very secret, though he does not doubt but all the world will know it in two or three days; and concludes with signing himself *future Pope*.

As a contrast to this scrap of imperial folly, I shall present my readers with the other letter I mentioned. It was written by the lady Anne, widow of the earls of Dorset and Pembroke (the life of the former of whom she wrote), and heiress of the great house of Clifford-Cumberland, from which, among many noble
 reversions,

reversions, she enjoyed the borough of Appleby. Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state to Charles the Second, wrote to name a candidate to her for that borough: The brave Countess, with all the spirit of her ancestors, and with all the eloquence of independent Greece, returned this laconic answer.

“ I Have been bullied by an Usurper, I have
 “ been neglected by a Court, but I will not
 “ be dictated to by a Subject; your man sha’n’t
 “ stand.

ANNE DORSET,

PEMBROKE, *and* MONTGOMERY,”

The

The W O R L D.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. XXVIII. *Thursday, July 12, 1753.*-----*Pauci dignoscere possunt**Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa.*---- JUV.

IT is a common observation, that though happiness is every man's aim, and though it is generally pursued by a gratification of the predominant passion, yet few have acuteness enough to discover the points which would effectually procure the long-sought end. One cannot but wonder that such intense application as most of us bestow on the cultivation of our favorite desires, should yet leave us ignorant of the most essential objects of our study. For my part, I was so early convinced of the truth of what I have asserted, that instead of searching for

for what would contribute most to my own happiness, I have spent great part of my life in the study of what may extend the enjoyment of others. That knowledge I flatter myself I have discovered, and shall now disclose to the world. I beg to be attended to: I beg mankind will believe that I know better than any of them what will ascertain the felicity of their lives. I am not going to impart so great (though so often revealed) a secret, as that it is religion or virtue: Few would believe me; fewer would try the recipe. In spite of the philosophy of the age, in spite of the gravity of my character, and of the decency which I hope I have hitherto most sanctimoniously observed, I must avow my persuasion, that the sensual pleasure of LOVE is the great cordial of life, and the only specific for removing the anxieties of our own passions, or for supporting the injuries and iniquities which we suffer from those of other men.

“ Well! (shall I be told) and is this your
 “ admirable discovery? Is this the ARCANUM
 “ that has escaped the penetration of all inqui-
 “ rers in all ages? What other doctrine has
 “ been

“ been taught by the most sensible philosophers ?
 “ Was not this the text of the sermons of EPI-
 “ CURUS ? Was not this the theory, and prac-
 “ tice too, of the experienced ALCIBIADES ?
 “ What other were the tenets of the sage lord
 “ ROCHESTER, or of the missionary *Saint-*
 “ EVREMONT ? ”-----It is very true ; and a
 thousand other founders of sects, nay of reli-
 gious orders, have taught-----or at least prac-
 tised, the same doctrines. But I pretend to in-
 troduce such refinements into the system of
 sensuality, as shall vindicate the discovery to
 myself, and throw at a distance the minute
 philosophers, who (if they were my forerunners)
 only served to lead the world astray.

Hear then in one word the mysterious pre-
 cept ! “ *Young women are not* the proper ob-
 “ ject of sensual love : It is the MATRON, the
 “ HOARY FAIR who can give, communicate,
 “ insure happiness.” I might enumerate a thou-
 sand reasons to enforce my doctrine, as the
 fickleness of youth, the caprices of beauty and
 it's transient state, the jealousy from rivals, the
 distraction from having children, the important
 avocations

avocations of dress, and the infinite occupations of a pretty woman, which endanger or divide her sentiments from being always fixed on the faithful lover; and none of which combat the affections of the grateful, tender, attentive MATRON. But as one example is worth a thousand reasons, I shall recommend my plan by pointing out the extreme happiness which has attended such discreet heroes as are commemorated in the annals of love for having offered up their hearts at ancient shrines; and I shall clearly demonstrate by precedents, that several ladies *in the bloom of their wrinkles* have inspired more lasting and more fervent passions, than the greatest beauties who had scarce lost sight of their teens. The fair young creatures of the present hour will forgive a preference which is the result of deep meditation, great reading, and strict impartiality, when they reflect, that they can scarce contrive to be young above a dozen years, and may be old for fifty or sixty; and they may believe me, that after forty they will value one lover more, than they do twenty now; a sensation of happiness, which they will find increase as they advance

in years. I cannot but observe with pleasure that * the legislature itself seems to coincide with my way of thinking, and has very prudently enacted that young ladies shall not enter so early into the bonds of love, when they are incapable of reflection, and of all the serious duties which belong to an union of hearts. A sentiment, which indeed our laws seem always to have had in view ; for unless there was implanted in our natures a strong temptation towards the love of ELDERLY women, why should the very first prohibition in the table of consanguinity forbid a man to marry his GRAND-MOTHER ?

The first heroine we read of, whose charms were proof against the injuries of time, was the accomplished SARAH : I think the most moderate computations make her to be ninety when that wanton monarch ABIMELECH would have undermined her virtue. But as doubtless the observance of that virtue had been the great

* *This alludes to the marriage-aet passed at the conclusion of the preceding session.*

foundation of the continuance of her beauty, and as the rigidness of it rather exempts her from, than exposes her as an object of my doctrine, I shall say no more of that lady: Especially, as her being obliged to wear a sack to hide a big-belly at a very unseasonable age, clashes with one of my standing arguments for the love of ELDERLY WOMEN.

HELEN, the beautiful HELEN, if there is any trusting to classic parish-registers, was fourscore when PARIS stole her; and though the war lasted ten years after that on her account, monsieur HOMER, who wrote their romance, does not give any hint of the gallant young prince having shewed the least decay of passion or symptom of inconstancy: A fidelity, which in all probability was at least as much owing to the experience of the dame, and to her knowledge in the refinements of pleasure, as to her bright eyes, unfaded complexion, or the everlasting lillies and roses of her cheeks.

I am not clear that length of years, especially in heroic minds, does not increase rather than abate the sentimental flame. The great

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ELIZA-

ELIZABETH, whose passion for the unfortunate earl of ESSEX is justly a favorite topic with all who delight in romantic history, was full sixty-eight when she condemned her lover to death for slighting her endearments. And, if I might instance in our own sex, the charming, the meritorious ANTONY was not far from seventy before he had so much taste as to sacrifice the meaner passion of ambition, nay the world itself, to love.

BUT it is in France, that kingdom so exquisitely judicious in the affairs of love, from whence we may copy the arts of happiness, as well as their other discoveries in pleasure. The monarchs of that nation have more than once taught the world by their example, that a fine woman, though past her grand climacteric, may be but just touching the meridian of her charms. HENRY the Second, and LOUIS the Fourteenth will be for ever memorable for the passions they so long felt for the duchess of VALENTINOIS, and madame de MAINTENON. The former, in the heat of youth and prospect of empire, became a slave to the respectable attractions of DIANA DE POITIERS,
many

many years after his * injudicious father had quitted the possession of her on the silly apprehension that she was growing old: And to the last moment of his life and reign, HENRY was a constant, jealous adorer of her still ripening charms. When the age was over-run with astrology, superstition, bigotry and notions of necromancy, king HENRY still idolized a woman, who had not only married her † granddaughter, then a celebrated beauty, but who, if any other prince had reigned, was ancient enough to have come within the description of forcery: So little do the vulgar distinguish between the ideas of an old witch and a fine woman. The passion of the other monarch was no less remarkable. That hero, who had gained so many battles by proxy, had presided in person at so many tournaments, had raised such water-works, and shed such streams of

* *Francis the First: It is said that the Father of Diana de Poitiers being condemned to death, his daughter obtained not only his pardon, but the affection, of that prince. However, he quitted her for the Duchesse d'Estampes.*

† *Mademoiselle de la Mark.*

heretic blood, and, which was still more glorious, had enjoyed so many of the finest women in Europe, was at last captivated by an old governante, and sighed away whole years at the feet of his venerable mistress as she worked at her tent with spectacles. If LOUIS LE GRAND was not a judge of pleasure, who can pretend to be? If he was, in favour of what age did he give the golden apple?

I shall close my catalogue of ancient mistresses with the renowned NINON L'ENCLOS, a lady whose life alone is sufficient to inculcate my doctrine in its utmost force. I shall say nothing of her numerous conquests for the first half of her life: She had wit, youth and beauty, three ingredients which will always attract silly admirers. It was not till her fifty sixth year that her superior merit distinguished itself; and from that to her ninetieth she went on improving in the real arts and charms of love. How unfortunate am I, that she did not live a few years longer, that I might have had the opportunity of wearing her chains! ----- It was in her fifty sixth year that the chevalier de VILLIERS, a natural son whom she had had by the comte de

de GERZÉ, arrived at Paris from the provinces, where he had been educated without any knowledge of his real parents. He saw his mother; he fell in love with her. The increase, the vehemence of his passion gave the greatest disquiets to the affectionate matron. At last, when nothing but a discovery of the truth could put a stop, as she thought, to the impetuosity of his attempts, she carried him into her bed-chamber-----Here my readers will easily conceive the transports of a young lover, just on the brink of happiness with a charming mistress of near threescore! As the adventurous youth would have pushed his enterprizes, she checked him, and pointing to a clock, said, “Rash
 “boy, look there! at that hour, two and
 “twenty years ago, I was delivered of You
 “in this very bed!” It is a certain fact, that the unfortunate, abashed young man flew into the garden and fell upon his sword. This catastrophe had like to have deprived the age of the most accomplished mistress that ever adorned the Cytherean annals. It was above twenty years before the afflicted mother would listen to any addresses of a tender nature. At length
 the

the polite Abbè de GEDOYN pressed and obtained an assignation. He came and found the enchanting NINON lying on a couch, like the grandmother of the Loves, in the most gallant dishabille; and what was still more delightful, disposed to indulge his utmost wishes. After the most charming endearments, he asked her---- but with the greatest respect, Why she had so long deferred the completion of his happiness? “Why,” replied she, “I must confess it proceeded from a remain of vanity: I did pique myself upon having a lover at past FOUR-SCORE, and it was but yesterday that I was EIGHTY compleat.”

The

The W O R L D.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. CIII. *Thursday, December 19, 1754.*

I AM never better pleased than when I can vindicate the honour of my native country : At the same time, I would not endeavour to defend it preposterously, nor to contradict the eyes, the senses of mankind, out of stark good patriotism. The fluctuating condition of the things of this world necessarily produces a change in manners and morals, as well as in the face of countries and cities. Climates cannot operate so powerfully on constitutions, as to preserve the same character perpetually to the same nations. I do not doubt but in some age of the world the Bœotians will be a very lively whimsical people, and famous for their repartees ; and that our neighbour islanders will be remarkable

able for the truth of their ideas, and for the precision with which they will deliver their conceptions. Some men are so bigotted to antiquated notions, that if they were, even in this age, to write a panegyric on old England, they would cram their composition with encomiums on our good-nature, our bravery, and our hospitality. This indeed might be a panegyric on OLD England, but would have very little resemblance to the modern characteristics of the nation. Our good nature was necessarily sowered by the spirit of party; our courage has been a little cramped by the act of parliament that restrained prize-fighting; and hospitality is totally impracticable, since a much more laudable custom has been introduced, and prevailed universally, of paying the servants of other people much more than their master's dinner cost. Yet we shall always have virtues sufficient to countenance very exalted panegyrics: And if some of our more heroic qualities are grown obsolete, others of a gentler cast, and better calculated for the happiness of society, have grown up and diffused themselves in their room. While we were rough and bold, we
could

could not be polite: While we feasted half a dozen wapentakes with sirloins of beef, and sheep roasted whole, we could not attend to the mechanism of a plate, no bigger than a crown-piece, *loaded* with the legs of canary birds, dressed *à la Pompadour*.

Let nobody start at my calling this a polite nation. It shall be the business of this paper to prove that we are the most polite nation in Europe; and that France must yield to us in the extreme delicacy of our refinements. I might urge, as a glaring instance in which that nation has forfeited her title to politeness, the impertinent spirit of their parliaments, which though couched in very civilly-worded remonstrances, is certainly at bottom very ill-bred. They have contradicted their monarch, and crossed his clergy in a manner not to be defended by a people who pique themselves upon complaisance and attentions-----But I abominate politics; and when I am writing in defence of politeness, shall certainly not blend so coarse a subject with so civil a theme.

It is not virtue that constitutes the politeness of a nation, but the art of reducing vice to a system that does not shock society. "POLITENESS" (as I understand the word) "is an universal desire of pleasing others (that are not too much below one) in trifles, for a little time; and of making one's intercourse with them agreeable to both parties, by civility without ceremony, by ease without brutality, by complaisance without flattery, by acquiescence without sincerity." A clergyman who puts his patron into a sweat by driving him round the room, till he has found the coolest place for him, is not polite. When Bubbamira changes her handkerchief before you, and wipes her neck, rather than leave you alone while she should perform the refreshing office in next room; I should think she is not polite. When Boncœur shivers on your dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raise reluctant plantations, and yet professes that only some of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry season; he is not polite; he is more; he is kind. When
Sophia

Sophia is really pleased with the stench of a kennel, because her husband likes that she should go and look at a favorite litter; she must not pretend to politeness; she is only a good wife. If this definition, and these instances are allowed me, it will be difficult to maintain that the nations who have had the most extensive renown for politeness, had any pretensions to it. The Greeks called all the rest of the world barbarians: The Romans went still farther, and treated them as such. Alexander, the best-bred hero among the former, I must own, was polite, and showed great ATTENTIONS for Darius's family; but I question, if he had not extended his ATTENTIONS a little farther to the princess Statira, whether he could be pronounced quite well-bred. For the Romans; so far from having had any notion of treating foreigners with regard, there is not one classic author that mentions a single ball or masquerade given to any stranger of distinction. Nay, it was a common practice with them to tie kings, queens, and women of the first fashion of other countries in couples, like hounds, and drag them along their *via Piccadillia* in triumph, for the entertainment

tainment of their shopkeepers and prentices. A practice that we should look upon with horror ! What would *The Examiner* have said, if the duke of Marlborough had hauled marshal Tallard to St. Paul's or the Royal Exchange behind his chariot ? How deservedly would the French have called us SAVAGES, if we had made marshal Belleisle pace along the kennel in Fleetstreet, or up Holbourn, while some of our ministers or generals called it an OVATION ?

The French, who attempt to succeed the Romans in empire, and who affect to have succeeded them in politeness, have adopted the same way of thinking, though so contrary to true good-breeding. They have no idea that an Englishman or a German ever sees a suit of cloaths till he arrives at Paris. They wonder, if you talk of a coach at Vienna, or of a soupe at London ; and are so confident of having monopolized all the arts of civilized life, that with the greatest complaisance in the world, they affirm to you, That they suppose your dukes and duchesses live in caves, with only the property of wider forests than ordinary, and
that

that *les mi lords Anglois*, with a great deal of money, live upon raw flesh, and ride races without breeches or saddles. At their houses, they receive you with wonder that shocks you, or with indifference that mortifies you; and if they put themselves to the torture of conversing with you, after you have taken infinite pains to acquire their language, it is merely to inform you, that you neither know how to dress like a sensible man, nor to eat, drink, game, or divert yourself like a christian. How different are our ATTENTIONS to foreigners! how open our houses to their nobility, our purses to their tradesmen! But without drawing antitheses between our politeness and their ill-breeding, I shall produce an instance in which we have pushed our refinements *on the duties of society*, beyond what the most civilized nations ever imagined. We are not only well-bred in common intercourse, but our very crimes are transacted with such a softness of manners, that though they may *injure*, they are sure never to *affront* our neighbour. The instance I mean, is the extreme good-breeding which has been introduced into the science of robbery, which

(considering

(considering how very frequent it is become) would really grow a nuisance to society, if the professors of it had not taken all imaginable precautions to make it as civil a commerce, as gaming, conveyancing, toad-eating, pimping, or any of the money-inveigling arts, which had already got an established footing in the world. A highwayman would be reckoned a BRUTE, a MONSTER, if he had not all manner of attention not to frighten the ladies; and none of the great Mr. Nash's laws are more sacred, than that of restoring any favorite bawble to which a robbed lady has a particular partiality. Now turn your eyes to France. No people upon earth have less of the *scavoir vivre* than their banditti. No Tartar has less *douceur* in his manner than a French highwayman. They take your money without making you a bow, and your life without making you an apology. This obliges their government to keep up a numerous guët, a severe police, racks, gibbets, and twenty troublesome things, which might all be avoided, if they would only reckon and breed up their thieves to be *good company*. I know that some of our latest imported young gentlemen

gentlemen affirm that the sieur Mandrin *, the terror of the eastern provinces, learned to dance of Marseille himself, and has frequently supped with the incomparable † Jelliot. But till I hear whether *he dies like a gentleman*, I shall forbear to rank him with the *petit maitres* of our own Tyburn. How extreme is the politesse of the latter! Mrs. ‡ Chenevix has not more insinuation when she sells a snuff-box of *papier machè*, or a bergamot toothpick-case, than a highwayman when he begs to know if you have no rings nor bank-bills.

An ¶ acquaintance of mine was robbed a few years ago, and very near shot through the head by the going off of the pistol of the accomplished Mr. Mc-LEAN; yet the whole affair was conducted with the greatest good-breeding on both sides. The robber, who had only taken a purse *this way*, because he had that morning been disappointed of marrying a great fortune, no sooner returned to his lodgings,

* *A famous French smuggler.*

† *A singer in the opera at Paris.*

‡ *A fashionable toy-woman.*

¶ *The Author himself.*

than

than he sent the gentleman two letters of excuses, which, with less wit than the epistles of Voiture, had ten times more natural and easy politeness in the turn of their expression. In the postscript, he appointed a meeting at Tyburn at twelve at night, where the gentleman might *purchase again* any trifles he had lost; and my friend has been blamed for not accepting the rendezvous, as it seemed liable to be construed by ill-natured people into a doubt of the *honour* of a man, who had given him all the satisfaction in his power, for having *unluckily* been near shooting him through the head.

The Lacedæmonians were the only people, except the English, who seem to have put robbery on a right foot; and I have wondered how a nation that had delicacy enough to understand robbing on the highway, should at the same time have been so barbarous, as to esteem poverty, blackbroth, and virtue! WE had no highwaymen, that were men of fashion, till we had exploded plumb-porridge.

But of all the gentlemen of the road, who have *conformed* to the manners of the GREAT
WORLD,

WORLD, none seem to me to have carried TRUE POLITENESS so far as a late adventurer whom I beg leave to introduce to my readers under the name of the VISITING HIGHWAYMAN. This refined person made it a rule to rob none but *people he visited*; and whenever he designed an impromptu of that kind, dressed himself in a rich suit, went to the * lady's house, asked for her, and not finding her at home, *left his name* with her porter, after inquiring which way she was gone. He then followed, or met her, on her return home; *proposed* his demands, which were generally for some favourite ring or snuff-box that he had seen her wear, and which he had a mind to wear for her sake; and then letting her know that he had been *to wait on her*, took his leave with a cool bow, and without scampering away, as *other* men of fashion do from a visit with really the appearance of having stolen something.

As I do not doubt but such of my fair readers; as propose *being at home* this winter, will be impatient to send this charming smugler (Charles Fleming by name) a card for their assemblies, I am sorry to tell them that he was hanged last week.

* *This happened to a lady at Thistleworth.*

T

The

The W O R L D.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. CLX. *Thursday, January 22, 1756.*

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

I Think, Sir, more than three years are past, since you began to bestow your labours on the reformation of the follies of the age. You have more than once hinted at the great success that has attended your endeavours; but surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you deceive yourself. Which of your papers has effectuated any real amendment? Have fewer fools gone to, or returned from France, since you commenced author? Or have fewer French follies been purchased or propagated by those who never were in France? Do not women, dressed French, still issue from houses dressed Chinese, to theatres dressed Italian,

lian, in spite of your grave admonitions? Do the young men wear less claret, or the beauties less *rouge*, in obedience to your lectures? Do men of fashion, who used to fling for a thousand pounds a throw, now cast only for five hundred? Or if they should, do you impute it to Your credit with Them, or to Their want of credit? I do not mean, Sir, to depreciate the merit of your lucubrations: In point of effect, I believe they have operated as great reformation as the discourses of the divine Socrates, or the sermons of the affecting Tillotson. I really believe you would have corrected that young Athenian marquis, Alcibiades, as soon as his philosophic preceptor. What I would urge is, that all the preachers in the world, whether jocose, satiric, severe, or damnatory, will never be able to bring about a reformation of manners, by the mere charms of their eloquence or exhortation. You cannot imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, how much edge it would give to your wit to be backed by a little temporal authority. We may in vain regret the simplicity of manners of our ancestors, while there are no sumptuary laws to restrain luxury, no

ecclesiastic censures to castigate vice. I shall offer to your readers an instance or two, to elucidate the monstrous disproportion between our riches and extravagance, and the frugality of former times; and then produce some of the wholesome censures and penalties, which the elders of the church were empowered to impose on persons of the first rank, who contravened the established rules of sobriety and decorum.

How would our progenitors have been astonished at reading the very first article in the late will of a * Grocer! “Imprimis, I give to my dear wife, *one hundred thousand pounds.*” A sum exceeding a benevolence, or two subsidies, some ages ago. Nor was this enormous legacy half the personal estate of the above-mentioned tradesman, on whom I am far from designing to reflect: He raised his fortune honestly and industriously: But I hope some future antiquarian, struck with the prodigality of the times, will compute how much sugar and plumbs must have been wasted weekly in one considerable parish in London, or even in one or two streets of that parish, before a single shop-

* *One Crafteyn.*

keeper

keeper could have raised four hundred thousand pounds by retailing those and such like commodities. Now let us turn our eyes back to the year 1385, and we shall find no less a person than the incomparable and virtuous lady Joan, princess dowager of Wales, by her last will and testament bequeathing the following simple moveables; and we may well believe they were the most valuable of her possessions, as she divided them between her son the king, and her other children. To her son, king Richard, she gave her new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves proceeding from their mouths. Also to her son Thomas, earl of Kent, her bed of red camak, paled with red, and rays of gold; and to John Holland, her other son, one bed of red camak. These particulars are faithfully copied from Dugdale*, an instance of simplicity and moderation in so great and illustrious a princess, which I fear I should in vain recommend to my cotemporaries, and which is only likely to be imitated,

* *vol. 2. p. 94.*

as all her other virtues are, by the true representative of her fortune and excellence*.

I come now, Sir, to those proper checks upon licentiousness, which, though calculated to serve the views of a popish clergy, were undoubtedly great restraints upon immorality and indecency; and we may lament that such sober institutions were abolished with the real abuses of popery. Our ecclesiastic superiors had power to lay such fines and mulcts upon wantonness, as might raise a revenue to the church and poor, and at the same time leave the lordly transgressors at liberty to enjoy their darling foibles, if they would but pay for them. Adultery, fornication, drunkenness, and the other amusements of people of fashion, it would have been in vain to subject to corporal punishments. To ridicule those vices, and laugh them out of date by Tatlers, Spectators and Worlds, was not the talent of monks and confessors, who at best only knew how to wrap up very coarse terms in very bald latin, and jingling verses. The

* *The present Princess Dowager of Wales.*

clergy steered a third course, and assumed a province, which I could wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, was a little connected with your censorial authority. If you had power to oblige your fair readers and offenders to do penance in clean linen, for almost wearing no linen at all, I believe it would be an excellent supplement to your paper of May the 24, 1753. The wisest exercise that I meet recorded of this power of inflicting penance, is mentioned by the same grave author, from whom I copied the will above-mentioned: It happened in the year 1360, in the case of a very exalted personage, and shews how little the highest birth could exempt from the severe inspection of those judges of manners. The lady Elizabeth, daughter of the marquis of Juliers, and widow of John Plantaginet earl of Kent, uncle of the princess Joan before-mentioned, having on the death of the earl her husband retired to the monastery of Waverly, did (I suppose immediately) make a vow of chastity, and was solemnly veiled a nun there by William de Edendon, bishop of Winchester. Somehow or other it happened, that about eight years afterwards, sister Elizabeth

both of Waverly became enamoured of a goodly knight, called Sir Eustace Dawbridgcourt, smitten (as tradition says she affirmed) by his extreme resemblance to her late lord; though as other creditable writers affirm, he was considerably younger: And notwithstanding her vows of continence, which could not bind her conscience, and, in spite of her confinement, which was not strong enough to detain a lady of her great quality, she was clandestinely married to her paramour, in a certain chapel of the mansion-house of Robert de Brome, a canon of the collegiate church of Wyngnam, without any licence from the archbishop of Canterbury, by one Sir John Ireland, a priest, before the sunrising, upon Michaelmas-day, in the thirty-fourth of Edward the Third.

Notwithstanding the great scandal such an indecorum must have given, it is evident from the subservience of two priests to her desires, that her rank of princess of the blood set her above all apprehension of punishment for the breach of her monastic vows; yet it is as evident from the sequel of the story, that her dig-
nity

nity could not exempt her from such proper censures and penalties, as might deter others from commission of the like offences; as might daily and frequently expose the lady herself to blushes for her miscarriage; and as might draw comfort to the poor, from taxing the inordinate gratification of the appetites of their superiors: A sort of comfort, which, to do them justice, the poor are apt to take as kindly, as the relief of their own wants.

My author says *, that the lady dowager and her young husband being personally convented before the archbishop of Canterbury for the said transgression, at his manor house of Haghfeld, upon the seventh ides of April, the archbishop for their penance enjoined them to find a priest to celebrate divine service daily for Them, the said Sir Eustace and Elizabeth, and for Him, the archbishop; besides a large quantity of penitential psalms, paternosters and aves, which were to be daily repeated by the priests and the transgressors. His grace moreover ordered the lady Elizabeth, whom for some reasons best

* *vol. 2. p. 95.*

known to himself I suppose he regarded as the seducer, to go once a year on foot in pilgrimage to the tomb of that glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury; and once every week during her life to fast on bread and drink, and a mess of pottage, wearing no smock, especially in the absence of her husband; a penance that must appear whimsical to us, and not a little partial to Sir Eustace, whom the archbishop seems in more respects than one to have considered rather as disobedient to the canons, than guilty of much voluptuousness by his wedlock. But the most remarkable articles of the penance were the two following. The archbishop appointed the said sir Eustace and the lady Elizabeth, that the next day after any repetition of their transgression had passed between them, they should competently relieve six poor people, and both of them that day to abstain from some dish of flesh or fish, whereof they did most desire to eat.

Such was the simplicity of our ancestors. Such were the wholesome severities to which the greatest dames and most licentious young lords were subject in those well-meaning times.

But

But though I approve the morality of such corrections, and perhaps think that a degree of such power might be safely lodged in the hands of our great and good prelates; yet I am not so bigotted to antiquity as to approve either the articles of the penance, or to think that they could be reconciled to the difference of modern times and customs. Paternosters and aves might be supplied by prayers and litanies of a more protestant complexion. Instead of a pilgrimage on foot to Canterbury, if an inordinate matron were compelled to walk to Ranelagh, I believe the penance might be severe enough for the delicacy of modern constitutions. For the article of leaving off a shift, considering that the upper half is already laid aside, perhaps to oblige a lady-offender to wear a whole shift, might be thought a sufficient punishment; for wise legislators will allow a latitude of interpretation to their laws, to be varied according to the fluctuating condition of times and seasons. What most offends me, as by no means proper for modern imitation, is the article that prescribes charity to the poor, and a restriction from eating of a favourite dish, after the performance of

certain mysteries. If the right reverend father was determined to make the lady Elizabeth ashamed of her incontinence, in truth he lighted upon a very adequate expedient, though not a very wise one; for as devotion and charity are observed to increase with increase of years, the bishop's injunction tended to nothing but to lessen the benefactions of the offenders as they grew older, by the conditions to which he limited their largesse.

One can scarce reflect without a smile on the troops of beggars waiting every morning at sir Eustace's gate, till he and his lady arose, to know whether their wants were to be relieved. One must not word, but one cannot help imagining, the style of a modern footman, when ordered at breakfast by his master and lady to go and send away the beggars, for they were to have nothing that morning. One might even suppose the good lady pouting a little, as she gave him the message. But were such a penance really enjoined now, what a fund of humour and wit would it open to people of fashion, invited to dine with two illustrious penitents under this circumstance! As *their* wit is never indelicate; as
the

the subject is inexhaustible ; and as the ideas on such an occasion must be a little corporeal, what *bons mots*, wrapped up indeed, but still intelligible enough, would attend the arrival of every new French dish, which sir Eustace or my lady would be concluded to like, and would decline to taste !-----But I fear I have transgressed the bounds of a letter. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who sway the censorial rod with the greatest lenity, and who would blush to put your fair penitents to the blush, might be safely trusted with the powers I recommend. Human weaknesses, and human follies, are very different : Continue to attack the latter ; continue to pity the former. An ancient lady might resist wearing pink ; a matron who cannot resist the prowess of a sir Eustace Dawbridgcourt, is not a topic for satire, but compassion ; as you, who are the best natured writer of the age, will I am sure agree to think, with, Sir,

Your constant reader

and humble servant,

THOMAS HEARNE, JUN.

The

The W O R L D.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

* NUMB. CXCIV. *Thursday, Sept. 23, 1756.*

-----*Generosiùs*

*Perire quærens, nec muliebriter
Expavit ensem.*

HOR.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

TO a well-disposed mind there can be no greater satisfaction than the knowledge that one's labours for the good of the public have been crowned with success. This, Sir, is remarkably the case of your paper of Sept. the 9th, on Suicide; a fashionable rage, which I hope you will proceed to expose; and I do

* *This paper is a sequel to N^o 193, written by J. T. Esq;*

not

not doubt but you will be as famous for rooting out what, may I be allowed to call, *single combat*, or the humour of fighting with one's self, as your predecessor *The Tatler* was for exploding the ridiculous custom of duels. The pleasantry of your essay on the reigning mode of voluntary deaths has preserved to a little neighbourhood a very hospitable gentleman, to the poor a good friend, to a very deserving son and daughter a tender parent, and has saved the person himself from a very foolish exit. This character, Sir, which perhaps from a natural partiality I may have drawn a little too amiably, I take to be my own; and not to trouble you with the history of a man who has nothing remarkable belonging to him, I will only let you into what is so far necessary, as that I am a gentleman of about fifty, have a moderate estate in very good condition, have seen a great deal of the world, and without being weary of it, live chiefly in the country with children whom I love. You will be curious to know what could drive my thoughts to so desperate a resolution, when I tell you farther, that I hate gaming, have buried my wife, and have no one illness. But alas! Sir, I am
 extremely

extremely *well-born* : Pedigree is my distemper ; and having observed how much the mode of self-murder prevails among people of rank, I grew to think that there was no *living* without *killing* one's self. I reflected how many of my great ancestors had fallen in battle, by the axe, or in duels, according as the turn of the several ages in which they lived, disposed of the nobility ; and I thought the descendant of so many heroes must contrive to perish by means as violent and illustrious. What a disgrace, thought I, for the great grandson of Mowbrays, Veres and Beauchamps to die in a good old age of a fever ! I blushed whenever I cast my eyes on our genealogy in the little parlour-----I determined to shoot myself. It is true, no man ever had more reluctance to leave the world ; and when I went to clean my pistols, every drop of Mowbray blood in my veins ran as cold as ice. As my constitution is good and hearty, I thought it would be time enough to *die suddenly* twenty or thirty years hence ; but happening about a month ago to be near choaked by a fish bone, I was alarmed for the honour of my family, and have been ever since *preparing for death*. The
letter

letter to be left on my table (which indeed cost me some trouble to compose, as I had no reason to give for my *sudden resolution*) was written out fair, when I read your paper; and from that minute I have changed my mind; and though it should be ever so great a disgrace to my family, I am resolved to live as long and as happily as I can.

You will no doubt, good Sir, be encouraged from this example to pursue the reformation of this contagious crime. Even in the small district where I live, I am not the only instance of a propensity to such a catastrophe. The lord of the manor, whose fortune indeed is much superior to mine, though there is no comparison in the antiquity of our families, has had the very same thought. He is turned of sixty-seven, and is devoured by the stone and gout. In a dreadful fit of the former, as his physician was sitting by his bedside, on a sudden his lordship ceased roaring, and commanded his relations and chaplain to withdraw, with a composure unusual to him even in his best health; and putting on the greatest appearance of philosophy,

phy, or what, if the chaplain had said, would have been called resignation, he commanded the doctor to tell him, if his case was really desperate. The physician, with a slow profusion of latinized evasions, endeavoured to elude the question, and to give him some glimmerings of hope, “ That there might be a chance that the
 “ extremity of the pain would occasion a de-
 “ gree of fever, that might not be mortal in
 “ itself, but which, if things did not come to a
 “ crisis soon, might help to carry his lordship
 “ off.” ----- “ I understand you by G--d,” says his lordship, with great tranquility and a few more oaths; “ Yes, d----n you, you want to
 “ kill me with some of your confounded distem-
 “ pers; but I’ll tell you what, I only asked
 “ you, because if I can’t possibly live, I am de-
 “ termined to kill myself; for rot me! if it
 “ shall ever be said that a man of my quality
 “ died of a cursed natural death. There, tell
 “ Boman * to give you your fee, and bid him
 “ bring me my pistols.” However, the fit abated, and the neighbourhood is still waiting

* *The name of Lord Chalkstone’s gentleman in Lethe.*

with great impatience to be *surprized* with an account of his lordship's having shot himself.

However, Mr. Fitz-Adam, extensive as the service is which you may render to the community by abolishing this heathenish practice, I think in some respects it is to be treated with tenderness; in one case always to be tolerated. National courage is certainly not at high-water mark: What if the notion of the dignity of self-murder should be indulged till the end of the war? A man who has resolution enough to kill himself, will certainly never dread being killed by any body else. It is the privilege of a *free-dying Englishman*, to chuse his death: If any of our high-spirited notions are cramped, it may leaven our whole fund of valour; and while we are likely to have occasion for all we can exert, I should humbly be of opinion, that you permitted self-murder till the peace, upon this condition, that it should be dishonourable for any man to kill himself, till he had found that no Frenchman was brave enough to perform that service for him.

Indeed the very celebration of this mystery has been transacted hitherto in a manner somewhat mean, and unworthy people of fashion. No tradesman could hang himself more feloniously than our very nobles do. There is none of that open defiance of the laws of their country, none of that contempt for what the world may think of them, which they so properly wear on other occasions. They steal out of the world from their own closets, or before their servants are up in a morning. They leave a miserable apology behind them, instead of sitting up all night drinking, till the morning comes for dispatching themselves: Unlike their great originals, the Romans, who had reduced self-murder to a system of good-breeding, and used to *send cards* to their acquaintance to notify their intention. Part of the duty of the week in Rome * was to *leave one's name* at the doors of such as were starving themselves. Particular friends were *let in*; and if very intimate, it was even expected that they should use some common-place phrases of dissuasion. I can conceive no foundation for our shabby way of bolting into t'other world, but that obsolete law which

* *Vide Pliny's epistles.*

inflicts

inflicts a cross-road and a stake on self-executioners: A most absurd statute; nor can I imagine any penalty that would be effectual, unless one could condemn a man who had killed himself, to be brought to life again. Somewhere indeed I have read of a successful law for restraining this crime. In some of the Grecian states the women of fashion incurred the anger of Venus-----I quite forget upon what occasion; perhaps for little or none: Goddesses in those days were scarce less whimsical than their fair votaries-----Whatever the cause was, she inspired them with a fury of self-murder. The legislature of the country, it seems, thought the resentment of the deity a little arbitrary; and to put a stop to the practice, devised an expedient, which one should have thought would have been very inadequate to the evil. They ordered the beautiful bodies of the lovely delinquents to be hung up naked by one foot in the public squares. How the fair offenders came to think this attitude unbecoming, or why they imagined any position that discovered all their charms, could be so, is not mentioned by historians; nor, at this distance of time, is it possible

sible for us moderns to guess: Certain it is, that the penalty put a stop to the barbarous custom.

But what shall one say to those countries, which not only allow this crime, but encourage it even in that part of the species, whose softness demands all protection, and seems most abhorrent from every thing sanguinary and fierce? We know there are nations, where the magistrate gravely gives permission to the ladies to accompany their husbands into the other world, and where it is reckoned the greatest profligacy for a widow not to demand leave to burn herself alive. Were this fashion once to *take* here, I tremble to think what havock it would occasion. Between the natural propensity to suicide, and the violence of conjugal engagements, one should not see such a thing as a lozenge, or a widow. Adieu, jointures! adieu, those soft resources of the brave and necessitous! What unfortunate relict but would prefer being buried alive to the odious embraces of a second passion? Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you must keep a strict eye on our fair country-women. I know one or two, who already wear pocket pistols; which, considering

considering the tenderness of their natures, can only be intended against their own persons. And this article leads me naturally to the only case, in which, as I hinted above, I think self-murder always to be allowed. The most admired death in history is that of the incomparable Lucretia, the pattern of her sex, and the eventual foundress of Roman liberty. As there never has been a lady since that time, in her circumstances, but what has imitated her example, I think, Sir, I may pronounce the case immutably to be excepted: And when Mr. Fitz-Adam, with that success and glory which always has and must attend his labours, has decried the savage practice in vogue, I am persuaded he will declare that she is not only excusable, but that it is impossible any woman should live after having been ravished.

I am, SIR,

Your truly obliged

humble servant,

and admirer,

H. M.

A

W O R L D

EXTRAORDINARY.

* The following paper having been transmitted to Mr. FITZ-ADAM's bookseller on the very day of that gentleman's misfortune, he takes the liberty to offer it to the public just as it came to his hand.

TO Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS the contagion of politics has been so prevalent of late, that it has even (I won't say, infected, but at least) infused itself into the † papers of the impartial Mr. Fitz-Adam, per-

* *It was published after The World had ceased, on the supposed death of the imaginary author.*

† *This alludes to N^o 207, which under borrowed characters described a revolution in the Ministry, very favourably to the D. of N. and not at all so to Mr. F. and Mr. P.*

haps

haps I may not make him an unacceptable present in the following piece, which will humour the bent of his disorder (for I must consider political writings as a distemper) and at the same time will cool, not increase, any sharpness in his blood.

Though the author of this little essay is retired from the busier scenes of life, he has not buried himself in such indifference to his country, as to despise, or not attend to, what is passing even in those scenes he has quitted; and having withdrawn from inclination, not from disgust, he preserves the same attachments that he formerly made, though contracted even then from esteem, not from interest. He sees with a feeling concern the distresses and distractions of his country; he foresees with anxiety the consequences of both. He laments the discord that divides those * men of superior genius, whose union, with all their abilities, were perhaps inadequate to the crisis of our affairs. He does not presume to discuss the grounds of their dissentions, which he wishes themselves to overlook; and he would be one of the last men in

* *Mr. F. and Mr. P.*

Y

England

England to foment division, where his interest as a Briton, and his private inclinations as a man, bid him hope for coalition. Yet he would not be a man, he might be a stoic, if even these inclinations were equally balanced: His admiration may be suspended, his heart will be partial. From these sensations he has been naturally led to lament and condemn the late torrent of personalities: He sees with grief the greatest characters treated with the greatest licentiousness: His friendship has been touched at finding one of the most respectable aspersed in the most injurious manner. He holds That person's fame as much superior to reproach, as he thinks himself inferior to That person's defence; and yet he cannot help giving his testimony to the reputation of a man, with whose friendship he has long been honoured. This ambition, Sir, has occasioned my troubling you with the following portrait, written eight years ago; designed then as private incense to an honoured name; and ever since preserved by the author only, and in the fair hands to which it was originally addressed. I will detain you no longer than to say, that if this little piece should

be accused of flattery, let it be remembered, that it was written when the subject of it was no minister of state, and that it is published now (and should not else have been published) when he is no minister at all.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

H. M.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady CAROLINE FOX.

MADAM,

I Have been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends, and think I have in some degree succeeded; but as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myself, I choose to submit to your ladyship's judgment, whose prepossession for the person represented is likely to balance what fondness I may have for my own performances. As I believe you love the person in question, as much as ever other people love themselves, the medium between the faults

you shall find, and the just resemblance that I see in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

The gentleman I am drawing is about * three and forty: As you see all the fondness and delicacy and attention of a lover in him, perhaps your ladyship may take him to be but three and twenty: But I, whose talent is not flattery, and who from his judgment and experience and authority, should at first set him down for three-score, upon the strictest enquiry can only allow him to be in the vigour of his age and understanding. His person decides rather on my side, for though he has all the ease and amiableness of youth, yet your ladyship must allow that it has a dignity, which youth might aim at in vain, and for which it will scarce ever be exchanged. If I were like common painters, I should give him a ruddy healthful complexion, and light up his countenance with insipid smiles and unmeaning benignity: But this would not be a faithful portrait: A florid bloom would no more give an idea of him, than his bended brow at first lets one into the vast humanity of his

* *This was written in the year 1748.*

temper;

temper ; or than an undistinguishing smile would supply the place of his manly curiosity and penetration. To paint him with a chearful open countenance would be a poor return of compliment for the flattery that his approbation bestows, which, by not being promised, doubly satisfies one's self-love. The merit of others is degrading to their friends ; the gentleman I mean makes his worth open upon you, by persuading you that he discovers some in you.

He has that true characteristic of a great man, that he is superior to others in his private, social, unbended hours. I am far from meaning by this superiority, that he exerts the force of his genius unnecessarily : On the contrary, you only perceive his preheminance in those moments by his being more agreeably goodnatured, and idle with more ease, than other people. He seems inquisitive, as if his only business were to learn ; and is unreserved, as if he were only to inform ; and is equally incapable of mystery in pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what he does.

In the house of commons he was for some time an ungraceful and unpopular speaker, the
abundance

abundance of his matter overflowing his elocution: But the force of his reasoning has prevailed both over his own defects and those of his audience. He speaks with a strength and perspicuity of argument that commands the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleased. But his vanity cannot satisfy itself on the terms it could satisfy others; nor would he thank any man for his approbation, unless he were conscious of deserving it. But he carries this delicacy still farther, and has been at the idle labour of making himself fame and honours by pursuing a regular and steady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height, and made those fear him, who now only love him-----if a party can love a man who they see is only connected with them by principles, not by prejudices.

In another light one may discover another littleness in his conduct: In the affairs of his office † he is as minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the same post; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it. He is as attentive to the sollicitation and interests of others in his province, as if he were

† *Secretary of war.*

making

making their fortune, not his own; and to the great detriment of the ministry, has turned one of the best fine cures under the government into one of the most laborious employments, at the same time imagining that the ease with which he executes it, will prevent a discovery of the innovation. He receives all officers who address to him with as little pride as if he were secure of innate nobility; yet this defect of illustrious birth is a blemish, which some of the greatest men have wanted to make them compleatly great: Tully had it; had the happiness and glory of raising himself from a private condition; but boasting of it, might as well have been noble: He degraded himself by usurping that prerogative of nobility, pride of what one can neither cause nor prevent.

I say nothing of his integrity, because I know nothing of it, but that it has never been breathed upon even by suspicion: It will be time enough to vindicate it, when it has been impeached. He is as well-bred as those who colour over timidity with gentleness of manners, and as bravely sincere as those who take, or would have brutality taken for honesty; but though his greatest freedom is
polite,

polite, his greatest condescension is dignified with spirit; and he can no more court his enemies, than relax in kindness to his friends. Yet though he has more spirit than almost any man living, it is never looked upon as flowing from his passions, by the intimate connection that it always preserves with his understanding. Yet his passions are very strong: He loves play, women more, and one woman more than all. The amiableness of his behaviour to her, is only equalled by hers to him-----But as your ladyship would not know a picture of this charming woman, when drawn with all her proper graceful virtues; and as that engaging ignorance might lead you even into an uncertainty about the portrait of the gentleman, I shall lay down my pencil, and am,

MADAM,

Your LADYSHIP'S

most obedient

humble servant,

VANDYKE.

The W O R L D*.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

*“ I cannot but think we should have more Learning,
“ if We had fewer books.”*

Preface to BAKER's Reflections.

THE lovers of Litterature, whose passion for books, is at least as great as it is laudable, lament the loss of the Alexandrian library, which is said to have contained seven hundred thousand volumes. Immeasurable as this loss was, time and industry have prodigiously repaired it; and if I might escape being thought an absolute Goth, I should humbly be of opinion, that the destruction of that library was rather a blessing than a detriment to the

** The two following papers were not published, the plan not having been completed.*

Z

Common-

Common-wealth of Letters. What may we suppose those so many thousand volumes contained? Were seven hundred thousand volumes all worth reading? If they were, who would have leisure to read them? If they were not, at least as many as were good for nothing, have happily met with a proper fate. These books, we may suppose, contained great treasures of Philosophy, Astronomy, Geography, History, Poetry, Oratory, Mathematics, &c. mighty entertaining novels, and a wonderful mass of knowledge relating to, and explanatory of, or perhaps more beautifully perplexing, the theory of Egyptian divinity and hieroglyphics. One can hardly believe, though it contained greater quantities of ancient science and eloquence than what have reached our days, that this library was replenished with authors of superior knowledge, or with greater discoveries, than we have received from our other venerable predecessors. And do we wish for more fabulous history, for more fantastic philosophy, for more imperfect astronomy, for more blundering geography, than we already possess under ancient names? I speak not in derogation of the Ancients; but as their discoveries

ries were very incomplete, and their traditions very inaccurate, why do we wish they were multiplied? When we reflect, that half our present knowledge has sprung from discovering the errors of what had formerly been called by that name, we may comfort ourselves that the investigation of Truth is at least as easy without so many false lights to misguide us, as if we knew how many more wrong conjectures had been made by our forefathers.

Not to mention how enormously this library would have procreated other libraries! What translations, commentaries, explanations, scholias, various readings, paraphrases-----nay, what controversies would have been engendered by almost every volume in this capacious repository! Aristotle alone, whose works, or at least such as are called his, are happily extant, was in so great repute about two centuries ago, that no less than twelve thousand authors are computed to have commented or written upon his works: And though the Alexandrian authors might none of them have founded such numerous sects, yet considering the veneration paid to whatever is

ancient, or to whatever is called Learning, there can be no doubt but the existence of that departed library would have multiplied books to a degree, which even the hardest students might have beheld with regret ; as few are masters of such strength of eyes and constitution, or of such extended lives as to be able to satiate their curiosity in such an ocean of literature, let in upon the already immense deluge of science. Some men indeed have been such giants in study, as to conquer Greece, Rome, Arabia, Persia, and even those impracticable strangers, the Cophti : Some are renowned for reading sixteen or eighteen hours a day ; and one great Hero of the republic of letters boasted that he had so entirely exhausted all knowledge, that he was now reduced to read the history of the Highwaymen. But few are there now, alas, of such vigour ! Few resemble the great Accursius, who boasted that he had corrected seven hundred errors in Claudian as he rode post through Germany.

To say the truth, we have not only enough of ancient books, but are far overstocked with both ancient and modern, considering either how little is read, or how impossible it is to read
all

all that has already been written. In the latter respect, modern authors are far more excusable than modern readers. The authors write for the present hour, because they are not sure that tomorrow they shall be read: But as to readers, who are continually demanding new books, I should humbly suggest, that all books, however long ago they were written, are to all intents and purposes, new books to such as never read them. People do not generally know what reservoirs of knowledge and pleasure are actually in being: There is no subject, on which there are not already extant books enough to employ all the idle hours of those idle people who are in daily want of something new: Perhaps it may not be exaggeration to say, that the only old books, are such as are published every day. The mere catalogue of the Bodleian library: composes four volumes in folio: The Vatican is still larger. The single Bangorian controversy, at one, two shillings, or half a crown a pamphlet, cost upwards of thirty pounds: But these pieces, with others of the like nature, have I believe long ago been gathered to their forefathers, the Alexandrians. The journals of the

the war between the most serene Princess Canning, and the Egyptian Sultana, Mary Squires; make no inconsiderable figure in modern libraries; and the important point of the restoration of Judaism added considerable recruits to the classes of history and polemic Divinity. One Ferri wrote eleven hundred sermons on the epistle to the Hebrews. Other laborious authors have been so puzzled to find out new subjects, or at least so determined to write new books, that they have composed catalogues of the different denominations of authors, or of such as have written under particular circumstances. Baillet not only published an account of *Anti's*, that is, of such books as were written against others, but he undertook a work, in which he proposed to give a description of such books as had been intended to be written. Naudè collected a list of authors who had disguised their names; and another of great men who had been accused of magic. Decker composed an account of anonymous writings: Pierius Valerianus gave one catalogue of unfortunate learned men, and another of physicians who were poets: Kortholt,

* *The latest work of this kind is the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* of

of bishops who had been poets; and Menage, of ecclesiastics who had written bawdy poems. Ancillon was still more curious, for he made a catalogue of learned men who had written nothing at all. Hottinger, another grave trifler, has two whole pages filled only with names of those who corresponded with him; and some years ago there was a French * Abbè who commenced author upon a very new stock; by writing an account of such authors as had presented him with their writings. The greatest wonder is, that none of these laborious compilers should have pretended to give a relation of such books as have long since perished, though their authors had, like Horace and Ovid, assured the world and themselves that their works would be immortal. But one need not go an hundred years back to give instances of the excessive increase of authors: The gazettes, novels, lives, dying speeches, magazines, dictionaries of our own days, are flagrant proofs of my assertion. Indeed if the rage of publication continues in the same propotion, I do not see but all the world must be books; and that it will become as necessary to burn a field of books, as a field of

* *Abbè de Marolles.*

furze

furze or stubble. The very means employed to lessen the abuse, is an increase of it: I mean, all sciences are so over written, that the very abridgments are an additional evil.

I can easily conceive that a Chinese or Indian, hereafter visiting Europe, may acquaint one of his correspondents, in the hyperbolic style of the East, “ That it is exceeding difficult to travel in these countries, by reason of
 “ vast waste tracts of land, which they call
 “ *libraries*, which being very little frequented,
 “ and lying uncultivated, occasion a stagnation
 “ of bad and unwholesome air; that nevertheless, the inhabitants, so far from destroying
 “ or rooting out what they so little either use
 “ or esteem, are continually extending these
 “ deserts; that even some of the natives who
 “ have waded farther than ordinary into these
 “ forests, are fond and proud of transplanting
 “ out of one part into another, and though they
 “ are sure that their own labours will be choaked
 “ up the next day by some of their neighbours,
 “ they go on in their idle toil, and flatter themselves with the hopes of immortality for having
 “ contributed

whether they are good or bad, are equally marks of a false vitiated taste. The former lamentations were agreeable to the pedantry of the last age, when provided a man did but write pure classic Latin, it mattered not how trifling and ridiculous were the topics. Scaliger and Cardan, two great potentates in the empire of learning, had a profound dispute whether Parrots were ugly creatures or not; and both used in great abundance those annoying weapons of abuse, which were so much in vogue with the litterati of that age: I may perhaps have occasion in another paper to give some account of the scurrilous wars which were formerly waged by the gravest professors in most of the universities and schools from Siena to Leyden. The fondness of the moderns for books, books, new books, puts me in mind of certain country gentlemen, neighbours of Balzac, who made him a visit, and after a thousand speeches, assured him that it was incredible how great a veneration they had for him and *Messieurs ses Livres*.

The

The W O R L D.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

IN my last paper, I hinted at some of the inconveniences attending the present inundation of books, and I have the satisfaction of hearing from all hands that a reformation of this abuse would be universally acceptable. Some of the greatest devourers of books, from whom I expected most opposition, have exhorted me to proceed in the scheme I have conceived of lessening the number, assuring me that they have laid in such a stock of science, as will enable them to furnish the world with complete bodies of all useful knowledge, in a far less compass than in what it lies at present. The illiterate part of my disciples protest that it is nothing but the prodigious number of books which deters them from setting about to study in earnest, and they offer me if I will reduce all literature to

a few plays, poems and novels, to make themselves perfect masters of all the knowledge that is requisite for gentlemen. I have long been sensible how great a discouragement the very sight of a large library must be to a young beginner. The universities recommend to me to abolish what is called *polite learning*: They observe, that the Jesuits, who among many pernicious arts, have sometimes been serviceable to the world, have already as far as in them lay, annihilated one Roman author, Lucan, by omitting him, when they illustrated all the other classics for the use of the Dauphin; but I believe the objection lay not against his poetry, but his principles, the freedom of which I am sure must be very agreeable to each good Lady *Alma Mater*. One of them, who formerly placed Mr. Lock's Essay on Human Understanding in her Index Expurgatorius, has very prudently recognized the merit of that treatise----- and I am persuaded, has such a veneration for the author, that She would highly condemn me if I was even to attempt destroying his Essay on Government, wherein he exposes the monkish doctrine of hereditary right.

Armed

Armed with all the above-mentioned authorities, I declare myself invested with a new dignity, namely, *Inquisitor of the World of Books*; and in imitation of other great potentates, who after establishing their dominion by force, have endeavoured to satisfy the world in the legality of their title by some, however far-fetched, descent, I declare myself issued in a right line from the two peculiar monarchs, who of all mankind could derive to me the best title to the province I have undertaken of pronouncing upon all books and sciences, and in consequence of that, of proceeding to burn and destroy such as I shall disapprove. The first of these princes, was the very patriarch of my genealogy, even Adam, who as Pinedo, a very competent judge, assures us, understood all sciences, but politics-----and his deficiency in this particular branch of human learning, was not to be ascribed to any imperfection in the universality of his genius, but merely because in his time, there were no princes, no ambassadors, no Ratisbon. The other prince from whom I have the honour of being descended, was Chi Hoang Ti, Emperor of China, a
 much

much injured name, of whom Pere du Halde in particular, forgetting the respect due to crowned heads, is so gross as to say that a certain ordinance of his, which I am going to mention, *rendit son nom & sa memoire execrable à la posterité.* The venerable decree which this impertinent Jesuit anathematizes, was----not, as one should think by his style, an order like Herod's for the murder of the innocents-----no, it was only a decree for burning all the books in China. But before I enter upon the discussion of this decree, I shall in few words re-capitulate the chief events of my ancestor's reign, which will vindicate his memory, and prove him to have been as well qualified to sway a scepter as any prince that ever sat on a throne. If unavoidable misfortunes have reduced *Us* to a less shining, less exalted rank, We flatter ourselves that the prudence and justice of our administration in the universal monarchy which We have assumed over *follies* and *books*, will show that We have not degenerated from our great predecessor.

CHI HOANG TI lived about two hundred and thirty seven years before Christ, and according
ing

ing to the genius of that age *committed* great conquests, and rounded his dominions, at the expence of his neighbours, with as much prudence as if he had studied politics in a French school. The only slip he seems to have made, was in listening to the project of a sea-captain, the Columbus of his time, who advised his Chinese Majesty to send out a colony to some of the islands of Japan, not indeed to discover new worlds, but on a more important scent, a remedy for long life; a nostrum treasured up in one of those little islands. The Emperor, my Great Grand-father, had, as it appears by other circumstances, a particular partiality for medicines, and readily gave ear to a scheme that was at once to prolong the blessings of his reign over his subjects, and to add so great a jewel to his dispensatory. He entrusted the Captain with one or more ships, and three hundred persons of each sex, with whom the Adventurer founded a little kingdom in one of the islands, and was so ungrateful as never to send his Sovereign a single phial of the precious elixir. The Emperor, whose mind was always filled with great projects, soon turned his thoughts to establish
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the duration, if not of his reign, at least of his empire, and with a spirit, which has seemed prophetic, apprehending incursions of the Tartars, he set about building that immense wall to divide the two nations, which was finished in five years, which exists to our days, and which did not however answer the purpose for which it was projected. The next great action of his reign was publishing the celebrated decree for burning all the books in China, excepting only such volumes as treated of Architecture or Physic, the two sciences, which the affair of the sea-captain and the erection of the great wall, prove to have been the predominant passions of his Imperial Majesty.

Some malevolent historians ascribe this sentence to his jealousy of the glory of his predecessors; a motive unworthy of the heroic virtue of a prince, who had out-conquered, out-built, and taken more physic than any of his ancestors. Such petty envy may rage in *little* souls: We read that Justin burnt all the authors from whom he compiled his history; and that Trebonian, the lawyer, commissioned by Justinian to

to reduce the civil law to a practicability, that is, to a size capable of being studied by the professors, and understood by the sufferers, laid waste and demolished the volumes, tracts, charters, decrees, pleadings, reports, &c. from whence he extracted the body of civil law as it now stands. But the reasons which our great ancestor himself vouchsafed to give, are, I do not doubt, the truest, as they certainly are the noblest precedent to justify a parallel proceeding. He reduces them to these (for it must be observed, that the Chinese are as laconic as the Lacedæmonians themselves) *Books, said Chi Hoang Ti, encourage idleness, cause neglect of agriculture, lay foundations of factions.* These golden rules I shall keep in my eye to regulate my future conduct. I shall not allow people to think they are busy because they are reading; I shall not allow that there is any merit in having read a vast number of books; it is indifferent to me whether a man's feet have travelled over so many miles of ground, or his eyes over so many acres of paper: I shall recommend it to several grave dignitaries to lay aside all such reading as was never read, and to buy a plough and a team, and

cultivate a piece of land, instead of labouring such barren soil as their own brains, or the works of obsolete authors; and I shall be for entirely abolishing all books whatever that treat of any kind of government; as to be sure no nation ought to know that there is any form preferable to what is established among themselves: A Russian that was to read Algernon Sidney, might grow to fancy that there are milder systems than living under the jurisdiction of the Knut!

The last instance I shall produce of the Chinese Monarch's wisdom, was his refusing to quarter out his dominions among his sons. He died in peace, and master of immense treasures, having lived to see large crops of *Rice*, from vast tracts of land, which before his time had born nothing but *Libraries*.

In the havoc I meditate, I shall confine myself to whole bodies of science, not piddle with single authors, or separate treatises. As I have perused very few books myself, it would be an endless task were I to set about the examination of what tracts do or do not deserve to be condemned to the flames, and I have too little of
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the modern critic in me, to condemn any private work, because I happen to dislike the name, person, or country of the author. However, not to proceed too rashly, I shall accept the assistance of a friend of mine, who is a prodigy of erudition, not only from the quantity he has read, but from his frankness in owning that he has read an infinite deal of trash. He is a near relation by the mother of the celebrated librarian Magliabechi, who being asked to lend a certain book (that must be nameless) out of the Great Duke's library, replied, "*That book!*" "there is no such book in our library; indeed I know of but one copy of it, and that is in the Grand Signior's collection; *it* stands the sixth book on the fourth shelf on the left hand near the window."

My friend's name is CHRISTOPHER POLYGLOT; a man of extreme benevolence, and very useful to all that consult him, though to say the truth, his knowledge is of little service to himself, for when he attempts to compose any work himself, the ideas of what he has read, transmitted through a very faithful memory, flow

in so fast upon him, that he blends every science and every language, and does not even distinguish in what tongue he designs to write. He but two or three years ago intending to write a pamphlet against the Jew bill, began in these words, “JOSEPHUS *says, that* Οἱ Ἰουδαῖοι *eversá* *urbe* περιφεροντο *ient leurs* אֶרֶץ וְיָמָם,” and I saw him one morning extremely puzzled with not being able to understand a Greek author, whom he did not perceive that he was reading backwards. He is very sensible of his misfortune, and says, he believes he might have made some figure in the republic of Letters, if he had never read above twenty thousand books, and understood but six or seven languages. One great merit of my friend is, that he has a thorough contempt for conjectural antiquities; no body honours more than he does, the elegance of the Greek arts, the sumptuousness of Roman buildings, the valour and wisdom of our Gothic ancestors, and consequently no body admires more any remnant of each nation, which is entire enough to disclose their taste, their magnificence, the strength of their fortifications, or the solemnity of their devotion. But Mr. POLYGLOT despises
a platform,

a platform, nay a Stonehenge, if it is uncertain whether it's pedigree be Roman, Druid or Saxon; whether in it's state of existence it was an intrenchment, a temple, or a tomb. In his youth he was a tormentor of Tom Hearne, and before his own mind was bewildered in science, had a pretty turn for poetry, as appeared by his adding two lines to the known distich on that Antiquary, and which really gave the whole the essence of an Epigram. I shall conclude the present paper with them, as I do not know that they were ever printed.

“ Pox on't, quoth Time to THOMAS HEARNE,
 “ Whatever I forget, You learn.”

Answer by Mr. POLYGLOT.

“ * Damn it, quoth HEARNE, in furious fret,
 “ Whate'er I learn, You soon forget.

** It was written at Christ-Church, Cambridge, by Richard West Esq; a young gentleman of great genius, who died at the age of twenty-six. He was son of Mr. West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by Elizabeth, daughter of Bishop Burnet.*

A

LETTER

FROM

XO HO, a CHINESE

PHILOSOPHER at LONDON*,

TO HIS FRIEND

LIEN CHI at PEKING.

I HAVE told thee, this people are incomprehensible; not only they differ from us; they are unlike the rest of the western world: A Frenchman has prejudices, has caprices; but they are the prejudices of his nation, they are

* This piece was written May 12, 1757, was sent to the press next day, and went through five editions in a fortnight.

the caprices of his age. A Frenchman has settled ideas, though built on false foundations; an Englishman has no fixed ideas: His prejudices are not of his country, but against some particular parts or maxims of his country: His caprices are his own; they are the essential proofs of his liberty. In France they have a high notion of their King; they will *stab* him, but they will not *hate* him. An Englishman loves or hates his King once or twice in a winter, and that for no reason, but because he loves or hates the Ministry in being. They do not oppose their King from dislike of royal power, but to avail themselves of his power; they try to level it till they can mount upon it. They are as little in earnest about liberty. To have the nation free! No body means it. To have the country enslaved; they desire it not: Were there vassals, they would be the vassals of the Crown, or of the Nobles; while all are free to sell their *liberty*, the richest or craftiest may purchase it.

I have said, that they have no general ideas; they have not; but they have general names.

Formerly

Formerly they had two parties ; now they have three factions, and each of those factions has something of the name, or something of the principles of each of those parties. In my last I told thee, that the second faction in magnitude had displaced the least faction, and that a new Ministry would immediately be appointed. I deceived thee ; I was deceived. I did not believe so because I was told so : Here one is told something every day ; the people demand to be told something, no matter what : If a politician, a minister, a member of their assembly was mysterious and refused to impart something to an enquirer, he would make an enemy : If he tells a lie, it is no offence ; he is communicative ; that is sufficient to a *free* people : All they ask is news ; a falsehood is as much news as truth. Why I believed a Ministry would soon be named, was ; I thought that in a country where the whole real business of their general Assembly was to chuse Ministers, they could never be without : I was deceived. I thought that when a Prince dismissed one Minister, he would take another : I was deceived. I thought when a nation was engaged in a great war with

a superior power, that they must have council; I was deceived: Reason in China is not reason in England. An * Officer of the Treasury may be displaced, and a Judge can execute his office. † Their High-Priest died lately; I waited to see from what profession, which had nothing to do with religion, his successor would be chosen.

When a day or two had passed, I asked when a new Ministry would be named? I heard several ask the same question. I was told, When ‡ *the enquiries were over*. I found this satisfied every body but me. I asked what *the enquiries* were? By the scanty knowledge I have of their language, I concluded it signified, an enquiry who was fit to be Minister----No such thing----They never enquire before-hand. Sometimes, as in the present case, they enquire whether a former Minister had been fit to be so. Know, that last year the English lost a valuable island: The

* *On the removal of Mr. Legge, the Chief Justice was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, as the business of that court requires it to be constantly filled.*

† *Archbishop Herring.*

‡ *Into the causes of the loss of Minorca.*

people

people were enraged; they blamed the * Admiral who commanded their fleet; the † Admiral who directed their fleet; their ‡ chief Judge, their § chief Treasurer; their ¶ chief Secretary. The first Admiral was imprisoned; the rest quarrelled and gave up their employments. ¶ The chief Man of the little faction was made Minister, and his friends got places; yet the friends of the other two factions retained theirs. An enquiry or trial of the late Ministers was determined: The imprisoned Admiral was tried, acquitted, condemned and put to death. The trials of the others were delayed. At last they were tried-----Not as I expected, whether they were guilty, but whether they should be Ministers again or not. If the executed Admiral had lived, he too might be a Minister. Just as this trial began, the ** new head of the Admiralty forgot to make a bow to

* *Admiral Byng.*

† *Lord Anson.*

‡ *Lord Hardwicke.* § *Duke of Newcastle.*

¶ *Mr. Fox.*

¶ *Mr. Pitt.*

** *Lord Temple.*

the King-----Upon which he and all his friends were displaced. I understood this: As the English are more free than we are, I conceived that this was a punishment proportioned to their ideas of offended Majesty, and reflected how severely one of our countrymen would be dealt with, who should affront the dignity of our august Emperor. I was again deceived; this Mandarin is likely to be again a Minister. As his friends have great weight in the general Assembly where the trials are held, I concluded they would persecute their antagonists, and I deplored the fate of those unhappy men who would be at the mercy of their bitterest enemies. There is no rule for judging of this people. The third faction who were in the nature of Judges, would only try facts and not persons; and even if they could have punished facts, they showed they were not unmerciful. I do not understand this nation.

What will surprize thee more, the chief men of the Capital have bestowed * *high honours* on

* *The freedom of the City presented to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge.*

the third faction for being dismissed from the government: And the honours they have bestowed are a permission to exercise a *trade*, which the persons so distinguished would think exceedingly beneath them to follow. Dost thou comprehend this? But the enquiries are finished----- Thou wilt ask me, how! I know not----- Only I have been told that the general Assembly affirmed that certain things, which all the land knew before, did or did not happen. Thou wilt attribute this ridiculous account to my ignorance of the language or manners of the country; in truth I am not master of either; but I know the language of the French; these very relations that I send thee, are translated into French, and the English scruple not to send them all over Europe, where the French language is understood.

Now thou wilt say, my friend Xo Ho, leave these things which thou dost not understand, or canst not explain; and pass on to facts: Tell me, thou wilt say, now the trials are finished, who are the new Ministers? From which faction are they chosen?-----By Cong-fou-tsee*,

* *Confucius*.

thou wilt believe as little what I shall tell thee, as what I have already delivered. Their King, who dismissed a whole Ministry, because one of them did not humble himself enough before the throne, is gone into the country, without knowing who are to be his Ministers-----How! how! Thou wilt cry; their Monarch left his capital, without appointing a Ministry! For what is he gone into the country? To visit his provinces? To distribute justice? To muster his army?-----Alas! alas! dear Lien Chi; England is not China-----Hear, and I will tell thee briefly. The English have no sun, no summer as we have, at least their sun does not scorch like ours. They content themselves with names: At a certain time of the year they leave their capital, and that makes summer; they go out of the city, and that makes the country. * Their Monarch, when he goes into the country, passes in his calash by a row of high trees, goes along a gravel walk, crosses one of the chief streets, is driven by the side of a canal between two rows of lamps, at the end of which he has a small house, and then he is supposed to be in the country. I saw this ceremony yesterday; as soon as

* *The King going to Kensington.* he

he was gone, the men put on under vestments of white linnen, and the women left off those vast draperies, which they call *hoops*, and which I have described to thee; and then all the men and all the women said *it was hot*. If thou wilt believe me, I am now writing to thee before a fire.

At the top of the gravel walk, as their King passed, was * a large company of youths and boys, newly clad as mariners, who are cloathed by private contributions; for private persons are rich, the public is poor; and nothing is well done, but by these starts and devices. The King has given a thousand pieces of gold to this institution, not as King, but in his *private capacity*, which here they distinguish. If he had given them a thousand pieces of his public money, not one half would have come to the youths, but would have been embezzled by the officers of the revenue. These youths were commanded by no officer in the sea-service, but by the † only civil Magistrate they have; and

* *The Boys cloathed by the Marine Society.*

† *Justice Fielding.*

he is totally blind. He commands their charities, instead of being the object of them. Every thing here is reversed.

Thou wilt be impatient to hear why the King has appointed no Ministry; if I may believe a man who has always hitherto told me truth, the King has no more to do with the choice of his Ministry, than thou with that of our serene Emperor. Thou wilt reply; but can the King of England unmake his Ministers, and not make them? Truly I know not how that is. He has left the town, and when a Ministry is formed, he is to be made acquainted with it. The three factions are dealing with each other to come to some agreement, and to whatever they agree, the King *must*. Thou wilt say; then he is no King. I answer; not according to thy ideas: The English think differently. Well! wilt thou say; but in thy other letters thou hast described the people of England as not so easily satisfied: Will they suffer three factions of different merits and principles to lord it over both King and People? Will those who value royal authority, not regret

gret the annihilation of it? Will those who think the ancient Ministers guilty, not be offended, if they are again employed? Will those who rewarded the least faction for being dismissed, not resent their uniting with those who contributed to their expulsion? My friend Lien Chi, I tell thee things as they are; I pretend not to account for the conduct of Englishmen; I told thee before, they are *incomprehensible*. It is but lately that * a man entered into the King's service, and vacated his seat in the general Assembly by it: The King punished him for it, and would not let him be re-admitted into the general Assembly----yet the man who bowed not to the King may be rewarded for it. Farewell.

* *Dr. Hay, who vacated his seat on being appointed a Lord of the Admiralty.*

AN
I N Q U I R Y
 INTO THE
 PERSON AND AGE
 OF THE LONG-LIVED
COUNTESS of DESMOND.

HAVING a few years ago had a curiosity to inform myself of the particulars of the life of the very aged Countess of Desmond, I was much surprized to find no certain account of so extraordinary a person; neither exactly how long She lived, nor even who She was; the few circumstances related of her, depending on meer tradition. At last I was informed that She was buried at Sligo in Ireland, and a Gentleman of that place was so kind as to procure for me the following inscriptions on the monument there; which however soon convinced

vinced me of that supposition being a mistake, as will appear by the observations in my letter; in consequence of this which contained the Epitaph.

To C. O. Esq;

Nymphsfield, August 23, 1757.

DEAR SIR,

I Have made I think as accurate an extract of all the inscriptions on O'Connor's monument as can be, even to copy the faults of the carver: I was many hours on a high ladder, and it cost much time to clear the letters. The lowest inscription is this; but you are to observe, all the letters in the original are capitals, and could not come in compass to give it to you in that manner, as you will perceive.

“ Hic jacet famosissimus miles Donatus * Cor-
 “ nelianus Comitatus Sligiæ Dominus cum suâ
 “ Uxore illustrissimâ Dnâ Elinora Butler Comi-
 “ tissa Desmonix que me fieri fecit A^o 1624

* *Cornelianus is the descendant of Cornelius, which in Irish is Conagher, or in the short way, Connor.*

“ post mortè sui Mariti qui obiit 11 Aug.
 “ A^o 1609. Itm̄ ejus Filia & primi Mariti vizt
 “ Comitis Desmonixæ || noie Elizabetha valdè
 “ virtuosissima Dn̄a sepulta fuit hoc in tumulo
 “ 31^o. Novem. anno Domini 1623.”

Just above this is O'Connor in armour kneeling and his hands raised up and joined as at prayer, his helmet on the ground behind him: A tree in an escutcheon, which is the arms of O'Connor, and a trophy on one side, and over his head this inscription:

“ Sic præter cælum quia nil durable sistit,
 “ † Luceat ambobus Lux diuturna Dei.
 “ Donato Connor Desmond Elinora Marito-----

On the west side is the Countess with a coronet and her beads, kneeling, and over her head this continuation of the preceding lines,

“ Hunc fieri tumulum fecit amena suo.
 “ Cum Domino saxi Elinoræ Filia cumbit,
 “ Et Comitis Desmond Elizabetha virens.

|| *This word I can make no sense of, but sic Originale. I take it to be a redundancy of the carver: It seems to be a repetition of the three last syllables of Desmonixæ.*

† *Luceat.*

Between

Between the two tablets, which contain the inscriptions, is a boar and a coronet over it of five balls, which I suppose belonged to Desmond.

On the side of the Countess is an escutcheon with the arms of Butler, and under them a book open and a rose on it, crossed by a spade and flambeau, and an urn at bottom.

Above there is a table with this inscription that runs from each end and over both the former, and ornamented with an angel's head at each end. It does not pay any respect to the poet's arrangement, as you will perceive.

“ Siccine Conatiæ per quod florebat eburna

“ Urna tegit vivax corpora bina Decus !

“ Siccine Donati tumulo conduntur in alto.

“ Offa, que Momoniæ ficcine cura jacet !

“ Martia quæ bello, mitis quæ pace micabat,

“ Versa est in cineres ficcine vestra manus !

“ Siccine Penelope faxis Elinora sepulta est,

“ Siccine marmoreis altera casta Judith !

“ Mater Ierna genis humidis quæ brachia tenda *,

“ Mortis ero vestris, luctibus aucta, memor.”

* *tendo*.

Over

Over this is O'Connor's arms, *viz.* a Tree; and crest, a Lion crowned. The motto is, QUO VINCI, VINCOR. On one side of these is a figure with a key lying on the breast, and a sword in the left. On the other is a figure with a sword in the right, and a book in the left lying on the breast; and the whole is surmounted by a crucifix.

I am Sir,

Yours, &c.

This Letter having been communicated to me by the Gentleman who was so obliging as to make the inquiry, occasioned my sending him the following:

To C. O. Esq;

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 17, 1757.

SIR,

I Should have thanked you the instant I received the honour of your obliging letter, if you had not told me that you was setting out for Ireland: I am now in pain lest this should not come to your hands, as you gave me no direction,

direction, and I should be extremely sorry that you should think me capable, Sir, of neglecting to show my gratitude for the trouble you have been so good as to give yourself. I cannot think of taking the liberty to give you any more, though I own the inscriptions you have sent me have not cleared away the difficulties relating to the Countess of Desmond.-----On the contrary, they make me doubt whether the Lady interred at Sligo was the person reported to have lived to such an immense age. If you will excuse me, I will state my objections.

I have often heard that the aged Lady Desmond lived to one hundred and sixty two, or sixty three years. In the * account of her picture at Windsor, they give her but one hundred and fifty years. Sir William Temple †, from the relation of Lord Leicester, reduces it to one hundred and forty; adding, “ That She
 “ had been married out of England in the reign
 “ of Edward the Fourth, and being reduced to
 “ great poverty by the ruin of the Irish family

* See Pote's account of Windsor-castle, p. 418.

† See his essay on health and long life.

“ into

“ into which She had married, came from Bristol
 “ to London towards the end of the reign of
 “ James the First to beg relief from court.”

This account by no means corresponds either with the monument at Sligo, or the new Irish peerage by Lodge. The great particular (besides that of her wonderful age) which interested me in this inquiry, was the tradition which says, that the long-lived Lady Desmond had danced with Richard the Third, and always affirmed that He was a very well-made Man. It is supposed that this was the same Lady with whom the old Lady Dacre had conversed, and from whose testimony She gave the same account.

In the catalogue of the ancient Earls of Desmond, inserted in the pedigree of Kildare, I can find no one who married an Englishwoman near the period in question: But that we will wave; it might have been a mistake of Sir William, or his authority, the Earl of Leicester. Her poverty might be as erroneous, if Lodge's account be true*, that She left three hundred pounds to the chapel at Sligo, the tomb in which, as the inscription says, She erected in 1624.

* *vol. I. p. 19.*

But

But here is the greatest difficulty: If She was one hundred and forty in 1636, according to Lodge the æra of her death, (which by the way was in King Charles's and not in King James's reign) She was born in 1496. Gerald Earl of Desmond, her first husband, died according to the peerage in 1583. She was therefore eighty seven when She married O'Connor of Sligo-----that is possible-----if She lived to one hundred and forty, She might be in the vigour of her age (at least not dislike the vigour of his) at eighty seven. The Earl of Desmond's first wife, says Lodge, (for our Lady Eleanor was his second) died in 1564: If he re-married the next day, his bride must have been sixty eight, and yet She had a son and five daughters by him. I fear with all her juvenile powers, She must have been past breeding at sixty eight.

These accounts tally as little with her dancing with Richard the Third; He died in 1485, and by my computation She was not born till 1496. If we suppose that She died twelve years sooner, *viz.* in 1624, at which time the tomb was

E c

erected,

erected, and which would coincide with Sir William Temple's date of her death in the reign of James; and if we give her one hundred and fifty years, according to the Windsor account, She would then have been born in 1474, and consequently was eleven years old at the death of King Richard: But this supposition labours with as many difficulties. She could not have been married in the reign of Edward the Fourth, scarcely have danced with his Brother; and it is as little probable that She had much remembrance of his person, the point, I own, in which I am most interested, not at all crediting the accounts of his deformity, from which Buck has so well defended him, both by the silence of Comines, who mentions the beauty of King Edward, and was too sincere to have passed over such remarkable ugliness in a foreigner, and from Dr. Shaw's appeal to the people before the Protector's face, whether his Highness was not a comely Prince and the exact image of his Father. The power that could enslave them, could not have kept them from laughing at such an apostrophe, had the Protector been as ill-shapen as the Lancastrian historians

rians represent him. Lady Desmond's testimony adds great weight to this defence.

But the more we accommodate her age to that of Richard the Third, the less it will suit with that of her first husband. If She was born in 1474, her having children by him (Gerald Earl of Desmond) becomes vastly more improbable.

It is very remarkable, Sir, that neither her tomb, nor Lodge, should take notice of this extraordinary person's age; and I own if I knew how to consult him without trespassing on your goodnature and civility, I should be very glad to state the foregoing difficulties to him. But I fear I have already taken too great freedom with your indulgence, and am, &c.

H. W.

P. S. Since I finished my letter, a new idea has started, for discovering who this very old Lady Desmond was, at least whose wife She was, supposing the person buried at Sligo not to be Her. Thomas the sixth Earl of Desmond was forced to give up the Earldom: But it is

not improbable that his descendants might use the title, as he certainly left issue. His son died, says Lodge * in 1452, leaving two sons John and Maurice. John being born at least in 1451, would be above thirty at the end of Edward the Fourth. If his Wife was seventeen in the last year of that King, She would have been born in 1466. If therefore She died about 1625, She would be one hundred and fifty nine. This approaches to the common notion of her age, as the ruin of the branch of the family into which She married, docs to Sir William Temple's. A few years more or less in certain parts of this hypothesis, would but adjust it still better to the accounts of Her. Her Husband being only a titular Earl solves the difficulty of the silence of genealogists on so extraordinary a person.

Still we should be to learn of what family She herself was: And I find a new evidence, which agreeing with Sir William Temple's account, seems to clash a little with my last supposition. This authority is no less than Sir Walter Raleigh's, who in the fifth chapter of

* *vol. 1. p. 14.*

the

the first book of his history of the World, says expressly, that He himself “knew the old Countess of Desmond of Inchiquin, who lived in the year 1589, and many years since, who was married in Edward the Fourth’s time, and held her jointure from all the Earls of Desmond since then; and that this is true, all the noblemen and gentlemen of Munster can witness.” Her holding a jointure from all the Earls of Desmond would imply that her Husband was not of the titular line, but of that in possession: Yet that difficulty is not so great, as no such Lady being mentioned in the pedigree. By Sir Walter’s words it is probable that She was dead when he wrote that account of Her. His History was first printed in 1614; this makes the æra of her death much earlier than I had supposed, but having allowed her near one hundred and sixty years, taking away ten or twelve will make my hypothesis agree better with Sir William Temple’s account, and does not at all destroy the assumption of her being the Wife of only a titular Earl. However all these are conjectures, which I should be glad to have ascertained or confuted by any curious person

person, who could produce authentic testimonies of the birth, death and family, of this very remarkable Lady; and to excite or assist which was the only purpose of this disquisition.

Having communicated these observations to the Rev. Dr. Charles Lyttelton Dean of Exeter, he soon afterwards found and gave me the following extract from p. 36, of Smith's natural and civil history of the County of Corke, printed at Dublin, 1750. 8vo.

“ * Thomas the thirteenth Earl of Desmond,
 “ Brother to Maurice the eleventh Earl, died
 “ this year (1534) at Rathkeile, being of a
 “ very great age, and was buried at Youghall.
 “ He married, first, † Ellen Daughter of Mc.
 “ Carty of Muskerry, by whom He had a son,
 “ Maurice, who died *vitâ patris*.-----The Earl's
 “ second Wife was Catherine Fitzgerald, Daugh-
 “ ter of the Fitzgeralds of the House of Dru-

* *His name was James, and he was the twelfth Earl.*

† *See Lodge's peerage, vol. 1. p. 16.*

“ mana

“mana in the County of Waterford. This
 “Catherine was the Countess that lived so
 “long, of whom Sir Walter Raleigh makes
 “mention in his History of the World, and
 “was reputed to live to one hundred and forty
 “years of age.”

This is the most positive evidence we have ;
 the Author quotes Ruffel’s MS. If She was
 of the Fitzgeralds of Waterford, it will not
 not in strictness agree with Sir William Tem-
 ple’s relation of her being married out of Eng-
 land ; by which we should naturally suppose
 that She was born of English blood-----Yet
 his account is so vague, that it ought not to be
 set against absolute assertion, supposing the Ruf-
 fel MS. to be of good authority enough to sup-
 port what it is quoted to support in 1750.

Upon the whole, and to reduce this Lady’s
 age as low as possible, making it at the same time
 coincide with the most probable accounts, We
 will suppose that She was married at fifteen in
 1483, the last year of Edward the Fourth,
 and

and that She died in 1612, two years before the publication of Sir Walter Raleigh's history, She will then have been no less than * one hundred and forty five years of age, a particularity singular enough to excite, and I hope, to excuse this Inquiry.

* *Lord Bacon, says Fuller, computed her age to be one hundred and forty at least; and added, that She three times had a new set of teeth; for so I understand, ter vices dentisse, not that She recovered them three times after, casting them, as Fuller translates it, which is giving her four sets of teeth.*

Worthies in Northumb. p. 310.

INSCRIP-

Proprio Imperio

BISHOP OF ROME

INSCRIPTION

ON A

PICTURE

OF THE LATE

POPE.

Prospero Lambertini

BISHOP of ROME

by the Name of BENEDICT XIV,

Who though an absolute Prince,
reigned as harmlessly

as a DOGE of VENICE :

HE restored the lustre of the TIARA
by those Arts alone,

by which alone HE obtained it,

HIS VIRTUES.

Beloved by PAPISTS,

Esteemed by PROTESTANTS :

A Priest, without insolence or interestedness;

A Prince, without Favorites;

A Pope, without Nepotism;

An Author, without Vanity;

In short, a MAN,

Whom neither Wit nor Power
could spoil.

The

The SON of a favorite MINISTER,
 But One who never courted a Prince,
 Nor worshipped a Churchman,
 Offers in a free PROTESTANT Country
 This deserved Incense
 To the BEST of the ROMAN PONTIFS.

M D C C L V I I .

This Inscription having been sent to Sir Horace Mann at Florence, and by him shown to the Abbate Niccolini, the latter translated and sent it to Cardinal Archinto, who gave it to the Pope. The good old Man was so pleased with this testimony born to his Virtues, that He gave copies to all that came near Him, and wrote it in a letter to one of his particular Friends at Bologna, concluding with this expression of amiable humility; “Noi mandiamo tutto al nostro Canonico Peggi, acciò conosca che siamo come le statue della facciata di San Pietro in Vaticano, che, a chi è nella piazza e così lontano, fanno una bella comparsa, ma a chi poi viene vicino, fanno figure di orridi Mascheroni.”

F I N I S .





ADP

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